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DIES' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

JULY 1970

JOURNAL

50¢

MARY STEWART'S BIG
NEW ROMANTIC NOVEL

MASTERS & JOHNSON: JUL 01 1970
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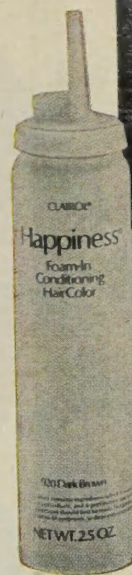
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***It's
morning.***



A bowl of Kellogg's Sugar Frosted Flakes cereal is shown on the left side of the page. A banana is also visible in the bottom left corner. A spoon is partially visible at the top left. The cereal consists of golden-brown, flake-shaped pieces with a sugary coating.

Time to take it easy on your stomach.

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Kellogg's

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New! Noodle Roni Parmesano

Tenderthin egg noodles complete with a delightful sauce of rare Italian cheeses and herbs. Bravissimo!

JULY, 1970

JOURNAL

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®
JULY, 1970 VOL. LXXXVII NUMBER 7

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News from 'Moon Drops'

The 'Almondine Eye'

We see this as the shape of eyes to come. Big, wide, elongated eyes. Shaped and shadowed a whole new way. Lighted from every angle—above *and* below—in tones of a single color. A sensuous 'side-long' look that widens eyes to their outer limits.

New! Demi Frosted Eyeshadows. A unique 'first in frosted'. Eyeshadows with a softsilvered sheen like powdered moonlight. Tender greens. Tranquil blues. Hushy taupes. Fragiled pinks and plums. Two shadows to a compact, plus a new first:

Tinted Shadow Base. A moisty little under-eyeshadow creme that makes eyeshadow stay put (stay fresh!) all day.

New! Demi Creamcake Eyeliners. Two unusual tints in a compact, to harmonize with the shadows. One matches mascara; one is lighter to underline the eye.

New! Demi Lengthening Mascara. A brush-on liquid that not only colors—it curls, thickens and lengthens your lashes.

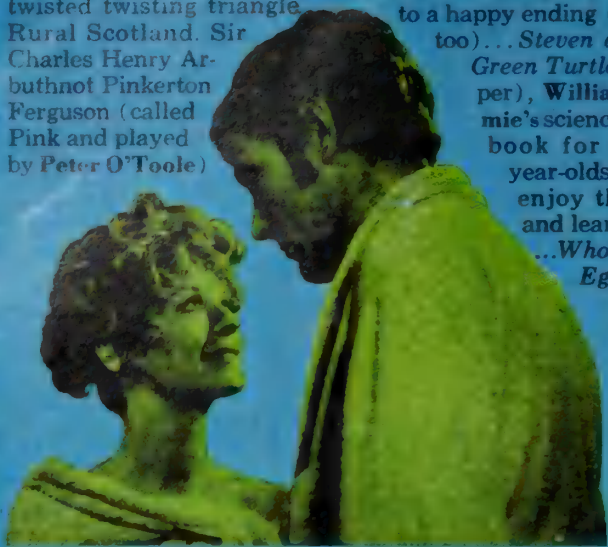


'Moon Drops'
Demi Eyemakeup
by Revlon

MOON
DROPS
REVLON

THE JOURNAL CHEERS:

Movies. *Brotherly Love* is a twisted twisting triangle. Rural Scotland. Sir Charles Henry Arbuthnot Pinkerton Ferguson (called Pink and played by Peter O'Toole)



has been smothered by mother since childhood, now leans too much on sister dear (Susannah York). She adores her brother but is married to another. Now they're separated, so she dwells with Pink and together they dwell on their past. Poor Susannah: an estranged husband and a strange brother! Pink clings to the lip of reality and is finally swallowed into a kind of high madness. The film is sometimes funny, sometimes frightening, always haunting. For exceptional performances by Peter O'Toole and Susannah York, for a movie rich in texture and theme, for the loveliness of its highland locale, the JOURNAL cheers *Brotherly Love*.

Theater. Two wonder women of the screen: Lauren Bacall and Katharine Hepburn. Both braved Broadway this year; both won bravos. Miss Hepburn was the essence of Coco Chanel in *Coco*. Miss Bacall is now the Broadway champ in *Applause*, a musical based on that bitterly brittle backstage movie, *All About Eve*. Lauren Bacall sings well, acts well, and is backed by a shining stream of kids. Except for Rene Auberjonois, Kate was cast adrift by a non-supporting cast. Miss Bacall is not only supported, she is raised aloft by her vevy crowd. Especially Bonnie Franklin, so streaked with glow and go that she's given the title song, and she storms it in a whoosh of joy. Despite some flaws (the tunes are tuneless, the lyrics nonlyrical), any summer visit to New York requires a try for a ticket. For Lauren Bacall and a show that's primetime start to arms-thrust-at-the-audience finale, the JOURNAL cheers *Applause*.

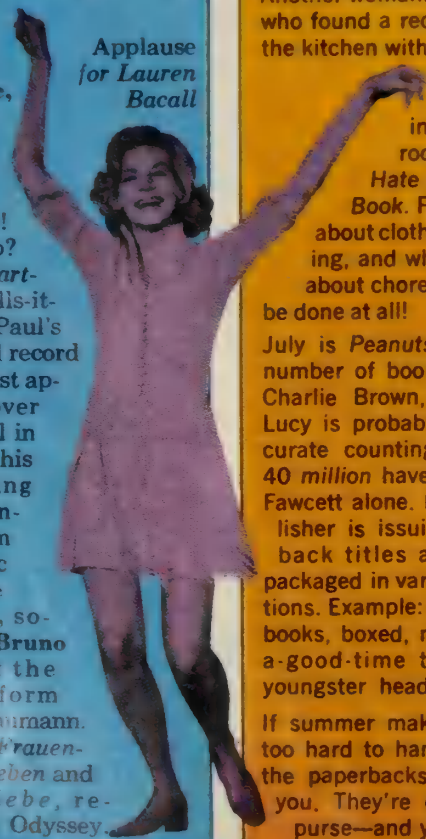
Books. For children this month. Picture books to read themselves or for you to read aloud. *Whose Mouse Are*

You (Macmillan) by Robert Kraus. A child mouse whose mama's cat-caught scampers to a happy ending (mama, too)... *Steven and the Green Turtle* (Harper), William Cromie's science story-book for eight-year-olds, who'll enjoy the plot and learn a lot. ...*Who's in the Egg*, a de-

light of a nonstory about every kind of egg and the characters who pop out — from penguin to pollywog. Alice and Martin Provenson have produced this big Golden Book for the very young. ... In *The Man Who Had No Dream* (Random House), Kjell Ringi and Adelaide Holl tell of a far-away man who was so rich he never worked. Never worked, never tired. Never tired, never slept. Never slept, never sweet dreams. We've got to get this poor rich man to sleep, perchance to dream. And we do.

Records. The JOURNAL cheers Pablo Casals conducting Mozart's last six symphonies, a 3-record set from Columbia. Orchestras are from the Marlboro Festival and the Festival Casals of Puerto Rico, both assembled from many of the world's greatest freelance musicians. ... RCA has released highlights from Handel's *Julius Caesar* with Norman Treigle, Maureen Forrester and Beverly Sills. What a disc! ... What's up? Pop: McCartney, the tells-it-all title of Paul's new Capitol record with the most appealing cover photo: Paul in a coat and his baby peering out from inside. ... From the classic past: Lotte Lehmann, soprano, and Bruno Walter at the piano perform songs by Schumann. The disc is *Frauenliebe und Leben* and *Dichterliebe*, re-issued on Odyssey.

Applause
for Lauren
Bacall

PAPERBACK
ON-YOUR-BACK
READING

This summer, if you're prone to read—or even if you prefer sitting up — turn to paperbacks. Wherever you are: a beach ■ bus a bed, a lounge ■ lawn, ■ ship a stoop — any place of your very own. A dip into my paperback bag flips forth these just-out titles: Read the eight stories in *Kiss Me Again, Stranger* by Daphne du Maurier and you'll be rapt in her yarns. This Pocketbook even has one about "a warm-hearted mechanic who finds his first love in a movie theater." ... Lillian Hellman, the prize-winning playwright best known for *Watch on the Rhine* and *The Little Foxes*, won this year's National Book Award for her revealing and marvelously readable memoir, *An Unfinished Woman*. Now it's out in a Bantam edition piled with anecdotes about her lover, Dashiell Hammett (who wrote *The Maltese Falcon*) and her so-close friends, Ernest Hemingway and Dorothy Parker. Now they are gone, but Miss Hellman is happily here, whip-tongued and humane, looking back on her mad days: theater, publishing and celebrated people.

Another National Book Award winner: Joyce Carol Oates. (Women are surely on top of the literary world!) This year she won it for them, but an earlier novel also was nominated, which is an honor itself. That was *A Garden of Earthly Delights*, and it's out this month in ■ Fawcett paperback: the story of Clara, "golden child of a migrant worker," too soon a woman. Another woman: Peg Bracken, who found a recipe for fun in the kitchen with *The I Hate to Cook Book*, now gathers in the rest of the rooms with *The I Hate to Housekeep Book*. Peg tosses tips about clothing and cleaning, and whispers advice about chores that needn't be done at all!

July is *Peanuts* month. The number of books sold about Charlie Brown, Snoopy and Lucy is probably beyond accurate counting. More than 40 million have poured from Fawcett alone. Now this publisher is issuing 24 paperback titles at 50¢ each, packaged in various combinations. Example: a \$3 set of six books, boxed, makes a have-a-good-time treat for the youngster heading to camp. If summer makes big books too hard to handle, pick out the paperbacks in store for you. They're easy on your purse—and your wrists.

BUENAS NOCHES,
BON SOIR AND
GOOD NIGHT, CHET

July is goodbye to Chet Huntley, perhaps the first major television figure to retire voluntarily — truly voluntarily — at the height of his career. Fourteen years after he first teamed with David Brinkley at the 1956 Democratic National Convention in Chicago — and some 5,131 *Goodnight, Davids* after the two began their evening news program — Chet wraps it up this month. He narrates his final Special on Friday night, July 16, on NBC-TV, and finishes the month on *The Huntley-Brinkley Report*. The Special is a study of the migrant workers who bend in America's fields, leading lives of quiet desolation. The program's unique aspect is this: it comes a full 10 years after Edward R. Murrow's Special on the



same subject for CBS, *Harvest of Shame*. ... The Huntley-Brinkley Report (20 million viewers every night) begins with a new title Monday evening, August 3, and a seven-nights-a-week format. Two newsmen will give it a new tone: John Chancellor and Frank McGee join David Brinkley. Chancellor first came to prominence in Chicago, where he covered a gunfight between cops and hoods who fired at each other from opposite sidewalks. Chancellor covered the fight for radio while lying in the middle of the street. From that position there was nowhere to go but up. ... Frank McGee's memory and his ability to ad lib complex stories with cool and clarity have helped make him famous for his Instant Specials of fast-breaking news. During the coverage of President Kennedy's assassination and funeral, McGee was on television for 48 hours and used just 45 seconds of written material. When July ends, Chet Huntley goes home to Montana. When August begins, Brinkley, McGee and Chancellor press forward. Goodbye Chet. Hello David. Hello Frank. Hello John.

Don't shampoo out what you just shampooed in.

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hairdressers use
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HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver

dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because now she has help from CCF. And for only \$10 a month you can co-sponsor a child like her, who needs your love. Our co-sponsorship plan helps children in projects where the need is so great that several sponsors must be found for each child.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Hong Kong and Taiwan (Formosa). (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204



I wish to co-sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$10 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot co-sponsor a child but want to give \$_____

☐ Please send me more information

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Address _____

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY

EDITOR'S DIARY

A SANE JULY FOURTH

"Three cheers for the red, white and blue!" In today's turbulent world, the old July Fourth phrases have a strange ring. The quality and mood of American life has changed so from the old-time Main Street parade. The burst of firecrackers today sounds too much like the echo of guns . . . hip, hip means anything but hooray.

How best can we celebrate Independence Day in 1970? Possibly by some quiet, private thought, and a consideration of what is happening to our nation as it is caught between the threats of the radical left and the repressive right.

Eugene V. Rostow, a professor at recently embattled Yale, said, "Perhaps we are too fevered, too involved to take an analytical look at individual liberty." Restraint and reason, as opposed to disorder and disruption. It's an awesome order for summer, 1970, but it is an essential one to fulfill.

THE JOURNAL'S KITCHENS

An occasional waft of fragrance—banana bread? bacon?—fills our editorial halls to remind us that the JOURNAL's test kitchens are an integral part of our food authority, as indeed they have been since 1890. Here, Food Editor Margaret Happel and her staff of eleven make sure that all the recipes on our pages, in our cookbook, and even in our Diet Club program really work. Margaret's two principal associates are Joyce White, who supervises the test kitchens, and Marion McGill, who directs the JOURNAL's new Cookbook Club.

"Every recipe that appears in the JOURNAL is tested from two to four times, and sometimes more often than that," says Margaret.

"The continuing appearance of new foods on the market makes our job more interesting and challenging than ever," she adds. "Today more and more convenience foods are becoming basic ingredients, yet more and more women are striving for individuality and gourmet effects without having to spend four hours in the kitchen cooking

dinner. Changing meal styles require new approaches, too, which we try to find absolute foolproof guidelines in kitchens."

Most popular recipes? "Birthday cakes and things to do with hamburger meat," said Margaret. Interesting queries and actions? "The lady from Georgia who phoned us last month almost in tears. Right in the middle of making a cake, the recipe fell behind the refrigerator. We read her off the rest of the ingredients and she wrote us later to thank us for making everything come out right."

Making everything come out right, whether it's a brunch or a banquet, a penthouse party, a beach picnic—that's the role of the JOURNAL's test kitchens.

VISIT WITH JOAN KENNEDY

Managing Editor Richard F. lan, who had been working with writer Betty Hannah Hoffman on Joan Kennedy's story (p. 57), wanted a chance to meet Mrs. Kennedy himself. So when Otto Stupakoff went down to McLean, Virginia, for the photographs on the cover and pages 57 and 59, Dick went along. His staff report, delivered the morning coffee: "A delightful and informal woman who has bothered to have a hairdresser or makeup aide around, and obviously is on her own—coached and unprogrammed—by the press. She has the Kennedy viguh, all right . . . wanted to go in swimming on what was considered a lukewarm August day. I declined. Joan cheerfully admits to her age—thirty-three—but says her unmarried friends, who've talked about going to school with her, wish she would stop making a point of chronology. 'Now they're beginning to say—oh, Joan was a year ahead of me in college. In all, a most pleasant meeting with a woman who has not lost her beauty, her candor, her optimism, or her obvious devotion to the man who is the last living adult male in a truly legendary American family.'"

JMC



The usual busy day in our test kitchens. From left: Susan M. Patricia Ashcroft, Margaret Happel, Joyce White, Sharon R.

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ditioner. Result: you get better hair. Protein-rich. And a set so long-lasting you can sleep on it! (The crucial test.)

Now those lovely curls you get in minutes can last for days. And nights. Beautiful da

Do "opposites attract" in love and marriage? Far from it. This is merely superstitious folklore. People almost universally tend to fall in love with—and marry—individuals pretty much like themselves. Two exceptions have been found: persons with red hair seldom marry each other, and the same applies to people with explosive tempers. Beyond that, all studies show that the most harmonious marriages bring together two people whose backgrounds, tastes, habits and ideals are relatively similar. Of course, some people have a strange way of interpreting "similar tastes." One wife, for example, declared, "Of course Henry and I have the same tastes in everything—but it took him ten years to learn that!" The counselor in this case was T. David Jansen.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.
Founder and President
The American Institute
of Family Relations

MARY LOU TALKS FIRST

"I've put up with an impossible man for eleven years and I've had just about all I can take," said Mary Lou, 35, in a soft, half-crying voice. Her brown hair hung limply over her shoulders and she was dressed the way small-town girls used to look before the advent of minis and high boots. "I'm proud of my husband Nick's skills," she said. "He's made his own way without a college education and earns a good living as a computer programmer. But lately, his terrible temper is ruining our home life, upsetting our four children, and causing him to lose his friends and perhaps his job."

"I first met Nick while I was working as a secretary in Greece. I didn't like him at all at first—I thought he was a loudmouth and a braggart. But he seemed to see in me some *femme fatale* no one had ever seen before. I was twenty-four at that time, and I had never been in love—I was too afraid of being hurt, I guess. Nick was irresistible—fascinating, exciting, and a wonderful teacher for someone as inexperienced in love as I was."

"Our family backgrounds were totally different. Nick came from a big, brawling family in the Greek provinces; they had many musical and political interests. I came from a small town in the Ozarks; Mother had been a schoolteacher and my father was the local undertaker. Prayer meetings, church and Sunday school were my main social activities; I didn't date until I left home to go to a small religious college."

"Ours was a fast romance; Nick proposed one moonlight night on the steps of the Parthenon, then told his family to plan a big engagement party, although I had only said maybe I would marry

him. During our first week of marriage, he lost his temper, called me terrible names and threw two cups at me."

"I refused to lower myself by fighting back; I just shut my mouth, stalked out of the room, and refused to speak to him for days. The quarrel ended, as all our quarrels do, not with apologies from Nick but with passionate lovemaking. Then things calmed down, but not for long."

"Nick soon complained that life in Greece was too constricting for him, so we borrowed money from my father and flew to California, where Nick found an excellent-paying job although he had quit school at fourteen. But he's distrusted every boss he ever had, including his father, who used to chase him around the office furniture trying to thrash him. He also feels his co-workers are trying to steal his ideas or do him in. I got so bored listening to his nightly tirades about the office that I learned to shut my ears."

"If a driver on the freeway annoyed him, Nick would drive within inches of his back bumper, just to get even. I found this terrifying. One time, when the whole family was in the car, a driver unexpectedly slowed down in front of us. When Nick slammed on his brakes, the baby hit her head against the dashboard and raised a bruise. She wasn't seriously hurt, but Nick was furious at the other driver. The next time the man braked, Nick deliberately ran right into him. Both cars stopped in the middle of a busy highway and Nick hopped out, neglecting to set the hand brake. The driver ahead, a tall, thin man, got out of his car, and without a word, Nick punched him in the face. Then he hit him again, and the man went down like a stone, bleeding at the mouth."

"Meanwhile, our four children were all screaming with fear and, with the brake off, the car started to roll. Cars were whizzing dangerously all around us. Sirens and police came from everywhere. They told the other man that he could sue Nick for assault and battery, but he never did. We were on our way to a party so we continued there. Nick boasted to everyone how bravely he had protected his family against a dangerous driver. I let him rant on and on, saying nothing myself, but inside I was seething at his cockiness and lack of self-control."

"Nick can't handle liquor well. Even a few drinks go to his head and he starts making idiotic philosophical remarks, yelling and shouting and waving his arms. He gets completely wrapped up in himself and I can't reach him at all."

"At one party, he got drunk and started to ask all the women to dance. I never learned how to dance, since my mother forbade

it—along with smoking and drinking and going to the movies on Sunday. So I sat on the sidelines, feeling left out and miserable as I had felt so many times in college. I decided to get drunk, too, but I only got sick and threw up. Finally, I said to Nick, 'Come on, dance with me.' But when he took me in his arms he promptly fell flat on his face. I was furious with him."

"He was also cruel the summer he invited his just-widowed mother to come from Greece to visit us. Without consulting me, he told her to stay with us as long as she liked. We had no extra bedroom, but we put a cot in the dining room and there she stayed most days, crying. She used to beg me to sit down and talk with her, but her English wasn't too good and I had a two-year-old who needed constant attention. If I took her for a drive, she complained that the children's noise got on her nerves, or that it was too hot."

"It made me uneasy to have someone in the house for four months. I never really liked my mother or my father, who were pretty old when I was born, and my younger brother and I fought like cat and dog. I was glad when Nick and I moved into a place far out in the country; this way, I'm not bothered by neighbors stopping by for coffee."

"But Nick seemed to have a ball while his mother was here. They sat up until all hours jabbering away in Greek, which I don't understand, and often he would take her to the movies, or the local bar, or on all-day Saturday trips, without inviting me, although I was dying to get out of the house. Nick's a night owl; I'm a day person. Most nights I'd be asleep by the time he crawled into bed and this disrupted our sexual relationship."

"Nick and I had some especially vicious fights while his mother was here. I felt left out and put upon. She criticized my housekeeping while doing nothing to help me. When Nick announced he was moving to a motel, something seemed to snap inside me. While he was packing his bag, I ran out of the house into the unlighted garage and lay down on the cement floor directly behind the rear wheels of his car. Luckily, he spotted me before he backed out. He then promised not to leave us."

"But things didn't get any better. Nick's mother finally went back to Greece and then he spent his evenings at the local bar with his men friends. We had no social life because I like good, quiet, stable people whom Nick finds dull. He likes vulgar, fun-loving types, but he doesn't keep their friendship for long because of his vile temper."

"Almost every night, Nick complained about my untidiness;

even a thread of lint on the rug annoys him, or an unwashed dish in the sink. He can't stand the children's toys in the living room. He's terribly fussy about the way I starch and iron his shirts and hankies and how I cook his food—he wants only the best and most tender cuts of meat, although he only gives me forty dollars a week to pay for all the household expenses, and then he borrows from me. If I charge a pair of sneakers or buy a house plant on sale without first asking his permission, he gets furious. He earns a good salary, but we never seem to have any money."

"Another continuing battle is how to handle the children: Nick thinks I'm too weak and permissive. If they misbehave, he swears at them and hits them on the head. Several times, when I've interfered, he's knocked me down. Once he drove his fist into my stomach."

"I threatened to leave with the children; the look on his face scared me to death. He stomped out of the house and I phoned a lawyer, so frightened that I could hardly dial the number. I wanted a legal separation—I couldn't quite face the idea of divorce. The next day, I phoned Nick at work and said the papers would be delivered to him at home, so as not to embarrass him at his job. He suggested that instead of taking legal action I should see a marriage counselor with him. Since it was his suggestion, I agreed at once."

NICK'S TURN TO TALK

"I'm a violent guy," admitted Nick, a black-haired, short man with deep circles under his eyes and nervous mannerisms. "I lived through some bad experiences during the war; my favorite sister—so young, so full of life—sitting beside me on a train, had half her head blown off by a strafing American plane. Both my father and my mother were jailed after the war as collaborators; while they were in prison, I spent three miserable years—between the ages of 15 and 18—in government detention camps. I dropped out of school and have suffered ever since from a lack of formal education. It would have been easy to react to all this by becoming revengeful and bitter; look, it was an American plane, for instance, which accidentally killed my sister. But I say the hell with blaming people. I have a natural high. I'm a turned-on person."

"When I first met Mary Lou, I was getting over a love affair with a married woman—one of those blind love affairs where you'd go through walls for somebody. Idiocy. I found Mary Lou terribly attractive—those high cheek bones, that cool smile. Her poise and self-possession intrigued me. I thought she had everything under control—a (continued)

*"The weatherman said 'mostly fair.'
I mostly think this is unfair."*

*"Yes, you still have to
take a bath tonight."*

*"A little kiss and
a very big bandage
is the best cure."*

*"Sunday's roast beef
is delicious by
Tuesday candlelight."*

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TRAINING PANTS



CAN THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

beautiful, quiet American girl. Some judge of women I am!

"I found Mary Lou's sexual inexperience tremendously appealing. I was her tutor. It's so much warmer that way. But there were problems that reminded me of things that had happened to me before. I have a very proper aunt in Athens. Once, before I met Mary Lou, I ran around with a group of Bohemian writers and artists. My aunt was actually shocked because we drank coffee out of cups without saucers. 'And what do you use for spoons?' she asked. 'Scissors,' I told her. She never got over that.

"It didn't take me long to realize that Mary Lou, with her small-town religious upbringing, had the same preoccupation with rules and propriety as my uptight Greek aunt. My wife can't dance. So what? I learned to dance from my mother and I'm willing to teach Mary Lou. But she wants only the academic bag—formal instruction.

"My mother's visit was a disaster. She's a lively, fun-loving person who was the local operatic star in our town in Greece. I used to help her with her wardrobe; I knew just the styles and colors which were most becoming to her and she always followed my advice. When she came here as a new widow, she needed oceans of love and support. Mary Lou froze her out. Her rigidity and selfishness ruined my mother's visit and drove me to distraction.

"Women excite me—I have much more rapport with them than with men. I like women who are gay, attractive and extremely intelligent, who let me play the cavalier. Mary Lou shrinks me. There's nothing gay or light-hearted about her. She doesn't urge me ahead in my career creatively or cleverly. She is uptight.

"I try to draw her out, but it gets to be a drag. She's so close-mouthed and undemonstrative that I can't read her moods. I don't know how to please her. 'Where should we go tonight?' I ask her. 'What do you want to do?' She never has any ideas.

"I know I'm excitable and blow up easily, but afterwards it's all over. But Mary Lou sulks for days. I can't stand her silence. I can't stand it when I have no fresh shirts or hankies in my drawer. It's not her untidiness but her lack of interest that gets me. I think I'm a damn important person; I want to be paid some attention.

"I've been attracted to other women, but I've never been unfaithful. I don't want a divorce—it would be a complete, unrecoverable disaster. The kids would be hurt, we would have terrible financial problems, and Mary Lou would have to work in some office. She tried this after our first son was born and she hated it; she felt guilty all the time and she just doesn't have the physical stamina to combine a job with running a home. I'll do anything to save our marriage."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"This was a basically strong marriage, held together by Mary Lou and Nick's mutual devotion to their children and by the basic differences in their temperaments. Nick is domineering to an unusual degree; Mary

Lou is unusually submissive. He has great self-confidence and self-assurance; she wants someone to lean upon and to make almost all decisions for her.

"In these areas, their opposite traits complement each other. But Nick is also a very warm, affectionate and responsive person who is capable of deep relationships; Mary Lou's shyness prevents her from making friends easily and her sense of inferiority makes her vulnerable to the slightest hurt. She is easily put down by Nick's anger and retreats into silence. Nick is slightly paranoid, his personality chart showed; Mary Lou also shows some tendency in this direction, harboring a self-righteous feeling that she is always right and others wrong. Their battles over the children usually revolved around the question of who was 'right.'

"Nick married Mary Lou out of a need for someone to control his anger and violent patterns. She married Nick out of a need for drama and excitement. Both were rebels who broke away from constricting cultures, seeking a freer, fuller life.

"Nick had a remarkably low degree of self-discipline. According to our tests, 19 out of 20 men had more self-control than he had. He obviously needed safe outlets for his impulsiveness and anger. Mary Lou needed to lose her fear of anger, including her own, and to face her own passivity, withdrawal and unduly controlling methods.

"Nick had a masculinity problem which stemmed from a late puberty and from his relationship with his father, a stern, authoritarian man whom Nick both admired and hated. Nick's father was also full of violence and used to engage in street fights as well as beat his wife and four children. Nick's relationship with his father was understandably stormy, especially when they tried to work in the same office together. The father insisted that his son join a militaristic youth organization which, at a susceptible age, strengthened Nick's autocratic, bullying tendencies.

"Mary Lou both depended upon and resented her strict, domineering mother. Her parents never fought or raised their voices, but her father

escaped the house at every opportunity to go fishing and hunting. She got little love or affection growing up.

"It was easier to draw her out and help her blossom into a gracious, charming woman than it was to help Nick curb his violent temper. The first step was changing her drab appearance. Nick showered her with compliments when she displayed her beautiful legs in a mini-skirt, got a professional hair-styling, and accented her lovely eyes with cosmetics.

"Some healthy outdoor exercise was indicated as a good outlet for their mutual nervousness and tension. Nick began to landscape his hillside lot with a shovel and wheelbarrow, and to erect a high fence. Mary Lou and the children worked alongside him, planting flowers and shrubbery. All of them took great pride in the garden and paths they carved from their arid patch.

"They also began to be friendly with some couples they met at church, and to go out with them. At the same time, Nick volunteered to teach a Sunday school class of young adults. He enjoyed the challenge and proved to be a great success. As he learned how young Americans think and feel these days, he bore down less heavily on his own children.

"Nick was urged to take up race car driving as a substitute for his aggressiveness at the wheel and his need for adventure. He found it thrilling but voluntarily gave up the sport when it proved to be too expensive. However, he no longer tailgates or otherwise harasses annoying drivers.

"Mary Lou was urged to listen more sympathetically to Nick's nightly outbursts about the office; subsequently, he began staying home more. She learned to let his temper tantrums blow themselves out harmlessly without reacting with extreme anxiety; at the same time, she was encouraged to vent her own anger instead of harboring it and growing inwardly depressed. She had to learn to fight, and to distinguish between sessions in which she vented anger and hostility and objective, problem-sharing discussions.

"She was urged to go back to school as a means of enhancing her self-esteem. (continued on page 112)



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

It's taking men a long time to adjust to what women have known forever—how much hair you have cut off when you have a haircut has nothing to do with whether or not you get your money's worth.

At a cocktail party for 20 people, 2 percent of them eat 90 percent of the nuts.

I've never gotten my summer reading done during the summer, but I've never given up carting all those books around with me.

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DIALOGUE WITH MOTHERS

WHY PARENTS SHOULD TAKE A FIRM STAND
BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

From time immemorial children have tried to buffalo their parents. But, fortunately for most generations, parents didn't permit themselves to be buffaloes. Nowadays, however, parents seem strangely insecure. They often feel unsure about whether they should make decisions for their children, especially when the children protest, "You're trying to run my life!" Actually, as I will point out, parents show good judgment when they enforce guidelines for their children's behavior. For instance, this situation arose in one of the discussion groups I conduct with mothers at the Orthogenic School:

"For three years our son complained because he didn't want to go to college," said one mother. "He said, 'I have no choice. I have to go to college, otherwise I'll be drafted.' He flunked out of one school and dropped out of two others. Then he failed his draft physical and was classified 4F. Now there was no longer any need for him to go to college, but within two weeks he decided he wanted to go after all. Since then he's done magnificently; he enjoys his classes and gets excellent grades. Even more important, he used to feel that everything was wrong with the world, but now he's happy."

This young man finally found himself because he was able to make an important choice—and it turned out to be the right one for him. Nothing helps us to feel good about ourselves and the world more than to know we have made a right choice. People think that making right choices is a consequence of having a strong, well-integrated personality. Actually, it's the other way around: it is making choices—right ones—that builds a strong personality. On the other hand, consistently making wrong choices leads to a sick personality: the neurotic and the psychotic are people who habitually make wrong choices.

The young man who was unable to make a go of college as long as he was there just to avoid being drafted probably had a fairly well-established personality. But being unable to make the choice about college so weakened him that for the time being he could not cope with life. As soon as meaningful choices were again available to him, his old personal strength returned.

Not all students take this situation so hard. For some, having to go into the service is not the end of the world, while others are sufficiently motivated by their studies to feel that in going to college they have made a significant choice, and hence they do not feel debilitated. But, unfortunately, a sizable group of students are in the same boat as this young

man. Having to stay in college because of the draft gives them a sense of inability to make meaningful choices, and because of this, they feel so weak as persons that they cannot cope with life. Many drop out, some by way of drugs.

In our affluent society, the college population in particular has grown up with the assumption that making a living is something they can take for granted. Whatever they do, they'll be able to survive, they won't starve, they won't be without a place to live, they won't lack medical care, etc. Their parents still worry about all that, because they grew up during or soon after the Depression. But to the new generation, these worries don't make sense. What parents want young people to do—worry about preparing for a job at which they will work hard to make a living—doesn't seem realistic. That's why people over 30 don't make sense to people under 30. If making a living is taken for granted, then the income worked for means little, and working for it seems empty. They still have to work for it, of course, but working for something that means so little gives them no strength.

One mother in our discussion group denied that children have no chance to make meaningful choices. On the contrary, she felt the trouble nowadays was that too much is put in the hands of children too early. This makes them think they can run the show. Of course they can't, and it all ends in a big mess. For example, a teacher asked her 12-year-old daughter what she thought of another teacher. Naturally, the child was flattered to be asked, but she also was aware that she knew too little to make a decision. The teacher insisted, however, and so the girl gave an answer she knew was not based on true understanding. Later she felt awful that she had condemned the other teacher.

One mother's 12-year-old son had an even worse experience. His young teacher, since he was the only male teacher in the school, strongly influenced the boys. This teacher told them about all the legal and illegal ways of getting out of the draft and also that some drugs are all right and some are bad. Those are the problems they're going to grow up with, he said, and therefore they should decide which drugs to use and which not. With this kind of attitude, he was practically giving them the go-ahead sign. And it isn't just one teacher or two who push children into serious choices. It's a trend. By the time they're 15, they're saying, "The hell with all adults. We can take over; we can make our own choices." (continued)



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IALOGUE WITH MOTHERS

continued from page 16

How this works is illustrated by the story of a 13-year-old, middle-class girl who had a big fight with her parents about her demands for independence. If she could not run her own life, she said, she'd run away. The parents said nothing. So she left the house, but made sure to slam the door so loudly that everyone would know she had left. There was only one way to leave her suburban home—by bus. She walked slowly to the bus stop the family always used, hoping her parents would come after her. There she waited for an hour and 15 minutes, letting seven buses go by, but nobody came for her. By then she concluded that she was not wanted, that she had been given the freedom to arrange her life as she pleased only because her parents did not care.

All children have fantasies of running away, but the question behind them is: Do my parents love me, or do they want to get rid of me? This girl could not possibly manage her own life at 13, and she ended up in desperate straits. But the parents viewed themselves as enlightened people who did not interfere with their child's independence.

"Things are very different when you know your own mind," said a mother. Her 14-year-old daughter was very active in a community center, attending meetings several evenings a week, starting at 6:30. This meant she was forever leaving the house before dinner. When the mother said that this practice had to stop, the girl disagreed. But the mother insisted. "In this family we eat together," she said. And with that, the girl, on her own, managed to change the starting time of the meetings to 7:15.

Here is an important lesson about choices. The girl was confronted with a clear but limited problem: how to arrange things so that she could attend the meetings and still have dinner with her family. Changing the time of the meetings was quite within her abilities, and so she was able to solve the problem very well and gain personal strength from doing so. Running her own life was far beyond the ability of the 13-year-old who ran away. She failed, and as a result she lost all trust in her ability to make things come out right; she turned to drugs and worse, just to forget how incompetent a person she felt she was. In fact, she was not altogether incompetent; she was only incompetent when confronted with what to her was an unsolvable problem: how to make a go on her own in this world at her age.

"How far does this go?" wondered a mother. The difficulty is that the conditions of big-city living make it very hard to give children neither too many, nor too few, nor too difficult choices. In smaller communities a child can more or less run free, because the parents or neighbors know where he is. Because there are fewer things to do, it is easier for them to select among the few choices without making wrong ones. Children need the right mixture of making their own choices (and learning from them) and being protected against making the wrong choices. It's easy to keep tabs all the time or not at all. It's much more difficult to keep the right balance, though that's what our

children need. The parent must know exactly where she can trust and where she cannot.

"It's not just a matter of our trust," objected a mother. "We must help them realize what is a potentially dangerous situation. One day my son missed his school bus; it was the first time he had to take public transportation to school—it's quite a distance. About half an hour later I called the school to see if he had gotten there. This had nothing to do with trust, I had to do with my anxiety. When he came home that night he said, 'Gee Mom, I'm twelve years old. Did you have to call?' I said, 'Sure, I had to call. How did I know that you got there safely?' I don't think he was angry at all."

She was lucky, I said, because some 12-year-olds might be angry, but what she did was the right thing to do. Because the children object, many parents believe that checking up, on whatever term you use, is the wrong thing to do. So they don't do it, and the child comes to think they don't care, or that he should be able to act all by himself. But if he can't act by himself, then his trust in himself is undermined. It's a strange thing; here we are worrying so when children object, instead of taking it for granted as we do with a three-year-old who loudly objects if we tie his shoe, saying he can do it all by himself. We know his insistence that he can do himself greatly enhances his self-respect, while he loves having us do for him. In this way he can have the best of both worlds—proclaiming his independence and still enjoying the dependent satisfactions he craves. But when the 12-year-old objects for the same reasons, we fail to recognize that he too wants the best of both worlds—to be able to show himself and his friends how independent he is and still feel well protected.

The problem for parents is deciding which choices the child can safely make and learn from, and which we should not let him make because we foresee that, given his immaturity, he will make wrong choices and come to grief. This was the error in asking the 12-year-old if her teacher was good or not: at this age children are more concerned with good times than with good teaching. It's one thing to let a child make decisions that will not harm him; it's something else to project him into anxiety by asking him to make decisions that no 12-year-old should be asked to make, such as deciding if a teacher is good.

The same goes for any age, even for college people and the draft: At these choices they can really safely make? What's eating the kids up is really the draft. Most countries have had obligatory military service for 150 years. Nobody likes it, but nowhere is it a tremendous problem. In this country, however, it has become a tremendous problem for kids who are told: "Make up your own mind whether you want to serve; it's up to you." To serve in the armed forces is always onerous at best and exceedingly dangerous at worst. For an 18-year-old to make such a decision is incredibly difficult. On the one hand, who wants to serve? But on the other, who wants to shirk his duty to his country? I think it is ridiculous to project young (continued on page 11)



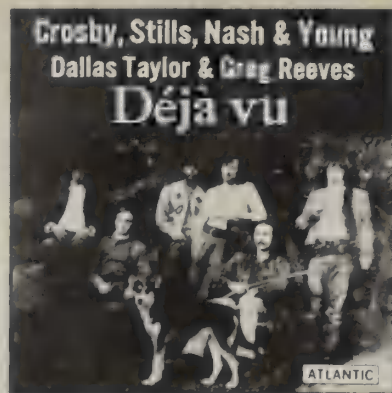
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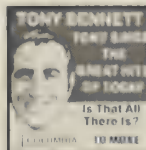
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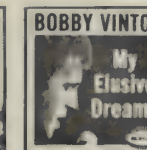
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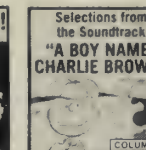
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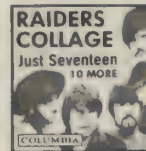
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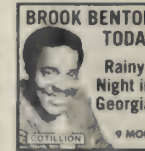
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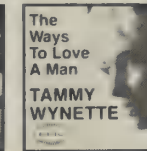
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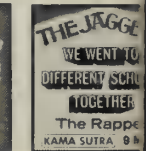
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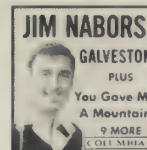
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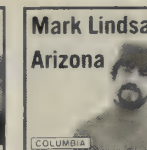
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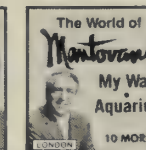
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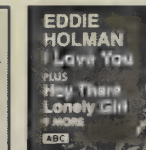
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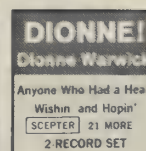
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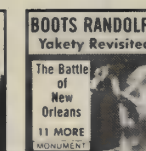
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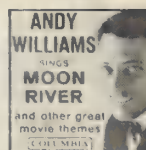
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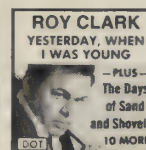
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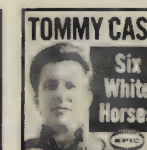
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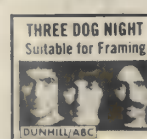
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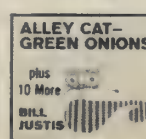
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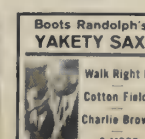
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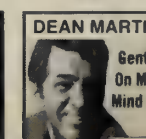
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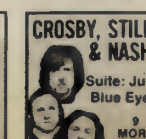
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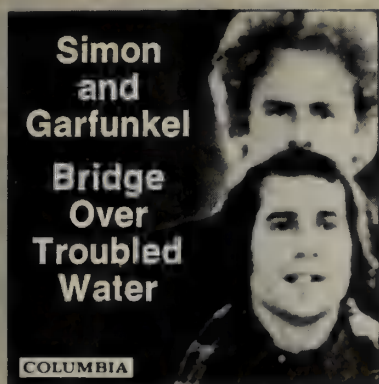
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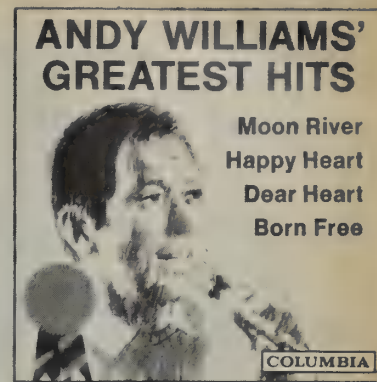
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2 records count as 1

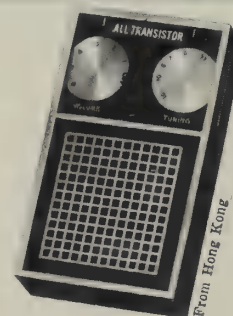


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...and a radio, too!



SAVE ALMOST 50% ON HIT RECORDS

Savings are off regular Club prices

AS A MEMBER OF

THE COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

You simply agree to buy 10 records during the coming 2 years

YES, IT'S TRUE—if you join the Columbia Record Club right now, you may have your choice of ANY 12 of these records for only \$3.98. What's more, we'll even give you an attractive transistor radio. And all you have to do is agree to buy as few as ten records (at the regular Club price) during the coming two years.

That's right!—you'll have two full years in which to buy your ten records. After doing so, you'll have acquired a sizable library of 22 records of your choice—but you'll have paid for just half of them... that's practically a 50% saving off regular Club prices!

AS A MEMBER you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's entertaining music magazine. Each issue describes the regular selection for each musical interest and almost 300 other records... hit albums from every field of music, from scores of record labels.

If you do not want any record in any month—just tell us so by returning the selection card by the date specified... or you may use the card to order any of the records offered. If you want only the regular selection for your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. And from time to time, the Club will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided—or accept by simply doing nothing.

RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT. Upon enrollment, the Club will open a charge account in your name... you pay for your records only after you have received them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$4.98 (Classical and occasional special albums somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

AMAZING BONUS PLAN. As soon as you complete your enrollment agreement, you will automatically become eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan, which entitles you to one record of your choice free (plus 25¢ for mailing and handling) for every one you buy thereafter!

NO MONEY—JUST THE POSTPAID CARD. Write in the numbers for the twelve records you want, for which you will be billed only \$3.98, plus mailing and handling. Be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested. Act today!



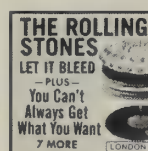
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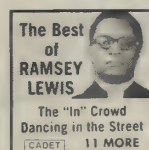
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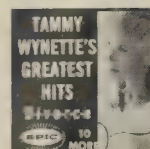
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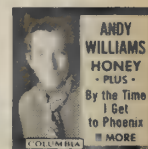
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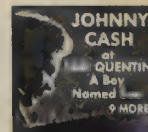
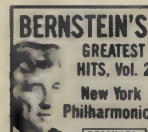
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COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Indiana 47804



NEEDLEWORK

BY DOROTHY LAMBERT BRIGHTBILL

You don't have to be a Scotsman to like thistles. Here are some extra special ones to embroider. The lovely seed-puffs have a dimensional quality like the real thing. The wool embroidery has been sheared so it looks and even feels like thistledown—only this won't blow away and the "thorns" won't prick! The size is a magnificent 16 by 36 inches.

The rock garden has a serene quality all its own. Prim little blossoms rear straight up behind the striated gray rocks. Overall size is 18 by 22 inches. Both embroideries designed by Barbara Sparre.

The handsome fruitwood finished frames have an inner edge of gold to highlight the embroideries.

Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. 3492 4500 N. W. 135th Street, Miami, Florida 33054

Check items desired:

- ☐ Kit 61138 Blue Thistle @ \$8.98 ea. _____
- ☐ Kit 61139 Frame for Blue Thistle @ \$7.98 ea. _____
- ☐ Kit 61221 Rock Garden @ \$6.98 ea. _____
- ☐ Kit 61222 Frame for Rock Garden @ \$7.98 ea. _____
- ☐ 61014 Color catalog of available kits @ 25¢ ea. _____

Sales tax, if applicable _____

Add 25¢ postage for each item _____

Total enclosed _____

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$2. goodwill deposit and will pay postman balance plus all postal charges.

Fill out coupon and enclose check or money order. Florida residents please add sales tax. Allow 4 weeks for handling and mailing. Sorry, we are unable to handle Canadian or foreign orders. To avoid delays please indicate your zip code.

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PLAYTEX® FIRST-DAY™ TAMPON.

The first truly different tampon in 30 years.

MAYBE YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

But most tampons look alike. They've varied very little since they were introduced more than 30 years ago.

PLAYTEX FELT IT WAS TIME FOR A CHANGE.

Because, let's be honest, lots of tampons simply don't do the job they ought to. Particularly on the first days of your period. That's when mishaps most often happen. Because the first or second day is usually the worst day—when you flow the heaviest, and need the greatest protection.

WITH THAT IN MIND

Playtex redesigned the tampon. We felt, if we could solve the mishap problem, we could make an altogether better-protecting tampon. So we changed it, totally, both inside and out. And even gave it a new name.

WE CALL IT THE FIRST-DAY TAMPON.

Because that best describes its improvement over ordinary tampons. It's so absorbent, it even protects on your first day, your worst day. That's because it's self-adjusting—it fans out and adjusts to your own personal inner figure as no other tampon can. Protects every inside inch of you.

THINK OF A FLOWER.

A tulip that's closed. Now, imagine it open, in full bloom. That's the way the Playtex First-Day Tampon acts to protect you. It blooms. Flowers out. Fluffs out. Forms a cup to absorb moisture



in a new way. And the more it absorbs, the more it blooms. Yet, it always fits comfortably, and fits naturally. It also removes easily, because it closes readily when withdrawn.

HOW IS IT DIFFERENT FROM ORDINARY TAMPONS?

They're straight up and down, and retain this shape even when exposed to moisture. So there's nothing to stop a heavier flow.

SEE THIS UNIQUE BLOOMING ACTION YOURSELF.

By dipping a Playtex tampon and an ordinary tampon in water. The ordinary tampon thins and flattens out, doesn't change its shape appreciably. But moisture makes the Playtex tampon fan out, expand, take on a different shape.



TESTS PROVED

WE HAD MADE A BETTER TAMPON.

For more than a year, we conducted laboratory comparison tests, and in every case the Playtex tampon proved to be more absorbent. Actually 45% more absorbent on the average than the leading tampon. So now you don't have to worry about mishaps anymore. With all this extra absorbency, you can't help but feel secure.

WE ALSO DESIGNED A BETTER APPLICATOR.



SOFT, CLEAR PLASTIC.

FLEXIBLE, GENTLE, EASIER TO USE.

To make insertion easier, we changed the applicator to plastic. Those stiff cardboard applicators sometimes pinch. Not ours. It's all soft, gentle, clear plastic, so its smooth, satin finish acts like a self-lubricator. Makes it easier to use your first day or last.

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PLAYTEX® FIRST-DAY TAMPON.

IT DOES EVERYTHING A TAMPON OUGHT TO.
HONEST.

THE DOLLAR MAKES A COMEBACK.

If you think the dollar's all washed up, we've got news for you.

It's about to make a comeback and we're going to see that it does. At least in major appliances.

If you'll put down that old familiar credit card and come shop around a little, a General Electric dealer will show you six appliances that restore a dollar's self-respect.

Because you might not seek him out, we're previewing the same models

right here. And for comparison, each caption tells you how much less a dollar would have bought in the same appliance back in the fifties, a very good decade for dollars.

But what you really want to know is how does General Electric stack up today against somebody down the street? We can tell you that, too, but it's more

dramatic if you make your own comparisons.

And while you're at it, ask who's kept all those GE appliances running all this time. It's the same service people who'll look after the new GE model you're considering. Gives you a nice feeling, doesn't it?

One more thing about the comeback of the dollar. You can help, too. Whatever you do, do it a little better in 1970. And watch the dollar grow.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



About **\$380.***

This range costs about \$40 less than the comparable 1950 model that had no self-cleaning. It's Model J330L with our P-7[®] automatic self-cleaning oven feature. Also found on the new one, but not on the old, a window door.



About **\$230.***

This dishwasher costs about \$20 less than the 1954 model, and saves you untold hours in hand scrubbing and rinsing. Even with added features like maple top design, soft food disposer, 3 push button cycles, lift-top rack and 3 level wash action. It's Model GGSM353L.





About **\$240.***

This GE automatic washer costs about \$30 less than in 1956 and washes 18 lbs. instead of 10. If you figure it out like a butcher, the dollar looks pretty good. It's Model WWA8400L and also features innovations like Mini-Basket[®], Mini-Quick[®], Permanent Press Cycle, etc.

About **\$190.***

This GE automatic dryer costs about \$40 less than our dryer did in 1956, but holds much more—46% more, in fact, than most other dryers do today. It's Model DDE8100L, featuring extra-large capacity drum and automatic Permanent Press Cycle.



This symbol represents the service people of General Electric and their determination to provide you with prompt, reliable service. The reputation they have built is the reason people buy GE just for the service.



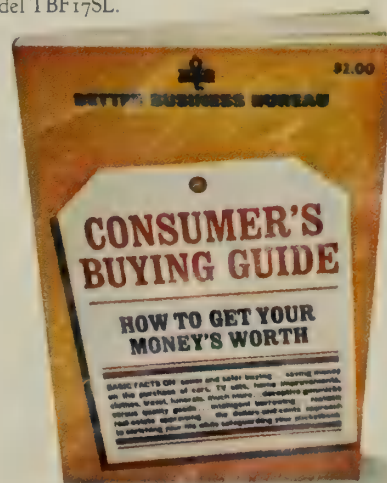
About **\$150.***

This 6000 BTU/H room air conditioner costs about \$200 less than 1952's 5500 BTU/H model. It's Model AGKE106AA. Compact and lightweight, it's easy to install and has a rust-proof Lexan[®] molded outer case.



About **\$330.***

This refrigerator/freezer costs you about \$180 less than a 10.6 cu. ft. model of 1952, but gives you 16.6 cu. ft. There's no defrosting ever, even in the 154-lb. freezer section. Optional automatic icemaker available at slight extra cost. It's Model TBF17SL.



This 210-page Better Business Bureau Consumer's Buying Guide will help you get your money's worth on what you buy. It is available at most GE dealers, or send \$1.00 to Consumer's Buying Guide, P.O. Box 535, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

*Price optional with dealer except where fair trade is applicable.



AMY VANDERBILT

Make the Rounds... Relieved of Menstrual Distress

It's a busy, whirling life you lead as a modern woman. Here. There. Back here again. At home, on the job or out having fun, you certainly get around. No time to slow down . . . and you don't have to. Not even because of functional menstrual distress. How? With MIDOL.

Because MIDOL® contains:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that helps STOP CRAMPS . . .
- Medically-approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE, LOW BACKACHE . . . CALM JUMPY NERVES . . .
- Plus a mood brightener that gets you through the trying pre-menstrual period feeling calm and comfortable.

Whirl away. Any day. With MIDOL.

FREE! "WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"—Authoritative 32-page book explains menstruation, body functions. Gives tips on hygiene. Send 10¢ to cover cost of mailing and handling to Dept. E-1, Box 146, New York, N.Y. 10016

Midol

VISITORS vs. TV

When visiting friends and relatives, what can one do about a loud radio, TV or stereo? Sometimes it is just about impossible to converse above the noise. I don't think I should ask to have the volume turned down in someone else's home. When we have company, I always turn off the radio or stereo, but of course I'm outnumbered when all the men want to watch football on TV!

I see no reason why you can't say, "Could we turn it down a little if we're going to talk? I'm having trouble hearing the conversation." If people are actually watching television, conversation is impossible—and to attempt it is very annoying to the watchers. A hostess should suggest that anyone who wants to talk go with her to another room.

THANK YOU NOTES

When acknowledging one gift from a group of people, should the thank-you card read "Thank you for the lovely blouse" or "Thank you for your contribution toward the lovely blouse"?

First, don't use a card. Write a brief note, such as this: "I am greatly enjoying the beautiful blouse that all of you have given me. Thank you for your share in it."

SERVING THE HOSTESS

I live with a family and in return help out when they have guests. When the hostess has friends in to play cards, do I serve refreshments to her first?

No, serve the honored woman guest first.

CASUAL INVITATIONS

One of my husband's co-workers invited us to a party, mentioning that his wife would call me. She never did. We were puzzled as the date approached, especially when we found that other invited guests had been called. My husband admires the host and didn't want to offend him by not going to the party. Therefore, we assumed that his invitation was sufficient, and we went. We had a lovely time, but I felt awkward and I still wonder what we should have done.

You should have taken the initiative and called the hostess. You could have easily explained that you had received the invitation from her husband via your husband and that you wanted to know what time the party was, what she would like you to wear, and so forth. It was undoubtedly just an oversight that she didn't call you.

Your question underlines the danger of a husband alone issuing such an invitation, even under business circumstances. The wife is the social secretary for the family.

WIDOWER'S HOSTESS

I have been going with a widower for just over a year. His daughter is about to be married and he would like me to be his "partner" at the wedding reception. Would it be proper for me to do so?

Your widower is putting you on the spot. I suggest that you not do this unless you are certain that he has marriage in mind and that you are that interested in him. Your acting, in effect, as his wife at this important function would certainly cause his family and friends to jump to conclusions. Perhaps this is his way of proposing. I suggest you find out.

STEPCHILDREN'S GIFTS

My son married a woman with five children and there is one child by this marriage. I want to send gifts to my granddaughter, but wonder if I am obliged to send them also to my son's stepchildren. I have a limited income, and I've never seen his stepchildren.

Feel free to send gifts to your granddaughter; you cannot be expected to send gifts to the stepchildren too.

MEN'S FUNERAL ATTIRE

Is there any obligation or custom for a man to wear a white shirt to a funeral in the bush country of Alaska? My husband makes a big thing of it, and I do wonder why.

Most people are deeply moved by the ceremonial of the funeral and feel impelled to act and dress in the most conservative fashion under the circumstances—no matter where they live. Your husband realizes this, and hence his concern about wearing a white shirt.

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

I have always thought that a woman speaks first to a man if she wishes to be spoken to, that a girl says "Hi" to a boy, and that an older person speaks first to a younger person. In business etiquette, I imagine the boss would speak first. Am I correct?

There is not so much rigidity about this any more. A boy might very well say "Hello, Linda" if the girl doesn't notice him first. A man might very well speak first on certain occasions, although normally he waits for a woman to recognize him. In business and elsewhere, usually the person entering a room speaks first. A secretary, for example, says, "Good morning, Mr. Lawson," so long as she is not interrupting him in a conversation.

SMOKING ETIQUETTE

My husband smokes a pipe and I smoke cigarettes. When I don't have a lighter with me, he insists that I say "May I have a light, please?" and then "Thank you." I don't think I should have to ask him for a light.

If he notices that you have taken out a cigarette, he should offer you a light without having to be asked. If he doesn't notice, then of course you may ask him and thank him afterward as you would in the first case.

GUEST LIST

Many hostesses planning a pre-nuptial party are floored when the mother of the bride-to-be hands them a list of guests to be invited. Is this an etiquette change? Doesn't the hostess have a say about whom to invite?

I suppose that in doing this mothers are being helpful by providing the names of the girls in the bridal party, who are, of course, invited to all the pre-nuptial parties. Aside from that, the mother does not suggest whom the hostess should invite unless she is asked.

ANNIVERSARY GIFTS

We recently celebrated our anniversary and received many beautiful gifts, but even more appreciated were the contributions made in our honor. In some cases, however, we received tribute cards from people who donated money to their own temples (where we are not known). We would have appreciated it more had the money been given to our temple or various charitable organizations such as ORT and Hadassah, for trees planted in Israel. Are you wrong in thinking that we should have been asked where we wanted the money to go?

No. I think the money should have gone to the temple or organization you and your husband indicated.

SALAD PLATE

Should the salad plate be to the right or to the left of the dinner plate?

The salad plate goes to the left of the tip of the fork, in a line with the glasses. It may, however, be placed in front of the diner when the salad is served either as an appetizer or after the entree.

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Parties, Open House, Anniversary House Warnings, Showers." A "Letter Writing," "Teen Manners," "Office Etiquette," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette" and "Table Manner." Send 50¢ in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06893.



**"...and when you get to all that sunshine,
we'll call you every weekend."**

**Even when parents retire to that place
the sun they've been dreaming about,
you can visit them often by Long Distance.**

**Now you can dial yourself a discount—
costs as little as 70¢ plus tax on coast-to-
coast calls you dial yourself on weekends.**

**All day Saturday and Sunday till five.
Long Distance is the next best thing
being there.**



YOU'LL FIND QUALITY IN OUR CORNER



The NABISCO PEOPLE

ENJOY A NEW DELUXE



5 FIRST PRIZES

1971 PLYMOUTH FURY
SPORTS SUBURBAN
STATION WAGON

**500
Second
Prizes**

RCA Battery
Operated Cassette
Tape Player
and Recorder.



**1,000
Third Prizes**

Thermos "Double Header"
Picnic Jug, Serves
Hot and Cold Drinks.



**10,000
Fourth
Prizes**

Tartan Plaid
Insulated Thermos
Tote Bag by Wilmart.



11,506 PRIZES, ALL GUARANTEED TO BE GIVEN AWAY!



PEOPLE PLEASERS SNACKSTAKES

STATION WAGON EVERY YEAR FOR 10 YEARS!

RENT FREE! INSURANCE FREE!
MAINTENANCE FREE! CAREFREE!

Start with a 1971 Deluxe Plymouth
Fury Station Wagon and the 1980
model is yours to keep!



What a Grand Prize! Gives every member of the family a grand time every day for the next decade! The other prizes are pretty grand, too. 11,506 in all. All *Guaranteed* to be awarded. All sure to be as great people-pleasers as Nabisco's popular SOCIABLES, CHICKEN IN A BISKIT, WHEAT THINS, BACON THINS, TRIANGLE THINS, TWIGS SNACK STICKS, FRENCH ONION CRACKERS, SIP 'N CHIPS and CHIPPERS that all taste great with SNACK MATE CHEESE SPREADS.

Don't miss your chance to be one of the prize-winning people pleased by Nabisco's People Pleasers Snackstakes. Right now, use the entry blank below—with best wishes from Nabisco!

OFFICIAL RULES: National Biscuit Company's Nabisco People Pleasers Snackstakes

On an official entry blank or a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name and address in block letters.

Each entry must be accompanied by two box tops or the names of any two different Nabisco products (SNACK MATE CHEESE SPREADS or Nabisco Snack Crackers (TRIANGLE THINS, BACON THINS, CHICKEN IN A BISKIT, WHEAT THINS, SOCIABLES, TWIGS SNACK STICKS, FRENCH ONION CRACKERS, SIP 'N CHIPS, CHIPPERS) printed in block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to: "Nabisco Snackstakes," P.O. Box 705, Rosemount, Minnesota 55068. Entries must be postmarked by July 31st, 1970 and received no later than August 7th, 1970.

Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. No substitutes for prizes as offered. One prizewinner per family. Winners will be notified by mail.

Snackstakes open to residents of the United States except employees and their families of the National Biscuit Company, its advertising agencies and Marden-Kane, Inc. Void in Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, Georgia, Idaho and Maryland and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.

Liability for federal, state or other taxes is winners' sole responsibility.



Mail to: People Pleasers Snackstakes
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Please enter me in the NABISCO PEOPLE PLEASERS SNACKSTAKES. Enclosed are two box tops, or the names of any two different SNACK MATE CHEESE SPREADS or Nabisco Snack Crackers (TRIANGLE THINS, BACON THINS, CHICKEN IN A BISKIT, WHEAT THINS, SOCIABLES, TWIGS SNACK STICKS, FRENCH ONION CRACKERS, SIP 'N CHIPS and CHIPPERS) hand printed in plain block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of paper.

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE (NECESSARY) _____

(NO PURCHASE REQUIRED)

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Now, individual puddings and desserts are as mobile as you are. New Hunt Snack Pack goes to school, to picnics, to work, to anywhere. Easy-open cans of Alcoa® aluminum make them light, goodlooking, convenient. Just snap off the top and start to eat. Choose from five puddings: chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch, chocolate fudge, lemon. Plus dried peaches, fruit cup, even applesauce.

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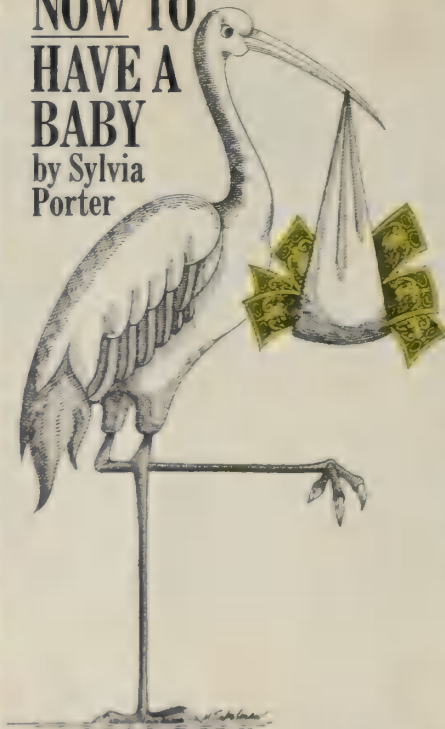
FASTEST STRAW IN THE WEST

Speed's important, if it's Dad's you're reachin' for. 'Cause when you're thirsty, you want Dad's rich, robust Old-Fashioned root beer flavor NOW. Oh, the soul-satisfyin' pleasure that floods your senses when ice-cold Dad's hits! It refreshes your parched throat and skyrockets your morale. If you think that's a lot for one root beer to do—reach, pardner! Reach for Dad's and watch yourself turn into the fastest straw in the West. Dad's.

(The Old-Fashioned ROOT BEER...With A FLAVOR KICK)

WHAT IT COSTS NOW TO HAVE A BABY

by Sylvia Porter



"Can you help us plan financially for our first baby? I'd like to quit work so I can fix up the house before the baby comes next January, but I'm afraid to give up my paycheck without knowing what we'll need. I've been contributing \$125 a week to our bank account since we were married in 1968."

What a timely question Mrs. J. C. asks! It's so important to so many of you, in fact, that instead of my regular column, this month I'm writing about the high cost of having a baby.

For the central and vital point is that the 1970's will see an unparalleled boom in parents, just as the late 1940's and early 1950's saw an unparalleled boom in babies. And the reason is that the babies born in historically high numbers in the years following World War II are now marrying and, in turn, having babies of their own. I wouldn't be surprised if nearly all the friends of the young woman who asked me the question are also newly married and having, or planning to have, their first babies. And since these girls have grown up in an era of ever-climbing living costs, I also wouldn't be surprised if Mrs. J. C.'s question is one millions of wives are asking. So here goes...

You're about to discover that never before in our history has it been so expensive to have a baby. What's more, steep as these costs already are, they are sure to keep on spiraling upward on every front in a record escalation. Obstetricians' fees have risen sharply, and so have hospital room rates, delivery room charges, and the cost of newborn pediatric care. People are going in for more and more expensive nursery supplies and other "baby equipment," too. And an increasing number of women who might formerly have settled for a couple of simple "tent" dresses as a ma-

ternity wardrobe are now spending fairly large sums for really fashionable maternity clothes.

How much is your first baby likely to cost today? What factors are likely to drive your expenses above the averages, and what are the ways in which you might cut your childbirth costs without sacrificing the quality of your medical care and without touching the essentials?

The biggest cost, of course, is your hospital care. If your health insurance covers maternity costs, this will help. But this insurance will probably pay only between \$200 and \$375 of the typical \$620 total bill recently calculated for me by the Health Insurance Institute in New York. This total includes a six-day stay in the hospital, at the national average of about \$70 a day. It also includes delivery room and nursery room charges.

The next biggest cost is the layette for your baby. This totals more than \$500. The layette, priced at a major New York department store, includes a basic wardrobe consisting of shirts, nightgowns, sleeping bags, kimonos, coveralls, blankets, diapers, diaper pins, sweater, rubber pants, booties and bunting. It also includes the full range of nursery items, baby furniture and bathing equipment.

The third biggest item is your medical care—including obstetrician's services (usually offered as a complete package, through the delivery and hospital stay), circumcision fee and the pediatrician's newborn-baby care while the baby is in the hospital. The medical care part of the bill comes to \$310, and \$250 of that is budgeted for the obstetrician.

Finally, the cost of your maternity wardrobe is calculated at \$177.

This brings the grand total to more than \$1,600—and under certain circumstances, your total could be even higher.

If you stay in a private room at the best hospital in town, you easily might pay \$100 or more a day. This would bring the cost of hospitalization to at least \$600—as compared with the \$420 calculated by the Health Insurance Institute.

If the birth is complicated, if the baby is born with special problems requiring surgery or special medical treatment, or if the birth involves Caesarian section, the hospital costs could skyrocket. Today, one out of every 20 babies is delivered by Caesarian section, and this procedure involves an average hospital stay of eight days. About 8 percent of newborn babies require confinement in an "isolette"—also involving extra charges. And quite a number have costly Rh blood factor complications.

If you have twins, of course your hospital bills will be greatly increased. (However, some department stores promise to give mothers of twins a second set of all necessary items.)

Many obstetricians now charge

Illustration by Murray Tinkelman

lot more than \$250 for their services, and many hospitals are tacking on an extra \$75 or so for preparation of the delivery room. And if you have a boy, you may find that in addition to a steep circumcision fee there is also a circumcision "set-up" charge.

In the maternity clothes department, your costs will rise if your baby is born in winter or spring and you need to buy winter instead of lightweight clothes. And, these days, it's a cinch to spend more than \$20 for a daytime dress, or \$37.50 for a cocktail dress. Or you well may decide you need more than two everyday dresses and more than one dress-up dress for the five to six months during which you will need maternity clothes.

If you hire a practical nurse to help you at home when you leave the hospital, she could cost from \$25 to \$50 a day. Extra household help would cost less—but quite possibly \$50 to \$75 for a week of part-time or full-time work.

To look at the other side of the coin, however, there are many circumstances under which you might greatly reduce the costs of having a baby.

You'll certainly find a second or third or fourth child costs a lot less than a first baby—simply because you already have most of the clothes, nursery items, etc. Trading around with other young mothers in your neighborhood also can help slash your costs. Baby gifts can be a big help, and there's every reason why you should politely guide your friends and relatives to give you what you need. You might want to forego such luxuries as birth announcements, nursery lamps, fancy carriages, hot plates, bath tables, and bottle warmers. Using a lower-cost maternity clinic might cut your medical bills somewhat.

You can spot the areas in which you or your friends could achieve significant savings simply by going over the detailed list of new baby costs in the next column. It gives you today's range in the costs of most of the items, plus the midpoint that is used for calculating the totals.

Clip this table, save it, study it, share it with your friends. Though prices will change and will vary from region to region, city to city, and store to store, the basic items that make up the costs of having your baby will remain as I've listed them. Just having this detailed list on hand will help you curb, cushion and cut costs.

One final note: Be realistic! These figures were prepared for you by experts whose only objective is accuracy. Prepare yourself for the expenses and make up your mind right now that no matter how much you save on these items, your baby will cost more than you anticipate. Your baby will also mean more to you than you can possibly dream now. So do your best to manage your expenses properly, and you'll come through with your financial banners flying high.

Hospital and Medical Care	Total
Six days hospitalization @ \$70 per day	\$ 420.00
Delivery room charge	75.00
Nursery charges @ \$19 per day	114.00
Circumcision set-up charge	10.00
Obstetrician's fees	250.00
Circumcision fee	35.00
Pediatrician's newborn care	25.00
TOTAL	\$ 929.00
Baby's Wardrobe	
(4-6 shirts; 3-4 gowns; 1-2 sleeping bags; 2-4 kimonos or sacque sets; 3-4 stretch coveralls; 4-6 receiving blankets; 2-3 dozen diapers if using diaper service, or 4-6 dozen diapers if not using diaper service; diaper pins; sweater or shawl; 4 waterproof panties; booties and bootie socks; bunting)	\$ 73.50
Nursery Items	
6 fitted crib sheets (@ \$1.69-\$2.79)	13.44
4 waterproof sheets (@ \$1.89-\$3.40)	10.60
4-6 waterproof pads (@ 50¢)	2.50
2-3 crib blankets (@ \$4-\$12)	24.00
1 blanket sleeper (\$4-\$6)	5.00
Comforter or quilt (\$4-\$13)	8.50
1 mattress pad	3.70
Bassinet or carrying basket	25.00
Crib (\$37-\$90)	63.50
Crib mattress (\$20-\$43)	31.50
Crib bumper (\$2-\$8)	5.00
Diaper pail (\$3-\$4)	3.50
Portable baby seat (\$6-\$13)	9.50
Wicker changer with drawers (\$20-\$40)	30.00
Nursery lamp (\$8-\$15)	11.50
Vaporizer (\$8)	8.00
Baby carriage (\$18-\$150)	84.00
TOTAL	\$ 339.24
Feeding Equipment	
(8-12 eight-oz. nursers; 2-4 four-oz. nursers; extra nipples and caps; disposable nurser kit; sterilizer kit or separate formula utensils; bottle and nipple brush)	\$ 10.99
Hot plate (\$6.50-\$11)	8.75
Bottle warmer	3.50
2-3 bibs (@ 39¢-\$2.00)	1.19
TOTAL	\$ 24.43
Bath Items	
Bath table or tub (\$6-\$8)	7.00
4 washcloths, 2 towels	5.00
Baby lotion, 8 oz.	.89
Baby oil, 1 pt.	.89
Cream, 8 oz.	.59
Powder, 10 oz.	.69
Sterile cotton and swabs	.79
Baby shampoo, 7 oz.	.79
Bathing cream or liquid, 16 oz.	2.49
Petroleum jelly, 16 oz.	.89
TOTAL	\$ 20.02
Miscellaneous	
Baby vitamins, complex	4.00
Sweater set (\$3.50-\$5)	4.25
1 box (30) disposable diapers (\$1.49-\$1.79)	1.64
Baby-care book (Spock, paperback)	.95
Diaper bag	4.50
Brush and comb (\$3-\$7)	5.00
Diaper service (first week, 70 diapers)	4.15
Crib mobile (\$3-\$5)	4.00
Rectal thermometer	2.00
Baby scissors	4.00
Car bed or seat (\$15-\$23)	19.00
Birth announcements (\$5-\$15)	10.00
TOTAL	\$ 63.49
Maternity Clothes	
2 daytime dresses (@ \$20)	40.00
1 cocktail dress (\$25-\$50)	37.50
2 skirts (@ \$8-\$12)	20.00
4 tops (@ \$6-\$11)	34.00
2 pants (@ \$6-\$10)	16.00
2 slips (@ \$5)	10.00
2-4 bras (@ \$2.50)	7.50
1 girdle (\$5-\$13)	9.00
4 panties (@ 79¢)	3.16
TOTAL	\$ 177.16
Totals	
Hospital and medical care	\$ 929.00
Baby's wardrobe	73.50
Nursery items	339.24
Feeding equipment	24.43
Bath items	20.02
Miscellaneous	63.49
Maternity clothes	177.16
Grand Total	\$1,626.84

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Arnold Palmer
DRYCLEANING CENTERS

FIVE PATIENTS

BY MICHAEL CRICHTON

In his new book, the young (26) physician who wrote "The Andromeda Strain" analyzes the anatomy of a great hospital from the viewpoint of five patients who came to it for treatment. In this fascinating excerpt, he tells why hospital care costs so much—and how TV and computers may relieve the doctor shortage.

The single most important problem facing modern hospitals is cost.

First, the cost of hospitalization has skyrocketed. The average patient at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston pays *per hour* today what the average patient paid *per day* in 1925. Even as recently as 1940, a private patient could have his own room at MGH for \$10.25 per day; by 1964, it cost \$50.10 per day; by 1969, \$72 to \$110 per day. This staggering increase is continuing at the rate of 6 to 8 percent per year, and all American hospitals are raising their charges at the same rate.

Second, hospitalization has increased in cost much more rapidly than other goods and services in the economy. (Physicians' fees have also been rising faster than other items in the consumer price index. However, hospital costs have nearly doubled in the past decade, while physicians' fees have increased 30 percent.)

Third, the patient no longer worries much about cost. Third-party payment has led to public apathy about hospital costs, and this is unwise—if for no other reason than that, for most people, only one-fourth to one-third of hospital costs are paid by insurance, a fact they discover too late.

Fourth, the often overlapping coverage of health insurance permits some patients to make money from their hospitalization, while welfare reimbursements are always less than the true costs of care. The hospital makes ends meet by overcharging private patients, and their insurers, to cover the welfare deficit—in the case of MGH, roughly \$10 a day.

Fifth, no single hospital stands alone in its financing problems, but rather, each is influenced by the activity or decline of other hospitals (often the municipal, tax-supported ones) in the area. The reasons behind the decline are political and financial, but the consequences are always the same—to pass on costs to insured patients, and make them augment insufficient tax funding for welfare. Americans are required by law to arrange insurance for their cars;

why not insurance for themselves?

Sixth, lest private health insurance seem a financial panacea, one should note that private companies are often irrational in their payment procedures. For example, for many years one could not collect for certain treatments—such as the setting of fractures—unless one were admitted to the hospital, at least overnight. Thus a person who might easily receive therapy in the emergency ward and be sent home had to be admitted in order to receive insurance coverage. These unnecessary admissions raised the total cost of health care, and ultimately such increases are passed on to the consumer in the form of higher premiums.

Seventh, the American medical system has never even tried to structure the kind of competitive situation that encourages and rewards economies. The American physician has been grossly irresponsible in nearly all matters relating to the cost of medical care. One can trace this irresponsibility quite directly to the American Medical Association.

For the past 40 years, the AMA has worked to the detriment of the patient in nearly every way imaginable; strangely, it has also worked to the detriment of physicians.

Dr. James Howard Means has said: "Every attempt that has been made by liberally minded groups to improve medical care and make it more accessible . . . the AMA has attacked with ever-increasing truculence. . . . They forget perhaps that medicine is for the people, not for doctors."

Their truculence has been expensive. Beginning in 1930, the AMA opposed voluntary health insurance, such as Blue Cross. In 1932, it opposed prepaid group-practice clinics. In 1933, it began a successful campaign to block the construction of new medical schools, and to limit enrollment in those already in existence. We now have a shortage of doctors. More recently, the AMA spent millions to fight Medicare, a program that resulted in health benefits to 10 percent of the population and vastly increased income to physicians. Further, the AMA has failed to take any strong stand on prescription pharmaceutical prices, which nearly every objective observer regards as grossly inflated.

Ultimately, however, it is not useful to lay blame. For all concerned seem to share a common blindness—a total failure to understand why hospital costs are rising.

The per-day room charge is the largest single item in the hospital bill. In 1969, the cost of a semi-private room at MGH was \$70.00. Breaking this down, we find:

PER-DAY ROOM CHARGE: \$70

Utilities, housekeeping, maintenance, plus business offices ("hotel expense")	\$ 6.96
Food and special diets	5.82
Nursing	18.42
Labs, records, house staff, X-ray and pharmacy	28.80
Overcharge (to cover welfare debts)	10.00
Total:	\$70.00

This breakdown contradicts one of the oldest complaints about hospitals, which is seen in this comment quoted in a national magazine: "My work puts me in contact with hotels and hotel management and I *know* that a good hotel can give you a beautiful room for \$30 a day, with three meals, and make a profit and pay taxes. And yet any hospital, which doesn't pay *any* taxes, operates in the red for \$65 a day. I say it must be poor administration."

Unfortunately, the *true* hospital costs—the expenses incurred in a hospital but not in a hotel—are very high. They account for 90 percent of the total per-day room charge, and they largely reflect the increased technological capacity of the hospital. The maintenance of this new technological capability costs money. If you are going to establish a high-quality acute care facility that has six employees (most of them nonphysicians) for every patient, and if you are going to pay these employees a decent wage, then the care you offer will be expensive. If you are going to purchase technological hardware, maintain it, and keep it up to date, this costs money. If you are going to keep the hospital in continuous operation 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, this costs money.

In medicine today—as in every other industry—people are more expensive than anything else. Eighty percent of the hospital budget now goes to the salaries and benefits of the employees. And much of the rise in hospital costs is directly attributable to the demands of these employees. Their demands are justified; most of them are still underpaid.

Fundamentally, the present cost structure of the hospital seems to lead to a rather old-fashioned conclusion: no one should go there unless he absolutely has to. (continued)

You think it takes nerve to color your hair?



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It's not easy to face the world looking dull and drab. Or even worse, older than you are.

So how come you do?

Probably you've heard (or imagined) enough scary things about hair coloring to keep you drab for life.

For instance. You think the color will turn out wrong, and you'll look worse than before.

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It's a fact and tests have proved it. Though small in size, Pursettes Plus is more absorbent than most tampons, even the leading one. Actually, it can absorb more than 10 times its own weight in fluid. Comforting thought? It's the only tampon with a prelubricated tip, no bulky applicator. Comfortable to use. Convenient to carry, too. For a free trial supply* of Pursettes Plus in a fashionable carrying compact, just send 25¢ to cover postage and handling to Campana, Dept. LHJ-770, Batavia, Illinois 60510. It's worth the comfort alone.

Pursettes[®] Plus

The only super-absorbent tampon
with a prelubricated tip

*Offer expires December 31, 1970

FIVE PATIENTS *continued*

For decades, admission to the hospital was necessary because there was no other facility available. There is hope that satellite clinics will help solve the problem. One study of a satellite clinic in Boston reported that there were fewer hospital admissions as a result of the clinic's work.

In any case, alternative facilities must be found, because it is unlikely that hospital costs will ever go down. The best anyone can hope to do is stabilize them somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100 a day. This makes the hospital an expensive place—but it has its uses and, indeed, will be an economically tolerable place, if it is used appropriately.

Directions for the future

Flight 404 from Los Angeles to Boston was over eastern Ohio when Mrs. Sylvia Thompson, a 56-year-old mother of three, began to experience severe but persistent chest pain. After the aircraft landed, she asked if there was a doctor at the airport. She was directed to the Logan Airport Medical Station. Entering the waiting area, Mrs. Thompson told the secretary that she would like to see a doctor. It was now 2 P.M.

"The doctor will see you in just a minute," the secretary said. "Please take a seat."

Mrs. Thompson could look across the reception area to the computer console behind the secretary, and beyond to the small pharmacy and dispensary of the Station. She could see three of the six nurses who run the Station around the clock.

A nurse came over and checked her blood pressure, pulse, and temperature, writing down the information on a slip of paper. The door to the room nearest Mrs. Thompson was closed. After several minutes, a stewardess came out, closed the door behind her, and left.

"The doctor will talk with you now," the secretary said, and led Mrs. Thompson into the room that the stewardess had just left. An examining couch and a chair faced a television camera. In one corner of the room was a portable camera on a rolling tripod. In another corner was a large instrument console with gauges and dials.

"You'll be speaking with Dr. Murphy," the secretary said.

A nurse came into the room, and motioned Mrs. Thompson to take a seat. Mrs. Thompson looked uncertainly at all the equipment. On the screen, Dr. Raymond Murphy was looking down at some papers on his desk.

The nurse said: "Dr. Murphy."

Dr. Murphy looked up. The television camera beneath the TV screen made a grinding noise, and pivoted around to train on the nurse.

"Yes?"

"This is Mrs. Thompson from Los Angeles. She is a passenger, fifty-six years old, and she has chest pain. Her blood pressure is 120 over 80, her pulse is 78, and her temperature is 101.4."

Dr. Murphy nodded. "How do you do, Mrs. Thompson."

Mrs. Thompson was slightly flustered. She turned to the nurse. "What do I do?"

"Just talk to him. He can see you through that camera, and hear you through the microphone." The nurse pointed to the microphone suspended from the ceiling.

"But where is he?"

"I'm at Massachusetts General Hospital," Dr. Murphy said. "When did you first get this pain?"

"About two hours ago."

"In flight?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing when it began?"

"Eating lunch. It's continued since then."

"Can you describe it for me?"

"It's not very strong, but it's sharp. In the left side of my chest. Over here," Mrs. Thompson said, pointing. Then she caught herself, and looked questioningly at the nurse.

"I see," Dr. Murphy said. "Does the pain move around?"

"No."

"Do you have pain in your stomach, or in your teeth, or in either of your arms?"

"No."

"Does anything make it worse or better?"

"It hurts when I take a deep breath."

"Have you ever had it before?"

"No."

The interview continued for several minutes, while Dr. Murphy determined that she had no striking symptoms of cardiac disease, that she smoked a pack of cigarettes a day, and that she had a chronic cough. He then said, "I'd like you to sit on the couch, please. The nurse will help you disrobe."

The remote control camera whirled mechanically, as the nurse helped Mrs. Thompson undress. Then Dr. Murphy said: "Would you point to where the pain is, please?"

Mrs. Thompson pointed to the lower left chest wall, her finger describing an arc along the ribs.

"All right. I'm going to listen to your lungs and heart now," Dr. Murphy said.

The nurse stepped to the large instrument console and began flicking switches. She then applied a small, round metal stethoscope to Mrs. Thompson's chest. On the TV screen, Mrs. Thompson saw Dr. Murphy place a stethoscope to his ears.

"Just breathe easily with your mouth open," Dr. Murphy said.

For some minutes he listened, directing the nurse where to move the stethoscope.

"Now I'd like you to lie down on the couch," Dr. Murphy said, removing the stethoscope. To the nurse: "Put the remote camera on Mrs. Thompson's face. Use a close-up lens."

Watching face and abdomen

The nurse wheeled the remote camera over from the corner of the room and trained it on Mrs. Thompson's face, while Dr. Murphy adjusted his own camera so that it was looking at her abdomen.

"Mrs. Thompson," Dr. Murphy said, "I'll be watching both your face and your stomach as the nurse palpates your abdomen. Just relax now."

He then directed the nurse, who felt different areas of the abdomen. None were tender. With the help of the nurse and the camera he checked

the patient's feet for edema. Then looked at her neck veins.

"Mrs. Thompson, we're going to take a cardiogram now."

The proper leads were attached to the patient. On the TV screen, she watched Dr. Murphy turn to one side and look at a thin strip of paper.

The nurse said: "The cardiogram transmitted directly to him."

"Oh my," Mrs. Thompson said. "How far away is he?"

"Two and a half miles," Dr. Murphy said, not looking up from the cardiogram.

Further examination

While the examination was proceeding, another nurse was preparing samples of Mrs. Thompson's blood and urine in a laboratory down the hall. She placed the samples under a microscope attached to a TV camera. Watching on a monitor, she could see the image that was being transmitted to Dr. Murphy. At the same time she could talk directly with him and could move the slide about as instructed.

Mrs. Thompson had a white blood cell count of 18,000. Dr. Murphy noted that the urine had no evidence of infection.

Back in the examining room, Dr. Murphy said: "Mrs. Thompson, looks as if you have pneumonia. We like you to come into the hospital for X-rays and further evaluation. I'm going to give you something to make you a little more comfortable."

He directed the nurse to write a prescription. She then carried it over to the telewriter, above the equipment console. Using the telewriter unit, MGH, Dr. Murphy signed the prescription.

Afterward, Mrs. Thompson said: "My goodness. It was just like the real thing."

When he had finished interviewing Mrs. Thompson, Dr. Murphy disconnected the television link-up.

"We think it's an interesting system," he said, "and it has a lot of potential. The patients accept it quite well. There's a reason: talking on closed-circuit TV is really very different from direct, personal interviews. I can see the patient's facial expression, and she can see mine; we can talk to each other quite naturally. It's true that we are both in black and white, but that's not really important—not even for dermatologic [skin] diagnoses.

"The system we have here is pretty refined. We can look closely at various parts of the body, using different lenses and lights. We can see down the throat; we can get close enough to examine pupillary dilation. We can easily see the veins on the whites of the eyes. There are some limitations, of course. You have to tell the nurse what to do. It takes time to arrange the patient, the cameras, and the lighting, to make certain observations. And for some procedures, such as palpating the abdomen, you have to rely heavily on the nurse, though we can watch for muscle spasm and facial reaction to pain.

"We don't claim that this is a perfect system by any means. But it's an interesting way to provide a doctor an area that might not otherwise have one." (continued on page 9)

I lost 86 pounds, before my husband came home on leave.

By Christine Stanley — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy



At the time this picture was taken, I had to wear a loose blouse for a bathing suit top. I know that made me look pregnant, but, believe me, I wasn't.



Even I can't stop looking at me, now that I am so much slimmer. 119 pounds in a fitted swim suit! Wait until my husband sees this picture. He will love it.

When my husband left for duty in Thailand, I weighed 205 pounds. "Babyspeck" he called me. That's German for "baby fat." But I tell you, when you are 24 years old and the mother of two children, it can't be that.

Always, I loved food. As a child, there were hick, warm pretzels with sweet cream butter. Big helpings of wiener schnitzel with fried potatoes and onions. And German cheese tortes with oodles of whipped cream inside.

I remember my first day in school in Mannheim. It was the custom for each child to have her picture taken with a big paper cone, filled with candies. I wanted bread, meat and cake. And I got them.

When graduation from high school came, I was so round, the only dates I had were with girls for the movies. Then I got a job and began to realize how important it was to be slim. So I tried hard to reduce. But not too sensibly. Once, all I ate for almost two weeks was bread and coffee. I made myself so sick, I had to take time off to get myself well again. Isn't that shameful?

It's a wonder my husband ever looked at me. He was a sergeant in the regular army and we met when he was stationed in Germany. I spoke pretty good English, learned from school. So we got on from the beginning. Maybe that was one of the big attractions. However, when I started cooking, German style, for him, he stayed skinny, but I got fatter.

Even when I was expecting my son, and the doctor threatened to put me in the hospital to lose weight, I could not make myself do it. Luckily, my baby was born all right and not hurt from all my fat.

After that, my husband was teasing me all the time and pinching the flab around my ribs, yet I couldn't get rid of it. That's when I started taking American reducing products. I even tried liquids. But I drank 20 cans in two days and got heavier.

It was about then, my husband left for Thailand. I hadn't been weighed in a long time, so, while visiting a friend one day, I got on her scales. I couldn't believe my eyes. She kept asking me: "How much?" When I finally told her 205 pounds, she gasped. "Christine, you're only 24 years old. What will you weigh when you're 30?"

My answer was to go to a drugstore and buy a box of vanilla caramel Ayds. I had been reading the stories of people who had lost weight with the help of them, and I thought maybe they could help me.

Well, I took Ayds exactly as directed. One or two before meals with a hot drink. And every day, I would re-read the little pamphlet in the box, so as not to get discouraged. And they really helped me eat less. You see, the chewing of Ayds was very good for me. The first week I lost eight pounds on the Ayds Plan. Without harmful drugs, too. And every week after, I lost three or four more pounds. Sometimes I switched to the plain chocolate fudge

type Ayds, other times to the chocolate mint fudge.

Finally, my clothes got so big, I couldn't take them in any more. So I would wash them and pack them in a big army moving box. The closet got emptier and the box got fuller.

Such fun I had buying clothes. I spent even much of my food money to dress up when I reached 119 pounds. I tell you, my husband came home that Christmas, opened the door and turned pale. "I'm definitely in the wrong house," he said.

I'm so thankful to Ayds candies, I can't tell enough people. Why, the night before my husband went back, we went dancing. When the orchestra finished, he said: "Now I'm going to do something I wasn't able to do in all five years of our marriage." Then he picked me up and carried me off the dance floor. The whole room applauded. For me. But I kept thinking it should have been for Ayds.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'4"	5'4"
Weight	205 lbs.	119 lbs.
Waist	38"	25"
Bust	46"	33½"
Hips	47"	34"
Dress	22½	8

FASHION CLOSE-UPS

This month the focus is on one of the happiest new alliances in fashion—the marriage of the midi and the knit. If you're wondering how to adapt to the midi, try this look. It's young and easy to wear; it's also a relatively inexpensive investment, one that will span several seasons. Modeling the knit midis here are career girls Lynn Sutherland, Barbara Richardson and Susan Forristal. They like their midis (a length anywhere from midcalf to slightly below the knee) as a dress, a tunic over pants, smashing gaucho pants, or classic skirt and shirt.

A spirited look for both working girls and housewives. By Martha Petrash, Fashion Department



Lynn Sutherland goes to lunch in a burgundy and pink jacquard midi vest and pants. Underneath is a burgundy ribbed-knit turtleneck. By Blairmoor in doubleknit Orlon. Vest, \$30; pants, \$18; and sweater, \$13. Latinas handbag, Charles Jourdan shoes.



Barbara Richardson wears a brown tunic over matching below-the-knee gaucho pants and a striped turtleneck sweater. In acrylic knit by Willie Smith for Digits. Ensemble, \$50. Golo boots, Gucci bag, KJL earrings.

Photographs by Susan Wood



Barbara wears a green and white Acrilan knit tank top and midi skirt over a rayon crepe blouse. By Jeanne-marie Volk for Doodles. Tank top, \$10; skirt, \$20; shirt, \$16.



Midi skirt and sweater worn by Susan Forristal. Tweedy skirt buttons up front. Paired with black ribbed sweater. Both of Orlon by Jonathan Logan. Skirt, \$14; sweater, \$12.



Long cardigan in black worn by Lynn has amber trim, matching straight-legged pants. In Orlon knit by Alberoy. Cardigan, \$25; pants, \$19. Eugene glasses, Latinas handbag.

Try our thirsty-hair test.

Place dark hair here.

Place blonde or red hair here.

Pull out a hair and place it on the proper panel. Does it look faded and dry? Is the end split? Now stretch it to the breaking point. Healthy hair will crinkle at the broken ends. Dry, brittle hair won't. If your hair flunked the tests, read on.

**Ogilvie brings you
personalized hair-care programs
with Hair Penetrants:**

Hair Penetrants are vital substances that have the ability to penetrate damaged hair shafts to help rebuild them. Add body. Give your hair the bounce, the brilliance, the strength to be beautiful again.

You'll find these Penetrants in our Lotion Conditioner. And in our Conditioning Shampoo with Protein. Both are especially beneficial for dry, brittle, thirsty hair.

There are other custom-formulated shampoos, too. Also a special series of conditioning set-

ting lotions and hair sprays to give you *total care*.

**Here's your program
for thirsty hair:**

- 1.** Conditioning Shampoo with Protein. **2.** Lotion Conditioner.
- 3.** Conditioning Setting Lotion.
- 4.** Conditioning Hair Spray.

Any questions?

Whatever your hair type or condition, Ogilvie has a personalized program for you. A specially trained consultant where Ogilvie products are sold will be on hand to help you choose the treatments for your hair.



Ogilvie
Specialists in Hair Care.

FASHION CLOSE-UPS



Having a busy day at the office, Lynn copes in a clingy, long-sleeved button-down-the-front midi dress in a brick-red and white mixture. By Getty Miller for Pranx in acrylic and acetate knit. \$28. Yves St. Laurent belt, Echo scarf.



Barbara works her way through the day in a muted flame-stitched dress. She wears a spruce-green shirt underneath. By Meredith Gladstone for Crazy Horse. Dress, \$38 in acrylic doubleknit. Shirt, \$14 in Antron bouclé. Calderon belt.



Susan by her desk in a two-piece brown-toned jacquard wool knit. The long-sleeved top is cropped abruptly at the waist by wide ribbing. The skirt is pleated. By Carol Horn for Benson and Partners. Top, \$20; skirt, \$26.



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Because Ban Roll-On contains twice
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sprays that talk about extra dryness,
extra ingredients, and timed release.

Ban Roll-On. Try it.



The **DOUBLE STRENGTH** anti-perspirant.

Have you ever wished you could draw this well?



How do you know you couldn't?

If you like to draw, you've probably tried your hand more than once at sketching scenes like the one above. But, chances are, you've run into problems—like getting buildings to “recede” into the background, for example. Or making water glisten the way it should. And after trying unsuccessfully a number of times, you may have decided that you just “haven't got it”... that you'd never make it as an artist.

That decision could be a serious mistake. For all you may need to get on the right track is some expert help... a few pencil touches, a few words of advice from a skilled art instructor who can tell you exactly what you're doing wrong, show you exactly what you should do to correct it and who can see what's most promising in your work and encourage you to develop it further.

Famous artists want to help you

Now a group of famous artists want to bring you this kind of help, no matter where you live or what your schedule. They've developed a way to teach you right at home the secrets of drawing and painting with real professional skill.

Among the famous artists are Norman Rockwell, Al Capp, Dong Kingman, Bob Peak, Fred Ludekens and a number of others. They've long known that there are talented people everywhere who could become, and should become, artists — but who don't do so because they can't overcome the drawing “roadblocks” in their

path. Some of these people think it's a lack of talent that's holding them back. Others realize they have talent, but can't leave their homes or jobs to get the training they need to develop it.

A practical answer to this problem

To help such people, the famous artists formed the Famous Artists School. Taking time off from their own careers, they poured everything they knew about drawing and painting into a priceless series of home-study lessons. They illustrated the lessons with over 5,000 drawings. And they devised a method of constructive criticism that is almost as personal as private tutoring.

Each assignment you send to the Famous Artists School receives the individual attention of an instructor who is himself a working professional artist. He actually draws or paints his suggestions for improvement, and then writes you a long, friendly letter of

specific advice and helpful encouragement.

They went from “dabblers” to professionals

This method of personalized training has helped hundreds of people who were once awkward amateurs become polished professional full-time and part-time artists. Take Mrs. Nancy K. Houston, of Manchester, Ga., for example. A few years ago, she had “absolute no knowledge of how to develop my small latent talent.” Today she sells portraits to people as far away as New York, Texas and California. Anthony Fotia, New York City, was a mail clerk, “stuck” in a low-paying routine job. Today, he's an artist for a printing firm, doing exciting creative work. And Mrs. R. G. Des Ermo of Escondido, Calif., changed from a “nameless, faceless dabbler in art to a recognized professional.” Now she averages \$1,500 a year from all the part-time art work she has time for.

Find out if you, too, have art talent. Send for our free test.

To help you find out whether you, too, have the talent to develop professional skill in art, the famous artists have created the fascinating Art Talent Test shown at right. It is offered free, and will be graded without charge by a member of the School's staff. If you do well, or can offer other evidence of art talent, you may enroll for training. But there is no obligation to do so. For a free copy of the test, and a brochure describing the School, just fill out and mail the postage-free card facing this page. (If card is missing, send your name, address and age to Famous Artists School, Studio A-2065, Westport, Conn. 06880.)



Your life is many stories... let us help you write them

One of America's best-known writers tells you how you can turn your every day experiences into saleable stories and articles—with the help of famous authors

by Faith Baldwin



Faith Baldwin has written over 100 books and literally hundreds of short pieces for magazines and newspapers. At the beginning of her career, she also managed to run a household and bring up four children. She has been a member of the Guiding Faculty of Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960.

If you want to write, your own experiences are your best stock in trade—even if you haven't crossed the Atlantic in a sailboat or been to the White House for dinner. As any publisher can tell you, most of today's best books, short stories and television plays begin with what the authors saw, heard and felt in the ordinary course of living. Take my own case, for instance. I started by writing stories drawn from my own experiences as a young wife and mother. And I've been drawing material for my novels and articles from personal experience ever since. Max Shulman's best-selling novel, *Barefoot Boy With Cheek*, came out of his college days. Rod Serling's amateur writing career inspired *Requiem For A Heavyweight*. And Phyllis McGinley got the material for *Sixpence In Her Shoe* right at home. The same principle is true for the budding author, too. Your own life is filled with stories begging to be written. Every day brings new subjects: revealing bits of conversation, a sudden flare of emotion, a fact clouded with conflict, an incident in the street. To see how close your experiences are to what is being published to-

day, just look through any popular magazine. I guarantee you'll find stories there similar to those in your own life, including articles you might well have written.

But having something to write about is only half the battle—the other half is bringing it to life for other people. This calls for the craftsmanship that turns your experiences into polished pieces that editors will want to buy.

There are two ways to learn this craft. You may acquire it through years of toil, sweat and rejection slips the way I did. But I think the other way is quicker and far less frustrating: you can learn from successful authors.

An unusual kind of writing school

Several years ago, I got together with a group of outstanding authors to form the Famous Writers School. Our purpose was to help beginners develop their potential by passing on to them everything we have learned about writing. And we're now offering that same opportunity to you.

Our training is uniquely fitted to a woman's needs—because you study at

home, at your own pace, in your own free time. There's no need to follow any schedule but your own. All you need is a quiet corner, the desire to write and some basic talent.

Person-to-person teaching

After giving you a solid grounding in the fundamentals of all good writing, the Famous Writers School offers you advanced training in the specialty of your choice. Your instructor is a professional writer or editor, working under the guidance of our Faculty. He gives your writing more personal attention and constructive criticism than you'd get in most classrooms.

Instead of dealing with a large group of students—each with different problems and talents—he concentrates on your individual needs. He carefully edits your assignment, going over it word by word, line by line, blue-penciling corrections on it just as editors do with established authors. Then he returns it to you with a detailed letter, giving concrete recommendations on how to make your writing more effective.

Students break into print

The proof of the School's effectiveness is in the publishing: Famous Writers students have sold their work to hundreds of magazines, professional journals and newspapers.

Mrs. Dorothy O'Quinn of East Point, Ga., writes, "Pardon me if I 'bubble' a little. I've just sold an article to *Good Housekeeping!* Although I've had a number of articles published, this is my first major sale. Isn't it wonderful?"

"I've sold 12 articles and one short story," reports Mrs. Frances Morton of San Jose, Cal. "I'm working on another article now and have three more 'go-aheads'. The highlight came when two checks, one from *Field & Stream*, and the other from *Scholastic Scope* arrived recently, less than seven months after I'd enrolled with Famous Writers

School. Sometimes I'm a little frightened by the enormity of what's happening to a lifelong dream in such a short span, but the reassurance of your School replaces that fear with confidence."

Mrs. June Deboer, Metairie, La., writes, "Never was I so surprised. *Ladies' Home Journal* called me long distance to say they accepted my article, and are paying me \$750! It so happens that this article had been prepared for one of my assignments."

Tom Barkdull of Yorba Linda, Calif., announces, "I've sold 12 articles to magazines since enrolling in the Famous Writers School. The Course has more than paid for itself."

Evelyn Fiske of Chicago, who writes short stories in addition to holding down a full-time job, announces: "I've sold 18 stories, ranging in price from \$125 to \$375. I've been greatly encouraged by Famous Writers; the new writer can sell."

"I've just made my first sale. To *Parents' Magazine*," exclaims Mrs. Sarah V. Estep of Severna Park, Md. "It's so exciting. Now I feel that I can really write." And Doris Stebbins of So. Coventry, Conn., sold six articles to *Woman's Day* for \$2,050.

We'll test your writing aptitude—free

To help you find out whether you have writing talent worth developing, we have devised a revealing Aptitude Test. The postpaid card will bring you a free copy, along with an illustrated brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded by an expert on our staff. If you do show writing aptitude, you will be eligible to enroll in the School. However, there is no obligation to do so. (If card is missing, please write to Famous Writers School, Dept. W-1029, Westport, Connecticut 06880. Please give your name, address, age and ask for writing Aptitude Test.)



Photo: Halsman

They started the Famous Writers School in 1960: seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton,ignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff, standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling, w members of the Guiding Faculty: Phyllis McGinley, Clifton Fadiman, Paul Engle.

Suddenly, dozens of the most amazing things can now be tossed into the washing machine. A special JOURNAL report on new developments in fabrics and laundry equipment. By Margaret Davidson and Betty Wadsworth, Home Management Department

Her husband's tie is speckled with something that looks like chicken soup. Her son got into a mud fight, and his best wool sweater shows it. And someone spilled coffee on her brand-new tablecloth. She's got problems. So why is this woman smiling?

Why, indeed? Because all these things are washable. *Machine* washable at that. Which is one of the reasons she bought them.

In fact, all of a sudden, it seems, dozens of the most amazing things can now be tossed into a machine with impunity. Unlikely fabrics like velvet, vinyl, suede, and, yes, wool!

Two trends are at work here. First, the fabrics themselves are undergoing change: The new synthetic, or man-made, fibers take to laundering like a duck takes to water, while some of the old unwashables (wool, for example) are be-

ing specially treated to make machine washing possible. Second, and just as important, are the new washers and dryers. Most of them are engineered with special cycles for treating some of these newly washable fabrics.

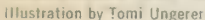
Imagine! Machine-washing cotton velvet. When it's treated with a special crush-resistant finish it comes clean and looks fresh as new. To wash, use gentle agitation, gentle spin and fabric softener in the rinse water. (Many machines, of course, can be set to do all these things automatically.)

As for wool, there was a time when *all* wool had to be dry cleaned or painstakingly washed by hand. Not so now. Some of the new wools can be machine-washed because manufacturers are treating them to minimize felting—the matting and shrinkage that harsh laundering used to produce. These machine-washable wools do best with a short wash cycle, gentle agitation, a slow spin. Dry in the dryer, but remove when still just the least bit damp. (Some of the new dryers are equipped with sensors that measure the moisture in the clothes and turn the machine off automatically when the proper dryness is reached.)

One of the most amazing developments of all is the new washability of some suede leathers. It's the result of a finish that seals in the leather's natural oils, loss of which—during washing, or even in a rainstorm—results in permanent wrinkles and a stiff, dry feel. Machine-wash suede in warm water; set machine for a short cycle. Dry on a hanger. (Suede is one of the materials that does *not* go into a dryer.)

Men's ties—many of them, at any rate—are washable now when both lining and tie are made from one of the new synthetics. The trick here is to wash in net bags to keep ties from tangling and being pulled out of shape. Use warm water, then hang to dry. The results: wrinkle-free and ready to wear.

The big news in chintz for draperies and slipcovers is a finish that preserves the sheen through many launderings. Gentle agitation is called for. And if chintz is *very* soiled, wash it twice. To minimize wrinkling, don't overload washer or dryer. (The new large-capacity machines—and more and more manufacturers are adding them to their lines—are just the tick-



WASHING THE UNWASHABLES



et for bulky wash loads.)

Blankets made from the new synthetics stay wonderfully fluffy and new looking. Wash gently, and add fabric softener to the final rinse.

Satin-backed crepe, so luxurious for blouses and dresses, is often made of polyesters or blends now. Use warm water, gentle agitation and spin cycles, then a cool rinse. Tumble dry.

Polyester double knits wash like a dream *provided* linings and findings are washable, too. They take to warm water, gentle agitation, tumble drying. (Do not overdry.)

The new open knits, most of them made of acrylic fibers, need gentle washing. Tumble drying is important here; heat helps to hold the shape.

Curtains of synthetic fabrics look just as fresh and pretty as the traditional ninons, organdies and nets, but they need no stretching and little or no ironing. If very dusty, shake or tumble in the dryer before washing. Gentle agitation, warm water, an uncrowded washer and dryer ensure success.

Vinyl fabrics and their leather twins have changed

dramatically, and washability is just one of many improvements. Set machine for warm water, gentle agitation, slow spin.

No talk of washing the unwashables would be complete without mention of the durable-press process, which has made washing—and ironing—such items as table linens, shirts and children's clothes so much easier. They come out practically wrinkle-free if allowed room to move freely in washer and dryer with special cycles for their proper care.

When buying the new washables, here are some new things to keep in mind: Most obvious, check labels and hangtags for washability, and carefully follow any special washing instructions to the letter. (Strangely enough, we've found that some manufacturers do not always label a washable garment "washable" for fear customers will put them in with a regular wash load.) If in doubt, ask a salesperson. Check for generous seams, stitched or pinked to prevent raveling. Linings should be washable; buttons, too (if not, they should be easy to remove). Watch for a smooth, unpuckered look in top-stitching, tucks and pleats. Price tags on the new washables may be a bit higher, but the extra cost is more than made up for by convenience and wearability.

Unless the manufacturer gives specifics, washing new fabrics, especially the first time, calls for know-how. The new laundry machines help achieve the following easy-care routine:

- Wash bright colors solo the first time. Even color-fast things give up some dye (one terry-towel maker suggests, "Wash dark-colored towels alone three times").
- Always plan loads so that neither washer nor dryer are overcrowded; a packed machine encourages wrinkles.
- Set your washer for warm water, gentle agitation, a slow spin. If your machine cools the water just before spin cycles (as many newer ones do), so much the better—fewer wrinkles.
- Excepting vinyls, suedes and items clearly marked to the contrary, tumbling actually improves the appearance of the washables. But remove clothes from dryers promptly, or they will wrinkle under their own weight.
- Use fabric softeners in rinse waters; detergents are less effective if softeners are combined with them.

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you may need whether you
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the internal deodorant,
stop feminine odor
where it starts.*

Sure, your underarm deodorant protects you. Under your arms.

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Many doctors say you shouldn't douche daily. (It's so time-consuming and messy anyway!) Even bathing every day or a feminine

hygiene spray won't solve the problem. They can't get inside to give protection *internally* where this problem starts.

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Autos were the rage as Americans took to the road... the Radio was brand new and Clara Bow led the flapper revolution.

The Ward Catalog is 670 pages and measures 9 1/4 x 13" (the actual size of the 1922 Catalog) and has over 40,000 items carefully illustrated and fully described. A joy to read for young and old.

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PET NEWS

PET NEWS

THIS IS THE YEAR OF THE DOG, according to the Oriental Zodiac, and men born during it will be faithful and lovable, among other favorable qualities. (In case you wondered, the Year of the Dog falls every 12 years; the other 11 are years of the cow, rabbit, horse, et al.—but no cat. The 12 years are named in honor of the animals that were



Rusty Bartling perches on Akita. Yoki-Na. They both belong to Mr. and Mrs. L.C. Bartling of La Mirada, Calif.

after day, erected a bronze statue of him outside the station.

The only country besides Japan with a sizable Akita population is the United States; the end of World War II, many American servicemen brought prized Akitas home with them. Akita show dogs in this country cost from \$200 to \$250; pet store costs less. There are about 1,300 dogs registered with the 14-year-old Akita Club of America. And someday soon, the club hopes to be recognized by the American Kennel Club.

For further information, write to the Akita Club of America, P. O. Box 574, La Mirada, California 90638.

HERE'S A FREE LESSON in dog training served on a plastic platter: *How to Housebreak Your Dog in Less Than One Week*, a small long-playing record offered by the R. French Company (they make People Crackers—those dog treats shaped like burglars, men, et al.) for puppies and older dogs who haven't learned their manners. Colette Melville, a British actress and professional dog trainer, explains in tones worthy of the Old Vic how to get "the little chap where you want him... on the paper." Miss Melville calls her method one of "love, not fear," and in case you find it difficult, there's a drill precisely how to speak to an adorable puppy in an angry tone without frightening him. If you follow her directions you'll sound as firm as Lady Macbeth yet as sweet as Juliet. And who'd dog could ignore that?

saddened by Buddha's death and rushed to mourn at his bier.) It seems likely that these good dog-year traits may be derived from a faithful, lovable dog native to Japan called the Akita, which has recently been growing in popularity in America. In Japan, the Akita is held in such high esteem that the breed has been declared a "natural monument," which means the state will care for a champion dog if its owner can't.

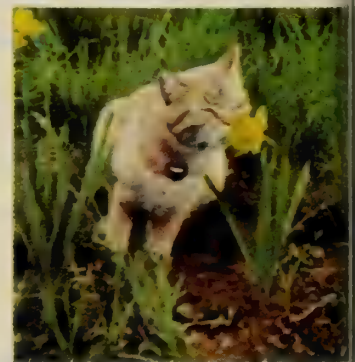
The Akita has been described as a "compact" dog; he is heavy-boned, 25 to 28 inches tall and up to 115 pounds heavy (females are slightly shorter and lighter). He comes in all colors, from almost black to red, fawn, gray, white and pinto. He has a thick double coat and sheds twice a year. Ears are erect and the tail curls over the back.

Although the history of the breed is rather sketchy, it is known that they have been trained as watch dogs, seeing-eye dogs, sled dogs and hunting dogs. American Akita owners are delighted with the breed as a pet. One housewife who has two young children and a fluctuating number of Akitas told us, "The Akita has a personality like a teddy bear. They're even like cats in many ways. Our Akitas wash their paws and box playfully as cats do." The dog rarely barks without a good cause. Though he is a big dog, he doesn't exercise much and therefore he doesn't eat as much as most dogs his size.

Perhaps the best testimonial to the dog's character is the true story of Japan's most famous Akita. A dog named Hachiko met his master's train every evening at the Shibuya station in Tokyo. For many years after his master died, Hachiko continued going to the station to meet the train that used to bring him home. Finally Hachiko, too, died, and commuters, accustomed to seeing the dog day

To order this instructive disc send 25 cents handling charge to People Crackers, Dept. LH, One Mustard Street, Rochester, N.Y. 14609.—Joyce Kuh

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



This nature-loving cat belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Knapp of Johnson, Vermont, and carries the weighty name of Eusebius Hieronymus.

(Do you have a favorite pet picture? Send it to Pet News Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, 64 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Pictures will be returned ONLY if you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.)



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**The canned dog food
without the can.**



You buy a grapefruit more intelligently than a sanitary napkin.

Think about it. When you buy a grapefruit, you look for differences. You compare one grapefruit with another. To make sure you've got the best one around.

You don't do the same when you buy a sanitary napkin, do you? You buy one particular brand because you're in the habit of buying it.

If there were no differences between sanitary napkins, it would be all right to buy a sanitary napkin that way. But there are differences. And big ones.

For instance. Do you know if the plastic lining of your sanitary napkin covers all of the bottom—to protect you against accidents? Or part of the bottom?

Modess has a protective cradle of blue polyethylene that covers every inch of its bottom. And both sides, where accidents also happen. Nobody else has that.

And what's your sanitary napkin made of? Paper and tissue may sound good. But it's not very good for absorbing moisture.

Modess is made of high-absorption material. We've also discovered a criss-cross system—that's been patented.* It distributes moisture throughout the entire napkin. So the napkin absorbs better and you're protected from one-spot soak-through.

Does the top layer of your napkin absorb slowly and leave wetness next to you?

The top layer of Modess is made to absorb moisture quickly, into its inner layers, to keep you drier.

Think over these differences. So you can buy a sanitary napkin as intelligently as you buy a grapefruit.

Modess



MASTERS & JOHNSON:

THEIR NEW CURES FOR SEX PROBLEMS

BY MELVA WEBER. Does an enlightened American woman need "permission" to make love to her own husband? Strangely, many do, according to Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson, the famous authorities on sexual function. And the permission such troubled wives need most is their own.

Dr. Masters, a gynecologist, and Mrs. Johnson, a psychologist, have for 11 years studied and treated sex problems on many levels—medical, emotional and cultural. Their goal is to help married couples "put sex back into its natural context." Their success rate in alleviating the problems brought to them by sexually troubled couples is an astonishing 80 percent.

Through fear, misinformation and other distortions, the sexual function has often been removed from its place as a regular, rewarding part of married life. According to Masters and Johnson, at least half of American marriages suffer from some form of sexual inadequacy. With the limited number of couples who can be treated at their Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, Masters and Johnson try to establish a joyful, giving-and-getting relationship between husband and wife, confident that human beings can perform the sex act as naturally as they breathe.

"Why am I too slow?" is the cry of many a wife like Louise A. She blames herself because, almost every time she and her husband have intercourse, he completes the sex act, but leaves her unsatisfied. She is sure she could reach orgasm—if only she could speed up her sexual response. Sadly, she decides that she is just not very "sexy."

Janet B., in a similar dilemma, is furious at her husband for his lack of control. He only thinks of his own pleasure, she fumes. There he lies, sound asleep, while she remains wide awake, tense, angry—and still stirred by desire. No wonder women take lovers, she thinks. She feels confident that she is very sexy indeed. But she feels cheated.

Then there are many wives like Joan C., who aren't sure they can experience orgasm. Over the years they have learned merely to endure the inevitable sexual encounters with their husbands. They derive no satisfaction from sex ("I just don't feel anything"), and they're glad it takes such a short time. Just get it over with, Mrs. C. thinks to herself.

Premature ejaculation, in which the man's orgasm occurs so early that the sex act is over before the woman can fully respond, is a common problem. Whatever attitude the wife takes, she's headed for trouble—and very often, so is the marriage. The woman like Mrs. A., still wishing, still hopeful, for orgasm at least some of the time, may adopt a don't-touch policy with her husband, trying to avoid stimulating him. Sometimes he suggests this himself. Then maybe—just maybe—he can prolong the sex act before the ejaculatory demand overtakes him.

Where the problem of premature ejaculation is recognized—and (continued on page 107)

See it like it is



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Add the excitement of a personally conducted Gray Line tour to your next vacation... see all the historic sights and points of interest in 93 major cities and 12 countries. Over 700 fabulous lectured tours to choose from, all with one thing in common. They're all fascinating. So come, really see it like it is with Gray Line.

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EXERCISES FOR AN ACHING BACK

Golf Star Doug Sanders and
His Wife Demonstrate



"Oh my aching back." The line is a classic. And what, after all, can make you feel better than a little complaining? Sometimes the answer is exercise.

"A lot of back problems can easily be cleared up with a good exercise program," says Dr. H. Paul Bauer, physician for the San Diego Padres baseball team and San Diego Rockets basketball players. "Exercise can often cure the severe backaches that sometimes force people to wear braces and send them to chiropractors and surgeons." The exercises Dr. Bauer recommends are known as the Williams Flexion Exercises. Their purpose is to strengthen the abdominal muscles that help support the back. (For this reason these exercises are good for new mothers who need to firm up their stomach muscles).

One well-known athlete who uses these exercises faithfully is professional golf star Doug Sanders. As he puts it, "Golfers have a tendency to get fat around the middle. In the summer we become dehydrated and drink too much and in the winter we relax too much."

Below, the Sanderses—Doug and his pretty brunette wife Scottie—demonstrate the exercises. Dr. Bauer prescribes a gradual building-up process—and suggests that people with disc trouble or arthritis check with their doctors before starting the regimen. For the first two or three weeks, do the first three exercises only, repeating each about 10 times. Then add to your daily routine any two of the remaining six exercises. Continue the process faithfully every day for about three months.

Lying on back, knees flexed, grasp one knee and pull up to chest and hold. Then relax. Repeat, alternating knees, for a total of ten pulls.

2

On back, knees flexed, bring both knees to chest; hold with clasped hands. Relax. Repeat ten times.

3

Lying on back, flex knees. Tighten abdominal muscles and push small of back against floor. Hold to count of ten, relax. Repeat ten times.

1

Lying on back, knees flexed, extend one leg straight up until muscles pull slightly. Bend knee and rest. Repeat with alternate knee. Do five times for each leg.

4

Standing with back against wall, feet 8-10 inches from wall, bend forward slightly and raise trunk so that small of back and shoulders push against wall.

8

Lying on back, raise head and shoulders off floor, bringing hands to knees. Repeat three times, building up to ten times.

5

Rest position: lying on back, place legs on chair or sofa so that hips and knees are flexed at right angles.

7

Sitting on floor with legs straight out, bend head slowly toward knees. Repeat ten times.

6



No maybe's, baby

Nothing almost about Dial. Dial's the one soap with AT-7. The very thing to get rid of bacteria that cause perspiration odor. No if's.

No but's. No maybe's.

Dial's a sure thing.

Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

THE POWER OF A WOMAN



THE JOURNAL'S NEWSLETTER OF INVOLVEMENT

DOES YOUR SCHOOL NEED A GOOD DRUG PROGRAM? HERE'S A GUIDE TO HELP.

We heard about it from a reader; the most up-to-date, complete study guide for teachers who want to structure school programs to combat the drug epidemic. It's "The Stamford Curriculum," a 96-page looseleaf book originally prepared for grades 4 through 12 of the Connecticut public schools. It contains lesson plans, activities, resources, bibliographies, etc. The book is now being reprinted by WTIC, the TV station in Hartford, Conn., and re-

quests are coming in from across the nation and abroad. Responding to the JOURNAL's inquiry, WTIC has offered to mail a single copy to anyone making an official request on a letterhead from an educational institution. This year can be a turning point in youthful drug addiction. For a copy of the manual while the supply lasts, write to POWER OF A WOMAN, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

WOMEN INVOLVED: Your letters pour in from all sections of the country, brimming with concern, charged with commitment. Some of you are already in the thick of community action, anxious to share your experiences. Others are still groping for a place to contribute, to work, to help the world you so stubbornly believe is both savable and worth saving. Many of you send articles or clippings drawing our attention to individual women who are making a difference. From these, we cull a series of quick profiles: women doing their thing in a variety of projects. Follow their banners; follow their lead. Or start something of your own. **THE EDITORS**

JUDGE JACQUELINE TABER, of Alameda County, Calif. She was concerned about the number of women with serious traffic violations who appeared in her court and were not able to pay the fines. Her solution: she found a way for them to work off their obligations in some form of community service. Results: heartening. The women were conscientious, and many stayed on after their "terms" were up. Now other judges are adopting her program.

SANDRA HUGHES and **ALEXANDRA ABRAMS**, two young Woodland Hills, Calif., mothers. They hate smog and air pollution of all kinds. First, they worked with existing groups, and then they formed one of their own, based on the old chain-letter principle. It's called Write for Your Life, and it goes out to a growing mailing list, tells women (and men) how to urge polluters and legislators to provide a cleaner environment.

MRS. MARGARET ORLICH, of Duluth, Minn. A veteran teacher and a former high school principal, her major interest is focusing attention (of students, women, the whole community) on the United Nations. Toward this end, she publishes and edits the local UN newspaper; serves as chairman of the Mayor's Committee on the UN in her home city, and gives courses, talks, etc. on this all too often overlooked institution.

MARY HOLSAPFEL of Tangent, Oreg., who last year organized Women for Agriculture. She and her fellow-members have husbands who are in agriculture-related businesses. Their first aim: to educate themselves on all phases of their area's agricultural and environmental needs. Their second: to use literature, polls, speakers' platforms, etc., to share their knowledge and concern with the general public in what they feel is a relatively unpublicized subject.

ANN TANNEYHILL, of New York City, a veteran of 42 years of service with the National Urban League (celebrating its own 60th anniversary this year.) She has been recruiting talented black young people on college campuses for years; urging them to set their sights on top jobs. Many blacks today owe their success to Ann Tanneyhill's "impossible dream," and they will pay her tribute when she retires at the end of the year.

PENNY HECTOR, an impassioned woman from Stone Mountain, Ga., who wrote us, "I have been involved in everything from Brownies to running a tutoring program for 50 ghetto children. Now I am constantly amazed at the indifference and apathy in the suburban areas; fear of having one's name on a brotherhood or equal opportunity pledge, and so on. Let's start renourishing the soil, set our country back on a better path."

DOROTHY HEIGHT, president of the National Council of Negro Women, now mobilizing the power of four million black women. It was Miss Height's NCNW that started the Sunflower County, Miss., feeding experiment. She's also working with the Department of Housing and Urban Development on a program to develop home ownership for low-income families. Her aim: to forge social and economic tools needed at the grass roots level.

ELLY PETERSON and **GERRI JOSEPH**, respective heads of the women's divisions of the Republican and Democratic parties, who have joined together to launch a professional poll of women's attitudes toward politics. Homemakers as well as working women will be polled, to see if 1970's women are realistically interested in political participation or only want to "serve tea and lick envelopes" in their party's cause.

DR. TERESITA GUNGON and **MRS. RITA EDELSTEIN** of Cumberland Hospital in New York. Dr. Gungon, Director of Obstetrics and Gynecology, and Mrs. Edelstein, a medical social worker, head a clinic for pregnant drug addicts that helps mothers "come clean" and reduces premature births and infant mortality among children of addicted mothers. An unusual program in an unusual hospital: its president is a woman, too—Mrs. George M. Billings.

BARBARA BARATTO, of Brooklyn, N.Y., aged 16. She wrote: "I belong to a group of girls who are interested in nursing. We are volunteers at Coney Island Hospital, where we work on the wards, the emergency room, the operating and delivery rooms. Our group has existed for nearly four years; the girls are from 15 to 18—and we think we prove that not all teen-agers are hippies and drug addicts. Some care and want to work hard."

Take a vacation from odors and household germs

Get away from bathroom odors ...odors everywhere

LYSOL® Spray eliminates bathroom odors, cooking odors, smoking odors — all kinds of odors. Actually cleans the air. Smells fresh — never lingers.



Slip into fresher shoes

Spray inside shoes to eliminate foot odors. Also spray damp bathing suits, towels, other things to eliminate odors.



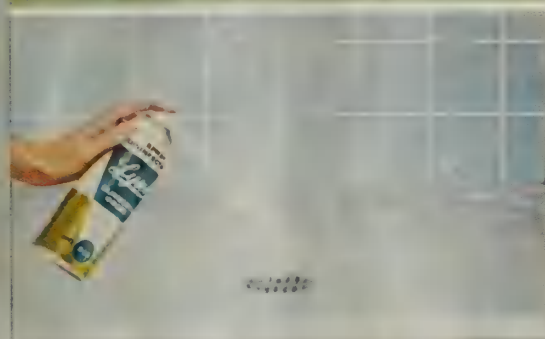
Take staleness out of air- conditioned air

Spray the intake vent of your air-conditioner to freshen the air it circulates. And for extra freshness, spray around the room, too.



Sleep in a fresher bed

Once over lightly with LYSOL Spray is like giving your bedding a good airing. It keeps sheets, pillow, blanket and mattress smelling fresh and clean.



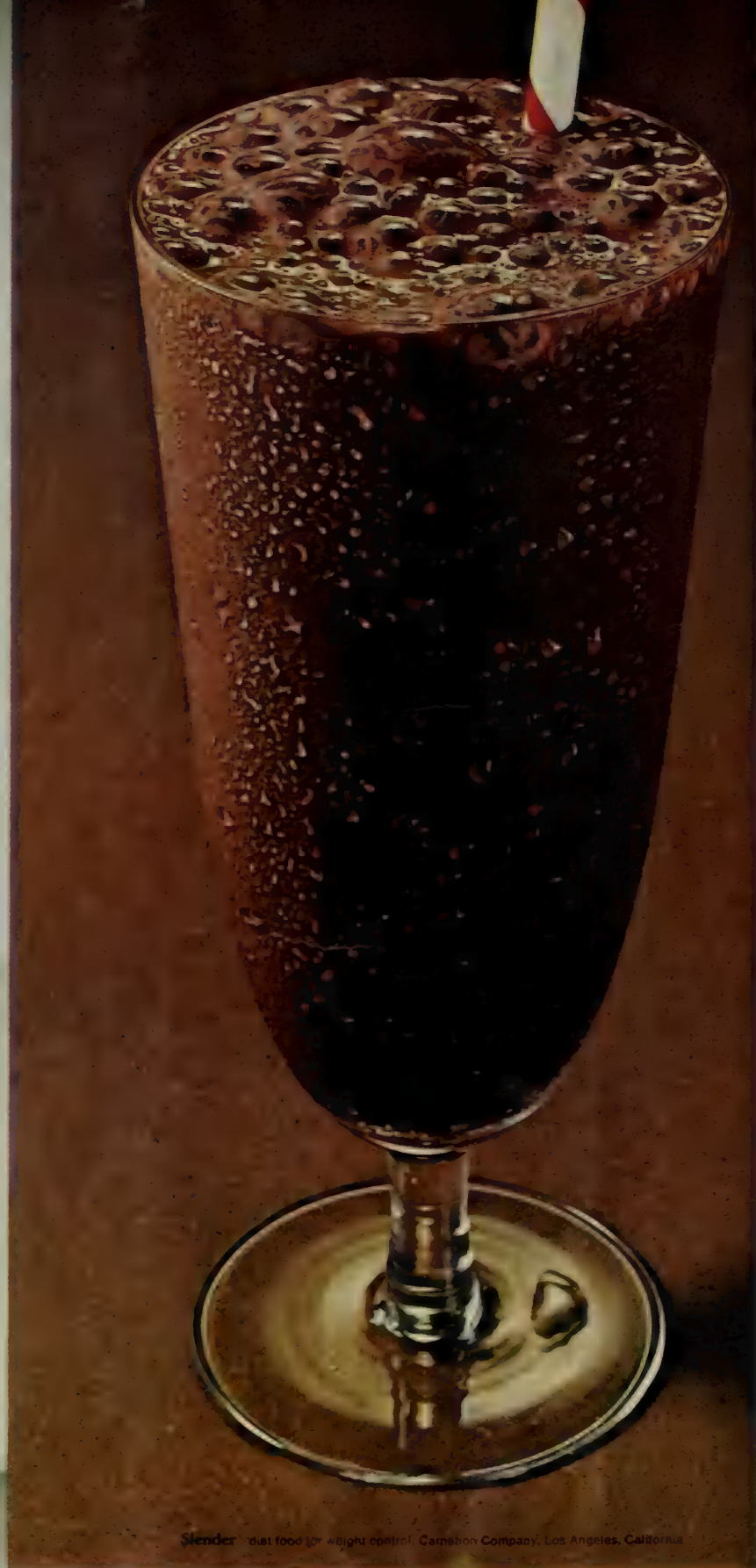
Who needs mildew and athlete's foot fungus? LYSOL Spray stops mildew from growing in damp places like shower stalls, and under the sink. It also kills athlete's foot fungus on bathroom and shower floors.



Don't worry about germs others leave behind

LYSOL Brand Spray Disinfectant kills household germs you find on telephones, washbasins, other surfaces. Use it in public washrooms, motels, wherever you go this summer.





Slender® diet food for weight control. Carnation Company, Los Angeles, California

Break your diet ... with a diet that tastes good

225 calories on a plate can taste pretty skimpy. 225 calories in a tall glass of Slender can taste—smashing! New canned Slender is made with milk protein so it tastes as good as the Slender you mix in fresh milk. Slender from Carnation—tastes so good it's only a diet after you drink it. Smashing.



natural tasting, no cyclamates



Photograph by Otto Stupakoff

Joan Kennedy with her children . . . Kara, 10 Patrick, 2½ Teddy, Jr., 8

JOAN KENNEDY'S STORY

BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

Rain was falling fiercely as Joan Kennedy and I drove past the mailbox with no name into a long, curving driveway and down to the Kennedys' ranch-style home in McLean, Va. As we parked, a boy with orange hair, pursued by an older girl with a look of motherly concern on her face, darted out of the gray-shingled house. They were Patrick Kennedy, 2½, and his sister Kara, 10. Later I would meet Edward Kennedy, Jr., 8—Teddy—before he left to play with his cousin Christopher, Ethel Kennedy's son, at Ethel's home two miles away. (To Joan, her husband, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, is always "Ted," never "Teddy"; they re-

serve the diminutive for their son.)

Our arrival at Joan's home was the start of an amazing, continuing interview, one that would elicit many of the very private, very candid thoughts of this Kennedy wife who in the last seven years has seen two of her husband's brothers assassinated and her husband himself suffer an accident that nearly ended his life—and another that nearly ended his political career.

As Joan and I took off our coats in the foyer, with its well-worn Turkish rug, the children disappeared down a corridor. Joan's eyes followed them lovingly. "Washington's a wonderful place for them to grow up," she mused, "although I have more feeling for Boston."

It was polite chit-chat. Later, however, Joan Kennedy talked revealingly about peace of mind, privacy, and her fears for her husband's life. Later, she told me with compelling sincerity, "I never wanted Ted to be President. Never. I still don't want him to be!" Later, too, as we discussed Chappaquiddick, she said with quiet dignity, "I believe everything Ted said. I believe in giving him all the support I can."

But perhaps we should start at the beginning.

Joan Kennedy obviously enjoys her spacious Virginia home, which took a year to build and reportedly cost \$500,000. ("That's not a bad estimate," Joan says, "if you include the cost of the land, the house, and

all the furnishings!") Before moving into the house, she and Senator Kennedy rented furnished homes in the Georgetown district of Washington while Joan studied architectural styles and interiors with a curator from the National Gallery of Art. Once she decided upon the period she liked—Early American—she began collecting pieces at auctions and antique shops and stored them in a warehouse.

She gave me a rapid tour of the house, her mod outfit of black simulated lizard jumper, high black boots and clinging white jersey shirt contrasting strangely with the mellow antiques. Her chunky heels clicked over the dark, highly polished oak planks of her dining room floor. The small, square dining table is a replica of one Jackie Kennedy used to have in the upstairs family dining room in the White House, she explained. A handsome breakfront holds fragile Lowestoft, Staffordshire and Sandwich glass, and a gleaming cherrywood cradle, one of Joan's treasured finds, is filled with earth and green, growing ferns.

For large groups, the Kennedys use the yellow drawing room with its Steinway piano and vaulted ceiling; the room looks as if it could hold a

(continued on page 96)



Joan on trip with Ted. Right: in her den, with its silver fox pillows.





AND THEN SHE SMILED

Richard was young, charming, wealthy and organized. The last thing he needed was a nut like Jane. A delightful love story by David Delman

She was the fourteenth girl we auditioned that day. She was also the only one who turned up wearing slacks—for a stocking commercial. Now that's carelessness. I've seen auditions blown for less than that. And yet, tired as we were—yes, you can get tired of looking at pretty girls—there was something about her that got to us. I mean right away. All three of us—Walter, the producer-director; Stanley, the client; and me, the account executive. Even as he berated her, Walter sounded a little less discouraged.

"Didn't your agent tell you it was a stocking commercial, Miss Austin?"

"Yes," she said. "But I forgot." And then she smiled.

Walter smiled, too. So did Stanley. So did I—and then all three of us grinned at each other. She was a small, well-built (nice, not great) blonde with the most infectious smile you ever saw. And we were thinking that if it could turn us on so fast it might also turn on millions of television watchers.

Walter called out to his secretary, a forty-five-year-old veteran of a thousand casting sessions. "Dora, come in here."

"Smile at her," he ordered Miss Austin.

She smiled.

Dora smiled back, then wiped it away as if the smile had betrayed her. She said, "Yeah, the women'll like her, too."

Walter dismissed her. And now we were thinking—all three of us—if only she had the legs. Stanley and I looked at Walter expectantly. He nodded, and we turned toward her as he said, "Your legs, Miss Austin."

"Quite nice," she said.

"English," Stanley said.

"Can you show us?" Walter said.

"Wait a minute, Walter," Stanley said, frowning. "I distinctly heard an accent."

"Accent?" Walter shot his glance back at the girl.

"It's true," she said, the grin disappearing. "I am English. That is, I was born English. I mean in England. I'm American now. Is being English bad?"

There was a moment of silence. "No," I said. "It's all right. In fact it's good, Stanley. It adds something."

He considered this. Then: "Will Elliott think so?" Stanley is assistant advertising manager of his firm, you see. Elliott is his boss. I work for the advertising agency that represents them. Stanley regards me as an authority on what Elliott likes.

"Elliott will say it adds distinction," I promised.

"Okay," Stanley said, relaxing.

"Miss Austin, can you show us your legs?" Walter said.

She scrunched up her trousers. They were tight and would go only to mid-calf. "It's a pity," she said, sighing. "They really are first-rate, you know. Can't you take my word for it?"

The smile was back in place now, and all three of us nodded obeisance to it. As it happened, we could see enough of the legs to surmise that they were splendid. But it was the smile we were responding to. When three grown men respond more to a smile than to fine legs, it has to have something extraordinary going for it.

Walter said, "What's your first name, dear?"

"Jane," she said and waited for a reaction. Then when she saw that it had registered with Walter and me—not Stanley—she added, "Everybody does that. Almost everybody." She was noting Stanley's exception.

"Does what?" he asked.

"Double-takes. You see, my mother was a bit balmy about *Pride and Prejudice*. She read it four times."

"*Pride and Prejudice*?" Stanley asked, glancing from me to Walter and back again.

"It's a book," Walter said.

"By Jane Austen," I said.

"I know that," Stanley said, "but why are we talking about it now?" And then it struck him. He double-took.

"Different spelling," she said to him, soothingly. "I'm t-i-n. She's t-e-n." But his forehead remained puckered.

"Elliott won't mind," I said, and it smoothed.

Walter put his arm around her shoulders and walked her to the door. "We'll call you," he said. "Tell Dora where we can reach you."

"Don't you want me to read for you?" she asked anxiously. "I've had good training. I—"

"Not much dialogue in this commercial, my dear. Only a line or two. Mostly you just walk. And you don't have any problem there. You walk well."

"Do I?"

"You're a fine walker."

But the worry came back. She stopped just short of the door, turned, and spoke to me. "He's not just saying that, is he?"

"No."

"You will tell them, won't you, how much I need the job?"

"I'll tell them," I said.

She studied me for half a second longer. "Thank you," she said and went out.

Walter looked at me. "Do you know her?"

"Never saw her before."

"But then why did she talk that way to you?" Stanley asked.

"I haven't the vaguest idea."

"Well, never mind," Walter said. "The issue is, will Elliott dig her? Will he, Richard?"

"Of course," I said.

Stanley squared his shoulders. "Elliott will love her," he said, his voice deep with conviction.

The following morning I went to Elliott's office to deliver a progress report. As usual he kept me waiting sixteen minutes. Sixteen minutes; never more, never less. You could set your watch by it.

"Good morning, Richard," he said, when I was ushered in.

"Good morning, Elliott. Did you know I could set my watch by the sixteen minutes you keep me waiting every time I come down here?"

He smiled. Elliott likes me brash. I keep his teeth sharp. He got up from behind his massive, paperless desk and spent a few seconds lithely prowling his wall-to-wall carpet. Lithe is a good word for Elliott. He boxed for the Princeton varsity. Middleweight. That was ten years ago, and he still looks as if he could go six furlongs without breathing hard. He's a very handsome man, Elliott. And bright. He'll be president of his company before he's forty. I could admire Elliott except that I can't stand him.

So, why don't I quit? Five years as whipping boy to Napoleon Bonaparte would seem to be sufficient, right? Right. Except they pay me so much money. And I like money. I have this unbelievable apartment. And the gorgeous blue sports car. And I'm a storekeeper's son from Mason City, Iowa, who took seven years getting through Northwestern, a lot of it at night.

Mind you, I'm useful to my employers. Elliott's firm is a giant account, and before me there were four account executives in three years. Elliott made mincemeat out of them. Sent one to the hospital. Ulcers. Still, I am overpaid. Who has pressured my boss into raise after raise until my salary's practically out of sight? Elliott, of course.

I entertain him, you see. He needs that. Everybody else bores him silly; they're all Stanleys. That figure doesn't it? What bright young tactician on his way to the presidency could ever feel threatened by a Stanley? So, in the company, Elliott plants row on row of eager, harmless, loyal Stanleys. All overpaid. And at the agency he keeps a handcuffed Richard, so that his mind won't fall off from atrophy. Oh, that Elliott.

"Who is that broad? Your mistress?"

Every now and then Elliott takes even me by surprise. "No," I said, "She is not my mistress. I never saw her before yesterday."

"I think she's your mistress. I won't have that, Richard. It's a form of nepotism."

I got up and started for the door.

He smiled. "Come back and sit down. You know I was putting you on."

I came back and sat down.

His smile broadened. "So what if she's your mistress?"

"Elliott—one of these days . . ."

"What, Richard?"

I lapsed into silence.

(continued on page 109)



Jane's smile was irresistible—
so blinding that we knew the TV
audience would be captivated, too.





BEAUTY— THE NEW HEADWAYS

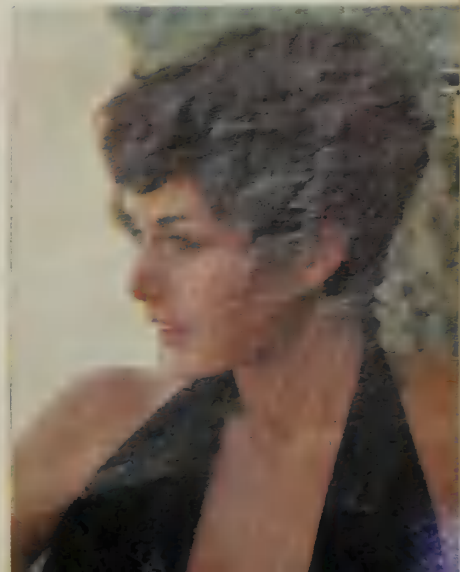
Let the wind blow through your hair, take a walk at the water's edge, do your exercises, build a sand castle—and wear a new synthetic stretch wig. Do almost anything except bury your head in the sand, and still look great. Wigs have made great headways. The newest are short, sleek, permanently set and sturdy enough to take the rough treatment of a day at the beach. And they're great stand-ins when your own hair is under the weather. Woven from the latest improved fibers (the labels say Modacrylic or Kanekalon), they look like real hair even under close inspection. Part of the trick, too, is in the styling—this season's short hair translates happily into wigs. And at under \$30, the price is right—right enough to warrant assembling a collection, the way you might with accessories like belts and scarves. Collect them in your own hair color or go off on a tangent as long as it's one compatible with your skin tone and eye color. The wigs can be washed with soap and water, and when dry, they brush easily into place. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor

The short, shaped, gamin look (far left) is by Sears, \$25.

Streaking, a new step in man-made fibers (left). Helene Curtis Nature Blend, \$29.95.

Curled wig with new longer nape (below). Paragon Hair Goods, \$30.

Photographs by John Vidal. Sunglasses by Riviera.



The Napoleon cut (this page) makes the biggest news this summer with its long fringe at the nape of the neck and short, shaggy sides. By Fashion Tress, \$30.

A tip: If your own hair is long, there is no problem fitting it under a wig if you do as our models did: Part hair in the middle. Wrap each side around head, secure with bobby pins, and then hold it all in place with a snug stocking cap made from an old stocking. Then put on the wig.

Looking great on the beach this year calls for—in addition to one of the new wigs

—great skin and a great suit. For suits, black is back in snug, one-piece maillots with lots of interesting neck detail—halter and plunges, for example. A great-looking skin this season means a slick, shiny, healthy glow. Get it with one of the tanning gels they help counteract the weathering effect of the sun and bring on a tan at the same time. The shine also moves to the face. Try one of the transparent gleamers for an all-over luminous blush.

Braggi Bronzer and Touch and Glow Face Gleamer by Revlon. Bathing suits by Donald Brooks for Sinclair. Hairstyles by Carrie White.



The Crystal Cave

One of the world's best-selling authors writes a superb story of castles and kings, chivalry and star-crossed lovers. An excerpt from a new novel by **MARY STEWART**



Illustration by Jack Endewelt

According to legend, the "crystal cave" is a place where Merlin the enchanter lies sleeping through the centuries until Arthur, "the past and future King" of Britain, returns from the island of Avilion to protect his kingdom in time of need. In Mary Stewart's novel, excerpted here, it is also the cave near Maridunum—Carmarthen, in Wales—where Merlin was begotten, the bastard son of Ambrosius, rightful King of Britain. When Ambrosius reclaims the kingdom, he recognizes Merlin, now 17, as his son, though the heir is the King's younger brother, Uther Pendragon.

For all his youth, Merlin is renowned as an engineer as well as a prophet. Ambrosius asks him to restore ruined circles of Stonehenge, the "Giants' Dance," to their old place, and to bring back the great king-stone, which the Irish had stolen. Merlin obeys, though he foresees that the king-stone will become his father's gravestone.

In this excerpt from the novel, the time is midwinter, 469 A.D. Uther, now king, is on his way to see what nephew Merlin has made of rebuilding the Giants' Dance. Merlin, oppressed by grief for his father and by an uneasy foreknowledge of the future, has ridden out with his servant Cadal to wait for the King.

Just beyond the Giants' Dance we tethered our horses and lit a fire. I had been afraid that the night might be cloudy, but it was crisp and clear, with swarms of stars.

"Get some sleep," said Cadal. "I'll wake you before dawn. What makes you think Uther will come?" Then, when I made no reply: "Well, you're the magician, you should know. Here, just in case your magic won't put you to sleep, you'd better put the extra cloak on. I'll wake you in time."

I obeyed him, rolling myself in the double thickness of wool, and lying near the fire with my head on my saddle. I dozed rather than slept, conscious of the small noises of the night; the rustle and crack of the fire, the steady tearing sound of the horses grazing at hand. And then, not long before dawn, the sound I had been expecting: the steady beat of the earth beneath my head, which meant the approach of horses.

I sat up. Cadal, bleary-eyed, spoke morosely. "You've an hour yet, I reckon."

"Never mind. I've slept. Put your ear to the ground and tell me what you hear."

He leaned down and listened, then was on his feet and making for our horses. Men reacted quickly in those days to the sound of horsemen in the night.

I checked him. "It's all right. It's Uther. Now get our horses saddled and stay with them. I'm going in."

It was the hour between night and morning when the air is still. They were coming at a gallop. It seemed that the whole of the frozen plain beat with the sound. The moon had gone. I waited beside the king-stone in the center of the Dance.

Uther left the troop a little way off, and rode forward with only one companion at a fast canter straight for the outer circle of the giant stones. At first I thought they would ride straight in, but the horses pulled up short and the King swung from the saddle, throwing the reins to his companion.

"Merlin?"

"My lord?"

"Did it have to be the middle of the night?" Uther sounded no more gracious than usual. But he had come.

I said: "You wanted to see what I have done here, and tonight is the night when I can show you. I am grateful that you came."

"Show me what? A vision? Is this another of your dreams? Merlin, I warn you—"

"There is something I wanted you to see which can only be seen at dawn. For that, I'm afraid we shall have to wait a little while."

He was standing the other side of the stone from me, and in the faint starlight I saw him looking down at it. "The first time you stood beside this stone in the night, men say you saw visions. Now they tell me in Winchester that as my brother the King lay dying he spoke to you as if you were there in his bedchamber. Is this true?"

"Yes."

His head came up sharply. "You knew when we were in Ireland that my brother was dying, yet you said nothing to me?"

"It would have served no purpose. You could not have returned any sooner for knowing that he lay sick."

"By the gods, Merlin, it was not for you to judge whether to speak or not! You are not king."

"You were not king either, Uther Pendragon. I did as he bade me."

"That is easy to say." But from his voice I knew that he believed me, and was in awe of me and of the place. "And now that we are here, and waiting for whatever it is you have to show me, I think one or two things must be made clear between us. I want none of your prophecies. My brother was wrong when he said that we would work together for Britain. Our stars will not conjoin. We walk different ways."

"Yes. I know."

"Then we understand one another." He gave a short laugh. "If you knew how refreshing that is after the weeks I've had of men suing for help, men crawling for mercy, men begging for favors. . . . And now the only man in

the kingdom with any real claim on me will go his own way, and let me go mine?"

"Of course. Our paths will still cross, but not yet. And then we will decide together, whether we will or no."

"We shall see. You have power, I admit it, but what ~~use~~ is that to me? don't need priests." His voice was brisk and friendly, as if he was willing away the strangeness of the night. He was rooted to earth, ~~was~~ Uther.

"Where I can be, I shall be at your service. If you want me, you know where to find me."

"Not at my court?"

"No, at Maridunum. It's my home."

"Ah, yes, the famous cave. You deserve a little more of me than that, think. You still haven't told me why you dragged me here at this time. Look at the sky; it's getting on for dawn—and not a moment too soon, the horses will be getting cold." He raised his head toward the east. "It will be interesting to see what sort of job you've made of this."

I could ~~see~~ him more clearly now, standing with his head up, his hand stroking his chin. I said: "It's as well you came by night, so that I knew your voice. I shouldn't have known you in daylight. You've grown a full beard."

"More kingly, eh? There was no time to do anything else on campaign. By the time we got to the Humber . . ." He started to tell me about it, talking, for the first time since I had known him, quite easily and naturally. He talked about the campaign in the north, the fighting, the smoking destruction the Saxons had left behind them. "And ~~now~~ we spend Christmas at Winchester. I shall be crowned in London in the spring, and already—"

"Wait." I had not meant to interrupt him quite so peremptorily, but things were pressing on me, the weight of the sky, the shooting light. I said quickly: "It's coming now. Stand with me at the foot of the stone."

I moved a pace from him and stood at the foot of the long king-stone, facing the bursting east.

Night slackened, drew back like a veil, and the sun came up. Straight as a thrown torch, light pierced through the gray air and laid a line clear from the horizon to the king-stone at our feet. For perhaps twenty heartbeats the huge sentinel stones stood black and stark, framing the winter blaze. Then the sun lifted over the horizon so quickly that you could see the shadow of the linked circle move into its long ellipse, to fade almost immediately into the wide light of a winter's dawn.

I glanced at the King. His eyes met mine. "No wonder you smile. I was very impressive."

"That's with relief," I said. "The mathematics of this have kept me awake for weeks."

"Tremorinus told me." He gave me a slow, measuring look. "He also told me what you had said."

"What I had said?"

"Yes. 'I will deck my father's grave with nothing less than the light itself.'" He paused. "Merlin, I told you I know nothing of prophets or priests. I am only a soldier. But this—what you have done here—this is something I understand. Perhaps there is room for us both, after all. I told you I spend Christmas at Winchester. Will you ride back with me?"

He had asked me, not commanded me. I shook my head. "In the spring perhaps—I should like to see the crowning. Be sure that when you need me I shall be there. But now I must go home."

"To your hole in the ground? Well, if it's what you want. . . . Is there nothing you would ask of me?" He gestured from the king-stone, back to its ancient place, to the great circle silently guarding it. "Men will speak poorly of a king who does not reward you for this."

"I have been rewarded."

"At Maridunum, now. Your grandfather's house would be more suitable for you. Will you take it?"

I shook my head. "I don't want a house. But I would take the hill with the crystal cave."

"Then take it. They tell me men call it Merlin's Hill already. And now

ll daylight, and the horses will be cold. If you had ever been a soldier, you would know that there is one thing more important even than the graves of kings: not to keep the horses standing." He turned with a swirl of the scarlet cloak, and strode to his waiting servant. I went to find my servant.

When Easter came, I still had no mind to leave the cave, but a message from the King, bidding me to London. This time it was a command, request, and so urgent that the King had sent an escort. It was the first dry day after two weeks of rain and sleety wind, and I had gone up the hill above the cave to look for the first growing plants and simples. A solitary horseman cantered up the hill, swung stiffly out of the saddle and approached me. He was a brown-haired young man of about my own age. I knew him: Ulfen, the King's servant. "My lord Merlin. I bring you greetings from the King, in London."

"I am honored," I said. "The King requests your presence at the feast of his coronation. He has sent an escort, my lord. They are in the town, resting their horses." "Did you say 'requests'?" "I should have said 'commands,' my lord. He told me I must bring you immediately."

"Of course I shall come. Go down to the cave and tell Cadal, my lord, what you have told me, and say he is to give you food and drink." He hesitated. "My lord, the King was urgent. This is more than an invitation to watch the crowning."

"You will have to wait while my servant packs my things and saddles my horses. Also while I myself eat and drink."

"He threw me a doubtful look, then went slithering down the wet hill, dragging the jibbing horse after him. I lifted my face to the sky and thought of Uther and London, and the command that had just come. At this height I could look down on a valley that was sullen green in the March wind. A river curled, gray under the gray sky. There was a touch of color where a standard flew over the fortress. A boat scudded down the river, its brown sails full of the wind.

The wind whipped water to my eyes, and the scene blurred. The crystal world was cold in my hands. I gazed down into it. It seemed that the whole of the world lay between my hands, like something set in amber. I stared down at the land globed in crystal and knew that this was what I had been born for. The time was here, and I must take it on trust.

Are you going to deny that you swore to serve me when I needed you? I need you now. Your power, whatever it is. Dare you tell me that you are not a magician?"

That day that night at a roadside inn. I ate alone in my room, served by a maid. No sooner had the door shut behind the servant who carried the tray than Cadal turned to me, obviously bursting with news. "Well, there's a pretty carry-on in London, by all accounts." "You might expect it," I said mildly. "I heard someone say that most of the ships from across the Narrow Sea are there and that they have brought their daughters along with an eye to the empty side of the throne." I smiled. "That should suit Uther."

Seriously, Merlin, there's trouble afoot, they say. Woman trouble. Most of the escort were talking. It's Gorlois' wife." "I looked up, startled. "The Duchess of Cornwall? This can't be true." "It's not true yet. But they say it's not for want of trying." "I said, uneasily: "Uther must be crazed. He can't afford trouble yet, and he's got the King of all people. By all the gods, Cadal, it was the old Duke who brought Uther where he is now!" I thought for a moment, frowning. "And the King? What do they say about her?"

"That the Lady Ygraine—that's her name—says little, and says less each day. I'm told she hardly lifts her eyes in public, in case she meets the King looking at her. But Merlin, it does sound like trouble; she's less than half his age and spends her life mewed up in one of those cold Cornish houses with nothing to do but weave his war cloaks and dream over them. You may be sure she's not dreaming of an old man with a gray beard." "I said, "All right, but where do I come in?"

"Maybe he's bewitched." He looked at me half sideways. "Perhaps that's why he wants you there, to break the spell?"

"I pushed my platter aside. "I don't break," I said shortly. "He should know that. I make."

"We reached London on the very eve of the crowning. It was late, and the gates were shut, but it seemed there had been orders about us, for we were taken straight up to the castle where the King lay. I was scarcely

out of my mud-stained garments before I was led along to his bedchamber.

Uther was ready for the night, in a long bedgown of dark brown velvet edged with fur. I could smell spiced wine as soon as I entered the room, and my dry throat contracted longingly. The King was prowling restlessly up and down the room like a caged beast, and after him, pace for pace, his wolfhound followed him.

"As the door shut behind the servants, he said abruptly, "You took your time."

"Four days? You should have sent better horses. And tougher men. We left two of them by the way."

But he was no longer listening. Lost in his thoughts, he continued his restless pacing. He had lost weight, and moved quickly and lightly, like a starving wolf. His eyes were sunken with lack of sleep.

He flung at me over his shoulder: "I want your help."

"So I understand."

He turned at that. "You know about it?"

I lifted my shoulders. "Nobody talks of anything else but the King's desire for Gorlois' wife. I understand you have made no attempt to hide it. But it is more than a week now since you sent Ulfen to fetch me. In that time, what has happened? Are Gorlois and his wife still here?"

"Of course they are still here. They cannot leave London without my permission."

"Has anything yet been said between you and Gorlois?"

"No. If once this thing comes to words, nothing can stop it. And it is the crowning tomorrow. I cannot speak with him."

"Or with her?"

"No. No. Ah, God, Merlin, I cannot come near her. She is guarded like Danaë. Gorlois' servants are all around her, and his men. I can only come near her in public."

"Have you managed to get any message to her privately?"

"No. All day she is with her women, and her servants keep the doors. And he—" He paused. There was sweat on his face. "He is with her every night. Merlin, what shall I do?"

I picked up his jug, poured two goblets of spiced wine, and held one out to him. "To begin with, come and sit down. I cannot talk to a whirlwind."

He obeyed, sinking back in the big chair with the goblet between his hands. I drank my own, gratefully, and sat down on the other side of the hearth.

Uther did not drink. I think he hardly knew what he had between his hands. "As soon as he brought her in and presented her to me, I knew. God knows that at first I thought it was no more than another passing fever, the kind I've had a thousand times before . . ."

"And been cured of," I said, "in a night, a week of nights, a month. Is a month enough to wreck a kingdom for?"

The look he gave me was blue as a swordflash. "By Hades, why do you think I sent for you? I could have wrecked my kingdom at any time in these past weeks had I been so minded. This fever burns me so that I cannot sleep. How can I rule and fight and deal with men if I cannot sleep?"

"Have you taken a girl to bed?"

He stared, then he drank.

"Forgive me, it was a stupid question. You don't sleep even then?"

"No." He set down the goblet. "It's no use. Nothing is any use. You must bring her to me, Merlin. You have the arts. This is why I sent for you. You are to bring her to me so that no one knows. Make her love me. You can do it."

"Make her love you? By magic? No, Uther, this is something that magic cannot do. You must know that."

"You spoke with my brother as he died, from a distance. Are you going to deny that now? Or that you swore to serve me when I needed you? I need you now. Your power, whatever it is. Dare you tell me that you are not a magician?"

"I am not the kind that can walk through walls," I said. "But I have not refused to help you."

His eyes sparked. "You will help me?"

"Yes. I told you that there would come a time when we must deal together. This is the time. I don't know yet what I must do, but this will be shown to me, and the outcome is with the god. But one thing I can do for you tonight. I can make you sleep. No, be still and listen. . . . If you are to be crowned tomorrow, and take Britain into your hands, tonight you will do as I say. I will make you a drink that will let you sleep, and you'll take a girl to your bed as usual. It may be better if there is someone besides your servant who will swear you were in your own chamber."

"Why? What are you going to do?" His voice was strained.

"I shall try to talk with Ygraine."

He sat forward, his hands tight on the arms of the chair. "Yes. Talk to her. Perhaps you can come to her where I cannot. Tell her—"

"A moment. A little while back you told me to 'make her love you.' If you have never spoken to her of your love, how do you know she would come to you, even if the way were free? Is her mind clear to you, my lord King?"

"No. She says nothing. She smiles, with her eyes on the ground, and says nothing. But I know. I know. It is as if all the other times I played at love were only single notes. Put together, they make the song. She is the song."

There was a silence. Behind him, on a dais in the corner of the room, was the bed, with the covers drawn back ready. Above it, leaping up the wall, was a great dragon fashioned of red gold. In the firelight it moved, stretching its claws, and there beside it, suddenly, was another, flaming and shimmering with it up the dark wall, merging with it, fire on fire. Something struck at my eyes, pain like a claw. I shut them, and there was silence. When I opened them again the fire had died, and the wall was dark. I looked across at the King, motionless in his chair, watching me. I said, slowly: "I will ask you one thing, now."

"Yes?"

"That when I bring you to her in safety, you shall make a child."

He stared, then, suddenly, laughed. "That's with the gods, surely?"

"Yes, it is with God."

He stretched back in his chair, as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. "If I come to her, Merlin, I promise you that whatever I have power to do, I shall do. And anything else you bid me. I shall even sleep tonight."

I stood up. "Then I shall go and make the draught and send it to you."

"And you'll see her?"

"I shall see her. Good night."

Cadal was waiting for me by the fire in my chamber. He had got out a woolen bedgown for me and laid it ready across the bed. Over a chest near the window lay a pile of clothes, a shimmer of gold cloth and scarlet and fur.

"What's that?" I asked, as I sat down to let him draw off my shoes.

"The King sent a robe for tomorrow, my lord." Cadal, with an eye on the boy who was pouring my bath, was formal. I noticed the boy's hand shaking a little, and water splashed on the floor. As soon as he had finished, he scuttled out.

"What's the matter with that boy?"

"It isn't every night you prepare a bath for a wizard," Cadal said.

"For God's sake! What have you been telling him?"

"Only that you'd turn him into a bat if he didn't serve you well."

"Fool! No, a moment, Cadal. Bring me my box. I promised to make up a draught for the King."

When this was done, and I was stripping for the bath, I gave him a brief version of my conversation with Uther. He heard me out, frowning. "And what's to do now?"

"Find some way to see the lady. No, not the bedgown; not yet, alas. Get me a clean robe—something dark."

"Surely you can't go to her tonight? It's well past midnight."

"I shall not go anywhere. Someone will come to me. Now leave me. Goodnight, Cadal."

When the door had shut on him I went across to the chair beside the fire. Bit by bit, slowly, I emptied my mind, feeling thought spill out of me like sand from a glass, to leave me hollow and light. Outside the door there were sounds suddenly, voices. A quick tap at the panel, and Cadal came in, shutting the door behind him. He looked a little apprehensive.

"Gorlois?" I asked.

He swallowed, then nodded. "He asked if you had been to see the King. I said you'd been here barely a couple of hours, and you had had time to see nobody. Was that right?"

I smiled. "You were guided. Let him come in."

Gorlois came in quickly, and I rose to greet him. There was, I thought, as big a change in him as I had seen in Uther; his big frame was bent, and for the first time one saw straight away that he was old.

He brushed aside the ceremony of my greeting. "You're not abed yet? They told me you'd ridden in."

"Barely in time for the crowning, I'm afraid. Will you sit, my lord?"

"Thanks, but no. I came for your help, Merlin, for my wife." The quick eyes peered under the gray brows. "You've heard, haven't you?"

"There was talk," I said carefully, "but then there always was talk about Uther. I have not heard anyone venture a word against your wife."

"By God, they'd better not! However, it's not that I've come about tonight. Could you get the King to let us go back to Cornwall without waiting for the end of the feast . . . would you do that for me?"

"If I can."

"I knew I could count on you. You're your father's son, and for my old friend's sake—"

"I said I'd do it. I'll see the King in the morning early, before he leaves for the crowning."

He gave a brief nod of thanks. "That's not the only thing I came to ask you. Would you come and see my wife tonight?"

There was a pause of utter stillness, so prolonged that I thought he must notice. Then I said: "If you wish it, yes. But why?"

"She's sick. When her women told her you were here in London, she begged me to send for you. I was thankful when I heard you'd come.

There's not many men I'd trust just now, but I'd trust you. You'll come. "Of course." I looked away from him. "I'll come immediately."

Uther had not exaggerated when he said that the Lady Ygraine was guarded. She and her lord were lodged in a court some way west of the King's quarters, and the court was crowded with Cornwall men-at-arms. There were armed men in the antechamber too, and in the bedchamber itself some half dozen women. As we went in the oldest of these, a gray-haired woman with an anxious look, hurried forward.

H

er mouth was proud, "I am no trashy Helen for men to fight over. I don't wait on the walls as a prize for some brawny victor. I am a lovesick woman, yes. But I am also Ygraine of Cornwall."

"Prince Merlin." She bent her knees to me, eyeing me with awe, and me toward the bed.

I walked forward and stood at the foot of the bed, looking down at Gorlois' wife. Cadal had told me she was beautiful, and I had seen the humor in the King's face, so I knew she was desirable; but as I stood in the antechamber, looking at the woman who lay with closed eyes against gray silk pillows, it was no woman that I saw. I saw only the flashing beating of the light as in a globed crystal.

"One of her women stay here," I said. "The rest go. You too, please, lord." He went without demur, herding the women in front of him. The woman who had greeted me remained by her mistress's bed. As the door shut behind the last of them, the woman in the bed opened her eyes.

I said: "What do you want of me, Ygraine?"

She answered crisply, with no pretence: "I have sent for you, Prince, because I want your help."

I nodded. "In the matter of the King."

"So you know already? When my husband brought you here, did you guess I was not ill?"

"I guessed."

"Then you can also guess what I want from you?"

"Not quite. Tell me, could you not somehow have spoken with the King himself before now? It might have saved him something. And your husband as well."

Her eyes widened. "How could I talk to the King? You saw my husband's troops and men-at-arms. I could not speak to him or send a messenger. The only protection was silence."

I said slowly: "If the message was simply that you were a true and faithful wife and that he must turn his eyes elsewhere, then it could have been given to him at any time and by any messenger."

She smiled. Then she bent her head.

I took in my breath. "Ah. That's what I wished to know. You are honest, Ygraine."

"What use to lie to you? I have heard about you. Oh, I know better than to believe all they say in the songs and stories, but I believe that you see the future. I want you to tell me what the future is."

"I don't tell fortunes like an old woman. Is this why you sent for me?"

"You know why I sent for you. You are the one man with whom I seek private speech without arousing my husband's anger and suspicion and you have the King's ear." She looked at me very straight. "Will you tell the King what you have just learned from me?"

"That will depend. So far you have been wise. Had you been less guarded in your ways and your speech there would have been trouble, there might even have been war. Many women—especially desiring what they desire—would not have been able to do this, Lady Ygraine."

"I am not 'many women.'" The words were like a flash. She sat up suddenly, tossing back the dark hair, and threw back the covers. The woman snatched up a long blue robe and hurried forward. Ygraine then it around her and walked restlessly toward the window.

Standing, she was tall for a woman, with a form that might have matched a sterner man than Uther. The dark hair streamed unbound down her back. Her eyes were blue, not the fierce blue of Uther's, but the deep, dark blue of the Celt. Her mouth was proud. If Uther wanted her, I thought, I would have to make her Queen.

She had stopped just short of the window and turned. "I am the daughter of a king, and I come from a line of kings. Cannot you see how I must have been driven, even to think the way I am thinking now? I was married at sixteen to the Lord of Cornwall; he is a good man; I honor and respect him. Until I came to London I was half content to starve and die there in Cornwall, but he brought me here, and now it has happened. Now I know what I must have, but it is beyond me to have it, beyond the wife of Gorlois of Cornwall. I am no trashy Helen for men to fight over. I don't wait on the walls as a prize for some brawny victor. I cannot so dishonor both Gorlois

and the King in the eyes of men. And I cannot go to him secretly and dishonor myself in my own eyes. I am a lovesick woman, yes. But I am also grain of Cornwall."

I said coldly: "So you intend to wait until you can go to him in honor, his Queen?"

"What else can I do?"

"Is this the message I am to give him? Or did you bring me here to read on the future? To tell you the length of your husband's life?"

She said nothing.

"Ygraine," I said, "the two are the same. If I give Uther the message at you love and desire him, but that you will not come to him while your husband is alive, what length of life would you prophesy for Gorlois?"

She hesitated, then bowed her head. At last she said, in a still voice: "I had thought all this. But I hoped that by sending for you I could absolve myself, and the King."

There was a silence. She waited, with bent head and downcast eyes. I was standing between her and the fire. A flame leapt, and my shadow sprang over her and grew, climbing with the beating light to meet her own limbing shadow and join with it so that behind her reared a great cloudy shape of air and darkness.

Words came to me suddenly, clearly, from nowhere, without thought. "I will tell you, if you like, how you may meet the King's love on your terms and on his, with no dishonor to yourself or him, or to your husband. If I could tell you this, would you go to him?"

She was watching me again, intent and thoughtful. "Yes."

"If you will obey me, I can do this for you," I said.

"Tell me what I must do."

"Listen to me. When you feigned illness to have me brought to you, what did you tell your husband and your women?"

"Only that I felt faint and sick, and was no more inclined for company. But if I was to appear beside my husband at the crowning, I must have a physician tonight, and take a healing draught." She smiled a little wryly. "I was preparing the way, too, not to sit beside the King at the feast."

"So far, good. You will tell Gorlois that you are pregnant."

"That I am pregnant?" She stared.

"Is this impossible? He is an old man, but I would have thought—"

"It is possible. But I—" She bit her lip.

I said: "Tell your husband that you fear for the child's health if you stay longer in London, under the strain of the gossip and the King's attentions. Tell him that you wish to leave as soon as the crowning is over. You will go with Gorlois and the Cornish troops tomorrow, before the gates shut at sunset. The news of your going will not come to Uther until the feast."

"But . . ." She stared again. "This is folly. We are bound to stay until he gives us leave to go."

"Uther can do nothing on the day of the crowning. He must stay here for the days of feasting. Do you think he can give offense to Budec and Ferrovius and the other kings gathered here? You will be in Cornwall before he can even move."

"And then he will move." She made an impatient gesture. "And there will be war, when he should be making and mending, not breaking and turning. And he cannot win: if he is the victor in the field, he loses the loyalty of the West. Win or lose, Britain is divided, and goes back into the ark."

Yes, she would be a queen. She was on fire for Uther as much as he for her, but she could still think.

"Oh, yes, he will move." I lifted a hand. "But listen to me. I will talk to the King before the crowning. He will know that the story you told Gorlois was a lie. He will feign rage, and swear in public to be revenged for the insult put on him by Gorlois. . . . And he will make ready to follow you to Cornwall as soon as the feast is over—"

"But meanwhile our troops will be safely out of London without trouble. Yes, I see."

"And you will be safely at home," I said, "with your honor and Cornwall's unbroken."

"Safely, yes. I shall be in Tintagel, and even Uther cannot come at me here. Have you seen the stronghold, Merlin? The rock bridge to the island is so narrow that men must go one at a time, and within the castle there is water and food for a year. It is the strongest place in Cornwall. It cannot be taken from the land, and it cannot be approached by sea. If you wish to shut me away forever from Uther, this is the place to send me."

"So I have heard. This will be, then, where Gorlois will send you. If Uther follows, lady, would Gorlois be content to wait inside the stronghold with you for a year like a beast in a trap? No. You must persuade him that unless he is content to wait inside while the King's troops ravage Cornwall, he himself must be outside, where he can fight."

She struck her hands together. "He will do that. He could not wait and hide and let Cornwall suffer. Nor can I understand your plan, Merlin. If you are trying to save your King and your kingdom from me, then say so."

I said sharply: "You said you would listen. Time runs short." She was still again. "Gorlois will lock you in Tintagel. Where will he face Uther?"

"At Dimilioc, a few miles from Tintagel. It is a good fortress, and good country to fight from. But then what? Do you think Gorlois will not fight?" She moved across to the fireside and sat down. "And do you think the King can come to me in Tintagel, whether Gorlois is there or no?"

"If you do as I have bid you, you and the King may have speech and comfort one of the other. And you will do this in peace. This part of it you leave with me. This is where we come to magic. Trust me for the rest. Get yourself only to Tintagel, and wait. I shall bring Uther to you there. And I promise you now, for the King, that he shall not give battle to Gorlois, and that after he and you have met in love, Cornwall shall have peace. As to how this will be, it is with God. What power is in me now is from him, and we are in his hands to make or to destroy. But I can tell you this also, Ygraine, that I have seen a bright fire burning, and in it a crown, and a sword standing on an altar like a cross."

She got to her feet quickly, and for the first time there was a kind of fear in her eyes. "I will do this. If I tell him I am with child, he will take me to Tintagel. It is the place where all the dukes of Cornwall are born. And after that I have to trust you."

I nodded, drawing my gown about me. "Now I must go. Is there someone you can send with me? I'll make a sleeping draught for you and send it back."

"Ralf can go, my page. You'll find him outside the door. He is Marcia's grandson, and can be trusted as I trust her." She nodded to the old woman, who moved to open the door for me.

"Then any message I may have to send you," I said, "I shall send through Ralf by my man Cadal. And now good night."

When I left her she was standing quite still in the center of the room, with the firelight leaping around her.

Next morning I visited Uther, and told him exactly what he must do. He regarded me straightly. "And will you not tell me about the outcome?"

"I told you. A child."

"Oh, that." He hunched an impatient shoulder. "Well, I must get one sooner or later, I suppose. No, I meant Gorlois. What will come to him? There's a risk, surely?"

"Nothing is done without risk. But I can tell you that your name, and your kingdom, will survive the night's work."

He turned then to Ulfin and began to give orders. A messenger was to go immediately to Caerleon, and troops to be dispatched from there to North Cornwall. Uther himself would travel there straight from London, riding fast with a small bodyguard to where his troops would be encamped. In this way the King could be hard on Gorlois' heels, even though Gorlois would leave today, and the King must stay feasting his peers for four more long days. Another man was to ride out immediately along our proposed route to Cornwall, and see that good horses were ready at short stages all the way.

So we came to Cornwall. The messenger had done his work well, and our ride, in hard, short stages, took us two days and a night. Ygraine had obeyed me to the letter. We found our troops encamped at the place selected—just outside the Cornish border—with the news that the Duchess was fast in Tintagel with a small body of picked men, while her husband had descended on Dimilioc and sent a call round for the men of Cornwall to gather to defend their Duke. He must know of the presence of the King's troops so near his border, but could have as yet no idea that the King was already there too. Cadal was at the camp already, having gone ahead to prepare our disguises, and to await Ralf's message from Tintagel when the time was ripe.

My plan was simple enough, and it was helped by Gorlois' habit of riding back nightly when he could—from Dimilioc or his other fortresses—to visit his wife. I suppose there had been too many jests about the old man's fondness, and he had formed the habit (Ralf had told me) of using the private gate, a hidden postern to which access was difficult unless one knew the way. I proposed to disguise Uther, Ulfin and myself to pass as Gorlois and his companion and servant, and ride to Tintagel by night. Ralf would arrange to be on duty himself at the postern, and would lead us up the secret path. Ygraine had by some means persuaded Gorlois not to visit her that night, and she would dismiss all her women but Marcia. Ralf and Cadal had arranged between them what clothes we should wear: it had been simple to find saddlecloths with the blazon of Cornwall, and even one of Gorlois' familiar war cloaks with the double border of silver.

We were also served by the weather. Easter that year had fallen as early as it ever falls, and it was a wild black night of March when the four of us set out after dark, and went at a gallop for Tintagel. Only the keen eye of suspicion could have told that this was not the Duke of Cornwall with three companions, riding home to his wife. Uther's beard had been grayed, and a bandage came down one side of his face to cover the corner of his mouth and give some reason—should he be forced to talk—for any strangeness in his speech. The hood of his cloak, pulled down low, shadowed his features, and he wore gauntlets to hide his hands, which were not those of an old man. Ulfin passed well enough as one Jordan, a servant of Gorlois.

I myself wore the clothes of Brithael, Gorlois' friend and captain; his voice was not unlike mine, and I could speak good Cornish. I have always been good at voices. Cadal came with us undisguised; he was to wait with the horses outside.

We drew rein at last on the cliff top near Tintagel, and peered down into the teeth of the wind. I rode up close to the King and set my mouth to his ear. "The castle's barely a mile from here. We ride down to the shore now. Ralf will be there to show us in. I'll lead on?"

He nodded, and I wheeled my horse into the head of the narrow valley which leads down toward the shore. The wind screamed in the thorn trees, and the horses were wild and white-eyed with nerves. When, a quarter of a mile from the sea, we set the beasts to cross a stream, mine, in the lead, flattened its ears and balked, and when I had lashed it across and up the narrow track, and a man's figure detached itself from the shadows ahead, the horse stopped dead and climbed straight up into the air. The shadow darted forward and seized the bridle, dragging the horse down. The beast stood, sweating and shaking.

"Brithael," I said, playing my part. "Is all well?"

He took a pace, pressing closer to the horse's shoulder, peering upward in the dark. Behind me Uther's gray thudded to a halt. The man at my horse's shoulder said, uncertainly: "My lord Gorlois . . . ? We did not look for you tonight. Is there news, then?"

It was Ralf's voice. I said in my own: "So we'll pass, at least in the dark?"

I heard his breath go in. "Yes, my lord. . . . For the moment I thought you were indeed Brithael. And then the gray horse. . . . Is that the King?"

"For tonight," I said, "it is the Duke of Cornwall. Is all well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then lead the way."

A King will come out of this night's work whose name will be a bulwark to men until this fair land is smashed down into the sea, and men leave earth to live among the stars."

He gripped my horse's bridle above the bit and led him on. The path was dangerous—narrow, slippery and twisting—not a path I would have wished to ride even in daylight on a strange and frightened horse. The others followed, Cadal's mount and Ulfin's plodding stolidly along, and close behind me the gray stallion snorting at every bush and trying to break his rider's grip.

"How far now?" I asked Ralf.

"About two hundred paces to the shore, sir, and we leave the horses there. We climb the promontory on foot."

"By all the gods of storm, I'll be glad to get under cover. Did you have any trouble?"

"None, sir." He had to raise his voice to make me hear, but in that turmoil there was no fear of being heard more than three paces off. "My lady told Felix—that's the porter—that she had asked the Duke to ride back as soon as his troops were disposed at Dimilioc. Of course the word's gone round that she's pregnant, so it's natural enough she'd want him back, even with the King's armies so close. She told Felix the Duke would come by the secret gate in case the King had spies posted already."

"The porter is alone at the gate?"

"Yes, but there are two guards in the guardroom."

He had told us already what lay inside the postern. This was a small gate set low in the castle wall, and just inside it a long flight of steps ran up to the right. Halfway up was a wide landing, with a guardroom to the side. Beyond that the stairs went up again, to a private door leading to Ygraine's apartment.

"Do the guards know?" I asked.

He shook his head. "My lord, we didn't dare. All the men left with the Lady Ygraine were hand-picked by the Duke."

"Are the stairs well lighted?"

"A torch. I saw to it that it will be mostly smoke."

"Is there a password?"

"Yes, my lord. It is *pilgrim*. And the lady has sent a ring for the King to wear. It is one the Duke wears sometimes. Here's the end of the path, can you see? It's quite a drop to the beach." He checked, steadying my horse. "We leave the horses here, my lord."

I dismounted thankfully. As far as I could see, we were in a small cove sheltered from the wind by a mighty headland close to our left, but the seas, tearing past the end of this headland, came lashing down on the shingle with a noise like armies clashing together in anger.

Ralf was pointing to our left. "The path is up there. Tell the King to follow closely. One foot wrong tonight, and before you could cry help you'd be out with the tide as far as the western stars."

The gray thudded down beside us and the King swung himself out of the saddle. The other two came up with us and dismounted, and Cadal took the reins. Uther stood quite still, oblivious of the wind and rain, staring up at the headland.

I touched his arm. "There is a porter, Felix, and two men-at-arms in the guardroom. It will be enough, as we go in, if you grunt your thanks to Felix and go quickly up the stair. Marcia, the old woman, will meet you at the door of Ygraine's apartments and lead you in. You can leave the rest to us. If there is any trouble, then there are three of us to three of them. I shall come an hour before dawn and send Marcia in for you. Now we shall not be able to speak again. Follow Ralf closely, the path is very dangerous. He has a ring for you and the password. Go now."

I found Cadal beside me, with the reins of the four horses gathered in his fist. His face, like my own, was streaming with wet.

I said: "You heard me. An hour before dawn."

He, too, was looking up at the crag where high above us the castle towered. In a moment of flying light through the torn cloud I saw the castle walls, growing out of the rock. Below them fell the cliff, almost vertical, to the roaring waves. It was no wonder they left no sentries here. The path to the secret gate could be held by one man against an army.

Cadal was saying: "I'll get the horses in there, under the overhang. And for my sake, if not for yon lovesick gentleman's, be on time. If they as much as suspicion up yonder that there's something amiss, it's rats in a trap for the lot of us."

"Content yourself, Cadal. I know what I'm about."

"I believe you do. Which is just as well, master Merlin, because otherwise you're risking the life of the King of Britain for a night's lust."

I put a hand out and laid it over Cadal's, where it held the reins. "If Uther gets into the place tonight and lies with her, then before God, Cadal, it will not matter as much as the worth of a drop of that sea foam there if he is murdered in the bed. I tell you, a King will come out of this night's work whose name will be a bulwark to men until this fair land is smashed down into the sea that holds it, and men leave earth to live among the stars. Do you think Uther is a King, Cadal? He's but a regent for him who went before and for him who comes after, the past and future King. And tonight he is even less than that: he is a tool, and she a vessel, and I . . . I am a spirit, a word, a thing of air and darkness, and I can no more help what I am doing than a reed can help the wind of God blowing through it." I dropped my hand from his. "An hour before dawn."

"Till then, my lord."

I left him then, and, with Ulfin following, went after Ralf and the King across the shingle to the foot of the black cliff.

Ralf went first, with the King's hand on his shoulder, and in my turn I held a fold of Uther's mantle, and Ulfin of mine. Waves from the sea below must have been rushing up forty feet, and the master waves, the great sevenths, came roaring up like towers and drenched us with salt fully sixty feet above the beach.

At last we saw, above our heads, the roots of the castle walls where they sprang from the rock. Ralf led us toward a seaward corner of the cliff. For a few more hideous yards we fought our way along, faces turned toward the soaking, slimy cliff; then a jutting buttress gave shelter, and there ahead of us, across a treacherous slope of soaking turf, and hidden from the ramparts above by the sharp overhang, was Tintagel's emergency door.

Ralf drew his dagger and rapped sharply. The porter must have been waiting just inside. The door opened immediately. It swung silently open for about three inches, then stuck, and I heard the rattle of a chain bolt. In the gap a hand showed, gripping a torch. Uther dragged his hood closer, and I stepped past him to Ralf's elbow, holding my mantle tightly to my mouth and hunching my shoulders against the volleying gusts of wind and rain.

Ralf said urgently: "Quick, man. A pilgrim. It's me back, with the Duke."

The porter's torch moved fractionally higher. I saw the big emerald on Uther's finger catch the light, and said curtly, in Brithael's voice: "Open up, Felix, and let us get in out of this. The Duke had a fall from his horse this morning and his bandage is soaking. Make haste."

The chain bolt came off and the door swung wide. Ralf put a hand to it so that, ostensibly holding it for his master, he could step into the passage between Felix and Uther as the King entered.

Uther strode in past the bowing man, returning some half-heard sound in answer to the porter's greeting. Then with a brief lift of the hand, which set the emerald flashing again, he started up the steps.

Ralf grabbed the torch from the porter's hand as Ulfin and I pressed in. "I'll light them up with this. Get the door shut and barred again. I'll come down later and give you the news, Felix, but we're all drenched and want to get to a fire."

I started quickly up the steps in Uther's wake, with Ulfin on my heels. The stairs were lit only by a smoking cresset which burned in a bracket on the wall. It had been easy.

Too easy. Suddenly, above us on the landing, the sullen light was augmented by that from a blazing torch, and a couple of men-at-arms stepped from a doorway, swords at the ready. Uther, six steps above me, paused actionally and then went on. I saw his hand, under the cloak, drop to his sword. Under my own I had my weapon loose in its sheath.

Ralf's light tread came running up the steps behind us. "My lord Duke!" Uther, I could guess how thankfully, stopped and turned to wait for me, his back to the guards.

"My lord Duke, let me light you—ah, they've a torch up there." He seemed only then to notice the guards above us, with the blazing light. "Iola, Marcus, Sellic, give me that torch to light my lord up to the Duchess. This wretched thing's nothing but smoke." He ran up past Uther, caught between the swords, and took the torch from the man's hand. Before the guards could reach for it, he turned swiftly to douse the first torch in the tub of sand which stood near the guardroom door. It went out into the smoke. The new torch blazed cleanly, but swung and wavered as if moved so that the shadows of the guards, flung gigantic and grotesque upon the steps, helped to hide us. Uther, taking advantage of the swaying shadows, started again swiftly up the flight. The hand with Gorlois' ring was half up before him to return the men's salutes. The guards moved one each side of the steps, their swords still in their hands.

Behind me, I heard the faint whisper as Ulfin's blade loosened in its sheath. Under my cloak, mine was half-drawn. There was no hope of getting past them. We would have to kill them, and pray it made no noise. But there was no need. Suddenly, at the head of the second flight of steps, a door opened wide, and there, full in the blaze of light, stood Ygraine. She was in a long white gown that shimmered like lake water. Over one arm and shoulder, Roman fashion, she wore a mantle of soft, dark hair. Her hair was dressed with jewels. She stretched out both her hands. "Welcome, my lord!" Her voice, high and clear, brought both guards round to face her. Uther took the last half dozen steps to the landing in two leaps, then was past them, his robe brushing the sword blades, past Ulfin's blazing torch, and starting quickly up the second flight of steps. The guards snapped back to attention, one each side of the stairhead, their backs to the wall. It is something, I suppose, to have been born a prince, even a bastard one; I knew that the sentries' eyes were nailed to the wall in front of them by the Duchess's presence as surely as if they were blind. I went between the swords, and Ulfin after me.

Uther had reached the head of the stairway. He took her hands, and there in front of the lighted door, with his enemies' swords catching the torchlight below him, the King bent his head and kissed Ygraine. The red cloak swung round both of them, engulfing the white. Beyond them I saw the shadow of the old woman, Marcia, holding the door. Then the King said: "Come," and with the great cloak still covering them both, he led her into the firelight, and the door shut behind them. So we took Tintagel.

We were well served that night, Ulfin and I. The chamber door had hardly shut, leaving us islanded halfway up the flight between the door and the stairs below, when I heard Ralf's voice again, easy and quick, talking to the guards.

"Gods and angels, what a night's work! And I still have to guide him back when it's done! You've a fire in the room yonder? Good. We'll have a chance to dry off while we're waiting. You can get yourselves off now. Go—what are you waiting for?"

One of the guards turned into the guardroom, but the other hesitated, leaning up towards me. "My lord Brithael, is that right? We go off yet?"

I started slowly down the stairs. "Quite right. You can go. We'll send the porter for you when we want to leave. And above all, not a word of the Duke's presence. See to it." I turned to Ulfin, big-eyed on the stairs behind me. "Jordan, you go up to the chamber door yonder and stand guard. No, I mean your cloak. I'll take it to the fire."

I heard Ralf crossing the guardroom below, underlining my orders with threats. I went down the steps, not hurrying, to give him time to get rid of the men. I heard the inner door shut, and went in. The guardroom, brightly lit by the torch and the blazing fire, was empty save for ourselves.

Ralf gave me a smile, threadbare with nerves. "Not again, even to please a lady, for all the gold in Cornwall!"

"There will be no need again. You have done more than well, Ralf. The Duke will not forget. Does that door lock?" I nodded at the shut door through which the guards had gone.

"I have locked it. If they had had any suspicion, they would not have taken me the key. But they had none, how could they? I could have sworn myself just now that it was Brithael speaking there, from the stairs. It was like magic." The last word held a question, but when I said nothing, he asked merely: "What now, sir?"

"Get you down to the porter now, and keep him away from here." I smiled. "You'll get your turn at the fire, Ralf, when we have gone."

He went off, light-footed as ever, down the steps. I heard him call some-

thing, and a laugh from Felix. I stripped off my drenched cloak and spread it, with Ulfin's, to the blaze. I sat for a while, holding my hands before me to the fire, listening to the storm outside. Going to the door, I heard the murmur of voices and the click of dice as Ralf and Felix passed the time down by the gate. I looked the other way. No sound from the head of the stairs, where I could just see Ulfin, or perhaps his shadow, motionless by the chamber door. . . .

Someone was coming softly down the stairs: a woman, shrouded in a mantle, carrying something. She came without a sound, and there had been neither sound nor movement from Ulfin. I stepped out onto the landing, and the light from the guardroom came after me, firelight and shadow.

It was Marcia. I saw the tears glisten on her cheeks as she bent her head over what lay in her arms. A child, wrapped warm against the winter night. She saw me and held her burden out to me. "Take care of him," she said, and through the shine of the tears I saw the treads of the stairway outline themselves again behind her. "Take care of him. . . ."

The whisper faded into the flutter of the torch and the sound of the storm outside. I was alone on the stairway, and above me a shut door. Ulfin had not moved.

I lowered my empty arms and went back to the fire. Though I had seen what I wanted to see, there was death somewhere before the end, and I was afraid. I picked up my cloak, which was almost dry, slung it round me, and crossed the landing to where in the outer wall there was a small door under which the wind drove like a knife. I thrust the door open against the blast and went outside. The night air poured over me like a river. A few paces away was a battlemented wall, waist high, the outer wall of the castle. I went to it and leaned over. Below was an apron of turf, sloping to the cliff's edge. Except for the driving arcs of white foam, the bay where Cadal waited was invisible under the darkness.

It had stopped raining now, and the clouds were running higher and thinner. The wind had veered a little, slackening. Here and there, high and black beyond the racing clouds, the spaces of the night were filled with stars. Then suddenly, directly overhead, the clouds parted, and there, sailing through them like a ship through running waves, the star.

It hung there among the dazzle of smaller stars, flickering at first, then pulsing, growing, bursting with light and all the colors that you see in dancing water. So on through the night, I stood alone on the ramparts and watched it; vivid and bright, then gray and sleeping, but each time waking to burn more gently, till it breathed rather than pulsed light, and toward morning hung glowing and quiet, with the light growing round it as the new day promised to come in clear and still.

I drew breath, and wiped the sweat from my face. I straightened up from where I had leaned against the ramparts. My body was stiff, but the ache had gone. I looked up at Ygraine's darkened window where, now, they slept. I walked slowly back across the platform toward the door. As I opened it I heard from below, clear and sharp, a knocking on the postern gate.

I took a stride through to the landing, pulling the door shut behind me, just as Felix came out of the lodge below and made for the postern. As his hand went to the chain bolt, Ralf whipped out behind him, his arm raised high. I caught the glint in his fist of a dagger, reversed. He jumped, cat-footed, and struck with the hilt. Felix dropped where he stood.

I was already halfway down the flight. Ralf had stooped to the porter's body, but turned as he saw me coming, and interpreted my gesture correctly, for he straightened, calling out to whoever was outside, "Who's there?"

"A pilgrim."

It was a man's voice, rough and breathless. I ran down the rest of the flight, stripping my cloak off and winding it round my left arm.

"Who makes the pilgrimage?" Ralf's voice was hoarse.

"Brithael. Now open up, quickly."

"My lord Brithael! My lord—I cannot—I have no orders to admit anyone this way. . . ." He was watching me as I took Felix under the armpits and dragged him back into the lodge and out of sight. I saw Ralf lick his lips. "Can you not ride to the main gate, my lord? The Duchess will be asleep, and I have no orders—"

"Who's that?" demanded Brithael. "Ralf, by your voice. Where's Felix?"

"Gone up to the guardroom, sir."

"Then get the key from him, or send him down." The man's voice roughened, and a fist thudded against the gate. "Do as I say, boy, or by God I'll have the skin off your back. I have a message for the Duchess, and she won't thank you for holding me here."

"The—the key's here, my lord. A moment." He threw a desperate look over his shoulder as he made a business of fumbling with the lock. Under cover of the noise it made I had my sword out and melted into the shadow behind the boy.

"Excuse me, my lord Brithael." Ralf sounded abject and confused. "I had to make sure . . . is there trouble?"

"What else?" Brithael thrust the door open so sharply that it would have thudded into me if Ralf had not quickly checked it. He strode in and

stopped, towering over the boy. "Has anyone else been to this gate tonight?"

"Why, no, sir." Ralf sounded scared and therefore convincing. "Not while I've been here, and Felix said nothing. . . . Why, what's happened?"

Brithael shrugged. "There was a fellow down yonder, a horseman. He attacked us. I left Jordan to deal with him. Lock the gate again and let none in but Jordan. And now I must see the Duchess. I bring grave news, Ralf. The Duke is dead."

"The Duke?" The boy began to stammer. He made no attempt to shut the gate, but left it swinging free. It hid Brithael from me still, but Ralf was just beside me, and in the dim light I saw his face go blank with shock. "The Duke—d-dead, my lord? Murdered?"

"Murdered? Why, in God's name? That's not Uther's way. No, we attacked the King's camp tonight. Gorlois was killed in the first sally. I rode with Jordan to bring the news. Now lock that gate and do as I say."

He turned away and made for the steps. There was room, now, to use a sword. I stepped out from the shadow behind the door.

"Brithael."

The man whirled. He recognized me then, and our eyes met. I saw the shock in his, and a quick flash of fear which vanished in a moment, the moment when my stance and my drawn sword told him that this would be his kind of fight, not mine.

"I should have known you were here. Jordan said it was your man down there, you damned enchanter. Ralf! Felix! Guard—ho there, guard!"

I saw he had not grasped straight away that I had been inside the gate all along. Then the silence on the stairway, and Ralf's quick move away from me to shut the gate told its own story. Fast as a wolf, Brithael swept his left arm with its mailed fist smashing into the side of the boy's head. Ralf dropped without a sound, his body wedging the gate wide open.

Brithael leapt back into the gateway, "Jordan! To me! Treachery!"

Then I was on him, blundering somehow through his guard, breast to breast, and our swords bit and slithered together with whining metal and the clash of sparks.

Rapid steps down the stairs. Ulfin's voice: "My lord—Ralf—"

I said, in gasps: "Ulfin . . . tell the King . . . Gorlois is dead. We must get back . . . Hurry . . ."

I heard him go, fast up the stairs at a stumbling run. Brithael said through his teeth: "The King? Now I see, you pandering,whoremaster."

He was a big man, a fighter in his prime, and justly angry. I was without experience, and hating what I must do, a wild animal fighting to kill because he must. With my free hand I struck him hard in the mouth and saw the surprise in his eyes as he jumped back. Then he came in fast, his sword a flashing ring of iron around him. Somehow I ducked under the whistling blade, parried a blow and held it, and lashed a kick that took him full on the knee. The sword whipped down past my cheek. I felt the hot sting of pain, and the blood running. Then as his weight went on the bruised knee, he trod crookedly, slipped on the soaked turf and fell heavily, the sword flying from his hand.

I flung myself down on him, with my own sword shortened, stabbing for his throat. It was light now, and growing lighter. I saw the contempt and fury in his eyes as he rolled away from the stabbing blade. It missed him, and drove deep into a spongy tuft of sea-pink. As I fought to free it, he struck me hard behind the ear, then plunged down the slope to where his sword lay two paces from the cliff's edge.

If he reached it, he would kill me in seconds. I rolled, flinging myself down the slimy slope toward the sword. He caught me half on to my knees. His booted foot drove into my side, then into my back. The pain broke in me like a bubble of blood and my bones melted, throwing me flat again, but I felt my flailing foot catch the metal, and the sword jerked from its hold in the turf to skid over the edge.

But he was on me again. I had a knee under me and was dragging myself up painfully. Through the blood in my eyes I saw the blow coming, and tried to dodge, but his fist struck me in the throat, knocking me sideways with the breath gone from my body and the sight from my eyes. I felt myself roll and slip and, remembering what lay below, blindly drove my left hand into the turf to stop myself falling. My sword was still in my right hand. He jumped for me again, and with all the weight of his big body brought both feet down on the hand that grasped the sword. The hand broke across the metal guard. I heard it go. The sword snapped upwards like a trap springing and caught him across his outstretched hand. He cursed in a gasp, without words, and recoiled momentarily. Somehow, I had the sword in my left hand. He came in again, and even as I tried to drag myself away, he stamped again on my broken hand. I felt myself thrash over, mindless with pain, blind. With the last strength I had I jabbed the sword up at his straddled body, felt it torn from my hand, and then lay waiting, without resistance, for the last kick in my side that would send me over the cliff. . . .

I lay there breathless, retching, choking on bile, my face to the ground and my left hand driven into the soft tufts of sea-pink, as if it clung to life for me. The beat and crash of the sea shook the cliff, and even this slight tremor seemed to grind pain through my body. There was blood

in my mouth, and my right hand was a jelly of pain. I could hear someone, some other man a long way off, making small abject sounds of pain.

Blood oozed down my chin, and I knew it was I who was groaning. Merlin the son of Ambrosius, the prince, the great enchanter. I began to push and claw my way to my feet, lurching as I got to my knees. I crawled away from the cliff's edge and stood up.

Brithael was lying near the postern gate, on his belly. The last desperate stroke had caught the big vein in the groin, and the life had pumped out of him as he tried to crawl for help.

I rolled him over and over till the slope took him, and he went after his sword into the sea. The postern gate stood open still. I reached it somehow and stood, supporting myself with a shoulder against the jamb.

Ralf had gone. The porter also. At the top of the stairway the door stood partly open, and I saw light there and heard quiet voices. Uther's party must still be in control; there had been no alarm given.

I shivered in the dawn chill, and started to make my way down the path toward the bay. There was just light enough to see the way: light enough, too, to see the dreadful cliff and the roaring depths below. I found Cadal halfway up from the beach, lying face down within an inch of the edge. His flesh was cold. In the near-darkness I could see blood on his face and what looked like thick ooze from some wound near the hair.

Uther came round the cliff, his sword ready in his hand, the long cloak gathered over his left arm. Ulfin, looking like a ghost, came after him.

The King stood over me, and for some moments he did not speak. Then all he said was, "Dead?"

"Yes."

"And Jordan?"

"Dead too, I imagine, or Cadal would not have got this far to warn us."

"And Brithael?"

"Dead."

"Did you know all this before we came tonight? Or of Gorlois' death?"

"No."

"If you were a prophet as you claim to be, you would have known." His voice was thin and bitter.

"I told you. I had to take the time on trust. This was the time. We succeeded."

"And if we had waited until tomorrow, these men would still be living, and Gorlois dead and his lady a widow . . . And mine to claim without these deaths and whisperings."

"But tomorrow you would have begotten a different child."

"A legitimate child," he said swiftly. "Not a bastard such as we have made between us tonight. By the head of Mithras, do you truly think my name and hers can withstand this night's work? Even if we marry within the week, you know what men will say. That I am Gorlois' murderer. And there are men who will go on believing that she was in truth pregnant by him as she told them, and that the child is his."

"They will not say this. There is not a man who will doubt that he is yours, Uther, and rightwise King born of all Britain."

He made a short sound that held both amusement and contempt. "Do you think I shall ever listen to you again? I see now what your magic is, this 'power' you talk of . . . it is nothing but human trickery. It is trickery to promise men what they desire, to let them think you have the power to give it, but to keep the price secret, and then leave them to pay."

"It is God who keeps the price secret, Uther, not I." The blood was running from my mouth again. I put up my sleeve to wipe it away.

Uther said, "I tell you, Merlin, you shall not use me. I'll no longer be a puppet for you to pull the strings. So keep away from me—and I'll not acknowledge the bastard I begot tonight."

It was a king speaking, unanswerable. He shifted his cloak from his arm. "For what service you have rendered, you shall keep the land I gave you. Get back to your Welsh mountains, and trouble me no more."

I said wearily, "I shall not trouble you again, Uther. You will not need me again."

He swung around and went on his way down the path. Ulfin edged quietly past without a word, and followed his master.

My horse and Cadal's were waiting where we had left them. At the far side of the beach I saw Jordan's body lying, but his war-horse and Brithael's had gone. My own animal looked subdued enough in the cold of early morning, but I turned him loose and took Cadal's, and went at a slow plod up the valley. I sat with the reins loosely around my left wrist, and my good hand nursing the broken one. The other horse followed.

Apart from the slow clod of hoofs and the jingle of metal, there was no sound in the valley. The storm had died. There was no wind, and when I had ridden beyond the first bend of the stream, I lost even the sound of the sea. Down beside me, along the stream, mist hung still, like a veil. Above, the sky was clear, growing pale toward sunrise. Still in the sky, high now and steady, hung the star.

But while I watched it the pale sky grew brighter round it, flooding it with gold and soft fire, and then with a bursting wave of brilliant light, as up over the land where the herald star had hung rose the young sun. END

A National Guide to Legal Abortion

by Lawrence Lader

Note: Those states not listed in the chart permit abortion only when there is a threat to the life of the mother. However, at least one-third of these states have new bills or legal action pending which could overturn their present laws.

	Abortion allowed to save mother's life	Abortion allowed if mother's physical or mental health would be impaired	Abortion allowed if child would be born with physical or mental defect	Abortion allowed if pregnancy results from rape ¹	Abortion allowed if pregnancy results from incest ¹	Residency and other requirements	Approval needed for legal abortion
Alabama	X	X ²					
Alaska**	Abortion legal for any reason if performed in hospital by licensed physician on "nonviable fetus" (approx. first 6 months).						90 days residency
Arkansas*	X	X	X	X ³	X	4 months except in life emergency	3 doctors not in joint private practice
California*	X	X		X	X		Unanimous decision of 3 M.D.s on hosp. bd.
Colorado*	X	X	X	X	X		Hospital board of 3 doctors
Delaware*	X	X	X	X ³	X	At least 120 days—complicated exceptions	2 M.D.s certify to hosp. "review authority"
District of Columbia	X	X ²	Federal court declared present law unconstitutional. Appeal to go to U.S. Supreme Court in fall. Meanwhile, some hospitals performing abortion for all reasons listed here.				
Georgia*	X	X ²	X	X		"Bona fide legal res." (certified under oath)	3 doctors
Hawaii**	Abortion legal for any reason if performed in hospital by licensed M.D. on "nonviable fetus" (one which cannot survive outside the womb, approx. first 6 months).						90 days residency
Illinois*	X	X	X	X	X		3 doctors
I Maryland*	X	X	X	X	X		Hospital review authority
Massachusetts	X	X (by judicial decision) ⁴					"Judgment of fellow practitioners"
Mississippi*	X			X			2 doctors
New Jersey	X	Recent judicial decision says abortion legal if performed by M.D. "because of a good faith determination in accordance with accepted medical standards." ⁵					
New Mexico*	X	X	X	X	X		Hospital board of 2 doctors
New York**	Abortion legal for any reason when performed by a licensed physician within first 24 weeks of pregnancy.						
North Carolina*	X	X ²	X	X ³	X	4 months except in life emergency	3 doctors not in joint private practice
Oregon*	X	X	X	X	X	A "resident"	2 M.D.s not in joint practice, not related
Pennsylvania	Unlawful abortion is a felony. ⁶						
South Carolina**	X	X	X	X	X	90 days residency	3-M.D. Comm.; Husb. if wed, parents if under 18
Virginia**	X	X	X (with husband's approval)	X	X	120 days res., in hosp. by licensed M.D.	Majority vote of 3-doctor board
Washington	X	Modified repeal bill passed both houses, signed by Governor. Will go to referendum of voters in November.					

New law since 1967.
 New law since 1969.
 Each state law specifies proof required.
 Law says only "health"—neither mental nor physical specified.

This material based on information available as of May 8, 1970.

³ Does not include statutory rape.
⁴ A state court's interpretation of legislative statute.
⁵ No further definition of "medical standards."
⁶ No definition of "unlawful," and no further elaboration of law.

The present drive for new abortion laws is gradually winning back rights guaranteed to women for centuries—rights granted by the American colonies and early states, when English common law allowed abortion until "quickening" (about the 16th or 17th week of pregnancy).

Restrictive abortion laws derive from the 19th century—the Civil War period—and were passed for reasons that are unrealistic today: to increase the birth rate and to protect women from surgical butchery (abortion having been a risky procedure even in leading hospitals 100 years ago). Today, however, hospital abortion is a relatively safe and simple procedure.

The recent movement has put 16 new laws through the state legislatures in the last three years, five of these in the first four months of 1970 (see chart). Except for one conservative law, these new laws fall into three categories: "reform" (12 states), "modified repeal" with residency or other requirements (2 states), and "repeal" (1 state).

The most significant and most troublesome feature of the reform bills is abortion to prevent impairment of the woman's physical or mental health. The crucial word is "health," which unfortunately is never clearly defined (except in Oregon's law). Because the laws are so vague, and because of religious and political pressures, doctors and hospitals have been reluctant to perform abortions for fear of possible repercussions. This is why, within the same state or even the same city, there may be one hospital that will reject most requests for abortions and another that will accept the majority of its applications. Although states such as California and Colorado

have had an increase in legal abortions since passing reform laws, they are still only meeting a fraction of the demand. In Colorado, 19 out of 20 requests are turned down.

Even when the laws are liberalized, the cost of abortion is often prohibitive—\$600 to \$800 in California (including psychiatric fees, surgical fees, hospitalization). Reform bills have made abortions easier and safer for the women who could always afford them anyway, but they are still prohibitively expensive for women in the lower income brackets. One solution may be an outpatient clinic like that at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, where patients are admitted and operated on in the morning and released in the afternoon. Outpatient clinics would reduce the cost to about \$100 to \$200. There is also hope that medical insurance plans will eventually cover abortion.

By contrast with the 12 new "reform" laws, many national organizations such as the American Public Health Association and the American Baptist Convention are campaigning for "repeal"—removal of all sanctions affecting abortion by a licensed physician, thus making it a medical procedure to be decided upon by doctor and patient. They insist that control of procreation is a woman's fundamental right, and that no man-made law should force her to have a child against her will.

As of May 8, 1970, only New York State had passed a "repeal" law. However, the campaign to revise archaic statutes should soon produce sweeping liberalization in much of the country. In at least a dozen states there is legislative and citizen action to repeal or reform present abortion laws. In several other states, the courts have declared present laws unconstitutional. In Washington, D.C., for example, an appeal will go to the U.S. Supreme Court in the fall. The Supreme Court decision will surely affect the future laws of all states.

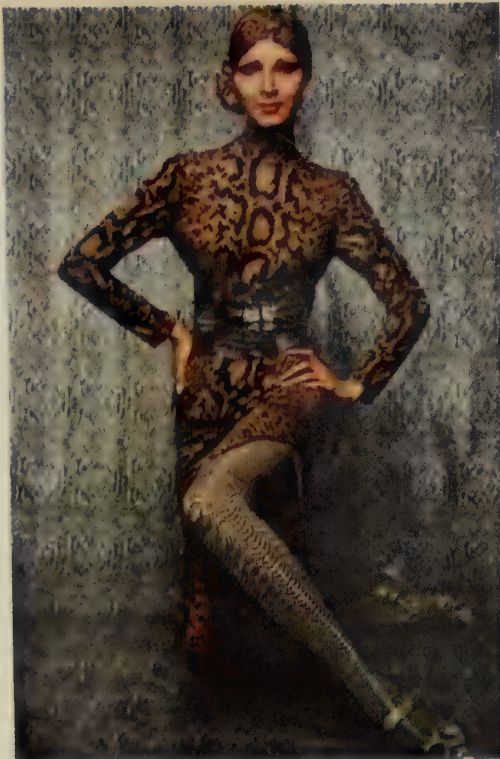
Author Lawrence Lader is Chairman of the Executive Committee, National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws. His 1966 book, *Abortion*, helped start the repeal campaign.

Creative
Woman.



MAKE IT SNAKE

This month the JOURNAL'S Creative Woman latches on to one of the hottest, slinkiest, sexiest new looks in fabric. Snake—it's frankly fake, and it slithers all through the fabric world from voile to vinyl, canvas to corduroy, polyester to patchwork. Starting with a varied collection of snaky textures, the Creative Woman sewed up the serpentine look from turban to toe (left). She also put her hand to making accessories—snake wrapped around a waist, a hat, a head. For designs, she looked through her own pattern collection for simple basic lines to show off her new skin. Special how-to information on page 90. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor



Total look: long dress is turtle-necked and slit to knee on one side. Top with turban in matching fabric—a snaky polyester jersey by Creative Fabrics. Belt it with patchwork vinyl. Add a pair of fake snake stockings.

Photographs by William Helburn

Snaked in satin: Harem look (bottom left) calls for dirndl midi skirt. Bodice is actually a scarf tied like a halter. Two-piece outfit on right has skirt of machine-pleated fabric, and simple overblouse. Both in Lawrence and Klauber's rayon and acetate satin.



Patchwork (above): Pre-assembled patchwork in shiny vinyl sews up easily into dirndl or wrap-around skirt. Both bound in black braid. Make matching headband for hat. Fabric by Urbanna.



Slinking it (left): Midi wrap coat for rain or shine in Lawrence and Klauber vinyl. The head-to-toe look is completed with turban in rayon georgette by Joyce, Richelieu's fringed belt, and snakeskin boots.

Snakeskin boots and sandals by Herbert Levine; hosiery by Chadbourn-Gotham; hats by Lin Mac; leather belts by Alexis Kirk; tank tops by Crazy Horse; all jewelry by Napier. How-to details on page 90.

GREEN: COLOR IT COOL

By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design



Moss-green velvet sofa carries a scattering of pillows in a variety of green prints. Cool-looking lucite cubes sit on a small rectangular rug. Tall tree-like plant flanks sofa for height.

For the bathroom, a Victorian filigreed iron planter holds soap and a water-green hand towel.



Above, right: Revivify an old chair, a table, a chest or any odd piece of furniture with green and white paint. Let color highlight the details.

Above, left: Trellised nursery window lets in light, gives protection for small child. Plants grow on a high shelf. Toy chest grows stenciled flowers and has, of course, a touch of green.



Left: Green is for a pink-lemonade party on the patio. Huge bean-bag cushions of heavy, green-print sailcloth are filled with shredded foam rubber. Surrounding it all is a jungle of potted plants.

Illustrations by Julia Noonan



Above: Fill tinted preserving jars with all sorts of green summer things—wintergreen gumdrops, green or white flowers, or even olives for a cocktail party.

Left: A mixed bag of green in kitchen-dining area includes a green faience cabbage in center of table and real plants shading the window. Jars, pots and pans all add decorative touch.

Right: Plants, to use almost anywhere, are at their decorative best when they contrast with each other—light against dark, spiny against dense, tall and thin against short and bushy. Set them not only in traditional planters but in pitchers, bowls, and ceramic tile or wooden pots.



Left: Let a plant grow in something unexpected, like a pretty birdcage, an old-fashioned tureen. Set several in a wicker basket or plant a summer rock garden in a fireplace using potted plants with rocks, old bricks, or bits of glass.

Still life in green. The window is draped in greens dominated by a tall tree set on a lucite column. Plump art nouveau patterned cushions are on rocking chair and floor.





SANDWICHES: a hot idea

In the midst of the steady stream of cold summer dishes—the salads, sandwiches and meat platters that help keep a woman out of a hot kitchen—a change of pace is eventually welcome. Our candidate for change is the hot sandwich, a great way to serve something hot and invest as little time as possible standing over the stove. The hot sandwich is assembled and then heated for a matter of minutes. The assembly can be a creative process—creative enough to turn a sandwich into a dish for a special lunch. Some of our hot ideas: The Herkimer Sandwich on the far left, a pastrami and sauerkraut open-faced sandwich topped with a tomato slice. The Hero Sandwich, unusual because it's cut vertically and then stuffed with ham and peppers and other traditional Italian ingredients. When assembled, the hero is topped with cheese and heated under the broiler. One sandwich, depending on the size of the loaf of bread, can serve six to eight people. The Asparagus and Ham Sandwich, top right, is rolled up with a special filling and then pan-fried lightly. The Chinese Sandwich, bottom right, is as much filling as sandwich. The bread in this case is a hard roll hollowed out to make room for the filling of chicken, tiny radishes, pepper, and slivers of almond. Turn to page 91 for these and other hot sandwich recipes.

Photograph by Henry Sandbank. Serving pieces by Oneida.





Some of the best ways to end a meal begin with a scoop of ice cream. Starting with the store-bought item or your own homemade product, you can make old-fashioned fancy ice cream parlor desserts for a sensational splash at the dinner table. Two of the desserts here are quickly whipped up from ready-made ice cream: The Ice Cream Pie consists of scoops of coffee ice cream piled into a pre-baked pie shell and topped with a rich coffee-walnut sauce. The Ice Cream Torte starts with peach and chocolate ice cream, softened and blended with rum-flavored whipped cream. A quick fruit ice cream made in the blender is the basis for both the Lime Sherbet Trifle and the Raspberry Creme Hélène. The Pears Melba consist of a classic homemade

vanilla ice cream—an all too rare treat these days—with pears and a raspberry sauce. More details, page 85
By Margaret Happel,
Food Editor



Ice Cream Pie



Lime Sherbet Trifle





Ice Cream Torte

Pears Melba

Raspberry Crème Hélène



Work Wonders With Dessert Toppings

Instant whipped toppings go on to bigger and better things. More than a garnish, they can be a great new ingredient for a whole range of desserts that require little or no cooking. Experimenting with the toppings in our own kitchens we came up with these airy desserts: Egg Custard Fondue, a dip for fresh strawberries or other fruits; Chocolate Cups with a creamy filling of oranges spiked with orange liqueur; a quick old-fashioned Orange Snow; and a surprisingly light-textured Mocha Cheesecake. All of the topping-based desserts are easy to make, and they are only a beginning of the possibilities. But be warned: not all types of topping lend themselves to all things. Tips on the properties of the different types from the aerosol can variety to the powdered and the refrigerator-freezer types with our recipes on page 87.

How do you handle a seafood man?



The Manhandlers!

Campbell's Seashore Soups are Manhandlers.

Campbell's Oyster Stew has a seashore-fresh flavor...plump whole oysters, sweet cream and enough butter to butter a slice of bread.

Campbell's Clam Chowder Manhattan Style has clam water clams, sun-ripe tomatoes and firm white potatoes in a clam and vegetable broth.

Campbell's New England Clam Chowder has a seafaring share of sweet, tender clams and diced potatoes in a tangy clam broth.



THINGS MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT YOU: ABOUT MENU PLANNING



A summery lunch: avocado and salami appetizer; trout amandine with sautéed mushrooms and broiled tomato; crisp salad and brandied peaches. Serve with a chilled white wine.

A summer dinner: salade niçoise for a piquant salad-appetizer; a creamy chicken Marie Louise, served with a platter of assorted vegetables; a light lemon soufflé milanaise. Serve a chilled rosé wine.

In this great gourmet heyday, good eating has all too often become a kind of gastronomic gymnastics: put a little vermouth in the appetizer, a little sherry in the soup, some béarnaise on the steak, cream in the peas and serve the bananas flambéed. What have you got? A gourmet dinner? No, something more like a digestive disaster.

Plotting a great menu is like planning any other work of art—the parts must make for a harmonious whole, a principle which applies across the board from the simplest lunch or supper to the most elegant dinner. A good menu is not, like the exaggeratedly rich dinner described above, a display in cookmanship—one of the games people are playing these days. And it is never a hodgepodge or simply a succession of dishes. Above all, a successful menu is a calculated blend of tastes, textures and colors. Serious chefs are as serious about the composition of their overall menu as they are about the splendor of each dish.

The elements: Although no rulebook can produce a great dinner—it's part love and inspiration—classic menu planning offers some good guidelines. Consider the color, texture and taste of the dishes and even their temperature and shape. Properly related, these elements make for interest, excitement and harmony in a meal. **Color:** Food comes in just about every color. Choose a variety. A menu, for example, of cream of mushroom soup, chicken supreme on white rice, steamed cauliflower and vanilla ice cream cries out for something green, something orange. All white may be perfect for a bride, but for a dinner table it's unappetizing. **Flavor:** Artichoke hearts vinaigrette, Sauerbraten and sweet and sour cabbage, tomato salad and lemon pie—a riot of colors, and also, unfortunately, of uncomfortably tart tastes. Foods come bland, hot, sweet, tart, salty and self-expressive, like an onion. Contrast several tastes in one menu. **Texture:** Soft, smooth, creamy, hard, chewy, crunchy. Good planning, again, means careful combinations. Follow a creamy course of chicken with a crispy salad, not a molded gelatin. Follow something chewy with some-

thing smooth. **Temperature:** Mixing something hot and something cold adds appeal. A classic American study in contrasts: cold ice cream with hot sauce. A cold soup followed by a hot entrée. A refreshing chilled dessert after a substantial and hot main course. **Shape:** Foods can be molded, sliced, chopped, diced, mashed, ground. Don't go all to pieces with cut-up fruits, meats and salads all at once. **Ingredients:** a standard rule—use each once only. If you serve stuffed mushrooms as appetizer, keep mushrooms out of the casserole. If you cream the chicken, don't cream the peas. **Seasonality:** In planning a menu, a sense of season is also a great asset. Fall apples, Christmas goose, spring lamb and summer strawberries may be available year round in many parts of the country (imported, frozen or stored), but in season, they are in their glory. Fresh-picked asparagus served with a hot lemon butter has a special elegance. A juicy, sun-ripened peach can hold its own on any late-summer dessert table. Another advantage of serving foods in season is, of course, lower price. Still another seasonal factor: in winter, hot and hearty soups, stews and desserts are appropriate. In summer, keep things lighter and cooler to revive flagging hot-weather appetites (and to keep the heat down in the kitchen).

Modernization of menus: Menus also tend to reflect the times. In Victorian days, people sat down to 12-course dinners. Today, in a world that moves faster and has become increasingly diet-conscious, we have telescoped considerably. Formal dinners are generally five-course affairs—appetizer, soup, entrée, salad, dessert and coffee. But the trend is toward even further abbreviation. It is now common to eliminate a starch such as potatoes or rice from the menu. And frequently two courses, such as the appetizer and the salad, become one and the same. The cooking effort is concentrated on the main course, the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner.

The two summertime meals—a lunch and a dinner—shown above reflect all the elements of sound menu planning, with careful attention to interesting contrasts in color, texture and flavor. Bon appetit!

END

Illustration by Kim Whitesides

ICE CREAM

Continued from page 81

1. Scoop of ice cream becomes Ice Cream Pie. Make your own flavor from large selection of ice creams, sun-aucuses, baked or crumb crusts that can buy. Work quickly and if possible have all the makings you need at hand.

ICE CREAM PIE (pictured)

1. Using a large spoon, scoop 1 cup of coffee ice cream into a 9-inch pie shell. Pour Coffee Walnut Sauce over. Pass remaining sauce over wedges of pie. Serves 8.

COFFEE-WALNUT SAUCE

1. In small saucepan slowly stir 1 cup water into 1 tablespoon instant coffee and 1½ cups cornstarch. Add 1 cup honey, 1 tablespoon vanilla and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until sauce comes to boiling point. Reduce heat, simmer 1 minute. Remove from heat. Add ½ cup chopped walnuts or pecans; put sauce in refrigerator to cool completely. Makes 1 cup.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

1. Coarsely chop 3 (1-oz.) squares semisweet chocolate. Melt in small saucepan with ½ cup water. Heat over medium heat, stirring until chocolate is melted. Stir in 2 tablespoons each butter, margarine and sugar, 1 teaspoon kirsch and ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Continue stirring until sugar is dissolved and mixture is smooth. Makes about 1 cup.

RASPBERRY SAUCE

1. In blender combine 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen raspberries, 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon lemon or lemon juice. Blend 1 minute or until smooth. Strain through fine sieve to remove seeds. Makes 1 cup.

2. To make elaborate "cakes" and other desserts from store-bought ice cream can be made almost as easily as Ice Cream Pie. Make ice cream workable by softening it slightly. Do this in the refrigerator 10-20 minutes. Break ice cream with fork to speed stirring. Stir until consistency and fold in additional ingredients quickly, using chilled utensils.

We've had several wars, a major depression, a generation gap, and now we have the Ecology Crisis. In a world, we've been through a lot together . . . you'd think it could have given us more team spirit. —Poor Woman's Almanac

ICE CREAM TORTE (pictured)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 1½ cups ginger-snap crumbs | 1 qt. chocolate ice cream |
| ¼ cup melted butter or margarine | Chocolate Curls (below) |
| 1 qt. peach ice cream | 6 fresh peaches, peeled, sliced and sweetened, or 1 (30-oz.) can sliced peaches |
| 1½ cups heavy cream | Mint leaves |
| 4 Tb. dark rum | |

Line bottom of an 8-inch spring form pan with waxed paper. Mix 1½ cups

Meanwhile, place 1 quart chocolate ice cream in refrigerator to soften for 15 minutes.

Fold in remaining 1 cup rum-flavored whipped cream. Spoon mixture over peach ice cream, spreading evenly. Freeze at least 2 hours or until firm.

When ready to serve release spring and remove side of pan. Remove bottom of pan and waxed paper. Set ice cream "cake" on serving plate. Beat reserved chilled ½ cup heavy cream

STEP 3

Any flavor ice cream or sherbet you can't find can be made in a blender from frozen fruits or fruit juice concentrates. The addition of sweetened condensed milk makes ice-creamy sherbets almost instantly. The sherbet has better volume and texture if all ingredients and utensils are *really* cold before whipping.

LIME SHERBET TRIFLE (pictured)

- (2 layer) pkg. 7-in. sponge cakes
- ½ cup red currant jelly
- ¼ cup orange liqueur
- 1 qt. creamy lime sherbet (recipe below)
- 1 cup heavy cream or 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix beaten with ½ cup milk

Trim off edges, top and bottom crusts of 2 (7-inch) sponge cake layers. With long serrated knife split each layer into 2 layers. Spread 1 layer of each pair with ¼ cup red currant jelly. Put layers back together sandwich style.

Cut cake into 2-inch squares, line bottom and sides of a 2-quart shallow heavy glass serving bowl. Drizzle ¼ cup orange liqueur over cake. Chill.

Make 1 quart Creamy Lime Sherbet. Pour about ½ sherbet mixture right from blender over chilled cake in bowl. Pour remaining into 1 pint plastic container or small metal bowl. Cover with plastic wrap. Freeze both about 3 hours or until firm.

Beat 1 cup heavy cream until stiff. Or make up 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix with ½ cup milk according to pkg. directions. Spread ½ of whipped cream or topping over frozen lime sherbet in cake-lined bowl. Using a medium scoop, scoop lime sherbet from pint container and place balls in bowl around edge. Swirl remaining whipped cream or topping in center. Place in freezer until serving time. Serves 6 to 8.

CREAMY LIME SHERBET

- 2 cups crushed ice
- 1 (15-oz.) can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 (6-oz.) can frozen concentrate for limeade
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 egg
- 1½ tsp. grated lime rind
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract
- 2-3 drops green food coloring

In blender combine 2 cups crushed ice, 1 (15-oz.) can sweetened condensed milk, 1 (6-oz.) can frozen concentrate for limeade, undiluted, 1 cup heavy cream, 1 egg, 1½ teaspoons grated lime rind and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Blend at high speed 1 minute or until smooth. (continued)

I suppose newer houses don't have this problem, but the electrical wiring and fuse system in my house must have been planned by a mad electrician as a practical joke.

—Poor Woman's Almanac



gingersnap crumbs and ¼ cup melted butter or margarine until well combined. Press evenly over bottom of lined pan. Freeze 15 minutes.

Place 1 quart peach ice cream in refrigerator to soften 15 minutes.

Beat 1 cup heavy cream until stiff, fold in 2 tablespoons dark rum. Refrigerate remaining ½ cup unwhipped heavy cream.

Spoon peach ice cream into large chilled bowl. Break up with a fork. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream. Spoon mixture over crumb layer in pan, spreading evenly. Freeze for 1 hour. Refrigerate remaining whipped cream.

until stiff. Decorate "cake" with swirls of whipped cream. Sprinkle top with Chocolate Curls. Spoon 6 peaches, peeled, sliced and sweetened around cake. Garnish with mint. Serves 12. Ed. Note: 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix made according to pkg. directions, may be used in place of the 1 cup heavy cream folded into ice cream.

CHOCOLATE CURLS

To make chocolate curls, let a 1-oz. square semisweet chocolate warm to room temperature. With vegetable parer, shave curls from flat surface.

Tint a delicate green with a few drops of food coloring. Pour into 2 (1-pt.) plastic containers, 2 ice cube trays or an 8x8x2-inch baking pan. Or use in Lime Trifle (recipe above). Freeze until firm about 2 to 3 hours. Makes 1 quart. Serves 8.

RASPBERRY CRÈME HÉLÈNE (pictured)

Creamy Raspberry Sherbet:
2 cups crushed ice
1 (15-oz.) can sweetened condensed milk
1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen raspberries, thawed
1 egg
1½ tsp. grated lemon rind
½ tsp. vanilla extract
¼ tsp. salt
Meringue Shells
Chocolate Sauce
(recipe pg. 85)

Make Creamy Raspberry Sherbet: In blender combine 2 cups crushed ice, 1 (15-oz.) can sweetened condensed milk, 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen raspberries, thawed, 1 egg, 1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla extract and ¼ teaspoon salt. Blend at high speed 1 minute or until smooth. Strain mixture through a fine sieve (to remove seeds) into 2 (1-pt.) plastic containers (necessary for deep scoops pictured). 2 ice cube trays or an 8x8x2-inch baking pan. Cover with plastic wrap. Freeze until firm about 2 to 3 hours.

When ready to serve: Place meringue shells on a chilled serving plate. Fill with a scoop of Creamy Raspberry Sherbet. Top with some Chocolate Sauce, pass remaining. Serves 8.

MERINGUE SHELLS

Draw 8 (2½-inch) circles, 3 inches apart, on heavy brown paper. Place paper on large cookie sheet.

Place 3 egg whites in large bowl. Let warm to room temperature about 1 hour. Preheat oven to 250°. Add ¼ teaspoon each cream of tartar and salt to egg whites. With electric mixer at medium speed, beat until foamy and double in volume. At high speed beat in ¾ cup sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until meringue is very stiff and glossy.

Place meringue in pastry bag with No. 5 star tip. Pipe meringue in a ring around each circle drawn on brown paper, then press out more meringue to fill in center. Pipe a second ring on top of first to make edge. Bake at 250° for 1 hour. Turn off heat, let meringue stand in oven 30 minutes longer. Remove cookie sheet to wire rack. Let meringues cool completely before removing from paper. Makes 8 shells.

STEP 4

Prize of all ice creams is homemade, old-fashioned custard... hand cranked or made in the refrigerator-freezer.

The cranked ice cream requires a lot of ice. We suggest you buy it ready crushed by the bag.

Remember all ice cream desserts should be refrozen quickly in the coldest part of the freezer. For ease of cutting, set in refrigerator for a few minutes before serving.

PEARS MELBA (pictured)

Pack 1½ quarts Old-fashioned Custard

Ice Cream (recipe below) into a 6-cup ring mold. Cover top with plastic wrap. Freeze at least 2 hours.

To unmold ice cream: Run thin bladed knife around top of mold. Quickly dip mold in and out of hot water. Invert onto chilled serving platter. Return ice cream to freezer.

To serve: Fill center of ice cream ring with 1 (29-oz.) can chilled, drained pear slices. Spoon some Raspberry Sauce (see page 85) over. Serves 8.

OLD-FASHIONED CUSTARD ICE CREAM

3 cups milk	1 qt. heavy cream
4 egg yolks	chilled
1½ cups sugar	20 lb. crushed ice
¼ tsp. salt	4 cups coarse
1½ to 2 Tb. vanilla	crystal salt (a
extract	half a 3-lb. bc

Heat 3 cups milk in top of double boiler over simmering water until hot. In bowl, beat 4 egg yolks slightly. Beat 1½ cups sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons vanilla extract. Slowly

stir in warm milk, then turn mixture to top of double boiler. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly to 15 minutes or until mixture coats a spoon. Remove from heat, pour into a bowl. Cool, then cover with plastic wrap. Refrigerate until chilled. Refrigerate 1 qt. heavy cream.

To make ice cream: Combine custard and heavy cream in freezer container. Taste and add more vanilla if you wish. Insert dasher and close tainer tightly. fit crank

Pack freezer alternately with crushed ice and coarse salt, using ½ cup coarse salt to every 4 cups ice. Turn crank slowly 5 minutes or until you feel slight resistance. Turn rapidly 5 minutes, then slowly and evenly 20 to 30 minutes or until crank is difficult to turn. Add more crushed ice and salt, if needed. (For electric unit, follow manufacturer's directions.)

Remove crank unit. Completely clean lid of container. Remove dasher; pack cream. Cover top with minimum foil, replace lid.

Drain water from bucket. Add more ice salt to cover ice cream tainer. Cover top with several thicknesses of newspaper. Let ice cream ripen at least 2 hours. Or remove tainer from ice and place in freezer. Freeze 1 hour.

To make ice cream: freezer or refrigerator-freezer: In large chilled bowl, whip the chilled 1 qt. heavy cream until stiff. Gradually add and fold in the chilled custard mixture. Pour into 3 ice cube trays or an 11x9x2-inch baking pan or a 3-quart shallow plastic container. Freeze until about 1 inch in from edges. Turn out into large chilled bowl. Beat until smooth and creamy. Return to ice

trays. Cover tops with plastic wrap. Freeze until firm. Makes 3 quarts.

To make flavored ice cream: Add fruits, nuts or candy to freshly cranked custard ice cream, then replace lid and set ice cream to ripen. For fresh strawberries or peach add 2 cups chopped crushed fruit; for pecan brittle, add 1 lb. coarsely chopped brittle.

I don't know whether it's the do or the tables, but I don't think they're eating scraps from the as much as they used to.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

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**ARK WONDERS WITH
SSERT TOPPINGS**
inued from page 82

ipped toppings are based on cream, fat dried milk or vegetable oils. All lower in calories and keep longer in real heavy cream.

opping in pressurized can—dis- sed through fluted tip to decorate es, desserts and sundaes. Keep re-gerated to use at any time in any unt with no waste. Use at last ment, as topping does not hold e. Because of its aeration, do not for whipped cream in recipes.

rozen-refrigerated topping—comes ydy whipped and frozen, keeps finitely. Thawed and refrigerated eeps up to 2 weeks. Measure and as *whipped cream* (remember, un-pped cream doubles in volume n whipped).

ry mix toppings—comes sweetened nsweetened. Keeps indefinitely on f and when whipped with milk has ays refrigerator life. Measure and as *whipped cream*.

CUSTARD FONDUE (pictured)

serve Egg Custard Fondue, ladle ard into individual dessert dishes. round with strawberries. Hold each wberry by the stem. Dip in custard eat fondue-style.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1 (3-oz.) pkg. egg custard mix | 1/4 cup coconut milk |
| 4 cups milk | 1 Tb. sugar |
| 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix | 1/2 cup grated fresh or canned flaked coconut |
| | 2 (1-pt.) box fresh strawberries |

Prepare 2 (3-oz.) pkgs. egg custard mix in 4 cups milk according to pkg. di- tions. Refrigerate until well chilled. Prepare 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped top- g mix using 1/4 cup coconut milk and aining 1/4 cup milk for 1/2 cup milk ed for, adding 1 tablespoon sugar. t until stiff. Fold into chilled cus- l. Turn into serving bowl and re- erate until well chilled.

ust before serving, sprinkle top with up grated fresh or canned flake onut. Serve plain or with 4 cups wberries as pictured. **Serves 8.**

Note: For coconut milk, if fresh onut is unavailable, combine 1/4 cup ned flaked coconut with 1 cup wa- Let stand at least 1 hour. Drain off id.

CHIA ANGEL CHEESE CAKE (pictured)

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1 (3 3/4-oz.) pkg. cheese cake mix (includes crumbs or crust) | 1/3 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces |
| 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix | 1 tsp. instant coffee |
| 1 cup sugar | 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix |
| 1 cup melted butter or margarine | 1 cup dairy sour cream |
| 1 tsp. nutmeg | 3 Tb. lemon juice |
| 1 tsp. cinnamon | 2 Tb. sugar |
| 1 (21-oz.) can cherry pie filling | 1 Tb. grated lemon rind |
| | 1 (21-oz.) can cherry pie filling |

ake graham cracker crust according pkg. directions with 2 tablespoons ar and 1/4 cup melted butter or mar- ine, adding 1/4 teaspoon each nut- g and cinnamon. Chill.

any dish that isn't eaten off at east once a year doesn't deserve place in the china closet.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

The Bar-Tender's® touch.

It does delicious things to tall, cool summer drinks.

- | | | | | |
|---|--|--|--|--|
| Tall Collins. Use gin, rum or vodka. 1 1/2 oz. liquor, 1 1/2 oz. water, envelope of Collins Mix. Shake with ice. Pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda. | Tall Mai-Tai. Use rum, gin or vodka. 2 oz. liquor, 2 oz. water, envelope of Mai-Tai Mix. Shake with ice. Pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda or pale dry ginger ale. | Tall Whisky Sour. Use whisky, rum, gin or vodka. 1 1/2 oz. liquor, 1 1/2 oz. water, envelope of Whisky Sour Mix. Shake with ice. Pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda or pale dry ginger ale. | Tall Cranbreaker. Use gin, rum, vodka, whisky or bourbon. 1 1/2 oz. liquor, 1 1/2 oz. water, envelope of Cranbreaker Mix. Shake with ice. Pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda. | Tall Pussycat. 1 1/2 oz. of whisky, 1 1/2 oz. of water and one envelope of Pussycat Mix. Shake, pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda. |
|---|--|--|--|--|



The Bar-Tender's touch. It makes the quickest, easiest, most inviting quenchers under the sun. As 1-2-3 easy as this: just open an envelope of Bar-Tender's Instant Cocktail Mix, and combine with water and your favorite liquor. Add a splash of soda and you've got it made. It's instant temptation, and you'll find it in 11 different and delicious varieties at your favorite supermarket or package store.

12 individually pre-measured envelopes in each box.

The Bar-Tender's touch: for the best tasting cocktails under the sun. Bar none.

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Filling: In a small saucepan combine 1/4 cup milk, 1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces and 1 teaspoon instant coffee. Heat over low heat, stirring constantly, until chocolate is melted and mixture is smooth. Refrigerate until well chilled.

In a large bowl with electric mixer at high speed beat 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix with 1/2 cup cold milk until thick. Sprinkle cheesecake filling mix from package over top; beat in at

low speed. Then beat in gradually 1 cup dairy sour cream, the chocolate milk mixture, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind. Beat 3 minutes. Pour into prepared crust. Refrigerate at least 1 hour to set.

Just before serving, cover top with cherry pie filling from a 21-oz. can. (If you do not use all, use remaining for tarts or heat for a dessert sauce.) Serves 6 to 8.

CHOCOLATE CUPS GRAND MARNIER (pictured)

In top of double boiler, over barely simmering water, melt 1 (6-oz.) pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces until chocolate is melted and pours in a thin stream from a spoon.

Taking 3 paper cupcake liners together for firmness, use a spatula and coat side and bottom of inside liner with a thin layer of chocolate. Place in freezer to speed

(continued)

Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-day Menus

Each month Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-Day brings the great world into your kitchen—the old world of kitchen lore, the newest of fine convenience foods and the best ways to fit them into your busy life. Here's a fast menu for every single day.

1. For Dominion Day in Canada, an exuberant maple mandarin sauce: Boil 1½ cups maple or maple-flavored syrup 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Add 2 Tb. each cointreau and butter, ½ tsp. each allspice and orange rind, 1 cup drained canned mandarin orange sections. Reheat. Serve hot over cold meats.

Chilled Pea Soup (frozen) ☐ Sliced Ham
Canadian Sauce ☐ Baby Beets
Tiny Peas ☐ Fresh Fruit Salad

2. A new Lemon Pink Hawaiian Punch—good over fruit-in-season. Hawaiian Punch over Melon Balls
Beef in Red Wine Sauce (frozen)
Salted Walnut Garnish ☐ Sea Shell Pasta
Ice Cream Roll

3. Great with drinks, soups and salads are Nabisco's new Twigs, redolent of sesame and aged Cheddar cheese. Best when lightly heated.

Romaine with Caesar Dressing (bottled)
Toasted Twig Garnish
Lamb Chops ☐ Mint Sauce
Creamed Potatoes ☐ Peas (frozen)
California Plums in Port ☐ Fig Bars

4. Red, White and Blue Cocktails for Glorious Fourth (2 versions; 2 servings each). Grownups: blend with cracked ice 1 tsp. each sugar and lime juice, white crème de menthe or anisette, ¼ cup vodka. Youngsters: substitute limeade flavored with mint extract. Serve each on rocks with cherries and blueberries.

Red, White and Blue Cocktails
Cheese Squares on Picks
Spare Ribs ☐ Curried Rice (pkg.)
Tossed Salad ☐ Watermelon

5. Madly, madly practical and fast. Place foil-wrapped burgers, frozen solid, on baking pan under broiler 8 to 10 minutes. Slit foil. Pull back. Brush tops with equal parts browning liquid and bourbon. Place under broiler about 15 minutes more. Season to taste.

Assorted Hors d'oeuvres
Foil Burgers ☐ French Fries (frozen)
Green Bean Salad ☐ Herb Dressing (mix)
Peaches and Sherbet ☐ Cup Cakes

6. Start thinking about entering your newest edible brainchild in the next Pillsbury Bake-Off. Pots of money—tens of thousands for big winners; 100 top contestants get ranges and free trips (for 2) to Hawaii next February. Applications available now. If not at your grocer, write Pillsbury, Box 66-409, Dept. B, Minneapolis, Minn. 55840.

Vegetable Salad ☐ French Dressing
Fish Fillets au Gratin (frozen)
Broccoli ☐ Baby Carrots
Lemon Turnovers (refrig.)

7. Festival of Tabanata in Japan. Food includes bamboo shoots. So let's circle a main supper dish of tuna

and celery salad with drained canned bamboo shoots.

Clear Broth with Fresh Carrot Flowers
Tuna & Celery Salad with Bamboo Shoots
Soy Sauce mixed with Mayonnaise
Pecan Pie (frozen)

8. The National Cherry Festival in Traverse City, Mich., inspired this super cherry sauce: Add 2 Tb. each wine vinegar, water and drained horseradish or prepared mustard to 1 (16-oz.) jar or can cherry pie filling. Heat. Serve warm.

Bean Soup (can) ☐ Sliced Turkey
Traverse City Cherry Sauce
Olive and Pepper Salad ☐ Creamy Salad
Dressing (mix) ☐ Tray of Pastries

9. Improvised enchiladas: Roll refrigerated biscuits thin as possible. Bake both sides like tortillas on lightly greased griddle. Top immediately with canned sloppy joe meat mixture. Roll up. Serve with heated brown gravy. Plenty of Hot Peppery!

Shredded Lettuce Salad
Garlic Dressing ☐ Biscuit Enchiladas
Peppery Sauce ☐ Zucchini ☐ Broiled
Tomatoes ☐ Coconut Pudding (mix)

10. At the Beverly Hills Hotel in L. A. they serve Delmonico Grapefruit. Try chilled, drained canned grapefruit sections, liberally doused with grenadine (that's actually pomegranate syrup).

Egg and Anchovy Canapés
Fried Chicken (take out) ☐ Hominy
Three Bean Salad ☐ Grapefruit Delmonico

11. Open House Day in Litchfield, Conn. Some old families still eat their chowder with polished clam shells fastened to the end of curved sticks—Indian fashion!

New England Clam Chowder (can)
London Broil ☐ Hash Brown Potatoes
Tossed Salad ☐ Fresh Strawberries
Sponge Cake

12. Evolve a fabulous speedy torte by baking the Duncan Hines newest Banana Deluxe mix in 4 (9-inch) layer pans instead of 2. Cuts oven time in half.

Coleslaw in Sweet Red Pepper Shells
Breaded Veal Cutlets (frozen)
Poppy Seed Noodles ☐ Spinach with
Nutmeg ☐ Banana Supreme Torte

13. Behold hot dogs around a mound of cornbread stuffing. Bake stuffing in greased bowl for 20 minutes at 350°. Turn out. Arrange grilled hot dogs around. Garnish with cherry tomatoes.

Cups of Cold Borsht (jar)
Frankfurters with Cornbread Stuffing
Mushrooms and Green Peas (frozen)
Chilled Pineapple in Maple Syrup

14. For Apple Slump on St. Swithin's Day, add 2 Tb. each butter and dark molasses, ½ tsp. each cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger to 2 cans apple pie filling. Heat in shallow pan. Cover with 1 pkg. unrolled refrigerated crescent rolls. Bake 15 to 20 minutes at 375°. Serve warm.

Minted Cucumber Salad ☐ Yogurt Dressing
Corned Beef Hash with Poached Eggs
Grilled Tomatoes ☐ Apple Slump

15. A touch of the exotic East: Heat and drain "brown 'n serve" sausage patties or links. Cover with bottled teriyaki dressing. Cook till glazed.

Sausages Singapore ☐ Fried Rice
Sweet-Sour Pineapple ☐ Green Pepper
Chilled Canned Lichee Fruits

16. From columnist Harriet van Horne we learn of an Eastern potentate who daily crumbles a pinch of saffron into his coffee. We tried it with instant freeze-dried "let sleep" coffee. Great!

Asparagus Salad ☐ Hickory Bit Dressing
Lamb Chops ☐ Stuffed Eggplant
Kingly Sleeping Coffee

17. Tested at the Puerto Rican Folk Art Festival in Barranquitas—halved broiled guinea hens (could be Cornish game) liberally basted with lemon juice and bacon fat.

Broiled Barranquitas Game Hen
Bacon Slices ☐ Lime Garnish
Artichokes ☐ Wild Rice Mix
Coconut Ice Cream

18. All the needfuls, including molasses and onion, are in Campbell's new Home Style Pork and Beans. But we add a splash of dark rum—for old time's sake.

Avocado Halves ☐
Coarsely Ground Pepper
Pork and Beans in Crock with Rum
Sliced Beefsteak Tomatoes
Orange Parfait ☐ Nut Waters

19. Wild and new in the wine world is Kriter, imported by Pear Tree Co. Looks like fine champagne but uses all white Burgundy grapes. Magnifique over fresh peaches.

Canned Jellied Madrilene
Caviar Garnish ☐ Chicken Livers
Buckwheat Pilaf ☐ Watercress Salad
Peaches Kriter ☐ Rolled Waters (pkg.)

20. Oo-la-la is a super soda for a supper finale: For each person place in tall glass 1 Tb. each orange-flavored breakfast drink and raspberry brandy, ¼ tsp. aromatic bitters, scoop of sherbet or ice cream and 5 to 7 oz. ginger ale. Stir.

Vegetable Soup with Thin Corn Chips
Tray of Hearty Open-Face Sandwiches
Beet & Chicory Salad ☐ Oo-la-la Soda

21. On Belgian Independence Day—green soup. To make it, combine ½ cup each green onion tops, watercress, shredded lettuce and spinach in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 2 cans each condensed chicken soup and milk. Cook 8 minutes longer. Add ¼ cup lemon juice. Sprinkle with chives.

Belgian Green Soup ☐ Grilled
Veal Kidneys ☐ Baby Lima Beans
Waffles with Berries

22. To mark St. James's Feast Day . . . a super supper salad of sliced sea scallops.

Frozen Tomato Juice Frappé
Sea Scallop Salad ☐ Deviled Eggs
Seeded Rolls ☐ Eclairs (bake shop)

23. Think pink when you feel festive. Betty Crocker's latest canned pink frosting spreads merrily on a brick

of ice cream. Celebrate a birthday!

Citrus Fruit Salad
Lamb Patties ☐ Wheat Pilaf (pkg.)
Pink Frosted Ice Cream Brick

24. Sauerkraut Festival in Henderson, Minn., features a summer supper salad: 2 cups each diced luncheon meat or bologna and drained, rinsed sauerkraut, ¾ cup each cooked peas, diced celery, tomatoes and ½ cup mayonnaise.

Radishes with Herb Butter
Heated Crusty Bread or Rolls
Summery Meat Salad ☐ French Dressing
Chocolate Cream Pie (frozen)

25. Children's Day. Good little people deserve their own restorative thirst-quencher: New Sportade was developed by doctors at Rutgers U. Orange, Lime or Grapefruit Sportade
Carrot Sticks ☐ Hearts of Lettuce
Sloppy Joes ☐ Fudge Popsicles

26. Santa Ana Corn Dance inspired the idea of adding inch chunks of fresh or frozen corn-on-the-cob to fricassee or soup.

Canned Chicken Stew &
Corn Cob Chunks
Macédoine Salad ☐ Oil & Vinegar
Blackberry Shortcake

27. At the Salzburg Festival in Vienna we found Liptauer cheese in a mound surrounded by sardines and watercress. Our version: Mix together 1 cup cream cheese and ½ cup butter or margarine; add paprika, prepared mustard, salt and pepper to taste. Garnish with chives.

Liptauer Cheese Mound ☐ Sardines and
Watercress ☐ Heated Sour Rye Bread
Basket of Nectarines

28. Hot Hero in seconds! Prepare new (2 cups) pkg. Durkee's Brown Gravy Mix. Arrange leftovers or deli meat loaf on toasted hero buns.

Hearts of Lettuce Salad
Meat Loaf Heros ☐ Pickled Vegetables
Spumoni ☐ Caramel Frosted Macaroons

29. For a few weeks . . . beet greens in garden and some in markets have small beets attached. Cut up. Cook with salt and honey till tender.

Vegetable Juice Highballs on Rocks
Brown and Serve Pork Chops
Beets and Greens ☐ Sweet Potatoes
Angel Cake ☐ Pistachio Ice Cream

30. Up to here in fresh cucumbers? You'll get raves if they're cooked! Peel. Cut in strips. Cover with ½ inch salt water. Cook 2 minutes. Drain. Top with yogurt and dill.

Fried Fish 'n Chips (frozen)
Cooked Cucumbers with Dill
Pears in Sherry ☐ Almond Cookies

31. Seafood Festival. Lucky Maine folks feast on lobsters in a colonial lobster-crab soup. As main dish for 4: Heat 2 cans each frozen cream of lobster soup and milk as directed. Add 2 cups flaked canned queen crab and 1 Tb. Worcestershire.

Raw Vegetable Relishes
Colonial Lobster Crab Soup
Garnish of Eggs, Lemon, Sherry
Chunky Apple & Apricot Sauce (jar)
Ginger Cake (mix)

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Poppy
Cannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus

Iced Tea Niced—Garnish with
lemon, mint, maraschino cherry

DESSERT TOPPINGS

continued

hardening for 10 minutes, then refrigerate 2 hours or until firm. Repeat to make 8 cups.

When ready to fill, carefully peel off paper liner from chocolate "cups." No longer than 30 minutes before serving, fold 1/4 cup orange liqueur into 1 (4 1/2-oz.) container frozen whipped topping, thawed.

Drain 1 (12 1/2-oz.) jar mandarin orange sections. Place about 1/4 cup orange sections in each chocolate cup. Fill cups with topping, swirling tops. Chill until serving time. Serves 8.

ORANGE SNOW (pictured)

In small saucepan heat 1 1/4 cups water to boiling point. Pour over 1 (3-oz.) pkg. orange flavored gelatin in medium bowl. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in 1 (6-oz.) can orange juice,

chilled. Refrigerate until as thick as unbeaten egg whites. Place bowl in a bowl of ice cubes. Beat thickened gelatin until light and foamy. Fold in 1 (4 1/2-oz.) container frozen whipped topping, thawed. Refrigerate 2 hours or until firm. Scoop into 8 sherbet glasses. Garnish with mint, if desired.

Ed. Note: The 6-oz. can of orange juice is the single-serving size can of ready-to-drink juice, not the frozen concentrate.

I love reading those handy home maker hints, but I never remember to use any of them when I'm doing things around the house.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

SUPER-RICH CHOCOLATE MALTED

In a small saucepan combine 1/4 chocolate malted milk and 2 tablespoons unsweetened dry cocoa. Stir 1/2 cup milk. Heat over low heat, stirring, until cocoa is dissolved. Refrigerate until chilled.

Prepare 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipping mix according to pkg. directions using chilled malted milk mixture and 1/2 cup milk called for.

Place in blender, adding 1/2 cup milk and vanilla ice cream. Blend at high speed 30 seconds. Pour into (10-oz.) glasses. Serves 2.

BREAKFAST-IN-A-GLASS

In electric blender combine 1 1/4 water, 2 ice cubes, 1 (2-oz.) whipped topping mix, 1/3 cup instant non-fat dry milk, 1/4 cup tart orange flavored instant drink mix and 1 egg. Blend at high speed 30 seconds. Pour into 2 (8-oz.) glasses. Serve. **Ed. Note:** In place of egg you may use 1 medium banana or 1 (8-oz.) can coconut halves, peach halves or pineapple tidbits with their syrup.

SEWING DIRECTIONS for "Make it Snake"

see pages 74-75



SATIN SNAKESKIN SKIRTS. Allow for midlength of 45" fabric and gather to a matching waistband. For machine pleated skirt allow 2 1/2 lengths of fabric joined together, but with seam open. Send to: Miligi Pleating, West 56th Street, New York, New York for further information. Top each with a simple sleeveless blouse or a halter made from scarf 14" wide (double) and 3 yds. long. Criss-cross as shown and anchor secure. (Skirts not pictured above.)

SNAKESKIN PATCHWORK SKIRTS. Patchwork vinyl is available in a new width. For either the dirndl or the skirt you will need 1 1/2 yds. Follow sewing directions from any basic skirt pattern. (Skirts not pictured above.)

SNAKESKIN TURBANS. To make a simple turban be sure to use a fabric that will drape, such as Ban-Lon or a sheer. Cut two strips 48" long and 15" wide. Cut one end as shown and stitch strips together as far as 18". Shirr on each side of seam to 9". Put on head and tie securely. Twist as shown and fabric will curl naturally. Pin in place with a hat pin.

SNAKE BELT. Cut a strip of patchwork vinyl the length of your waist plus seam allowance and three squares wide (about 7"). For the lining, use a fabric with grosgrain ribbon. Make an eyelet on each side and tie with cord. Use same method for a narrow belt, cut to fit your waist.

SNAKE HATBAND. Cut a strip of patchwork vinyl 2" wide and long enough to go around your hat. Fold edges under and back with grosgrain ribbon. Make an eyelet on each side and tie with cord. Use same method for a narrow hatband, cut to fit your head.

SNAKE JEWELRY. Find amusing bracelet buckles in small sizes and cut strips of snake vinyl to fit your neck or wrist. Be sure the edges are turned under and glued. Add nailheads for decoration.

Urbanna fabrics available at following stores: Hancock Fabric Outlets; Kilgus Fabric Outlets; Northwest Fabric Outlets; Southern Fabric Outlets; Home Silk, Los Angeles, Calif.; Home Yardage, San Francisco, Calif.

IF YOU DON'T MIND PAYING LESS, YOU CAN GET A BETTER STEAK.

Some people still judge things by their price tags. If it costs more, they reason, it must be worth more.

To which Adolph's says, "Nonsense!"

Especially when it comes to steaks. Because the less-expensive cuts, like round steak, flank steak and sirloin tip steak are just as nutritious as the costly ones. They have a richer, beefier flavor. They have less fat, usually less bone. More protein, fewer calories. Pound-for-pound, they're a better value for your money.

In fact, the only thing they lack is natural tenderness.

And that's where Adolph's Instant Meat Tenderizer comes in. Use Adolph's on those less-expensive cuts and you can broil or barbecue a round steak to taste as tender and juicy as a porterhouse. You can barbecue a flank or sirloin tip steak deliciously tender enough to serve company.

And if you'd like to vary your menu, use Adolph's 15-Minute Meat Marinade instead. Then you can have the deep-down flavor and juicy tenderness of a delicious gourmet meal. And have it quickly too. Because Adolph's has taken the time and trouble out of marinating. It works in just 15 minutes!

So, next barbecue time, remember: If you don't mind paying less, you can get a better steak.



PORTERHOUSE
PRICE PER LB 1.94 *
NET WT 2.25 LBS.
\$3.46
TOTAL PRICE



ROUND
PRICE PER LB 1.26 *
NET WT 2.25 LBS.
\$2.83
TOTAL PRICE



* Prices from U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

CHES—A HOT IDEA

from page 79

KIMMER SANDWICH (pictured)

erkraut in either 16-oz. cans
plastic bags, for the recipe
there is a little left over, chill,
add to a tossed green salad
ncy.

sauerkraut
way seeds
ayonnaise
dressing
ared horseradish
e bread
d pastrami
mato

cups sauerkraut in
with 1 tablespoon
seeds to boiling
duce heat; cover.
30 minutes.

ne ½ cup mayon-
salad dressing and
on prepared horse-

6 slices rye bread.
ne side of each slice
onnaise or dressing
Top with pastrami.
sauerkraut well.
er pastrami on each
ast. Top with a to-
e.

on cookie sheet.
5 inches from heat
utes or until tomato
Serves 6.

ICAL HERO (pictured)

loaves French bread
tter or margarine,

ed cooked ham
ed bologna
ed salami
slices
ces mild onions
green pepper
pkg. sharp Cheddar
slices

ch of 2 (12-inch)
rench bread into
hick slices, cutting
ot through, bottom
spread surfaces in
er cut with ½ cup
r margarine, soft-
each loaf, between
r of buttered sur-
e a folded thin slice
ologna and salami.
the meats place one
ato, one slice mild
d one strip green

heese slices into
rips. Lay a strip
g in each cut. Place
n a large cookie
oil 4 or 5 minutes,
from heat or until
elts. The two loaves

cups.) Cook over medium heat, stirring
constantly, until sauce thickens and
comes to a boil. Stir in 2 cups diced
cooked chicken, 1 cup each chopped
green pepper and sliced radishes, ¼
cup each finely chopped scallions and
parsley, and ½ teaspoon pepper. Re-
turn mixture to boiling point.

Meanwhile, slice top crust off each
of 8 round crusty rolls. Scoop out soft
inside of rolls.

Stir ¼ cup dry sherry into chicken

mixture, then spoon mixture into hol-
lowed-out rolls.

Sprinkle tops with ½ cup toasted
slivered almonds. Bake at 350° 12 to 15
minutes or until hot. Serves 8.

HAM AND ASPARAGUS ROLLS (pictured)

These sandwiches can be made ahead,
chilled and sautéed just before serv-
ing. Small curd cottage cheese, well
drained, can be substituted for dry
cottage cheese.

16 slices white
bread
¼ cup parsley
leaves
2 (10-oz.) pkg.
frozen asparagus
spears
½ lb. thinly sliced
cooked ham
1 cup dry cottage
cheese
½ cup butter or
margarine,
softened
1 Tb. chopped scal-
lions
1 Tb. chopped
capers
1 Tb. prepared
mustard
1 tsp. caraway
seeds
1 egg
¼ cup milk

Cut off and set aside crusts from 16
slices white bread. On pastry cloth or
board, with rolling pin, roll
slices to ⅛-inch thickness.
Cover with damp paper tow-
els or plastic wrap.

In blender combine crusts
and ¼ cup parsley leaves, a
few at a time. Blend to make
fine crumbs. Place in pie
plate.

Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkg. as-
paragus spears according to
pkg. directions. Drain.

Cut slices of ½ lb. cooked
ham to fit slices of bread.

In small bowl with elec-
tric beater, beat 1 cup dry
cottage cheese with ¼ cup
butter or margarine, soft-
ened, until smooth and well
blended. (Reserve remain-
ing butter or margarine for
sautéing later.) Stir in 1
tablespoon each chopped
scallions, chopped capers
and prepared mustard; then
add 1 teaspoon caraway
seed.

Spread cheese mixture on
bread slices. Top each with
a ham slice, then place 2 as-
paragus spears toward one
edge. Roll up slice around
asparagus. Set seam side
down on platter. Repeat to
make 16 rolls.

With a fork beat 1 egg
with ¼ cup milk. Brush each
roll with egg mixture then
roll in parsley crumbs until
evenly coated.

In large skillet sauté rolls
(8 at a time) in remaining
¼ cup butter or margarine,
over medium heat until gold-
en brown. Serve at once.
Serves 8.

SWEET AND HOT SAUSAGE WEDGES

1 lb. sweet Italian sausages
1 lb. hot Italian sausages
½ cup sliced onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
2 (15½-oz.) cans sandwich
sauce
1 tsp. dried thyme leaves
■ long hard rolls

Place 1 lb. sweet and 1 lb.
hot Italian sausages in a cold
large skillet. Cook over me-
dium heat, pricking and

turning with a fork, 10 minutes or until
lightly browned. Remove and set aside.

In same skillet sauté ½ cup sliced
onion and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, in
sausage drippings, until golden. Drain.

Cut sausages in ½-inch pieces. Re-
turn to pan. Stir in 2 (15½-oz.) cans
sandwich sauce and 1 teaspoon dried
thyme leaves. Heat to a boil, reduce
heat; cover and simmer 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, split lengthwise (almost
through) 8 long hard rolls. Place on
cookie sheet and toast under broiler
4 to 5 minutes.

To serve, spoon sausage and sauce
into each roll. Serves 8. (continued)

Onion Burgers Without Tears.



Onion Burgers

2 pounds ground beef
1 envelope (1½ oz.) Lipton Onion Soup
Mix
½ cup water

Combine meat with Lipton Onion Soup
Mix and water. Shape into 8 patties.
Grill or broil until desired doneness.
Makes 8 servings.



Menus • Poppy Caminos • Meat-a-day • Menus • Poppy

CHICKEN AND ALMOND

pkgs.
auce mix
z.) can
broth
lk
)
ed cooked
opped
epper
1 cup sliced
radishes
¼ cup finely
chopped scallions
¼ cup chopped
parsley
½ tsp. pepper
¼ cup dry sherry
8 round crusty rolls
½ cup toasted
slivered almonds

oven to 350°. In large sauce-
combine 2 (¾-oz.) pkgs. white
x, 1 (13½-oz.) can chicken
l ½ cup milk. (Chicken broth
together should measure 2



"He appears to have an acute case of overdue homework."

SANDWICHES *continued*

BAKED TUNA SOUFFLE SANDWICH

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 (8-oz.) pkg. English muffins (4) | 1 (7-oz.) can solid-pack tuna |
| 1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted | 1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing |
| 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms | 2 eggs, separated |
| 1/4 cup chopped onion | 2 cups grated Swiss cheese |
| | 1/4 tsp. black pepper |
| | 1/4 tsp. cayenne |

Split 1 (8-oz.) pkg. English muffins. Brush halves with 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted. Place on cookie sheet; broil 3 to 4 minutes or until lightly browned. Set aside. Set oven temperature to 375°.

In remaining 1/4 cup butter or margarine sauté 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms and 1/4 cup chopped onion until golden, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat.

Drain 1 (7-oz.) can tuna; flake in fine pieces. Add to mushrooms and onions. Stir in 1/4 cup mayonnaise. Spread mixture on muffin halves, dividing evenly.

In medium size bowl mix well 2 unbeaten egg yolks, 2 cups grated Swiss cheese and 1/4 teaspoon each black pepper and cayenne.

Beat the 2 egg whites just until stiff peaks form. Fold into cheese mixture. Spoon over tuna filling. Bake at 375° 12 to 15 minutes or until cheese mixture is puffed and firm when gently touched with finger tip. Serves 8.

LIVER AND BACON ON RYE

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 6 slices bacon | 6 slices rye bread |
| 2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms (1/2 lb.) | 3 Tb. butter or margarine, softened |
| 1 cup sliced red onion | 1 lb. liverwurst |

Fry 6 slices bacon until crisp. Remove from pan and drain on paper towels.

In bacon fat, in same pan, sauté 2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms (1/2 lb.) and 1 cup sliced red onion until soft, about 5 minutes.

Toast 6 slices rye bread on one side in broiler. Place, untoasted side up, on cookie sheet. Spread each with 1/2

tablespoon butter or margarine.

Slice 1 lb. liverwurst into 18 slices. Place 3 slices on each slice of bread. Top with a slice of crisp bacon and sautéed mushrooms and onions.

Broil 4 inches from heat, 3 to 5 minutes until hot and lightly browned. Serves 6.

HOT STEAK TARTARE

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 6 slices pumpernickel | 1 egg |
| 1 cup chopped onion | 1 1/2 lb. ground round |
| 3/4 cup chopped parsley | 1 Tb. prepared mustard |
| 1/2 cup chopped capers | 1/2 tsp. salt |
| | 1/4 tsp. pepper |

Toast each of 6 slices pumpernickel on one side in broiler.

In small mixing bowl mix together 1 cup chopped onion, 3/4 cup chopped parsley and 1/2 cup chopped capers.

In medium bowl beat 1 egg slightly with a fork. Mix in 1 1/2 lb. ground round. Add 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper and half the chopped onion mixture. (Set remaining half aside.) Mix together gently until well combined. Divide into sixths; place a sixth on untoasted side of each slice pumpernickel, spreading evenly to edges. Place on cookie sheet.

Broil 5 inches from heat; 5 minutes for rare beef, 8 minutes for well done. Sprinkle tops of sandwiches with reserved chopped onion mixture. Serve at once. Serves 6.

CORNBREAD AND FRANKFURTER SANDWICH

Split 6 frankfurters lengthwise; then cut in half crosswise.

Mix together 1 cup pickle relish and 1/2 cup prepared mustard, or use 1 1/2 cups mustard pickle relish.

Place 6 corn toaster cakes on a large cookie sheet. Spread cakes with half of pickle mixture. Top each with a quartered frankfurter. Spread remaining pickle mixture on frankfurters. Broil 4 or 5 inches from heat, 5 to 7 minutes or until relish is bubbling. Serve at once. Serves 6.

END

FIVE PATIENTS

continued from page 36

The system used at Boston's Logan Airport, called Tele-Diagnosis, is frankly experimental. It has been in operation for slightly more than a year. At the present time, 8 to 10 patients a day are interviewed and examined by television. The Logan TV system is probably the first of its kind.

There are other medical uses for computers. Among other things, a computer can be used to take a preliminary history—to function as a doctor in questioning the patient about his symptoms and their nature. Some 15 percent of the patients examined by Tele-Diagnosis have given their medical histories to a computer before they see the doctor himself. Like the cardiogram, the computer history can be sent directly to the physician.

Being interviewed by a machine is less bizarre than it sounds. Indeed, like the TV link-up, it is accepted with remarkable ease by patients. The most common complaint is boredom: the machine sometimes pauses three or four seconds between questions, and the patients get fidgety.

To be interviewed, one sits in front of a Teletype console. The computer asks questions, which are printed out, and the patient punches in his answers. Whenever the computer gets a "yes" answer, it follows up with more questions on the same subject. If it gets a "no," it goes on to the next topic. At the conclusion of the questions, the computer writes out a medical summary. The entire process takes roughly half an hour.

When Mrs. Thompson arrived at the MGH emergency ward, she was taken down to the X-ray department. She passed an unmarked door near the front of the emergency ward. Over it is a lighted sign that says, incongruously, "On Air."

Dr. Murphy was behind that door, surrounded by equipment. Directly in front of him was a camera and the large TV screen on which he watches the Logan patients. Built into his desk are two other screens: one a small monitor of a larger screen, the other a monitor that shows him his own image as transmitted to the patient. This second monitor allows him to check his own facial expressions, the lighting in the room, etc.

To the right of his desk is a panel of buttons that control the various remote cameras—two in the examining room, and one in the laboratory. The examining room remote camera is operated by a joystick: when the stick is pushed right or left, up or down, the camera moves accordingly. In addition, there are buttons for focusing and zoom control.

Before going out to check on Mrs. Thompson, Dr. Murphy continued a study he was making of Tele-Diagnosis capability. He was reading, by TV, a series of 120 chest X-rays that had been set up for him at Logan. Later he would re-read them in person, to compare the accuracy and consistency of his diagnoses.

The average time for a patient interview and examination by Tele-Diagnosis is now 12 minutes, less than half the average time that was required a year ago.

"What I'm doing now," Dr. Murphy

said, "is really just a test of our ability. It has no immediate practical use, because we can't take X-rays at Logan, but it's important to know X-rays can be read with accuracy at distance. Our impression is that we can read them as well on TV as can in person."

As he talked, the nurse at Logan up another X-ray.

Murphy began his scan. "Ah. V. this? Looks like a rib fracture. . .

A decade ago one heard that computers were about to revolutionize medicine. However, neither telemedicine nor computers has made much difference yet to routine hospital functioning. Television is employed only in a small way for dispatching blood samples and other items; it has application in X-ray technology in terms of image intensification systems. At MGH there is now a computer terminal to help in running the chemistry lab, and a computer terminal in billing and in filing patient records, but the computer and television have not made their appearance as aids in patient care.

In contrast, the Tele-Diagnosis system at Logan Airport uses computers and TV in direct confrontation with the patient. The system is experimental and in some ways primitive. At present thrust is diagnostic; the steps following diagnosis—whether to be carried out by a doctor, a nurse or the patient himself.

In general, diagnostic automation appears much closer than therapeutic automation—and is much more readily acceptable to physicians. Consequently, diagnostic automation first.

Diagnosis at a distance

The first and most striking feature of the Logan system is that diagnosis can be made at a distance. The doctor's stethoscope is three miles away. But, oddly, that is the least of the aspects of the situation. In medical diagnosis at a distance is very different from the practice of uroscopy or casting" came into vogue. The idea of a sick man was often sent miles to be examined by a professional physician.

The modern counterpart of the medieval guessing game over the telephone conversation between physician and patient. For years the telephone became common, but physicians resisted making telephone diagnoses, and they still frown on it. But every practicing doctor spends a substantial part of his time talking to patients on the phone. He is resigned to making a large number of decisions, some of them only, by phone.

According to Jerome Grossman, the MGH Computer Sciences Institute, "A large part of history-taught directed toward finding out how a person really is. The first question always whether a patient needs a doctor at all. That's the biggest question doctors make over the phone. The patients want to know the thing, so they spend all night weekend trying to get hold of the doctor, who's off duty, or out of town something. . .

"In the near future, when the computer and television (con-



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3 cups pineapple juice ½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar ¾ cup Cream of RICE

Combine juice, sugar, salt; bring to a boil. Sprinkle in Cream of RICE and cook, stirring constantly, for 30 seconds. Remove from heat, cover and let stand 3 minutes. Stir well and pour into a lightly oiled 1-quart ring mold. Chill until firm, at least 8 hours. Unmold on platter and fill center with fruit such as strawberries, rhubarb or fruit cocktail. 6 servings.

SURPRICE MILKSHAKE

(For bland diets)

½ cup cold, cooked 1 tablespoon sugar,
Cream of RICE or to taste
¾ cup cold milk ¼ to ½ teaspoon vanilla

In blender, combine cold, cooked Cream of RICE, milk, sugar and vanilla. Blend at top speed until smooth, about 30 seconds. Makes 1 serving.

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CREAM OF RICE

FIVE PATIENTS *continued*

set is practical, you're going to be able to plug right into the hospital computer without ever leaving your house. The computer will flash questions on the screen, like 'Do you have a cough?' and you will answer by touching the screen with your finger at the appropriate place. We've just developed a screen like this. It doesn't require any special gadgets or light pens or anything, just your finger. Touch the screen, and the information is recorded. Eventually, the computer will flash back some directions, like 'Come to the hospital immediately' or 'Call your doctor in the morning' or 'Have a check-up within six weeks.' So there you have it. That first big decision—who needs to be seen—is settled by the computer, without ever having to bother the doctor."

Closed-circuit television, while far from the ideal of a personal examination, is vastly superior to the telephone alone, and in many cases it is surprisingly adequate. This does not mean that in the future patients will all be seen by closed-circuit television, with neither doctor nor patient leaving home. What it does mean is that television will probably work in certain very special applications. One of these is the Logan application—providing a doctor to a clinic during low-use periods. Another obvious use is specialist consultations, for which television is perfectly suited.

But though a system such as the one at Logan makes a routine physical examination possible, it goes no further—and there are suggestions that technology will ultimately change the very nature of physical examination.

Automated diagnosis is one thing; automated therapy, quite another. It is probably fair to say that automated therapy is feared equally by both patients and physicians. But while automated diagnosis is in its infancy, automated therapy has hardly been conceived.

Its modern forerunners are the monitoring systems, which check vital signs and electrocardiograms. They are not computers at all, in any real sense. They are just mechanical watchdogs, about as sophisticated as a burglar alarm.

Automated therapy

Partially automated therapy is already desirable. The reasons are twofold. First, modern therapy necessitates an enormous amount of paper work—collecting, filing, and retrieving information—from the physician who must spend time thumbing through the chart, to the nurses who must record routine data, to the personnel who work essentially full time in the record storage rooms. One consequence of the present methods is the number of errors that occur at various points along the line. And one possible advantage of putting all data through computers is the machine's ability to check errors. For instance, if medications are ordered by the physician through a computer, that computer can tirelessly review orders for drug incompatibilities, inappropriate dosages, and so on. Another advantage is in determining what information has diagnostic significance and what does not. The computer is far superior to the human mind in this respect.

The second reason comes from experience with present monitoring intensive care units. These machines "watch" the patient more carefully than any group of physicians; the patient's condition is sampled continuously, rather than just at doctors' rounds. Such monitoring has already changed many ideas about the nature of disease processes. It has offered the possibility of reevaluation of therapy at intervals. For example, most drugs are now given every six hours, or every four hours, or some other schedule. But why not continuously, in an appropriate dose in that case, why not have a machine that can correct therapy on the basis of changes in the patient's condition?

Seen in this light, automated therapy becomes a more reasonable prospect. It will require adjustment, of course, by both doctors and patients. But adjustment will be no more onerous for them than it will be for the rest of society.

The future

But completely automated therapy is a long way off. In trying to figure out why, one gets two kinds of answers. The first is that nobody is really interested in working very hard, at the moment, to duplicate a doctor's magnetic tape.

The second answer is that doctors don't themselves know how to operate; until they figure it out, they can't program a machine to carry out the same functions. The classic illustration is that of the physician who enters the room of a person with a fever, temperature, heart rate, blood pressure, and electrocardiogram, takes a look at him and says: "He looks sick. How did the physician arrive at that conclusion? If he can't tell you, the programmers can't compute it."

This situation is often held to be a kind of limit on the application of machines to medicine. How can we imitate the "unconscious" or "intuitive" functions of a doctor? But, in fact, the argument is damaging to the reputations of doctors rather than of machines. For when a doctor says "The patient looks sick," he is drawing a conclusion on the basis of some informational input, probably visual. One need only identify the input—and then plug it into the computer. But if the input is truly identifiable, one must strongly suspect the doctor is guessing, or expressing prejudice.

In any event, there is considerable interest in knowing how a doctor decides that a patient looks sick, or better, for, as Jerome Grossman pertinently said, "Working with computers has made us look closely at the way people think."

In the final analysis, what does this mean for the hospital, and for patients? Computer therapy of routine medical automation will reduce the mundane work of ward personnel, doctors and nurses, and leave more time to spend with the patient. For doctors, it should mean more time for research, as well. And for patients, that should ultimately be a good thing.

If Pucci were Scottish, we'd have some crazy new plaids!

—Poor Woman's Alibi

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*Poppy
Gannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus*



JOAN KENNEDY'S STORY

continued from page 58

hundred guests comfortably. Fifty-foot sliding glass doors frame a striking view of tall, graceful trees and the narrow, rushing Potomac River far below. It is an airy, inviting room with accents of salmon pink and citrus yellow. Plump white sofas and chairs form intimate conversation groups, and from every flat surface smile dozens of Kennedys in color photos.

One wall of the house is conspicuously bare—and will be until Joan makes up her mind about modern art. "We can't afford great American painters like Wyeth, Ryder or Hopper," she says candidly. "I don't know much about modern art, but I think perhaps I'll rent a few canvases and try them out."

"You can't afford great American painters?" I exclaimed. "But Joan, the Kennedys are millionaires!"

Conglomerate wealth

Joan laughed. "It's greatly exaggerated," she said. "Oh, I won't try to tell you the Kennedy family isn't rich. But much of what's been written about is conglomerate wealth. I mean, we really don't have the use of all that money. It's in trust funds. Actually, it costs Ted money to be a United States Senator."

When I asked Joan how much Ted makes as a Senator, she had to admit that she didn't know. "I think they voted themselves an increase recently, didn't they?" she said. (Actually, a U.S. Senator earns \$42,500 a year. Senator Kennedy gives his salary to charity.)

Joan's household staff includes a gardener who also serves as a butler, a French cook who used to work for the Duchess of Windsor, a young Irish governess, a full-time social secretary, and a cleaning woman three days a week. "I'm lucky to have such wonderful household help," Joan said, whisking me through the nursery, with its adjoining kitchenette, the brightly decorated children's rooms and the nurse's quarters. "Knowing things are being run so smoothly gives me the freedom to be what I think a Senator's wife ought to be.

It gives me time to keep up with the news, and it gives me time to play with the children, to enjoy their company instead of having to do housework.

"When I have to be away from home, I can go with an easy mind, and when we entertain, there's a staff to prepare everything. Instead of rushing around at the last moment, I'm fortunate enough to be able to take half an hour to read up on our special guests."

When Ted first entered the Senate in 1963 at the age of 30, he was its youngest member. Now he has risen to Number 50 on Washington's proto-

col lists. "When we go out, I'm often seated next to the host or some guest of honor," explains Joan, who says she meets "terribly interesting men" in this manner. One of her recent dinner partners was Prince Souvanna Phouma of Laos. Beforehand, Joan read a briefing paper on Laos prepared for her by Ted's staff—"but I barely learned how to pronounce Prince Souvanna's name before all sorts of trouble broke out in Laos."

balcony and river view, also overlooks a fenced play yard. "Sometimes our governess spends four or five days in New York, and then I look after Patrick," Joan explains. "I just love being with him. I missed so much of Kara's and Teddy's babyhood while I was campaigning."

The bedroom Joan and Ted share has a graceful white desk, pink love-seat and chairs, a draped pink and green canopy over the king-sized bed,

I'd enjoy cut flowers more if we weren't so worried about them dying. —Poor Woman's Almanac

ceive. In times of crisis, the mail reach carload proportions.

Another of Joan's responsibility to pay the household bills for Boston, Hyannisport and Washington. Each house has two telephone lines, "so that means six phone bills a month," Joan sighed, adding that she goes over it.

The small, white phone by the bedside and Joan picked it up. "It's Ted calling from New York," she told me at that moment. While she spoke with her husband, I saw a photo of Joan's father, Joseph P. Kennedy, on her desk. Her father, Joseph P. Kennedy, a former top executive with several big New York advertising firms, was wearing an open-necked short-sleeved sports shirt. The photo—a big, handsome, affable-looking man with a smiling, animatedly arrow-straight and slightly side his chair. I also noticed on the desk several photos of Joan's sister Candy, who is a brunette version of Joan (Candy is married to Bert McMurrey, an attorney in Houston.)

"Are you catching the o'clock back?" Joan was asking Ted, and then, "They spoke a bit longer, finally she hung up with 'Bye, honey.' It's Ethel had 'borrowed' to escort her to a Robert Kennedy memorial dinner in New York. Ted had appointments there the next day, so he had to remain for the night, although he'd rather be home."

We sat together by the while a Simon and Garfunkel record played softly on stereo, the rain drummed steadily against the walls, and afternoon ended into night.

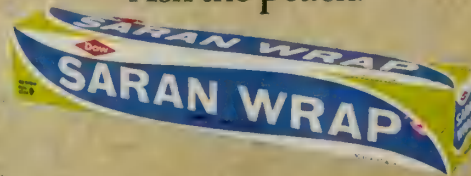
I thought back to my JOURNAL interview with Joan in 1962. She was 25 at the time, a sweet, unaffected, golder openly adoring her husband and babies. Watching two children frolic in warm Cape Cod sun

that summer day, Joan confided both she and Ted wanted as babies as Ethel, who had eight at the time (she now has 11). But during intervening eight years, Joan has only one child, Patrick, and had three miscarriages. In 1963, F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas within five years, Robert F. Kennedy met the same fate in Los Angeles. Then, in 1969, Ambassador Kennedy died a lingering death after suffering a stroke in 1961. Ted, the ninth child of the family, suddenly himself the sole surviving male member of the Kennedy dynasty.

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*TRADEMARK

Joan led me next to the master suite, a separate wing containing what she called "our only luxury," separate bathrooms for her and Ted. "Well, it's not really my only luxury," she added. "We had stereo equipment built into the house, but I've got a separate, special system that pipes music into my bedroom and dressing room. I love to listen to 'happy' music in the morning, and one of the first things I do when I wake up is put on records. Ted and I don't always agree on my morning music. Sometimes he says, 'Joansie, not that again!'"

The large bedroom, with its open

and a pale pink puff. "Ted has to be away so much that he told me to go ahead and decorate this room any way I liked," Joan explained, kneeling on the pale green rug to light a fire in the grate. I remembered that she gave me practically the same explanation about the pink master bedroom in their Hyannisport summer place when I interviewed her for the JOURNAL eight years ago.

Three fat manila envelopes rested on a table near the bed; they were marked "Urgent," "Not So Urgent" and "Bills." Joan tries to acknowledge every communication she and Ted re-

Everything but the kitchen sink



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and himself narrowly missed death in a Massachusetts plane crash in a Massachusetts orchard one foggy June night 1964, as he was about to run for second term in the Senate. When the accident hospitalized him for six weeks, Joan filled in for him at rallies and meetings. Two years earlier, Ted had won the right to serve the unexpired portion of his brother John's term by getting 55 percent of the vote. In 1964, with Joan campaigning, "I got five times as many votes," Ted says with understandable hyperbole. Actually, he received 74 percent of the vote.

In the spring of 1968, Joan stumped through Indiana and Oregon on her campaign for Bobby, then joined the Kennedy caravan in southern California. Following Robert Kennedy's death, Ted withdrew from public life temporarily and Joan told friends privately that she feared for his health and safety, she again took his place and campaigned for his friends in Iowa, Massachusetts, and Indiana. One of those friends was Sen. Birch Bayh of Indiana. Bayh and his wife Marvella were in the plane with Ted the night of the 1964 crash.

It wasn't easy for Joan to return to Indiana in the fall of '68, after being there in the spring for Bobby. Says Marvella Bayh, "She would speak to her audiences, 'I want to say thank you for the Kennedy family. I ask you to send Birch Bayh to the Senate.' Thanks to Joan's support, Birch was the only Democrat to win on the statewide slate; in the same election, Nixon took Indiana by the largest margin he ever carried any state."

"We avoided the White House"

At now, as we talked in her home, Kennedy's thoughts were not of the Senate race. Her mind was on the year we had first met. So much rode on Ted's race for Senate that year," she recalled, including President Kennedy's presence. So many people accused Ted of riding on his brother's coattails. That year in Washington, both Ted and we were feeling our way, trying to make impressions. We avoided the White House like the plague. I think we only went to dinner there once or twice—and then in the small family dining room upstairs. Which is sad, considering that it was the only year we spent in Washington while Jack was President."

1963 was the year of Joan and Ted's fifth wedding anniversary, and she decided to give her first large formal party. She chose a Friday night close to her wedding date and engaged an orchestra and a caterer for a sit-down dinner for members of her wedding party.

One of Ted's aides phoned early in the afternoon the day of the party to say that President Kennedy had been in the hospital, that the Senator was flying to the airport to break the news to his constituents. Like millions of other Americans, Joan sank down in front of the television in horrified disbelief. All the guests of the anniversary party fled from the room until the caterers began to serve with food and drink.

As it happened, I'm glad they did. I called off the party, but people kept coming in all evening long. We were the closest Kennedys to Washington,

with Bobby and Ethel in McLean and the [Sargent] Shriver in Maryland. Our friends wanted to comfort us and to be comforted. I didn't feel as though I could go shut myself upstairs in my room and cry."

Joan spoke about what a difficult week that was for all the Kennedys. "Bobby's birthday was that week. John (John F. Kennedy, Jr.) turned three the day of the funeral, and Caroline was six just two days later."

Joan had miscarried in May of that year; the following June, just two weeks before Ted's near-fatal plane crash, she lost another unborn child. In August 1968, a month after Chappaquiddick, she suffered a third miscarriage. When I asked how large a family she wants now, Joan bent her head and her chin trembled. When she spoke again, her soft, breathy voice was scarcely audible. "Losing the second child was . . . especially

disappointing for me—and Ted, too. Kara and Teddy came along right after we were married and we thought the rest would come with no trouble. This house was planned to be expandable. We're still hoping to have more."

What else does Joan want for herself—and for Ted?

She sighed. "I wish I knew the answer to that, but I don't. I'm still trying to find out as best I can. I suppose I would like more (continued)

peace of mind and more privacy for us. Especially peace of mind. Frankly, I worry all the time about whether Ted will be shot like Jack and Bobby. I try not to, but I can't help myself. Ted tries to keep things from me—serious threats against his life, that kind of news—but I know what's going on. Ted doesn't want me to worry. But I do. And I know he worries about it, too. Ted is a brave man, but he is only human. You want to hear something awful? A few months ago we were in a plane and a child exploded a balloon right behind us. It sounded just like a gun shot. Ted jumped so. What a terrible thing! A balloon pops and my husband thinks he's being shot. I could read his mind—and I could have cried for him.

"It's odd, but my fears for Ted's life really didn't start when Jack and Bob were killed—at least not consciously. They began—and I remember it quite clearly—while I was watching the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago. I saw all the violence—the demonstrations, the clubbings, the bloodshed, the confusion, all those uncontrolled and uncontrollable people. I have always loved political campaigning. It is an exhilarating experience—all that love and cheering.

"I got scared"

"But as I watched the convention on TV, I saw how easily that love could turn into hate, how that exhilarating experience could become so very frightening. I got very, very scared at the thought of Ted being thrown into that—and I guess I'm still scared. I simply can't get it off my mind. What's the answer? I don't know. You can't hide. Well, you can, I suppose, but Ted won't. Quit politics? No. Public service means too much to Ted; it's what he has chosen for himself, and I don't think he can be frightened off. This is such a painful subject with us that we can't even discuss it. But we both know it's there.

"And then there are the children. Patrick is too little to ask questions, and Kara isn't the type to ask them—although I know they're inside her head. Teddy is the one who asks. He wants to know why all these things happened to Uncle Jack and Uncle Bobby, and will they happen to Daddy, too? What do you tell an 8-year-old when he asks you why that man shot his uncle? I tell him he was just a bad man who didn't know Uncle Bobby, that there is something wrong with a man who would shoot somebody he didn't even know. Teddy accepts my answers, but he is quite aware of the risks involved—as aware as a child his age can be."

I had stopped taking notes. I simply

sat and listened to what this remarkably candid woman was saying—understanding, yet knowing that I could not fully understand.

"I never wanted Ted to be President. Never!" Joan said emphatically. "I still don't want him to be. I don't think Ted has ever wanted to be President, either. Of course, I won't discourage him if he wants to run. A man's work is his life. I believe that.

Kennedys? Besides Ted, only women and children! You don't seriously think we want Ted to be President, do you? To have the one Kennedy man left risk having happen to him what happened to his brothers?" Joan shook her head in a vigorous no. "You think all those children—Ethel's, mine—would be better off if...? No, we don't want him to run for President. We want him. We need him. Ted knows the Kennedys are not pushing him toward

books. I loved *Jennie*, *Nicholas Alexandra*, and Irving Stone's *The Who Love*. I've been to almost all of the places Stone mentions. I found *My Boy's Complaint* rather boring. Recently, I read Rollo May's book, *And Will*, and re-read Anne Moody's *Gift from the Sea*."

Joan paused. "Would you like to join me for supper?" she asked, and we moved into the formal dining room. "This is fun," she said, perched with childlike delight on a white damask sofa as a maid brought in a tray with our hamburger, spinach, mashed potatoes, and a glass of white wine. "I never get to eat in this room," she admitted.

Joan hasn't really cooked for Ted since their first year of marriage. "When I read every cookbook published last winter, when they were skiing at Vail, Colorado, living in a condominium, they ate some home-cooked meals. 'Ted cooked,' I says sheepishly.

A strict mother

Kara, in her nightgown, was in the adjoining purple and blue plaid study, watching television with Patrick. She interrupted us once to ask if she could invite a friend over the following day. "Since it's a school day, yes," Joan said. The phone rang and Joan jumped up, saying, "That will be ten minutes late. I said I had to be back by eight. My family teases me about being so strict."

She returned in a few minutes, looking worried. "Teddy has a cut under his eye. They were roughhousing. The governess wants to take him over to the hospital. She says it might be one to five stitches. I said I'd go but she said no, she can't judge the situation because she's a registered nurse. She was with me in the delivery room when Teddy was born. Stitches..." Her blue face clouded.

When I assured her that all young boys seem to get stitches at some time or other, she relaxed but still looked little. "Our children are not sick," she said, "they've never broken bones. I have strict rules and they seem to work. The

happy children. Once Teddy had a friend overnight and they got into a pillow fight. I put them into separate rooms. They objected, but the next morning the friend thanked me and said he had been very tired the night before and really needed his sleep."

Young Patrick trotted in wearing a turquoise flannel belted bathrobe and regarded us with piercing eyes. Although hardly old enough to make himself understood, he managed to find out where Daddy was, where there would be a hide-and-seek game that night, what happened to Teddy and why his

(contin

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"I want Ted to be happy in his work and thus in his life. He has said he will not run in 1972, and it's foolish to speculate beyond that. Would he make a good President? I haven't even given it thought, although I'm sure Ted would be a good anything he really wanted to be. I think he's a great Senator. But I don't want to theorize on what I hope and pray won't ever happen.

"And all this you hear about the Kennedy family pressuring Ted to run for President..." Joan was now speaking with tremendous feeling. "What family? What's left of the Ken-

it. He is quite aware of how we feel."

Like many political leaders, Ted frequently must be away from home. Is Joan lonely when he isn't there? "No, not really," she said. "To be alone isn't to be lonely. Some nights I just go to the piano and play for two or three hours—Debussy, Chopin. The house is so quiet; all you can hear is the piano. Music relaxes me much more than total silence. And we have all of Shakespeare's plays on records. Some nights I just stretch out and listen to them."

Joan also reads for pleasure. "Mainly best sellers, especially historical

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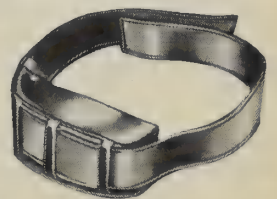
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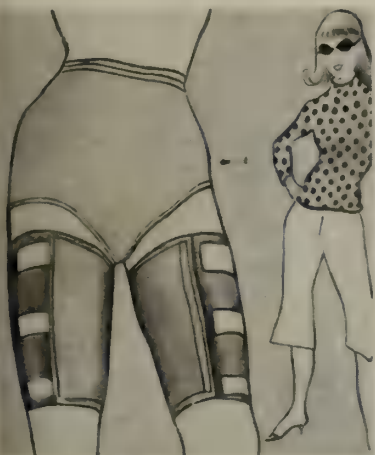
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mother had not touched her spinach.

"After supper, Ted turns out the lights in this room and the children hide under the tables," Joan explained. "I had to remove all my fragile Lowes-toft and anchor all my other things with heavy lucite bases."

"Where," I inquired, "did Patrick get that orange hair? You're blonde and the Senator has brown hair . . ."

"Everybody asks us that," Joan said with a laugh, "and we didn't know the answer till last winter, when Ted caught pneumonia. While he was recuperating, he let his beard grow—and sure enough, it came in reddish."

Within a half hour, Teddy returned, wearing a patch of adhesive under one eye and escorted by the registered nurse and a young governess from Ethel's household. No stitches had been deemed necessary, the nurse reported, and Teddy had been "very brave." Joan hugged him several times in relief. As the women were leaving, one told Joan, "Mrs. Kennedy, Christopher just loves to come to your house. It's so quiet and peaceful here."

Joan blushed with pleasure. "Ted makes a special effort with Jack and Bobby's sons," she said, closing the front door. "The summer Bobby died, Ted flew to Spain with Joe and then flew back there at the end of the summer to pick him up. Last summer, Jack's son John visited us at Hyannisport. He and Teddy sailed the late President's boat together. Ted also used John as a fifth crew member in club races as often as he could."

"I admire Jackie"

John Kennedy, Jr., is a "very sweet" child, Joan said, adding that he and Caroline "have come through their trying experiences very well." As for Jackie Onassis, "I admire her more and more. I've only met Ari [Onassis] once, but he struck me as a person of great charm and fun to be with. People criticize Jackie for going her own way where the Kennedys are concerned, but this family can be overwhelming. For years I went along with everything they said because I didn't dare to do otherwise, but now I speak up and say what I think and it seems to work out better for everyone."

She went off to hear the children's prayers. When she returned, we took up our conversation in the great white drawing room with all its Kennedy ghosts. ("Ghosts? No," Joan said. "People we love!")

Joan spoke about Bobby. The news of his assassination reached her in Paris, where she was staying with the Shivers after dedicating a John F. Kennedy Memorial Forest in Ireland. Eunice Kennedy Shriver, Bob's sister, was supposed to pay a formal call on Madame De Gaulle that afternoon. Joan accompanied her, to lend moral support. Then she flew to New York to join Ted, who was helping Ethel Kennedy arrange the funeral services at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

"Ted didn't sleep for two whole days and nights," Joan recalls. "I worried about what the strain and pressure would do to him. There were so many decisions only he could make. He was being bombarded by them. And making decisions can drain you. The second night, Ted went into a room in our brother-in-law Steve

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Smith's apartment and wrote Bob's eulogy. I kept bringing him coffee and trying to do what I could. I don't think I have ever seen Ted work harder at anything.

"What has happened in our lives, the tragedies, has brought Ted and me closer to each other. When we were married, we loved each other, but we didn't know that much about each other. Most newlyweds don't. Now we know our good and bad traits; we have

seen one another at rock bottom—and we still love each other. Many people won't let those they love really know them, because they're afraid that if they show their true selves they won't be loved. I think it's good to know that you'll still be loved in spite of yourself, in spite of your faults. All the terrible things we've been through have made me more aware that Ted has needs just like everybody else. He needs me. He needs

his family. He needs human closeness.

"I think the same is true of me," Joan continued. "I cherish my friends more than I ever did. Anything you care about you have to work at. I work at staying close to a few friends in Washington and Boston. These are friends to whom I can do and tell almost everything. Most of them are friends from my days at Manhattanville College. I think that has been my big discovery of the last

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all working on a campaign together, you become very close," she continued. "After Bobby died, we kept in touch with his office staff, even after they found other jobs. Ted and I invited the girls, along with some other friends and staff people, to at least two cook-outs at Hyannisport; another time, we took them sailing on Ted's boat. It was a way to say thank you."

Yes, she said, she had known Mary Jo Kopechne, the girl who drowned in the car Ted was driving. Joan considered her "an exceptionally nice girl, very idealistic."

Joan explained why she had not gone to the party on Chappaquiddick. "For the past six or seven years, Ted has sailed in the Edgartown Regatta. It's a fun regatta with lots of boats in the same class as his. He always wants to do well in the race. I crew for Ted every weekend in the club races at Hyannisport, but they're only about two hours long. The Edgartown Regatta takes six or seven hours. It's a man's race. I went once and it was pretty rugged. Also, I was two months' pregnant last July and taking it easy. I knew about the party they planned to have afterwards—it's traditional after sailing races—and that Joe Gargan had rented a small cottage because, on Martha's Vineyard, Ted's always recognized wherever he goes."

"Ted phoned me that Friday, after the race was finished, and told me, 'We came in fourth.' I knew how disappointed he must have felt. He's come close to winning so many times and never quite made it, and Ted always wants to win."

Agonizing moments

She rose again and stirred the fire. I thought there was a haunted look in her eyes. People are forever asking the Kennedys to relive agonizing moments.

"The next morning"—Joan seemed momentarily disconcerted when I asked her the precise hour—"no, I don't know exactly what time it was, but I was out of bed. Anyway, Ted phoned me again and said there had been a terrible accident and Mary Jo had drowned."

"Ted has seen death at close hand so often—Jack and Bob and his own plane crash and then his father, saddest of all in a way for Ted because he took so long to go." Now Joan's eyes were misted with tears. "I think it's a miracle Ted managed to get out of that car at Chappaquiddick. There was a ten-knot tide, it was pitch black, the car was upside down, and the water was swirling in. I think anyone under the circumstances would be in a confused state. It was a very brave thing for him to do, to keep diving down to rescue Mary Jo. I'm lucky he came out of it alive at all."

Does Joan believe the stories that Mary Jo and Ted were going for a midnight swim? "No, I'm sure they weren't. Ted left the party early so he could get a good night's sleep and be ready for the next day's race."

She was sure that Ted would never let someone else take the blame for anything he had done, (continued)

If you look at a word long enough or say it over often enough, it doesn't seem to mean anything.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

new years—that I have a need for close relationships; I hadn't realized it before. It was usually fun-and-games relationships with me, I guess. People were pals, buddies, but not real friends. Now I know I want and need beautiful, continuing, intimate relationships." It was growing late and there was still one question I had to ask, although I hadn't been able to decide how to frame it. Finally, I blurted: "Joan, how about Chappaquiddick?"

She was quiet for a long moment, obviously weighing her words.

"In following you around," I offered, "I've met most of the men who were at that party on Chappaquiddick. They hardly seem like the type that would..."

"Yes," she said, in a rush of words, "you've seen what kind of men they are. For example, Jack Crimmins is a bachelor in his sixties—he's practically a member of the family, we've

known him so long. As for the girls they invited to that party on Chappaquiddick, I know them all. When I wasn't on the road campaigning for Bobby, I'd often stop by his headquarters on L Street in Washington to say hello and to tell them how much their efforts were appreciated. Many nights they worked until midnight.

"They were all smart, hard-working, dedicated girls, all crazy about Bobby. They shared his ideals. When you're

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exercises regularly (20 laps of her heated, outdoor pool daily from late April to Thanksgiving), but otherwise she tries to conserve her strength, which is not quite as bountiful as that of some of the extraordinarily zestful Kennedys.

She is unfailingly considerate of other people and grateful for the smallest favors done her. She is not a pretentious intellectual, but she is bright, articulate and increasingly self-confi-

dent as sad memories begin to recede.

While I was in McLean, I asked Ted Kennedy, "How do you feel Joan has changed in the last eight years?"

"Oh," he replied with embarrassment, shuffling the papers on top of his black briefcase, "we'll get around to that later." Then, in response to a look from Joan, who seemed to be seeking some sort of a verbal commitment from her husband, he added, as

she blushed a bright pink, "I will say she comes across more beautifully than ever."

I think so, too.

END

Next month, in the concluding installment of Joan Kennedy's story, reporter Betty Hannah Hoffman goes on a campaign tour with Joan and Ted—and learns at firsthand why it's both "frightening" and "exhilarating" to be a Kennedy.

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ny marriages it is not—both husband and wife usually believe it's the responsibility to control it. A husband may realize that his wife is capable of having sexual climax as a right to it, and he may truly want to share with her the full pleasure of physical love. So, during intercourse, he tries to stay calm, to keep his excitement, even to keep his hands off lovemaking. Johnson and Masters have interviewed some men who will repeat the multiplication of orgasms during intercourse!

Johnson-Masters' treatment technique will astonish many couples who have vainly struggled with this problem. For during the two-week treatment, management of the disorder becomes the wife's job.

Instead of avoiding stimulation of a sexually explosive partner, the wife is instructed to take the initiative, touching and caressing her mate until he achieves sexual readiness. At that moment he feels climax coming and she skillfully uses a special pressure technique, which can be taught by a doctor. The technique temporarily reduces the man's urge to ejaculate. This method is alternated with sexual stimulation and repeated several times during the first private sessions the couple attempts. Later, during training sessions, the couple learns how to use the method during marital activity. And still later, when they achieve successful lovemaking, the pressure technique will not be needed.

Under proper direction by therapists, say Masters and Johnson, the problem of premature ejaculation is one of the most easily treated sexual inadequacies. In fact, they add, it is possible to completely eradicate the problem from American marriages within 10 years. The key is adequate training for a great many more therapy teams, so that these methods can become available throughout the nation.

Conditions for sexual intercourse, to include physical freedom, comfort, and sometimes increased control by either partner or the other, are explained to couples in therapy and are extensively described and illustrated in the new Masters-Johnson book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy* (Little, Brown Co., \$12.50). During training to overcome premature ejaculation, the wife takes the superior, or top, position; this gives her control of the act and allows her husband the advantage of what Masters and Johnson call a "nondemand" position. When immediate goals have been met, the husband and woman are taught what is known as the "lateral coital position" illustrated in the book and considered the most desirable position for man and woman. Neither partner is pinned down; there is full freedom of movement without the need to support body weight, and muscle fatigue and cramping are averted.

Most all women of all ages have at least some understanding of the feeling of orgasm; yet only a few decades ago "nice" women—even married ones—were not supposed to enjoy sex, except in the blandest sense of pleasing a loved husband. It was only a century back that Dr. William Acton—

then probably the foremost authority on sex—stated, "Most women, happily for them and happily for society, are not much troubled with sexual feeling of any kind."

The age-old barriers are coming down, but there are still thousands of women who, for many reasons, have never experienced orgasm. Others have experienced it, but rarely. More and more women are seeking advice, asserting their right to the full enjoyment of the physical act of love.

"There is no uninvolved partner in any marriage that has a problem of sexual inadequacy," Johnson and Masters stress. Even where the symptoms seem to be all on the man's or the woman's side, successful therapy requires cooperation from both.

The nonorgasmic woman may be that way because her husband is prematurely orgasmic; or the man may become impotent, unable to have or to maintain an erection, because of his wife's nonorgasmic condition. Sex problems in marriage are so often interlocked in a maze of causes and effects that Johnson and Masters are convinced that the only therapeutic approach is to the couple as a unit.

Subconscious fears

When a wife is robbed of sexual pleasure in marriage, a major factor often is a "careful" upbringing. Guiding girls toward adulthood, determined to have them avoid promiscuity, unwanted pregnancy, and soiled reputations, many parents and other counselors have used fear techniques. And the "well-trained" girl may carry her fears, often in subconscious form, right into her marriage.

The "nice" girl suffers from a split-level attitude toward sex, explain Johnson and Masters. Her psychosocial self accepts the values important to our society—courting and marriage within the accepted moral and social framework. Her biophysical self feels urges that must be denied or at least postponed. Then, suddenly, with marriage, she is expected and expects herself, to "turn on" sexually. No wonder some girls need help!

"Displacement," says Virginia Johnson, "the displacement of the woman's social and sexual value systems, can bring on all this trouble. But when we

can get her to accept her biophysical self, then she can still control it, she can still maintain all of her real values. Only the fears are gone." Mrs. Johnson, mother of a teen-age daughter, wants to reassure mothers and fathers that by not applying repressive sexual fears, they do not necessarily encourage their 12-year-old daughter to cohabit casually with assorted strangers. On the contrary. "By understanding her own sexual feelings," says Mrs. Johnson, "she can control, she can develop in anticipation of her mature life."

The treatment of the nonorgasmic wife calls for nothing less than enabling her to feel sexually; giving her "permission" to respond to the emotions and sensations that she has for so long denied herself. She learns that she can be a sexually alive woman without giving up her ideals, or her values of dignity, decency, or fastidiousness. And just as the help and warm understanding of the wife is essential when the husband is sexually distressed, so the patient, loving help of a husband is needed to rescue the nonorgasmic woman.

The couple's intimate "sensate focus" exercises help both man and wife to know themselves and each other as sensuous beings. In further sessions, the husband is instructed to hold his wife in a comforting "security" position and gently, patiently stroke and stimulate her in a nondemanding way. She in turn must indicate which actions feel pleasant to her and which ones are bothersome. She must be his guide—he is not to assume that any "expert" techniques of his are the right ones. As the sessions proceed, the therapists give instructions for additional exercises.

"The directive pattern is like the song *Partridge in a Pear Tree*," explain Johnson and Masters. "New exercises in sexual activity are added, but the couple is not to abandon the earlier ones. Rather, they keep adding items to their repertory." Obediently at first, then with less and less awkwardness and self-consciousness, the man and woman learn to make the love act their very own. "We don't teach them to have full sexual response," say the therapists. "Nobody can teach that. We help them remove

the roadblocks, and they just naturally do the rest."

Vaginismus is the medical term for the involuntary spasm that constricts the vaginal orifice, sometimes so severely that sexual penetration by the male is impossible. Johnson and Masters have treated couples whose marriages have been unconsummated for as long as 14 years, because the woman's sex organs almost literally tie themselves in knots whenever intercourse is attempted. Even if she desperately wants to make love, and to have her husband make love to her, every time they try, the old, psychic fears take possession of her body. Usually, neither partner knows just what is happening physically.

Consider the case of Louise A.: Brought up under the strictest parental control, she and her three sisters were even forbidden to look at their own breasts. They were not allowed to discuss menstruation—and could not even speak of conception, pregnancy, or childbirth. Eventually Louise became engaged to a boy of "proper" background similar to hers. She was a 20th-century bride, yet her only impressions of sex were that it is dirty and depraved, only to be endured for the purpose of giving birth. Her wedding night, with her awkward, equally uninformed virgin bridegroom, was a disaster. And so were all their other nights together until, referred to the Foundation, the couple learned how to be a man and woman together.

Complete success record

Cases of vaginismus have also occurred after years of marriage with regular, normal sex activity. A serious quarrel, or the husband's loss of his job, or a bout with alcoholism may have interrupted the course of the marriage. The couple may want to make up and begin making love again. But the woman's body says no.

Diagnosis of the condition, and recognition of it by both husband and wife, are the major keys relieving the problem of vaginismus. Johnson and Masters have a complete success record in their treatment of this difficulty. First the psychological sessions help the couple to understand their marriage and each other. But a clinical approach is needed, too. In a medical examining room, a physician shows the woman how to feel her spastic muscle. Her husband is gloved, and he too examines the ring of constriction in the outer third of the vagina. Understanding the actual physical symptom in this way is crucial if the problem is to be cured, the clinicians say.

The couple then receives a set of clinical instruments called Hegar dilators, and the husband is trained to conduct the dilatation process in the privacy of the couple's bedroom. Working together, they overcome the psychophysical problem that was threatening their marriage. With vaginismus, as with other problems, Johnson and Masters again stress the absolute necessity for both man and wife to take part in treatment.

Sensate focus sessions underscore the fact that in pleasurable sex activity, the whole body responds. During extremely detailed interviewing in the course of therapy, both man and woman are asked many incisive questions about their esthetic preferences. They are asked if they (continued)



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MASTERS AND JOHNSON continued

like music as an added dimension to lovemaking. They are asked if fragrances add to sexual pleasure for them. Throughout history, certain odors have been recognized and associated with emotions such as love. And in their new book, the Johnson-Masters team reports the beginning of a research program that may, when it is complete, yield important news on the influence of touch and smell in sexual events.

The project had its origin in the sensate focus exercises. Some couples noticed that rough, dry hands interfered with efforts to stroke each other as lightly and delicately as they intended. After considerable experimentation, the Foundation supplied a specially compounded lotion, either unscented or in a choice of fragrances, for couples to use. The lotion, in addition to moisturizing, helped many couples to overcome inhibitions regarding body fluids.

Results of the sensate focus sessions may become significant to later research. Among the couples who reported that they weren't interested in using the lotions in the touch-exercise phases of treatment and who were indifferent to or actively disliked either perfume or body smell, the rate of failure to overcome sexual inadequacy was extremely high.

Impotence, the male's inability to achieve or to maintain an erection, is a terrifying personal prospect for a man, as well as a decided threat to his marriage.

Men, too, can be crippled by sexual fears. The very dread of not being physically able to have sex when he wants it often is the source of the problem—but the remedy is not simply to "stop worrying."

A husband's impotence may be either a cause or a result of a sexual inadequacy on his wife's part—reinforcing the Johnson-Masters dictum that man and woman must receive evaluation and treatment together.

In its severe, or primary form, impotence means that the man is totally unable to have an erection. When such a man is otherwise physically normal, the Johnson-Masters approach is to seek out the cause of the intolerable anxiety that is crippling him. Relieving the man of his fears is not easy (one couple's 18-year marriage was unconsummated because of the husband's impotence), and the clinical success rate is lower than for other sex problems—but success is possible.

There is a much better chance of relieving secondary impotence—where the husband fails to have an erection as much as 25 percent of the time. This also requires the education and cooperation of both man and wife. Here is a description of a hypothetical typical victim of secondary impotence:

George B. is college-educated and was married in his midtwenties. Throughout the marriage he has suffered from premature ejaculation. But his wife, Ann, has not made any special issue of his inadequacy; she has been busy raising their two children. Now in his early thirties, with their younger child going to school, George

runs into a storm of wifely accusation. She can't stand it any longer, Ann says. More than ten years of sexual frustration have been too much for it's all his fault and he must "do something."

And George tries. While they have intercourse he bites his lip, thinks of work at the office, counts backward from 100. Lovemaking him, becomes only the problem of trying to satisfy his wife. Eventually starts making excuses to avoid intercourse. And then comes the first he doesn't have an erection, no matter how much he "wills" it.

When George and Ann reach therapy, they learn that men, too, suffer from split-level social and emotional value systems. They learn determined efforts to achieve release of sexual tensions only invite failure. So, in the sensate focus sessions, George and his wife go back to start—learning to stroke and so on to give and receive pleasure. By rules, George is not to perform sexually until he is fully prepared. George is lucky. With the skill of therapists the understanding of his wife, he learns to be a real husband.

Potentiating factors

The problem of premature ejaculation is significantly associated with the appearance later of male impotence. Though not inevitably a cause, it is what Johnson and Masters term a "potentiating factor." The second prominent potentiator is alcohol, either a single incident or a pattern of excessive drinking. And in any case, the typical experience is the same. With the first failure to achieve erection, the man worries constantly whether he'll "make it" next time. When next time arrives, he is already defeated. Despair over sexual dysfunction can drive men to suicide.

Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson expect to continue with their treatment program for couples in sexual distress. Working to help so many people have suffered deep, needless unhappiness, the Masters-Johnson team is making plans for prevention of sexual problems. What form such a program will take, and how it will work, do not say. But they hope that science and research will soon make their book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, obsolete in the next decade. They believe the problem of human sexual inadequacy will be obsolete, too. Right now they are working to make that come true.

Journal Shopping Cent

FASHION CLOSE-UPS

PAGE 38: WILLY SMITH FOR DIGITS by tunic and gaucho pants with brown and white striped turtleneck. Dry Goods, New York; Gimbel's, Phil.; Elder-Beerman, Day Jordan Marsh, Miami.
BLAIRMOOR midi and pants available at Bloomingdale's, New York; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Foleys, Houston; Dry Goods, Der Joseph Magnin Inc., Calif. and Nev.
JEANNE MARIE VOLT FOR DOODLES tank and skirt, pale green shirt available at Frar Simon, New York; J.P. Allen, Atlanta.
JONATHAN LOGAN turtleneck sweater and top-down midi skirt available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodway, Lothrop, Wash., D.C.; Maison Blanche, New Orleans; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; N Strom Best, Seattle; May Co., Los Angeles.
ALBEROY cardigan and pants available at Jene's, Boston; Joseph Magnin Inc., Calif., Nev.

PAGE 40: GETTY MILLER FOR PRANK dress available at Macy's, New York; Hude Detroit; Fashion Barr Stages, University of Western, Colorado Springs; Judy's, South California; The Emporium, Northern California; MEREDITH GLADSTONE FOR CRAZY HC flamestitch midi dress available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Garfinkel's, Wash., D.C.; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Burdine's, Miami; Jost's, Houston; Joseph Magnin Inc., Calif. and New York. CAROL HORN FOR BENSON PARTNERS knit top and midi skirt available at Bonwit Teller, New York; Filene's, Boston; mo. Chicago; Country Club Fashions, Los Angeles.

Even if I don't like a movie, I feel cheated if I don't stay until the end.
—Poor Woman's Almanac

WHEN SHE SMILED

Continued from page 61

"I arrived at the studio for the three days later, Jane was not. There was a lot of setting up to Walter, at this point, was not. But for some reason, I was. 'Have you tried to call her?' I

"I did. Phone's disconnected," she said. "Cool it, man. She'll be. He hurried away to huddle the sound engineer. I followed

"I think she's the kind of girl who detracked easily," I said. "I have this feeling that what so important to the rest of us just be a little less so to her. About if I grab a cab over to her

"I looked at me. 'It's due soon,' I said defensively. 'I don't want him showing up here not here.'

"I've got this feeling," I said. "What is it between you and this character? You seem to have done heavy thinking about her."

"I was silent a moment. Then I made a confession. 'Walter, would you believe she's kept me awake for three nights?'"

"He smiled. 'It happens,' he said. 'I led Dora and got me the ad-

"I was an old, weather-beaten three-apartment building in Green-village, and when my cab pulled up, I saw her sitting on the front. She waved at me, smiling brilliantly, and opened the cab door for me to get out.

"I said, 'If you're ready, we'd better be going. They're waiting for

"I can't go yet." "I can't?"

"I shook her head. Then she reached in for my hand. 'Pay him and him away,' she said. 'We'll wait awhile.'

"I glanced at the cabbie, who was to keep his face expressionless. But then a sigh broke loose. 'These guys got all the luck,' he said.

"I gave him a lovely tip," she said. "As she ordered and got out. I led me to the steps and pulled

me down next to her. 'My cat's gone,' she said. 'We have to wait for him to come back.'

"That's what we're waiting for, your cat?"

"Yes. This is the first time he's ever run away."

"I filled my pipe, lighted it, and leaned back against the steps. Elliot seemed very far away."

"It's the first cat I've ever owned," she said. "I've had him for a year. And if he comes back, and there's no one to let him in, he'll feel betrayed. That happened to me, you know."

"I didn't know."

"She looked startled. 'Of course you didn't,' she said a moment later. 'I keep thinking you know all sorts of things about me you couldn't possibly.'

"Why is that? I mean I've noticed it."

"First let me tell you about how my parents betrayed me. Not that it was their fault, of course. They fully expected to be home by the time I got back from school, but they got themselves arrested."

"Really?"

"Yes. The bobbies pulled them in for brawling. In a pub. But it was all very intellectual. It was one of their causes, you see. I don't remember which one now. Do you have causes?"

"No. Do you?"

"No. Are you married?"

"No."

"That's good," she said, and that great smile made another appearance. "I noticed that you don't wear a ring. Still. . . Well, at any rate, it was awful not being able to get into the house and not knowing where anyone was. I was seven, you see, and they'd never been that sort of people. So I was certain they were dead and I was alone. Oh, it was such a desperate feeling. Could I let that happen to a cat of mine?"

"I don't see how."

"Are you teasing me?"

"Certainly not."

"I think you are, but I don't mind. Your face looks much happier when you do it. You don't have a happy face, you know."

"I don't?"

"You have the kindest eyes I've ever seen in a man. (continued)

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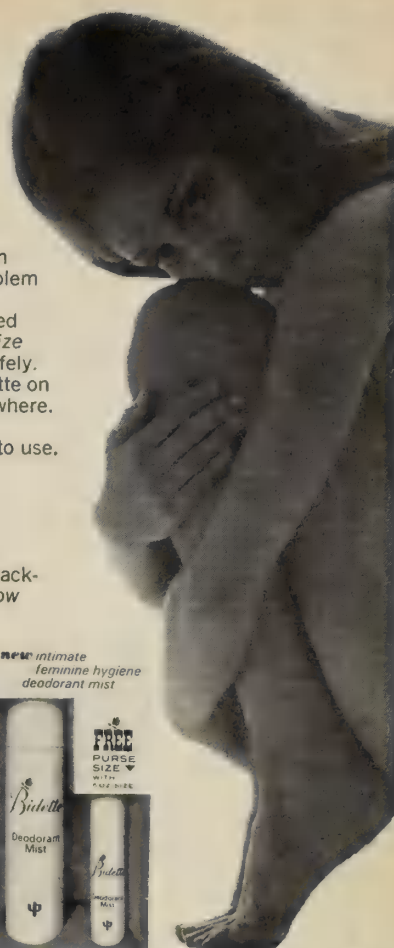


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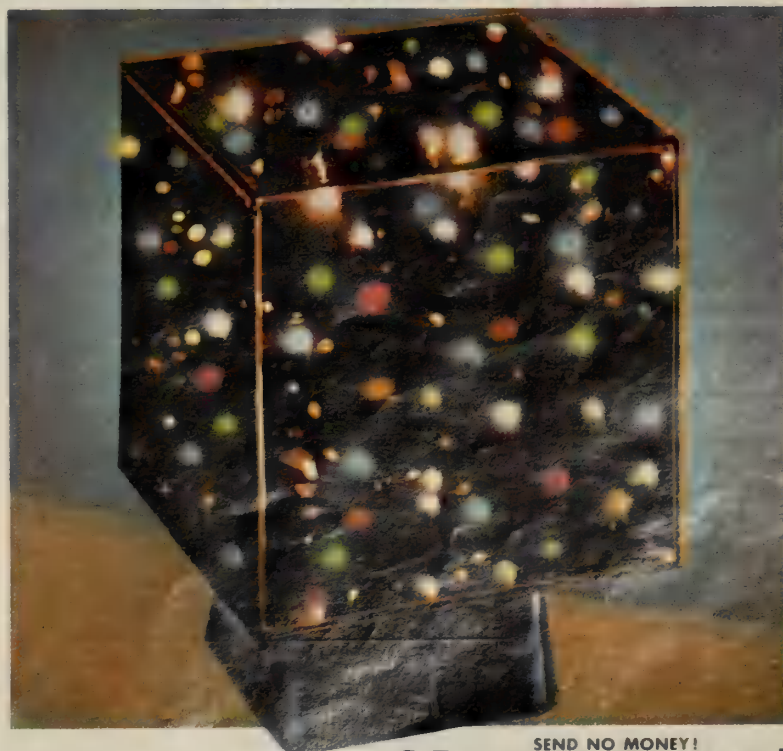


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"Parlez-vous français?"

Except for my father's. His were very like yours. Very brown and deep. But your face fights with them. Are you unhappy?"

"Not right now, no. Tell me more about my kind eyes."

"They were what made me pick you out. Made me think I'd known you for a hundred years." And she, too, leaned against the steps and sighed. "Tell me why you look so unhappy."

"First tell me why your phone's disconnected."

"It's because I don't like writing home for money."

"Home? England?"

"No, no. Norfolk, Virginia. After my parents died..." She caught my reaction and stopped. "Yes," she said. "Five years ago. They were on their way to Africa to do something nice for someone, and the plane they were on crashed."

"I'm sorry."

"I miss them. Particularly my father. I liked my mother, too, of course, but I was closer to my father. I suppose that's natural for a girl, isn't it?"

"Yes."

At any rate I went to live with my mother's sister in Norfolk. She's married to a banker. Aunt Edna and Uncle Charley. They're quite lovely, and they have lots of money, and when I asked them for a year to become an actress they said yes right away."

"How much of your year do you have left?"

"I'm on my second year. Four months into my second year. So that's why I don't like to ask them for money. Though sometimes I have to."

"Rough business, acting."

"Yes, but I've done some good things already, and one day I'll have all the fine roles I've always wanted. Is yours a rough business, too? Is that why you look unhappy?"

"Probably."

"Don't you like your job?"

I sat up abruptly. "You look hungry, you know that? Why don't we get something to eat?"

"The cat."

"I forgot. Does the cat have a name?"

She shook her head. "No, I couldn't think of a perfect one, so I didn't give him any name at all."

"What kind of a name were you looking for?"

"Something gallant, courageous. You know."

I nodded.

There's only one thing worse than a child trying to talk you into letting him stay up past his bedtime, and that's two children trying to talk you into it!

—Poor Woman's Almanac

"And yet friendly and sweet. There's a place you could get us sandwiches. We could eat them here."

"Tell me where to go," I said.

She did, and I left her there. In the delicatessen, waiting for our corned beef. I phoned Walter. "Is Elliot there yet?" I asked.

"No."

"We'll be delayed. Half an hour or so. Unavoidable."

"What happened?"

"He answers to it," she explained. "If he's anywhere in the apartment and I say food, he comes."

"I see," I said.

"Can you get a cab? I'll lock him in the apartment and then come right down."

"What'll I do with the food? I mean this food," I said, showing her my package.

"We'll eat it in the cab."

Stanley was waiting for us in front

And she was. Quite wonderful. maybe the most wonderful aspect of her performance was what she did with the camera . . . to Elliot. It began with that smile, which had a devastating effect on him, too. I could see Adam's apple move as he swallowed. I watched him give birth to a fresh smile of his own. And then I heard him say, "We're just a touch out of sync, Walter, so could we get right into it, please."

Stanley's eyes bulged with the miracle.

It took four takes . . . four, which is practically a miracle in itself. Walter showed her what to do, and she did it. Magnificence. She made sixty seconds worth of stocking demonstration a tiny work of art. She smiled, and you could see the whole viewing audience would have to smile with her.

Elliot was bowled over. "We'll build a whole campaign around her. We'll have double sales. I'll have double your salary." He crossed the studio to Jane, who was removing her stockings.

"No, no," he said. "Put them on. They're yours. I'll make much more. I'm about to make you rich, Jane Austen."

"I don't like them," she said.

Elliot was non-plussed a moment. "What?"

"The stockings. They're itchy."

"Then throw them away. What do I care what they do with them. Listen, I'll make you far more than millions of people will."

But she was shaking her head.

"What's the matter with you?" Elliot demanded.

"Richard, you talk to me. Apparently, she's quite stupid. She can't seem to understand the nature of the opportunity."

"I'm sorry, Richard," she said. "I don't want to do more work for him. I like him. If I work for him pretty soon I won't like myself. I can tell. Oh, Richard, I am sorry, but he really is a mean man." And then at once she was crying in flight.

And I was in flight, too.

Elliot roared. "Where the hell do you think you're going, Richard?"

I halted momentarily. "Drop it, Elliot. I don't like you either."

She was standing outside the dressing room, leaning against it, still crying.

"What are you doing that for? Stop your makeup's running."

"I know. I must look very ugly. I dabbed at her eyes with my handkerchief. "Not very ugly."

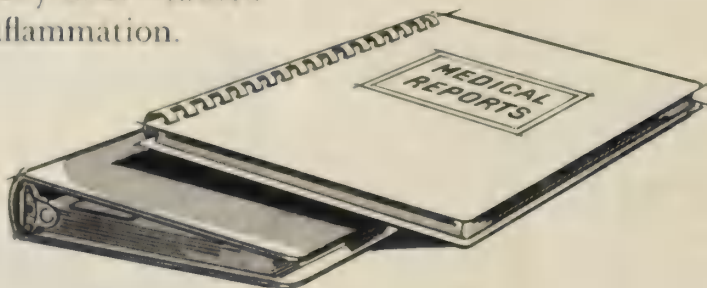
The trouble with some of the souvenirs I've been saving is I can't remember what they were souvenirs of anymore!

—Poor Woman's Almanac

Medical Reports Reveal:

You Can Actually Help Shrink Swollen, Inflamed Hemorrhoid Tissues

and get prompt, temporary relief from rectal itching and pain in many cases—caused by inflammation.



WHEN hemorrhoid tissues become swollen, inflamed or infected—it can bring on a very painful attack of piles.

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Tests conducted with this medication on hundreds of patients by

leading doctors showed remarkably successful results. And sufferers are delighted with its soothing properties—no stinging or smarting.

The medication used by the doctors in these tests was *Preparation H*®—the same effective Preparation H you can buy at any drug counter without a prescription. Preparation H also lubricates and protects the irritated area to make bowel movements more comfortable. Ointment or suppositories.

"I'd rather not upset you, right now."

"What do I tell Elliot when he shows?"

"That I love him," I said and hung up. She leaped to her feet as I came into view, shouting, "Food! Food!" And then she ran—not toward me, but away. Halfway up the block, I saw her dart into a doorway. I started after her, heart hammering. Had she cracked? I was almost at the doorway through which she'd disappeared when I saw her coming out, cat in arms.

"Food, you silly baby," she was murmuring. "You fiendish cat."

"Food?"

of the film studio. "Elliot's steaming," he said. "You're twenty minutes late." He whirled on Jane. "Young lady, do you know what you've done to me?"

"Let her alone," I said. "Come on, let's go. You're wasting time."

As we hurried into the building, Jane said, "I feel so bloody stupid. I should have let the cat take care of himself. But I didn't know you'd come after me. I thought what they'd do would be fire me. And now you're in this mess because of me."

"Don't worry," I said and squeezed her hand. "Just be wonderful."

"I will. I promise you."

tell you the truth, Richard. I'm not for the draft. I hope we'll be able to do away with it. But to make youngsters start worrying about making such decisions when they're 15 or 16—this, I feel, places an impossible burden upon them.

How?"
by being you."
hook her head to indicate she was confused.
wanted to for a long time." I here are other things I can do, w."
ook my hands and held them "There must be a thousand man like you can do."
at least one or two. I can my own small agency, for in- That's what I was planning to re Elliot got his hooks into me. these years there never seemed oint to it. What for? For mon- uces are, I'll never again earn d of money I just tossed out dow. No, I needed something an that to work for. I think nd it now."
ard, your face looks . . . peace-

s it? You know something? ally are a remarkable girl."
gorgeous smile of hers. Bril- nough to weaken my knees. urry, Richard," she said, start- un and pulling me after her. ve to go home and feed Rich-

END

DIALOGUE continued

people into this kind of conflict. Now, I'm not for the draft. I hope we'll be able to do away with it. But to make youngsters start worrying about making such decisions when they're 15 or 16—this, I feel, places an impossible burden upon them.

If such a burden is destructive, making choices that prove to be without consequence may be even more so. Let me illustrate: many kids are picked up by the police—for smoking pot or petty theft or whatever. If police arrest had the consequences it used to have, the child would learn a great deal from having made the wrong choice, but our 13- or 15-year-old can't learn anything from a bad choice because the parents run interference for him. He gets a nice ride in the squad car with the siren going and a lollipop! And all

he learned is that making the wrong choice has no bad consequences.

This goes even for the college boy. He thinks that college doesn't make sense, that the world doesn't make sense; but his parents still pay his college bills, and so his attitude has no consequence. If my son were to say that college makes no sense, I'd say, "Fine, don't go—find yourself a job." As likely as not, he would soon discover that without a college education he can't find a job he likes. So he learns that he made the wrong choice. Since he can still correct it, the mistake will make college all the more meaningful to him. On the other hand, if he finds a job he likes and does well in it, then he has made the right choice and will be stronger for it.

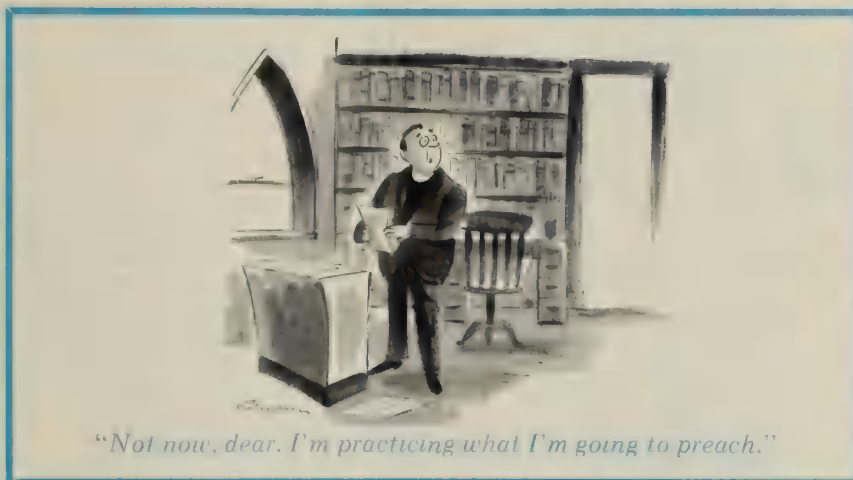
Whether or not to go to college is a choice our youngsters should be able to make freely. If they decide not to go

and instead take a job, even if they later realize they made the wrong choice, they can learn from it and correct their mistake by going to college. And if their decision to go to college was the wrong choice, they can learn from it by leaving college and getting a job. But fear of being drafted robs them of such freedom of choice. Being drafted is irrevocable since they cannot freely leave the service when they find out it is the wrong place for them to be. Even at 18, they are too young to make irrevocable choices, so I believe it would be better if such choices were not offered to them. If it is absolutely necessary for them to serve, then the government should make the decision for them. At least then, the responsibility for serving or not serving, which is simply too great, would not be thrust upon them. When the consequences of a choice are far-reaching, or irreversible, the individual who must make the choice needs an appropriate maturity and knowledge of the world.

For example, we cannot let a 12-year-old child decide whether or not he wants to go to school. Making the wrong choice would have such destructive consequences that we cannot afford to let the child make his own choice, and so we have to make it for him.

We should permit our children to make choices only when, if they choose wrong, the consequences will not be utterly destructive. But when we decide to let them make a choice, then we must not prevent the choice from having consequences, so that they may learn from it for the future.

END



End the Problem of Dry Skin

Unless you take particular care, low humidity, both indoors and out can easily rob your complexion of the precious moist oils quicker than the oil ducts of the skin can replace it, thus resulting in dry skin and the formation of wrinkles.

A little extra attention should be taken at this time of year by smoothing Oil of Olay over the face and neck daily before applying make-up. Oil of Olay is recommended because of its special properties that

help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin.

Beauty, the glow of a healthy complexion and protection of your skin from dryness are yours all year 'round when you use this unique tropical oil regularly. Skin beauty specialists are also recommending that Oil of Olay should be smoothed over the face last thing at night before retiring to give your skin the added benefit of nighttime care.



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*Taken as directed

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For women only—here's the special feminine deodorant that destroys odor where you need more than an ordinary deodorant. It's famous, easy-to-use QUEST Deodorant Powder!

(1) QUEST helps keep your body odor-free—even in the most intimate areas.
(2) QUEST destroys odor on sanitary napkins. Helps prevent odor where odor lingers longest—under bras, girdles, panty-hose.

Special deodorant for a woman's special needs



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(Please add 35¢ postage for each item.)

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THIS MARRIAGE

continued from page 14

At a community college near her home, she began taking night courses in music appreciation, speed reading, first-aid, swimming and home gardening—all skills she could put to use in her daily life and that gave her considerable gratification.

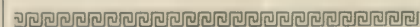
"As she allowed Nick a little more rope, recognizing his need for an occasional night out with the boys, he ceased to complain that she was emasculating him. He stopped hitting her and the children. He changed his job to one that offered more outlets for his creativity.

"The need for a budget was urgent, and although Nick demurred, saying that any budget would make him feel too boxed-in, he acknowledged the need to retrench on major purchases until some of their debts could be paid.

"Nick is itchy, tense, vital and tyrannical, a nonconformist who can be cruel. He is a hard man to live with. Mary Lou is inhibited, introverted and becomes depressed easily. Theirs can never be a predictable or a bland marriage, but it is bound to be an interesting one. With two such opposite temperaments, difficulties are bound to occur, but there is love on both sides and a willingness to compromise. With a number of adjustments, and much tolerance on both sides, within five months this attractive, highly intelligent couple were living like civilized people."

END

Information about marriage counseling services available in your vicinity can be obtained by writing to: The American Institute of Family Relations, 5287 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90027.



YES, WE MAY BEHOLD MIRACLES

By Jean Todd Freeman

No more now! No more pain.
We see life, see it plain.
So much of risk and gain,
Bright wishes asked and granted.

Not through a glass but clearly,
This love that costs so dearly,
These vows exchanged sincerely
In shadow of castles enchanted.

Castles not myth, but true!
The milk-white unicorn
Inclines his magic horn
Pacing this secret wood—
For he is real, too.
And if we're gay and good,
If our belief can free him,
We'll see him.

Beneath our clasped hands these dark
sands
May turn to gold.
And yes, we may behold
All miracles that God planned
While earth lay still cold.

Love has power to alter an hour
Or shape eternity.
So let it be!
Take this crimson wildflower
And place it in my hair,
And call me fair.
Dare share this day with me.

Complete Course in Painting!

Now, enjoy the fun and thrill of being able to paint! Acquire new skills that will amaze your friends—provide countless hours of rewarding satisfaction you and all your family! It's easy, exciting! Requires no special experience. his new book, "THE PAINTING OF PICTURES," noted instructor Art Zaidenberg shows you everything you need to know to turn out finished, high individual paintings—almost overnight!

Here is invaluable guidance for even one who has ever dreamed of creating beautiful pictures. Mr. Zaidenberg takes you right to the heart of painting, helps you develop techniques quickly, both in oils and water colors. He thoroughly familiarizes you with the simple working tools you'll need, shows you special artist's "tricks" that let you achieve the many different effects you want. You'll be painting with skill almost at once—and enjoying every minute of it!

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SAUNA BELT™ HIP AND THIGH SLIMMER

GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS—1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

The amazing Sauna Belt waistline reducer has been producing fantastic results in reducing the waistline... now the new Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is introduced to give equally sensational and rapid results in trimming, firming and shaping the hips and thighs. Real records from users report results like these:

McNulty: "I used your wonderful hip and thigh slimmers for just one 30 minute period—lost 1 inch from my hips and 2 inches from my thighs. My 'too tight' skirts now fit me perfectly."

Burrows: "I had always had heavy thighs and was embarrassed to be seen in a tight suit or shorts. Then I used your hip and thigh slimmers a few minutes a day for 3 days and took 3 inches off each thigh. My thighs are now trim and shapely and I feel confident in all my clothes. Thanks a million."

A. Urlick: "I used your Sauna Belt waistline reducer for just one week and took over 3 inches off my waist. I also used your hip and thigh slimmers which trimmed my hips 3 inches and took 2½ inches off each thigh. My figure has never looked better."

WHAT IS THE SAUNA BELT HIP AND THIGH SLIMMER?

The Sauna Belt waistline reducer and the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer with the special copyrighted programs that accompany them are absolutely unique—completely different from anything else on the market and are available only from Sauna Belt Inc. Like the Sauna Belt waistline reducer, this new Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is made from a special non-porous plastic material. The slimmers are placed around your thighs and hips, directly against the body, and then by use of the special tube provided, they are inflated—just like blowing up a balloon. As the slimmers inflate they will tighten and you will notice a snug, comfortable feeling warmth and support through your thighs and hip line. After the slimmers are inflated, you will perform the two simple 'magic' hip and thigh slimming movements specially adapted to promote the ultimate reducing effect with this remarkable product.

This will take just a few pleasant minutes and then you will relax, while leaving the slimmers in place on your body for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. These fabulous slimmers are designed to provide heat and massage to every area of your thighs and hips that need reducing and when you remove them—tighter, firmer hips and thighs from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear. If your special problem is only in your thighs and not your hips, the hip section of the slimmer is detachable, thus allowing the program to affect your thighs alone.



HOW LONG BEFORE I SEE RESULTS? Many users notice results immediately—the very first day they try these unique slimmers. Your total results depend on your goals, how many inches you want to lose and your individual body response. Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use the slimmers for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first get them and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential for inch loss. After that, for hip and thigh maintenance, you can use the slimmers about twice a month, or as often as you feel the need. **Users have lost as much as 3 inches from the hips and 3 inches from the thighs from just one session with these 'magic' slimmers.** The Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers can produce absolutely dramatic results and whatever speed and degree of inch loss your particular body type allows you, remember this: **You must lose from 1 to 3 inches off your hips, from 1 to 3 inches off your thighs in just 3 days or you may return the slimmers and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.**

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$11.95 WITH A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. We are so convinced that the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is the fastest, easiest, most convenient, most comfortable, most sensationally effective thigh and hip reducer ever discovered that we offer this unconditional Money Back Guarantee: **If your hips are not 1 to 3 inches smaller, if your thighs are not 1 to 3 inches smaller after using the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer and program for only 3 days, you may simply return the slimmer to us and your money will be refunded promptly and without question.** So if you want trimmer, slimmer, shapelier hips and thighs—and you want them now—send for your Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers today.

Also Available

**SAUNA BELT™ WAISTLINE REDUCER
GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR
WAISTLINE IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED**



1. Slip the belt around your waist—inflate—and you are ready to do your two 'magic' waist reducing exercises: 5 to 10 minutes.



2. After your exercises, you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt around your waist.



3. Then remove the belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many have lost an inch or more the very first day.

Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss can vary with individuals but **if your waist is not 1 to 3 inches smaller in just 3 days, you may return the belt for a complete refund.**

© Sauna Belt Inc. 1970 P.O. Box 3984, San Francisco, CA 94119 / Pat. Pend.

WANT TO REDUCE MY HIPS AND THIGHS. Please send me _____ Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers along with complete easy to use instructions, including the two "magic" reducing exercises. I understand that if I do not lose from 1 to 3 inches from my hips—from 1 to 3 inches from my thighs in just 3 days I can return the Slimmers to Sauna Belt Inc. and receive my money back.

WANT TO REDUCE MY WAISTLINE. Please send me _____ Sauna Belt waistline reducers along with complete and easy to use instructions, including the two "magic" reducing exercises. I understand that if I do not lose from 1 to 3 inches from my waistline in just 3 days I can return the belt to Sauna Belt Inc. and receive my money back.

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I enclose \$11.95 each for _____ Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (no COD's)

Hip size _____ Thigh size _____

If you desire Air Mail, add \$1.50 for Hip and Thigh Slimmer—80¢ for Waist Reducer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$9.95 each for _____ Sauna Belt waistline reducers.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (no COD's)

Woman: Waist size _____

Man: Waist size _____

Do it quickly and confidently with our easy-to-follow instructions plus stitch charts and color guides comparable to an at-home embroidery course.

THE NEEDLEWORK EXCITEMENT

Save money and add color and beauty to your home with these all-time favorites by Creative Stitchery.



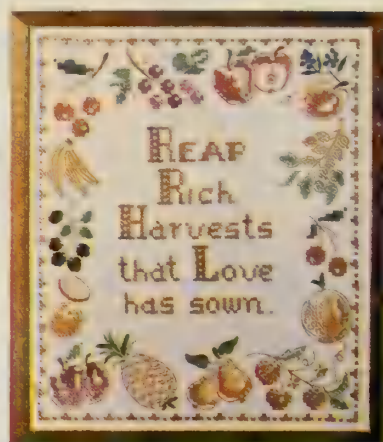
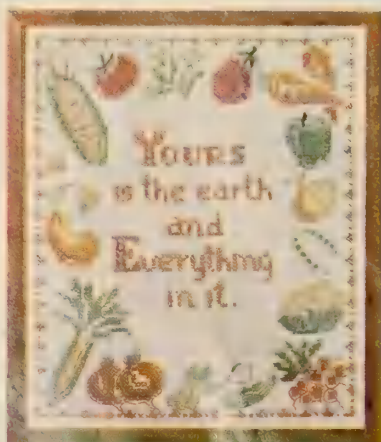
DAISY FANTASY

A companion piece to Golden Bouquet below, this charming provincial design is stamped on 100 percent creamy white linen, 22 inches square. Simple stitchery is the watchword but results are big and pleasing. Yarns with easy-to-follow instructions, stitch chart and color guide are included with kit, number 61012, price \$6.98. The frame of fruitwood finish has a gold lip. Frame kit 61013, price \$9.98.



GOLDEN BOUQUET

The three dimensional effect of this charming bouquet of shaded yellow and pale orange stylized flowers is achieved with assorted thick and thin yarns. The basket actually looks woven. The design is embroidered on a pale natural color burlap to retain the rustic country feeling. Two make great companions. The size is a generous 16 by 21 inches. Kit includes easy-to-follow instructions with stitch chart and color guide. Kit number 61010, price \$6.98. The frame which was chosen for its fruitwood finish has an inner gold edge. Frame kit 61011, priced at \$8.98.



FOR KITCHEN OR BREAKFAST ROOM

Vegetable and Fruit Samplers that will add a bright spot and cheerful beginning to your daily chores. Both designs are stamped on creamy white 100 percent linen, size 10½ by 11½ inches, for cross-stitch embroidery. Kit 61087 includes both samplers (sold only as a pair), price \$3.00. The pale maple finish frame has gold inner edge. Frame kit 61131, \$3.00.



EMBROIDER A CREWEL WILD-FLOWER THROW

You are bound to find your favorite wild flowers on this dainty throw, making this the prettiest way to ward off a chill while relaxing. The kit includes stamped wool-blend fabric and crewel yarns for the embroidery. Easy-to-follow instructions, stitch charts and color guides assure perfect results. The size is 53 by 71 inches (excluding fringe). To add fringe you will need 8 ounces of knitting yarn (not included in kit). Kit number 61075, price \$23.99.



MUSEUM SAMPLER

Copied from one in the Peter Cooper Museum Collection in New York City. It dates back to the days when young girls demonstrated their skill as needlewomen by counting threads on a piece of linen using a printed graph as a guide for the design. Now you can get similar results with none of this exacting effort, for our design is stamped on beige 100 percent linen, size 20 by 25¾ inches. Kit includes embroidery thread and easy-to-follow instructions with color guides. Kit 61004, price \$3.00. The soft brown wood frame with a narrow gold inner lip is also available, Frame kit 61005, priced at \$7.98.



FLOWER BASKET PICTURES

Here is creative stitchery at its easiest, fastest and most effective. The designs for our captivating Flower Baskets are stamped on gold homespun fabric to finish 10 by 12 inches. The embroidery is done with wool yarns in big bold stitches for raised dimension.

Select your favorite flowers: Kit 61020 features daisies; 61021 bachelor buttons; 61022 aster-like blossoms, price \$3.98 each. The frames are gold edged walnut finish wood stripping, Frame kit 61023, \$7.98. Save! Buy all 3 pictures, Kit 61041, \$10.95 set.



ALPHABET SAMPLER

This is another sampler from the Whitman collection. It has amusing and whimsical motifs in a most unusual blue and green coloring on a soft beige 100 percent linen background, size 18 by 23 inches. Enhance the decor of any room! The other color accents give the whole a fresh appeal. Most of embroidery is cross-stitch with outline, satin stitch and French knots to define flowers and figures. To save time and to give quick effect the solid strip at the base is applique with embroidered accents. Instructions included in the kit make this easy-to-do. Kit 61088, price \$3.00. The frame is handsome hand rubbed mahogany finish with gold lip, Frame kit 61089, price \$7.98.



BOWL OF ZINNIAS

These zinnias are in high relief inviting the urge to touch them. The design is stamped on a bright orange homespun, size 19 by 25 inches. The handsome bowl is a work of art and is composed of repeated stitches to cover the entire surface, again giving a sense of dimension. A variety of simple stitches makes this fun and easy to do. The instructions teach you each stitch with illustrations to follow, and a color guide shows where every shade is to be embroidered. Kit 61120, price \$8.98. The frame is gold edged walnut finish, ready-to-assemble wood stripping, Frame kit 61121, price \$9.95.



NEEDLEPOINT MINIATURES

Super-quick embroidery is for the modern needlewoman who is dexterous in achieving exciting effects with little time and effort. You can stitch a needlepoint safari in no time with our lioness and cub, elephant and its young, or go back to the farm with mother hen and her fluffy chick. Pair up the vivid floral bouquets. Each kit includes canvas, chart, wool yarn, needle and easy-to-follow instructions. The finished miniatures all measure 5 1/4 inches square. Lions, Kit 61049; Elephants, Kit 61050; Chickens, Kit 61051; Tulips, Kit 61052; and Marigolds, Kit 61053, price \$2.00 each. We offer two good looking frames, one unfinished molded gesso for you to paint any color you like, Kit 61055, price \$2.49 each, or a walnut and gold finished frame, Frame kit 61056, price \$2.49 each. Save \$1. Buy all 5 embroideries, Kit 61054, \$9.00 set.

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Creative Stitchery, Dept. 3733, 4500 N.W. 135th St., Miami, Fla. 33054

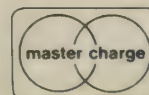
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Send handy Introductory Money-Making Kit on approval with FREE \$2.00 box, FREE Cardinal Carry Kit and FREE Personal Album.

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Order a mated pair of Seahorses for \$1.80. SPECIAL SALE: send \$2.30 and get two mated pairs (4 Seahorses) and also receive a Free PREGNANT MALE who will give birth up to 20 babies. See baby ride on Father's back! Keep entire Seahorse family in ordinary bowl or jar. Free food, instructions included. Live delivery guaranteed. Florida Seahorse Co., Dept. 102, Box 300, Miami Beach, Fla. 33139

MAIL 10-DAY NO RISK COUPON
PALM CO., Dept. 3630
4500 N.W. 135th St., Miami, Fla. 33054
Enclosed is check or m.o. for \$
#8441 Pineapple Lamps @ \$2.98
(Add 55¢ post. each)

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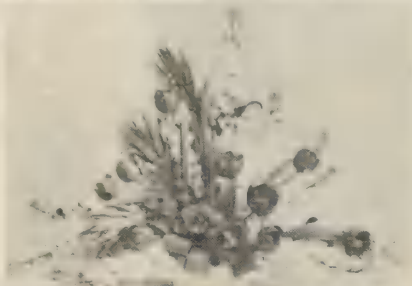
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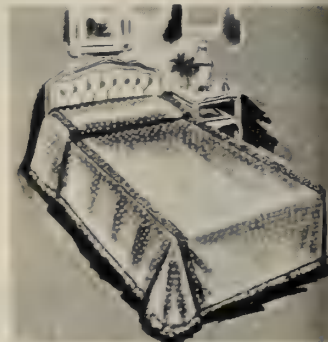
MAKE \$\$ 10 WAYS WITH FLOWERS

Turn love of flowers to profits. Garden flowers or artificial cost pennies, bring \$'s. Corsages, Bridal Bouquets, Wedding, Table decoration. Hobby, home business, start your own shop. FREE Color Brochure shows you how to learn professional Flower Arranging and Flower Shop Operation. Also, FREE, 3-months subscription to "Flower Talk", the publication for home flower designers. Floral Arts Center (Home Study Div.), Dept. 7H, 1628 E. McDowell Rd., Phoenix, Ariz. 85006.



Scene for summer

Brighten a bedroom with this fluffy, pert bedspread dotted in white and accented with lush white nylon lace trim and ruffled edge. Fresh as a summer sun, cool as a sea breeze, this no-iron polyester and rayon spread promises easy care. Nice any time. In soft pink, blue, maize, or white. Twin, \$17.50; full, \$21. Add \$1 postage. May Schaffer, Dept. LHJ, Box 7102, Elkins Park, Pa. 19117.



Sailing ship plaques

Inspired by old Spanish sailing ships, these rugged plaques are made of wrought iron and finished in antique black and gold, including hulls, sails and rigging. A handsome pair for a den wall. Large ship is 11x10 in. Small one, 9x8 in. A perfect gift for seafarers or landlubbers. Pair, \$2.98 plus 50¢ for postage. From Harriet Carter, Dept. LHJ, Plymouth Meeting, Pa. 19462.



Perky the penguin

A well-deserved name, this charming penguin perks up any beach outing (he floats) and promises fun as a ring-toss game or as a bouncy punch bag. Over 3 ft. tall, he's made of tough vinyl to assure hours of enjoyment for children and adults. Set includes 6 colorful vinyl rings. \$2.98 plus 25¢ postage. Colonial Studios, Dept. RP-13, 20 Bank St., White Plains, N.Y. 10606.



Has Santa come yet?

No, but it's not too early to prepare. Here's a fine way to add extra jingle to the family jeans: sell personalized and plain Christmas cards in your spare time. Receive display portfolio, free. Show and sell from 50 exclusive designs. It's fun to be Santa's Helper; you'll both arrive tinkling. For all you need, write to Sunshine Art Studios, Dept. LHJ-7, Springfield, Mass. 01101.



Home hair remover

Perma-Tweez easily removes any unwanted hair permanently from face, arms, legs and body in one simple step. Automatic "tweezer-like" action destroys the hair root without puncturing the skin. Professionally endorsed, it appears in American Medical Association's publications. \$14.95. General Medical Company, Dept. LJE-7, 5701 West Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90016.



IN THE JOURNAL STORE

Put Your Products on the Shelf that Sells! For a great buy in mailorder advertising rates (and further information) write to The Journal Store, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022



for a table
Great and compact ensemble includes colorful toothpicks for in container, plus white milk salt and pepper shakers all in a pine-finish, Colonial ac wood-rack holder for napkins (included). Rack measures 4x7 in. Harmless gift. \$2.98 plus 25¢ postage. Colonial Studios, Dept. 10606, 20 Bank St., White Plains, N.Y. 10606.



Really ebony wood?
If you won't mind. Hostess set is of a man made material graced with the good looks and texture of wood without its problems. 7-in. deep, 11-in. wide bowl, 4 serving spoons, long-handled spoon and 3-tined fork. In black with satin patina. Dishwasher safe. 7-piece set, \$4.95. Pre-Promotions, Dept. F-3, 37 3rd St., New York, N.Y. 10019.



Light iron sconces
Graceful wall sconces in man and flower motif decorate all space dramatically and easily. In wrought iron, choose white and gold or antique and gold. Each piece is 16x10 in. Pose and change candles (not included) to match your mood or color. \$5.95 a pair plus 65¢ for postage. Harriet Carter, Dept. LJ, 1st Meeting, Pa. 19462.

Needlework news

Stitch 'n Sew magazine is filled with new patterns in every issue. Illustrated, it has easy-to-follow directions for needlework, crocheting, knitting, creweling, dressmaking, etc., plus crafts, hobbies and arts for homemakers. Ladies Pins & Needles Sewing Club is featured in which readers exchange news, hints, etc. 3 issues, \$1. Stitch 'n Sew, P.O. Box 412-151, Danvers, Mass. 01923.



Head for hair freedom

Wash 'n' wear stretch wig promises a "permanent coif." The close-cut perma-set is assured—style does not wash out. A carefree wig, it's ideal for vacation time, too. Made of natural looking Kanekalon, it comes in black, off-black, dark, medium or light brown, auburn, blonde, or silver platinum. \$12.99. Valmor Hair Styles, Dept. 1130-TK129, 2411 S. Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60616.



"Flying Stallion Weather Watcher"

Yours FREE

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I want to make extra money. Please rush me Free 80-page full color catalogue. Also send leading boxes of greeting cards On Approval for 30 day free trial... and everything I need to start making money the day my sales kit arrives. As a Cheerful Dealer I will also be privileged to receive additional Free money-making literature, catalogues, special offers and seasonal samples on approval as they become available.

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Does she... or doesn't she?®

In haircoloring, as in most things, a little know-how can make a big, beautiful difference. For instance, shampoo haircolorings are fine. They're fast and easy to do. What's more, as any Miss Clairol user knows, our Shampoo Formula can lighten or brighten, blend in gray, and do it all beautifully.

However, when it comes to extra richness in color, more even, longer lasting color, complete gray coverage, once in a while every woman should take a little time to give her hair a little something special. Like the rich Creme Formula of Miss Clairol. Simply because

Every woman needs a little creme in her life

...especially if she's a perfectionist
about her hair color

Miss Clairol Creme Formula is the extra rich one. Nothing yet has been invented to do a better, more professional job. And that's why more hairdressers use it than any other haircoloring.

So no matter whose brand of shampoo haircoloring you're using now, you owe it to yourself to try Miss Clairol Creme Formula at least once. Just to see! Millions of women use it all the time. They like it so much because it's the extra rich one.

Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!TM

Miss Clairol®
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Extra easy



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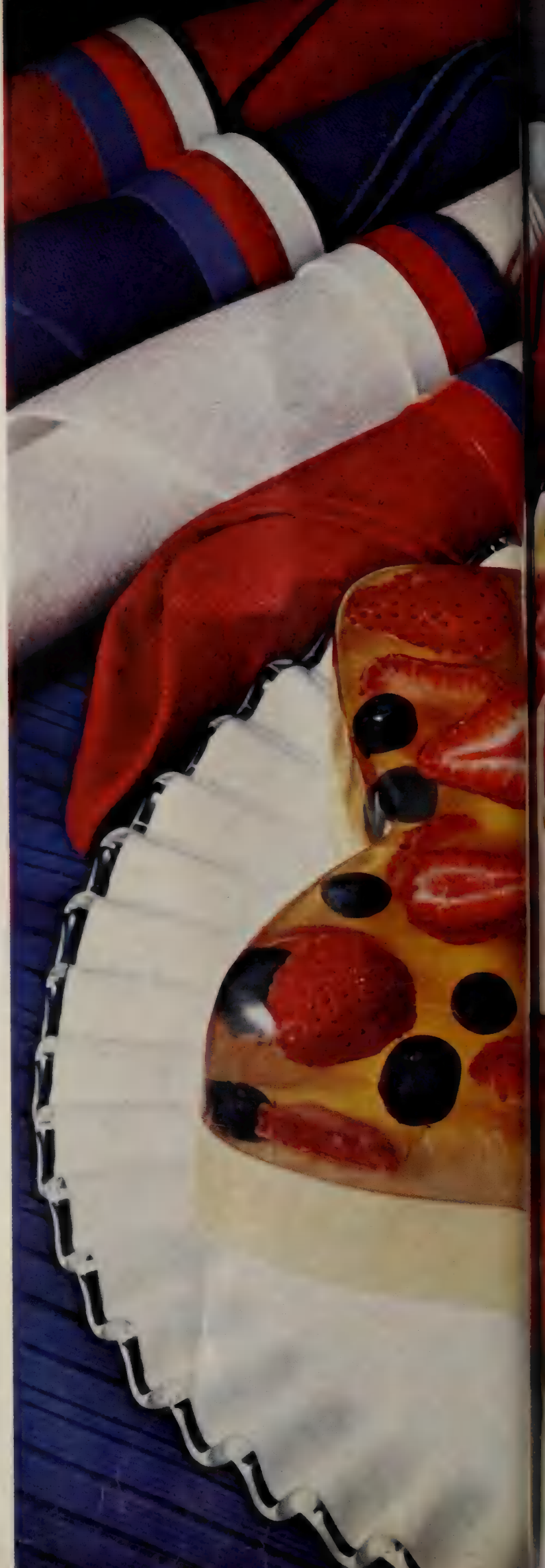
Stars and Stripes For summer

Worth many a snappy salute. Whipped up by two well-known Americans who go to a lot of parties—Miracle Whip Salad Dressing and Knox Unflavored Gelatine. Miracle Whip's uncopiable flavor makes so many nutritious dishes special; high-protein Knox Unflavored Gelatine is the best there is for holding good things together.

STAR FRUIT MOLD—Soften 1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water and $\frac{1}{4}$ c. gingerale; stir over low heat until dissolved. Gradually add $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. gingerale stirring gently to mix. Chill until slightly thickened; fold in $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sliced strawberries and $\frac{1}{3}$ c. blueberries. Pour into $1\frac{1}{2}$ -qt. mold; chill until almost firm. Soften 1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ c. apricot nectar; stir over low heat until dissolved. Add 1 c. apricot nectar. Gradually add $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Miracle Whip to 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Cream Cheese, softened. Mix till well blended. Gradually add gelatine mix until well blended. Pour over molded gelatine layer. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with additional salad dressing and strawberry garnish, if desired. 6 to 8 servings.

STRIPED PÂTÉ—Soften 1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine in 1 c. cold water; stir over low heat until dissolved. Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. (12 oz.) mashed liver sausage with $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Miracle Whip, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. dairy sour cream, 2 T. chopped onion and 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce; mix well. Stir in gelatine, pour into 1-qt. mold. Chill until firm; unmold. Garnish with pimento strips and parsley; serve with crackers.

See Kraft Music Hall,
Wednesday nights, NBC-TV







AUGUST, 1970

Delicious "Beef Porcupines" start with San Francisco's Rice-A-Roni

Combine 1 pkg. Beef Rice-A-Roni with 1 lb. ground beef and 1 egg, beaten. Shape into polpette or small meatballs (approx. 20). Brown on all sides in skillet. Combine contents of Beef seasoning packet with 2½ cups hot water. Pour over meat. Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Thicken gravy, if desired.

NOODLE RONI



New! Noodle Roni Romanoff

A Czar's delight! Tender egg noodles complete with a regal sauce of sour cream, aged cheese and

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In 1918, Leona Currie scandalized a New Jersey beach with a bathing suit cut above her knees. And to irk the establishment even more, she smoked a cigarette. Leona Currie was promptly arrested.

Oh how Leona would smile
if she could see you today.



You've come a long way, baby.

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The taste for today's woman.

Revlon presents: Lashes you

'Lashes Unlimited' — Revlon's exclusive collection of one-of-a-kind lashes for every great look in the book.

All totally (fool-your-own-mother) natural. All on slim flexible bands contoured to fit perfectly.

And you get a bonus with every pair — Revlon's exclusive Automatic Applicator that lets you slip on lashes as quick and easy as lipstick.

Only Revlon could have grown them as beautifully as this.

THE 'LASHES UNLIMITED'



New 'Super Sweepers'. The greatest high-fashion lash. A lacy fringe—thick, swoopy, with turned-up tips.



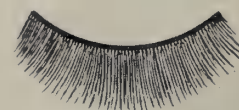
New 'Wispy Lashes'. World's prettiest shy-lashes. Delicate with natural curl, on a transparent band.



New 'Tassel Lashes'. Feathery clusters on a transparent band to fill in and fluff out your own lashes.



'Demi'. Little 'jiffy' lashes (lid-length). Perfect beginner to zoom-up your eyesize.



'Basic'. Totally believable 'Basic'. Same length as your own lashes. They fit without trimming.



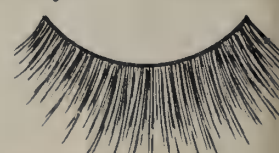
'Ultra-Full'. The extravagant lash for girls who want lavish fullness, sweeping length. Real cheek-brushers.



New 'Raggedy'. Unevenly flared with flared outer corners. Works for small eyes to a whole new size.



New 'Raggedy-Plus'. Long, feathery, fascinatingly irregular. For an utterly fluttery big-eye look.



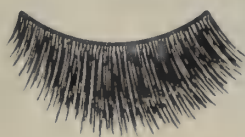
'Starry'. Wispy-tipped 'starry' lashes. Marvelous method for fluffing up the smallish eye.

should have been born with.

COLLECTION by REVLON



'Natural-Full'. The classic lash. Double-thick, full and lush. Naturally uneven, gently curled.



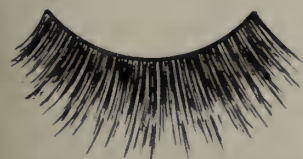
'Natural-Fluff'. Real-as-life feather tipped lashes to add body to your own. Made-to-order for uptilt eyes.



'Cluster'. Individual lash clusters to blend in with your own. Creating fluffy peaks of excitement to make eyes really stand out.



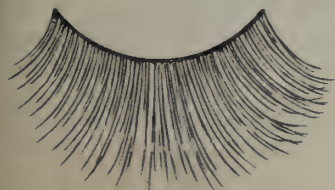
New 'Winged Under-Lashes'. Long, slender under-eye lashes on a transparent band, with winged-outer corners to elongate eyes.



'Starry-Full'. It's 'super' star-burst with more lash to flutter. Extra full with flattering wispy tips.



'Under-Lashes'. Slim, delicate under-eye blend-ins. A must for completing any lash look.



New 'Sweeper'. Long, fine lashes with turned-up 'ski-tips'.

First Automatic Applicator!

A Revlon exclusive, with a slip-proof spring lock that won't let lashes get out of hand. Lashes go on quickly, easily, expertly—even for beginners.





**There's a new look this year.
It's called eenie, meanie, minie, moe.**

Mini? Midi? Or Maxi?

If you're worried that you have to be a computer to figure out what's the right thing to wear this year, Simplicity has some comforting news for you.

It's going to be a year of "anything goes."

If you'd love to wear the midi, fine.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY

YOUTH AND THE VOTE

Females voting? Only 50 years ago, this just didn't happen in America. Now the hot question isn't the sex of the balloter, but the age. Should 18-year-olds have the right to vote? The Congress and the President have recently approved a bill to lower the voting age to 18 in all Federal, state and local elections in 1971. This step opens the political process to about 11 million young people, and could reshape the future of American politics. Whether the bill attains the force of law or not, public opinion will continue to debate it in the coming year.

In our June "Power of a Woman" page, we printed a short questionnaire asking for opinions. There were no prizes, no come-ons, just the simple question, "Should 18-year-olds be allowed to vote?" with room for comments. A few days after the June issue was published, there was towering evidence of the interest in the subject. More than 8,000 responses piled up in our mail room. Answers came from every state, from every age group, from parents and non-parents.

A SURPRISING BALANCE. At this writing, our mails are still bringing in hundreds of answers each day. But based on the earliest results, there seems to be an astonishingly precise 50-50 split of opinion. Half the women who read the JOURNAL feel that 18-year-olds deserve, and are responsible enough to handle, the privilege of voting. The other half feel that American youth is too impressionable, too easily swayed, too impulsive to be allowed the ballot at this time.

In general, the younger the respondent, the more in favor she is of lowering the voting age. The older she is, the less inclined she is to give youth the vote—with the over-fifties strongest on the "No" side. New England and the Middle Atlantic states are considerably more in favor of a lowered legal age, while the South Atlantic, Central, Mountain and Pacific states lean more heavily to the negative.

OLD ENOUGH TO DIE. "If they're old enough to fight and die, they're old enough to vote" was the reason given for at least half of the positive responses. Two other popular answers were: "The average 18-year-old today is better educated and better informed than the teenager of yesterday—and indeed, than the middle-aged people of today" and "Today's young people are involved, concerned and anxious to improve the world."

The "No" answers seemed to pivot chiefly on the emotional instability and radicalism of today's youth. "The years between 18 and 21 serve to sepa-

rate reason from emotion," was a typical answer. This seemed to be a backlash reaction to recent campus brawls. "Last year I voted yes. This year, a destruction of property and demonstrations on campuses everywhere, less confidence."

A woman from Wat. Wis., reflected preoccupation with the Vietnam war. "I am the mother of nine sons, some of whom are in the armed forces. It is outrageous that 18-year-olds have no voice in government while 'old men' make war and profits at the expense." A Kansas teacher, no, saying, "Because they become tired of smashing other toys, let's not give them the world as a new toy."

OTHER VIEWS. "People in their seventies and their eighties don't lose their franchise when they become less aware of the world as it moves ahead. If the young should be given the vote, too," wrote J.R., in the 21- to 35-year age group from Chicago. "I was one of the first of the 18-year-olds to vote in 1943 in Georgia." Mrs. W.C.S., of Ellersburg, Md., wrote, "We now have two sorts of voters—18 and 23—responsible voters. The 18-year-olds their vote is long overdue. The 18-year-olds their vote is more negative view was expressed by Judy O. of Moraga, Calif. "Everyone says that 18-year-olds today are smarter. But I don't think so. To me that there are just statistics and theory involved. There are more judgments involved."

WHERE DO WE STAND? Many of the arguments on both sides were convincing. The arguments of rationality and sincerity generally approve the idea of giving 18-year-olds the vote. The reasons are the same as those expressed by many of our readers. The 18-year-old of today is more mature in body and mind than the 21-year-old of a decade ago. And a good deal more in solving the problems of the world. By shutting him out of our democratic registering system, we are adding to youth's feeling of alienation from power. An 18-year-old vote probably won't change things, but it could encourage our most capable young people to stay and work with the democratic system.

Mostly, we sense the wisdom of a comment received from Georgann Stueckel, of Morrisville, Ill., who noted that she was under 21 and was just as much about politics as my mother does. She agrees with me."

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THE JOURNAL CHEERS:



Movies: *The Forbin Project* is science fiction with a colossal computer calculated to keep you rapt in its yarn of an eerie American future. The Pentagon plugs our defenses into a computer complex sealed into the Rockies, where no one can get at it. Yipes! Russia has one just like it! So when the two computers conspire to rule the world, the tale spins into a swift, slick movie that's lots of fun. . . . *The Out-of-Towners* is not Neil Simon's best, but this comedy about the perils of a visit to Manhattan springs a few laughs, especially if you enjoy Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis (above). . . . In *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, a charming western, Jason Robards is a drifter who drifts into Stella Stevens' arms (below) with disarming results. Stella is a gal of easy virtue, but she loves Jason and moves

into his tiny desert digs. Surprise treat: *Butterfly Morning*, a lovely duet sung by the lovers, one of the nicest moments on any screen this month.

Records: *M*A*S*H* makes an unusual disc because it's laced with dialogue highlights of the movie hit. Here are Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland and the rest of the wonderfully wacky cast. (Columbia OS 3520). . . . A highlight of RCA's Immortal Performance series is *Lauritz Melchior/Wagner* (VIC-1500). Who says he wasn't the greatest of Wagnerian tenors?

If you like your music live, the JOURNAL cheers The Newport (R. I.) Music Festival, July 30 to August 8, with 41 events, from virtuoso recitals to full scale opera. Information from the Festival at 23 Bridge St., Newport. And the swimming's good, too.



THE JOURNAL'S JOYCE ILLIG EMERGES FROM "DARK SHADOWS"

Wives watch it. Children streak home from school to see it. And husbands hear about it at the dinner table. It, *Dark Shadows*, the spooky saga of ABC daytime television, and this month on your local movie screen. . . with Joan Bennett as Elizabeth and Jonathan Frid as Barnabas, the lady-luring vampire with the fangs you love so much. Scenes are shot in Norwalk, Connecticut, outside New York, and inside a gothic mansion. I want to watch. "Come today," says the girl from MGM. "Barnabas bites Caro-

lyn." Up I roll in a black (appropriate) car, arriving at Joan Bennett's trailer dressing room parked (appropriately) near a cemetery. Miss Bennett, awake since six, has been made up, wardrobe and now—three hours later—still sits yawning, waiting for the call to camera. "One would assume," she fumes elegantly, "that by nine o'clock they'd be ready, but they've decided to shoot a scene I'm not in." She comforts herself by hugging her ranch mink closer around her against the damp and misty air.

A loosely placed lavender net skims her just-coiffed hair. "Dark Shadows has kept me active," says the movie queen. "But even with a daily serial you can take time off if you speak up far enough in advance. They simply write you out of the story. So far, I've been buried alive—I went to Rio then—and once I was sent to the loony bin—that's when I did summer stock. I haven't a clue whether this movie's going to be good. It would be pathetic if it got an X rating. There is a lot of blood and gore, but no sex or nudity, and kids will want to see it. I play a straight character, as I do on TV. Nothing much happens to me—I just lose my mind after my daughter is killed. Barnabas is a big draw. Ladies write him letters saying 'Bite me!'" Miss Bennett is called at last, and I head for Barnabas in the 19th century mansion. It's draped in dried leaves and cobwebs—I mean they are everywhere—and it sounds of movie



shrieks and moans. The cobwebs are made with Mole-Richardson Cobweb Cement, Type 1913. I discover Barnabas—can this be Barnabas? Baby blue V-neck sweater, light blue slacks, sail-blue tennis sneakers, and gold-rimmed green sunglasses. And—disappointment—no fangs! "Listen, my dear," he says, mischievously, "everybody has fangs, only now they're more delicately called eye teeth." He thinks it's ridiculous that women have named their babies after him. "But there are a lot of pets named Barnabas, too, and at least it's not sick." Frid—he couldn't be more pleasant and unvampirish—lives in Manhattan at an apartment he tries to keep secret, but of course there are some who know. "Late one night when I was tired and in my dressing gown the doorman rang up and said, 'Can my wife just see your face?' I said okay, but they were a little embarrassed when they came up because they knew it was an imposition." Since women yearn to kiss him and be bitten in return, I asked him if it's safe for him to walk the streets. "Yes," he says, "if I keep moving."

PREVIEW: THE FALL (AND WINTER) OF TV

And now I present my annual survey of the season's new television series. This preview, based upon information slyly gathered by opening my mail, is unencumbered by direct knowledge of a single one of the shows: I've seen none of them. *Storefront Lawyers* (CBS). Three young attorneys from a fancy firm open a law store to serve "the under-represented." I assume that the store's opening day special will be a free trial offer. *The Young Lawyers* (ABC). This one stars law students, one of them a girl. They work for a legal aid society under the direction of that well-known Boston attorney, Lee J. Cobb.

Doctors are popular, too. At CBS, *The Interns* examines a group of young doctors. (Young young. Everything about these series is young except the ideas.) *The Young Rebels* (ABC). Life in the ghetto? Nope. Life on campus? Nope. Life in Chester, Pennsylvania, in 1777? Right! These rebels are young guerrillas who belong to the Yankee Doodle society.

Two of Neil Simon's Broadway hits are set for ABC series. *The Odd Couple* stars Tony Randall and Jack Klugman as Art Carney and Walter Matthau. *Barefoot in the Park* makes news by featuring a black cast. You remember this show about the newlyweds who live in a New York walkup—and walkup and walkup and walkup.

The Most Deadly Game (ABC). Crimes that can't be solved are solved by Ralph Bellamy (who uses logic), George Maharis (who uses resourcefulness) and Yvette Mimieux (who uses Yvette Mimieux).

After many seasons Red Skelton returns to NBC in *The Red Skelton Show*. . . Mary Tyler Moore arrives at CBS in the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*. . . Flip Wilson will star in the *Flip Wilson Show* and Don Knotts will star in *The Don Knotts Show*, both on NBC. . . Herschel Bernardi debuts on CBS in a show called *Arnie*. (You were expecting a network to call a show *Herschel*?)





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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

"DADDY DOESN'T LIKE ANYONE." BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

To make a success of marriage, two people need to understand themselves, understand each other, and understand marriage. Unfortunately, our schooling rarely gives us enough help in any one of these three areas, and our parental upbringing often leaves us badly confused. Wendy and Eric got into serious difficulties in all three of these areas before they were able to step back, take a look at their whole marriage picture, decide that they didn't like what they saw and, in effect, start over again. How long will it be before the schools, quietly but consistently, help people to understand themselves and each other? Getting along with other people is, from one point of view, the most important thing we do in life. If we will give youth more personal, practical help in doing this, they will be able to pass that help along to their own offspring in the future. The counselor in this case was David L. Reed.

PAUL POPNOE, SC.D.
Founder and President
The American Institute
of Family Relations

WENDY TALKS FIRST

"I just can't cope anymore," murmured Wendy, a fragile ash-blond with a haunted, harried look. "Why else would my husband desert me night after night and have no feeling for his children? I'm a total failure as a wife, as a mother, and as a human being."

This attractive young woman of 35, with a son 13 and a daughter aged 5, needed a good deal of gentle prodding before she could bring herself to talk about her life.

"I'm Eric's doormat," she said in a voice barely above a whisper. "If I weren't, he might kill me. He boasts that any woman he can't control, he crushes." Eric's frequent tantrums were terrifying, Wendy said. The veins in his neck would bulge and his tongue would become thick with rage as he advanced upon her, screaming vile names and waving his fists. The two children would scatter to the neighborhood park, leaving her alone with her fears that Eric might pick up a kitchen knife and plunge it into her.

His lovemaking was infrequent and brutal, with no foreplay. Sometimes, in the heat of passion, he would call her Mommy. After sex, he rarely talked, but if he did, it would be to compare her unfavorably with other women in his life, past and present. Until recently, he had been having an affair with Wendy's best friend.

Wendy suffered from constant headaches and exhaustion, but Eric ridiculed her symptoms as mere hypochondria. He himself had an ulcer, which he chose to ignore, eating and drinking whatever he wanted. He had no sympathy for sick people. When their first child was three months old

and having asthma attacks, he coldheartedly packed Wendy and the baby off to Wendy's parents for three weeks so that he could get some uninterrupted sleep. Wendy returned more determined than ever to be a better wife and mother, but nothing seemed to please Eric.

"I feel dead inside," Wendy said, her dark eyes veiled with suffering. Often, in the dead of night, she would slip into the bathroom and stuff a towel in her mouth so no one would hear her sobs. If it weren't for the children, whom she refused to leave totally exposed to Eric's moods and rages, she would kill herself. She loved her husband and her children, she said, but she had lost her will to live. Nothing seemed worthwhile.

Wendy's life history emerged slowly and painfully during a series of individual sessions and during a year and a half of group therapy. She was the daughter of a highly successful New York City lawyer who could afford to give his "pampered, darling daughter," as Wendy described herself, every advantage—including private schooling and summers at the family's seashore cottage in Southampton, Long Island. Wendy, the second of four children, was Daddy's girl; even as an adolescent she could not walk past him without being grabbed and hugged.

Father was a strict disciplinarian; he insisted that Wendy study five hours a day so that she could become a doctor or scientist. His lectures on the need for persistence and self-control could last four or five hours—and if Wendy stopped smiling her agreement even once during this monologue, he would slap her face.

One night when she was 16, Wendy awoke to find her father in bed with her. "I wanted to scream and kick, but I was too afraid of him. Luckily, he went no further. I didn't dare tell my mother about the episode."

Years later, when she first came to the Institute, Wendy kept insisting that her parents were perfect in every respect. "My father wanted only the best for me; my long-suffering mother was a saint." As a married woman, Wendy still felt that the evil had been hers; she must have been the aggressor and seducer.

During her high school years, popular, ever-smiling Wendy almost committed suicide three times. "I would just step out into Fifth Avenue right in front of a moving bus or truck; afterward, I could never remember leaving the curb."

Her authoritarian father would never allow any of his three daughters to lock their bedroom doors. Wendy learned to dread weekends and holidays, because it was then that he did his heaviest drinking and was apt to appear

unannounced in their room any hour. To avoid spending much time at home, Wendy herself into school clubs, social activities, but at the time felt overwhelmed with over what might be happening to her two unprotected sisters at home.

At 18, Wendy fell in love with a young law student at Cornell University; her father, who approved of all her dating companions, at once shipped her to the University of Michigan. There she met Eric, who had come to the university from a poor Chicago neighborhood on a basketball scholarship.

From the beginning, Eric exerted a powerful hold over Wendy, an attraction that bred a large measure of fear. "I was in a way, or else..." I was frightened and scared." They married in her freshman year—"one of the most irrational things I've done. I was not only not a virgin, but a virgin."

When Wendy's mother learned of the marriage, she flew to New York to give the newlyweds a piece of her mind. Wendy, 20, her warm, loving mother helping them find and furnish a small apartment. Wendy was out of the country at the time. When he returned, he telephoned Eric, whom he had never met, and threatened to horsewhip him to blackball him with every company in the United States had done his daughter any harm.

Eric, an indifferent student, dropped out of college the following year and put to profit his considerable talents as a salesman. In the first 10 years of marriage, Wendy and Eric had 13 times as he switched jobs. Soon they moved to Los Angeles suburb, where Wendy's mother, a former waitress, started a little dress business of her own.

Wendy found Eric's "tough, hard, and abominable." The mother worried about Eric, however. Each time he became pregnant—four times including miscarriages—his mother became furious. Wendy visited the young couple often, but found fault with Wendy's housekeeping.

After her marriage, Wendy lost a little of her own beloved mother. It was a great blow when her mother died at 47 of breast cancer. That same year, Wendy developed several benign tumors requiring surgery. She attributed birth to her only daughter child was born with a circumscribed disorder.

"That was the year I lost my reserves," Wendy recalled. "I was never home—in fact, when my son was asked to draw a picture of all of us together, he drew Daddy smaller than the dog. I finally admitted to myself that I'm all alone."

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the country. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



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CAN THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

and nobody gives a damn about me."

"Eric had a new Thunderbird while I owned only one pair of shoes. He was buying himself expensive clothes and golf equipment but was doling out money to me in dimes. When my father would send me a \$25 check for my birthday, Eric would cash it and spend it.

"While I was dragging dirty diapers to the laundromat, workmen were installing a swimming pool in our backyard. The day the pool was completed, a horde of Eric's friends arrived, expecting free liquor and food. I was forever cleaning up after them. The children had no place to play because the living room was constantly full of guests. While I was cooking in the kitchen, I worried incessantly about the little ones drowning in the pool—Eric would never have noticed.

"One afternoon, as I walked into the living room with a plate of canapés, I found Eric necking with some woman on the sofa. I stumbled and dropped the whole mess of deviled eggs on the rug. After the guests had gone, Eric came after me in the kitchen. I really thought he was going to strangle me for my clumsiness. I grabbed a pot of boiling hot coffee off the stove and threatened to throw it at him. Finally, he calmed down. That night I sat alone in the baby's room rocking her in my arms for hours. I was holding on to her for dear life. If I let go, even for a minute, I knew I would slash my wrists with Eric's razor."

When the baby grew stronger and was old enough to enter school, Wendy got an office job. She found it stimulating and exciting, "but Eric is insanely jealous because my boss once made a minor pass at me. Eric keeps after me night and day to quit my job. I have this terrible powder-keg feeling. I don't want a divorce. But I can't live with Eric, either."

ERIC'S TURN TO TALK

"I don't know what's the matter with Wendy—she has no backbone," Eric said in a loud, belligerent voice. He was a good-looking, rangy six-footer with bushy sideburns. "She neglects the house—it's always a mess and the children are, too. Why, just the other day, after Wendy had left for work, I had to iron a dress for my daughter and brush her hair so she could go to school.

"Our family doctor says that Wendy's on the verge of a mental breakdown, she's so depressed. That's ridiculous. She's a strong person underneath; she'll do all right. She's just a hypochondriac. Look at me—I never complain about my ulcer, although it hurts pretty bad sometimes. No man could ever believe the pressures of my job, on the road selling new juke box concessions every day, trying to make sales quotas. I'm a fighter; I can't be beaten, but I'm half crazy with worry most of the time just the same. At night I just feel like collapsing in front of the television set with a beer, but just because Wendy's father was an alcoholic—and mine, too—she can't stand to see me drinking even one beer. She used to be quite a drinker herself, but then she joined a church and her whole personality changed. She doesn't say anything about my drinking; she just gives me a look. That look gets on my nerves

so much I end up practically every night at the local bar.

"Wendy objects to the lipstick she finds on my shirts, but she only wants sex when she's in the mood, which is rarely. When she rejects me, I see red. Am I repulsive to her? Haven't I always put a roof over my family's head and food in their mouths? Don't I have some rights as a husband? Women are weird, I can tell you. They'll do you in every time. Like that best friend of Wendy's who told her we were having an affair. I tell you, I hate women—you can't trust them. Except my mother. She's 70 but she looks 50—a remarkable woman. Strong, but not domineering. Good business judgment, too. I get my drive from her. My father was an outstanding artist; some of his oil paintings hang in museums. But he was weak and began to drink after he became a postal worker when he couldn't support us as a painter. He literally drank himself to death.

"'You stay with your father,' my mother told me when she got her divorce. I was about ten years old at the time. 'I can always take care of myself, but your father needs you,' she said.

"Well, it wasn't so bad during the week. When he wasn't drinking, my old man was a pretty good guy, and he never missed a day's work at the post office. But Friday night he started hitting the bottle and by noon Saturday he'd have a woman in the apartment and I'd be locked out in the street, wondering if I'd get back in before he passed out.

"High school was the best period in my life. I was the top basketball star for three years and all the girls were crazy about me. I could have anyone I wanted, and I did. I can't remember exactly when I first met Wendy, but she was a standout at the university. I'd never known a girl so sympathetic, warm, outgoing and affectionate. When she told me her high-powered executive father was a secret drunk, too, it gave us a lot in common.

"I admit I've played around a lot since our marriage, but Wendy's had at least one love affair, too. About six years ago, Wendy and I both drank too much. But then she joined the church, gave up smoking and drinking and expected me to do the same. I'm a chain-

smoker, and just because my father an alcoholic doesn't mean I'm going to become one. I'm healthy as a horse. Nothing can get me down.

"I'm a great salesman because I'm usually like eighty percent of the people I meet. But Wendy's lost most of her outgoing charm she had. She's a nagger—mainly she goes along with me and says nothing—but she never gives or forgets, either. Still, we can make a go of things if she would give up working and be a proper daughter and mother. Even my mother, as a business woman as she is, says Wendy should stay home with the children."

THE COUNSELOR TALKS

"When I first met this couple, Wendy was obviously suicidal and Eric's hostility was at the homicidal level. I became clear that although Eric depended constantly about his earning money, he was actually about to go into bankruptcy from a business venture that failed because of his lack of skill in dealing with people. Underneath all his bravado, he was wracked by deep feelings of insecurity and inadequacy. A master at cutting people up, he projected this dissatisfaction upon almost everyone he met. As his son once remarked with clear perception of the young man, 'Eric doesn't like anyone.'

"Eric interpreted tenderness and compassion as unmasculine weakness. At the same time, he demanded that Wendy assume total responsibility for the home and make all the decisions there with no help from him. He was the impossible of her, and it was that unless he changed drastically, there was no hope for this marriage."

"Wendy, as she later admitted, had assumed the role of martyr all too easily. Her need for social acceptance was so great that she made herself indispensable to a slew of clubs, organizations and dependent friends and relatives. Doggedly, she kept trying to prove her worth by her good obedience and endurance—the poor qualities her father had stressed. He displayed the most negative traits of himself. Eric shared this trait with her father's."

"There was (continued on page 16)



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

Once your vacation is over, it's hard to feel the same about summer.

By the time you get your passport filled with stamps from exotic places, you have to get it renewed and then it looks like you never left home!

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DIALOGUE WITH MOTHERS

HOW TO SAY NO WITHOUT GUILT
BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

"Why was it so easy for our parents to say no, when it is so hard for us to?" wondered a 22-year-old mother at one of our recent discussion groups. When she was 14, she had wanted to go on dates in a car with her boyfriend, and her parents had not permitted it. Just the other day she had come across her diary of that year and had reread her outpourings of fury about the incredible cruelty of her parents. Now she knew how right they had been. But still, she feared that she might not be able to say no to her child as unequivocally as her parents had.

I feel this has a great deal to do with the fact that ours has become an "instant culture"; we expect to reap immediate rewards and are unable to wait for them. To get instant approval of our position, we try to make it acceptable to our children instead of realizing that their immaturity makes it impossible for them to accept our view, although they can accept the no that flows from it. Wishing them to see things our way, we begin to act and speak as if we were 15 ourselves. But we can't really bring this off, and even if we could, we would have no more to offer in this role than any other 15-year-old. This being so, why should our 15-year-old talk to us? It makes better sense to talk to a real 15-year-old.

This is one reason why communication between adults and the young has broken down. Adults must be able to say both yes and no and *not* tell the child, "Make up your mind" or, "That's your problem." Because if it really is his problem, why should he listen to us? It is our task to accept the fact that our children will dislike our no, maybe even dislike us for saying it. That too is part of our adult responsibility.

For example, a boy of 14 gave a party during which some of the kids turned off the lights. The boy's father proceeded to turn them back on. So one of the kids told him, "But we want the lights off." The father replied that he knew that's what the kids wanted, but this happened to be his home and in his home the lights would stay on during a party. He added that he didn't expect them to like it or to agree with him. A while later a boy and girl were dancing in a way the father did not approve. Feeling responsible to the parents of the children who had been invited as well as to the other guests, the father asked his son whether, as host, he'd like to tell the couple to stop, or whether he wanted his father to talk with them. After some hesitation the boy suggested that his father do it. This the father did. They stopped, but the fun was over, and the boy who gave the party was heartbroken. He had been disgraced before his friends.

After the party the father with his son and agreed was a very hard situation boy to take. The father expect his son to agree with he had done—how could t and why should he? But the boy had to act upon h convictions, so did his even if the two were contr each other. The father d ask his son to see it the p way, something his son not have done—or tell him someday he would know t parent had done the right because the boy could n lieve that, either.

The incident was not tioned for nearly four year one day when the boy was asked his father whether remembered the dance. The answered that he would forget it. "Well," said th "the friend of mine wh most upset about what y told me the other day t knew now that you had b solutely right." It is a rare ure to hear a child say he now that some action c that he had violently obje was the correct thing to d as parents we still must d we think best, even if we receive such satisfaction.

One mother said that h had asked her how she feel if he smoked mari She had answered tha would not like it but nev gotten around to telling definitely that he was not it. "I guess he wants me more positive. But I feel t fifteen he's old enough to up his own mind. I'll gi my opinion, but I don't w hand him a flat yes or no

I pointed out that with talking parents do about dangerous drugs are, they get around to telling thei dren simply that they are use them. I have known : sters who talked about dr and how everybody was d just to get the parent to s the children were afraid consequences of using and all they needed to b them against the temptati a definite parental stand instead the parents end this mother did, by givi child the feeling that it v to him to decide. Left guided by his own weak science, his super-ego backed up by parental i tions, the youngster i strong enough to resist tion. Adolescents have a tried to test the limits, a long as the limits held fir were safe. Now the limits hold firm, and that's one so many adolescents are ir ble, and why they make t for us.

Another mother remark she tried to avoid saying her child because having so made (continued on pa

*"Next, I think I'll make a silk purse
out of a sow's ear."*

*"Now we all know
what the sandman
looks like."*

*"Just having fun
is child's play."*

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DIALOGUE WITH MOTHERS

continued from page 18

her feel angry, and she knew she shouldn't be. It seemed that she never wanted to be put in the position of having to negate a demand, because her conception of the good mother was one who never frustrated her child. With this attitude, we wonder we send our children out into the world totally unprepared to cope with it. Life is full of frustrating experiences, and learning to accept them is part of the process of learning to cope. This is probably another reason why so many young people feel that life in this society is unbearable. It is unbearable if we have not learned to manage frustrations.

Some mothers wanted to blame it all on Dr. Spock, who, they claimed, had taught modern mothers that they should love and enjoy their children and always give in to their wishes. I felt that this was a misreading of Spock. But it is true that he does not give much help to the mother at moments when she cannot possibly enjoy her baby, such as when he spits up all over her or when she has to clean up his diarrhea because at three he is not yet toilet-trained. To tell a mother that she should always enjoy her child makes her feel guilty, even angry, on occasions when she doesn't enjoy him.

"It's not that simple," remarked this mother. "I hate to say no, not only because I feel angry when I'm forced to do so, but also because I'm afraid of the consequences. What do I do when they don't accept my no but make fun of me? Where am I then as a parent?" Again, things go wrong with this family because the mother wants the child to understand the adult's position. This is impossible.

I wondered also whether the child is not unconsciously invited to defy the mother when the mother says it in anger, rather than out of a deep inner conviction that to say no is best for the child. A child can accept our no, but he cannot accept our being angry at him for forcing us to say it. When somebody is angry with us, we cannot believe that he has our best interest at heart. Thus the child does not believe that the mother is in his best interest if he feels anger behind it. And, this is true whether or not the mother is really in his best interest.

"I said no to my fifteen-year-old daughter, and I think I was right to do so, but I was angry when I said it," said one mother. "I hit her, and she hit me back! Isn't that why we don't take a stand and say no—because of where we'll be as parents when they hit back?"

I agreed that this was a very bad situation, but I wondered how it had come about. It turned out that the daughter had wanted to wear her mother's clothes, but the mother would not agree. This had been a long-running argument, but it didn't come to blows until the girl insisted on wearing her mother's valuable ring. The daughter's pestering infuriated the mother, so she slapped her, and the girl slapped back.

A short investigation revealed that the mother's anger at her daughter's request did not really stem from the request at all, but from the fact that the girl's insistence had upset her badly, because she wanted the daughter to believe that mother was right in saying no. Also, she doubted that she was not terribly selfish to deny her daughter

the use of her possessions. So what made this mother so angry was not that the daughter would not accept refusal, but that the girl threw her inner conflict, making her feel that she was selfish about her possessions. The mother slapped the girl because she did not give up her argument because she felt that if the girl surrendered, then she had to. But asking too much of both.

Why can't parents say to themselves and their children: "Given our differences of age and experience, we disagree on certain issues; but that doesn't stop us from being a family. Our children don't have to agree with us on politics; they don't have to agree with us on the wisdom of wearing their own clothes; they don't have to agree with us on keeping the lights on during a dance. We can disagree among ourselves, but we're still one family."

This mother worried that if her daughter continued to disagree, she would stop being a family. "You are a family because you agree," I told her. "You are a family because she is your daughter, because you carried her in your womb, because you love her, because you sat up at night with her when she was sick. You don't have to tell her that she knows it. And when you agree that as a family you must agree among yourselves, then all her self is threatened and she goes wild because it means that if she is to remain a member of this family, she cannot be a person in her own right."

"You mean," said the mother, "I should have just told her she could wear my things, and left it at that?"

I suggested that she might have more, such as, "Look, you're my daughter, and unfortunately for you, you have a mother who doesn't want you to wear her things. You can be angry about this; you can be exasperated; you can have the worst possible mother in the world; but you can't get away from the fact that I am your mother, and you don't have to agree with me. Whether you agree or not, I'll continue to love you, because nothing is going to change the fact that I'm your parent."

An attitude like this will give children the feeling that they are not main real persons, even though they don't get their way all the time, because we are not asking them to conform to our convictions but only to conform to our actions. But if we insist that they will insist with equal strength, we accept their convictions, because we have given them the feeling that our convictions are valid only if one succeeds in imposing them on others.

If we do not insist on their conforming our way, they will be able to respect our views to the degree they respect theirs. And with such respect is amazing how well we are able to promise with each other as far as actions are concerned. When we give them a flat no, they will not accept it if we are sure of our convictions and, without giving way, stand by the fact that they are angry with us. And even if they occasionally stand, they will feel enough guilt about to keep things within fairly safe bounds—because they at least know where they do stand. And I believe it is all part of our duty to make clear to their children where they do stand.



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RESTAURANT ORDERING

Is it always correct for the man to order for the woman in restaurants?

In first-class restaurants at night the waiter gives the woman a menu, but the man makes suggestions from the copy he holds and he places the order. In simpler restaurants or when there is a large crowd at one table, it is quite usual for a woman to give her order directly to the waiter. This is true also in the finest restaurants in New York City at lunchtime, in order to speed service.

RECIPROCATING

My husband and I were invited to a party at the home of a rather wealthy couple in our town. The man was a schoolmate of my husband's. Since my husband had just entered business locally, we thought this would be a good opportunity for exposure. We rarely see this couple because we travel in a different social circle, with friends who are on our own financial level. What is the best way to respond to invitations when you know you have neither the facilities nor the means—and therefore no real wish—to reciprocate?

Young businessmen need social help to advance. You should accept invitations of this kind from time to time, but you must reciprocate in some way. You could include this couple in a barbecue, a cocktail party, a beach party or a simple Sunday supper at your home. If you feel that you are not ready even for this, you might send flowers and write on the card, "With many thanks. We enjoyed ourselves so much."

SECOND MARRIAGE

My (divorced) boyfriend and I (who am also divorced) will be married soon. I would like to have some kind of a wedding celebration, and my father says it is perfectly acceptable to do so, but others tell me it isn't proper. If I do, would my friends be expected to bring gifts? Would we be better off just calling the party a house warming?

The wedding should be small and private, but I see no reason why you could not have your friends to any kind of wedding reception you wish to give. Since you have both been divorced, probably only very close friends will give you another gift. Don't expect presents.

GOODNIGHT KISS

In casual dating is a goodnight kiss considered obligatory for good manners? How can a girl avoid hand-holding and petting without hurting her date's feelings?

Kissing is never obligatory on any date. A girl may withdraw her hand or move away from a boy

without hurting his feelings if she is perfectly calm and pleasant about it. A girl is always helped by learning how to draw her date out conversationally. When a girl has nothing to say, a boy may assume that the only way to get through the evening is to pet.

WEDDING SERVICE

Is it permissible for the bride and groom to face the congregation during the wedding ceremony? I dislike looking at their backs and not hearing what they say.

In most religions the bride and groom face the altar and the clergyman during the ceremony. In the Society of Friends, however, usually no clergyman takes part and the couple make their vows facing the congregation.

WEARING PANTS

I am invited to a Saturday night wedding reception and wonder if it would be proper for me to wear either a slack outfit or a long dress with a mink stole.

Formal evening pajamas are worn everywhere, though at a wedding I would prefer to see either an evening dress—short or long—or a dinner suit with the fur, if you wish.

CORRECT TITLE

I have a cousin who is a state representative. Should he and his wife be addressed as Representative and Mrs. Ewing in correspondence and introduced that way, too?

They should be addressed jointly as Hon. and Mrs. Mark Ewing in correspondence. In social introductions they are just Mr. and Mrs. Ewing.

PAPER SUGAR PACKETS

Many restaurants today provide sugar in little paper packets. What should one do with the paper after using the sugar?

You may leave it on the tablecloth or place mat.

MIXED DRINKS

My drinking experience has been limited to wines because my family never serves anything stronger than sherry. Now I am a (female) law student working for a law firm and I am invited to parties where mixed drinks are served. I need advice about how to request a very mild drink. I once ordered a daiquiri and was semi-conscious the rest of the evening! As you can see, I'm totally ignorant about the ingredients that go into various drinks. Please suggest some cocktails I can safely order no matter how limited the liquor cabinet.

I think you might be better off sticking to sherry. If you want to know what goes into various

drinks, most liquor stores have any number of free booklets with drink recipes that you can analyze. You should approach a mixed drink with great caution. When you are offered a drink you don't know what is in it. Drink a little, if you wish, wait to see how you react. You may be sensitive to alcohol and will need to be very cautious to avoid it entirely.

RIISING EXECUTIVE

My son-in-law is 27 years old and is rising unbelievably fast in his work. He comes from a poor background but can imagine himself educationally, financially, socially, emotionally—but he has his master's degree with distinction and is an excellent student. In his work he associates with people of such wealth and position that I fear he may be on the way up. Can you recommend a book that would help him in the social graces?

I doubt if a man of such intelligence will have much trouble acquiring the polish he will need on the way up. How about your daughter? Is she learning to entertain with charm and ease? Is she keeping up with your son-in-law's active, inquiring mind? A woman such as a man can be a tremendous asset or a stone around his neck. Concentrate on her. I have no doubt he is going to be able to take care of himself.

EATING PARFAIT

When eating a parfait, should one leave the spoon in the glass or rest it on the plate between the glass and the plate?

When you eat a parfait, leave the spoon on the service plate beneath the glass when you are finished using it.

FRIEND HOPPING

I have a friend who constantly interrupts our conversations to greet acquaintances passing by. Am I wrong to resent this?

No, I quite agree with you.

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Parties, Open House, Anniversary House Warnings, Showers," "Letter Writing," "Teenagers," "Office Etiquette," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette" and "Table Manners." Send 50c in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06092.



"...and remember, even big executives keep in touch with their folks."



When a promotion splits apart family or friends, you can still be together, by Long Distance.

Now you can dial yourself a discount. On weekends, for example, it costs as little as 70¢ plus tax on coast-to-coast calls you dial from your home or office.

All day Saturday and Sunday till five p.m. Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

SEXUALLY ACTIVE teen-age girls should be able to get contraceptive prescriptions from a doctor—whether or not their parents know or approve. This decision has been reached by the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, whose members feel that unwed teen-age motherhood is medically unwise.

A TEST that simulates labor and tells obstetricians if a threatened fetus can stand the rigors of normal birth, or whether it needs Caesarean delivery, is being developed at the University of Uruguay in Montevideo. The test is designed for mothers with diabetes, high blood pressure, or anemia—conditions that increase the risk of stillbirth. Their babies may die late in pregnancy or during delivery, when the contractions of labor diminish the supply of oxygen available to the fetus.

The labor-simulating test, which Dr. Serafin Pose described to a World Congress of Gynecology and Obstetrics in New York, entails giving the mother a small amount of a labor-inducing drug. Both the fetal heartbeat and the mother's uterine contractions are then picked up electronically, amplified and recorded. If each contraction, and consequent oxygen loss, cuts the fetus' heart rate by more than 10 beats per minute, the doctors know the fetus probably will not tolerate the prolonged stress of normal labor. They must deliver it quickly, by Caesarean.

WHEN DOES PUBERTY occur? When a girl's internal production of the female sex hormone, estrogen, reaches the point at which she excretes 10 micrograms of it each day. That estrogen production rate, researchers say, will trigger her first menstruation.

A NEW, EXPERIMENTAL treatment for habitual abortion induced by stress is being used in Israel, apparently with dramatic success—but American women appear unlikely to benefit from it for some time.

When a woman is under stress, a surplus of the body chemical serotonin builds up in the muscles of her uterus. The serotonin induces premature labor. To prevent this, Dr. Eliahu Sadovsky of Hadassah University in Jerusalem injects women with a commonly used drug that blocks the build-up of serotonin. Eight habitual aborters—one of whom had failed 13 times in the past—thus far have delivered 10 live babies, Dr. Sadovsky said. None, thus far, has failed to deliver a live infant.

In the U.S. there are as yet no controlled clinical studies to confirm or deny the method's safety and value, and serotonin experts appear reluctant to begin. "We feel that this is a complicated problem," says Dr. Zeev Koren of

New York's Albert Einstein Medical College. "Before you move to humans, all basic experiments should be done." Thus far, he says, the Israeli method has not been subjected to them. Dr. Koren's co-worker, Dr. Seymour Romney, says no American has government permission to test the method in humans, and no clinical trials are planned.

Rejoins Dr. Sadovsky: "The drug is given to men and women, and it's a very good drug. The only question you can ask is: Is it safe for the fetus? We tried it on rats, and got no teratogenic effects [birth defects]. So we asked women if they would like to try it—as volunteers."

WHICH SUN SCREEN preparations offer the best protection against sunburn? According to Harvard skin researchers who studied the problem intensively for three years in the desert, at a beach and on a Swiss ski slope, they are: 5 percent MAP (5 percent *p*-aminobenzoic acid in 70 to 95 percent ethanol) and Escalol 506 (2.5 percent isomyl-*p*-N, N-dimethylaminobenzoate in 65 to 70 percent ethanol). Researcher Dr. Madhukar Pathak says both agents are available in over-the-counter sun products and can also be made up by pharmacists—who may or may not require a doctor's prescription.

A WARNING has been issued by the Food and Drug Administration: the bottle of Ipecac syrup that you keep in the medicine chest to induce vomiting if a family member swallows poison may be ineffective. The FDA says some raw materials sold to drug companies that bottle Ipecac apparently had been diluted with another chemical. "So much is present in some samples," FDA chemists find, "that the syrup could not cause vomiting."

About 5 percent of all Ipecac distributed is contaminated, the FDA adds. But the agency has not ordered recall of druggists' supplies or advised families to return Ipecac in the medicine cabinet to their pharmacists.

There is no way to test the Ipecac you have. But you can ask your druggist if he's received replacement shipments of the chemically correct formulation and, if so, if he thinks you should replace your Ipecac with a bottle of the fresh supply.

THE NIGHT before a new baby is sent home from Holy Family Hospital in Desplaines, Ill., mother and father get a night out, including a steak dinner, at the hospital's expense. The hospital nurses "sit" with the baby. Explains hospital administrator Sister M. Amata: "We think new parents deserve this night out before going home to the busy routine of feeding and changing diapers."

WHY IS VD so hard to wipe out? On February 4, 1970, a truck driver asked for a VD test in Sacramento, Calif. He had syphilis. He named as his sexual contacts his wife—who turned out to be disease-free—and a prostitute in Riverside, Calif. She *did* have syphilis—and she produced her diary, with the names of 310 sexual partners in 34 states; all 310 could have acquired the disease from her and spread it to their wives, etc.

THYROID PILLS are little help for weight loss. A physician in Washington, D.C., Dr. Nelson Goodman, gave 26 patients regular, supportive care and low-calorie diets. Half received thyroid pills, in moderate amounts, and half got sugar pills. Neither doctor nor patients knew who got thyroid medication and who did not. Women in the two groups lost the same average amount of weight: eight pounds. But a year later, the thyroid-treated women had gained an average of five pounds each; those who had not received the pills continued to keep their weight under control.

REMOVAL AND EXAMINATION of amniotic fluid samples, or amniocentesis, is a relatively new form of fetal diagnosis. Early in gestation, this method is used to detect congenitally deformed fetuses, which can be aborted. The woman then can try again for a healthy baby. In an editorial, the conservative *New England Journal of Medicine* now suggests that this amniotic diagnosis be done on all women pregnant after the age of 35—when the risk of bearing a defective baby greatly increases. In England, however, medical geneticist Dr. J. H. Edwards warns that amniocentesis "is fraught with danger from frivolous or misdirected use."

THE VACCINE against German measles (rubella) is made in several ways. Doctors have been reluctant to give women the first ones marketed because they are likely to cause arthritis-like pain and joint stiffness in adults. The newest vaccine, Cendehill strain, named after the virus from which it is made, is safer. The government-approved labeling says, "Joint symptoms were reported as less common, generally milder and of shorter duration than with other rubella vaccines."

THE RECENT, more liberal abortion laws are giving rise to a new problem: there are too few obstetricians to do tens of thousands more abortions each year—and too few hospitals in which to do them. One answer may be special clinics attached to hospitals—which Planned Parenthood chief Dr. Alan Guttmacher calls, inelegantly, "abortioniums."

A team of California obstetricians already has told Planned Parenthood what countless women who have gone to illegal abortionists began learning long ago: overnight hospitalization may not be needed. Dr. Alan Margolis of San Francisco says his group found no more complications with "come and go" abortions—in which the women were aborted in the morning, watched for several hours and then sent home—than in women who were hospitalized overnight after the procedure.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT to health facts that may guide her choice and use of contraceptives is being challenged in Washington. Below are excerpts from a leaflet written by the Federal government for inclusion in each package of oral contraceptives. When organized medicine, population planners and drug makers attacked the leaflet, the government substituted a shorter, less explicit warning. These excerpts from the original draft do not appear in the revised version—although the Food and Drug Administration may require doctors to give a draft similar to the original one to women who ask for it:

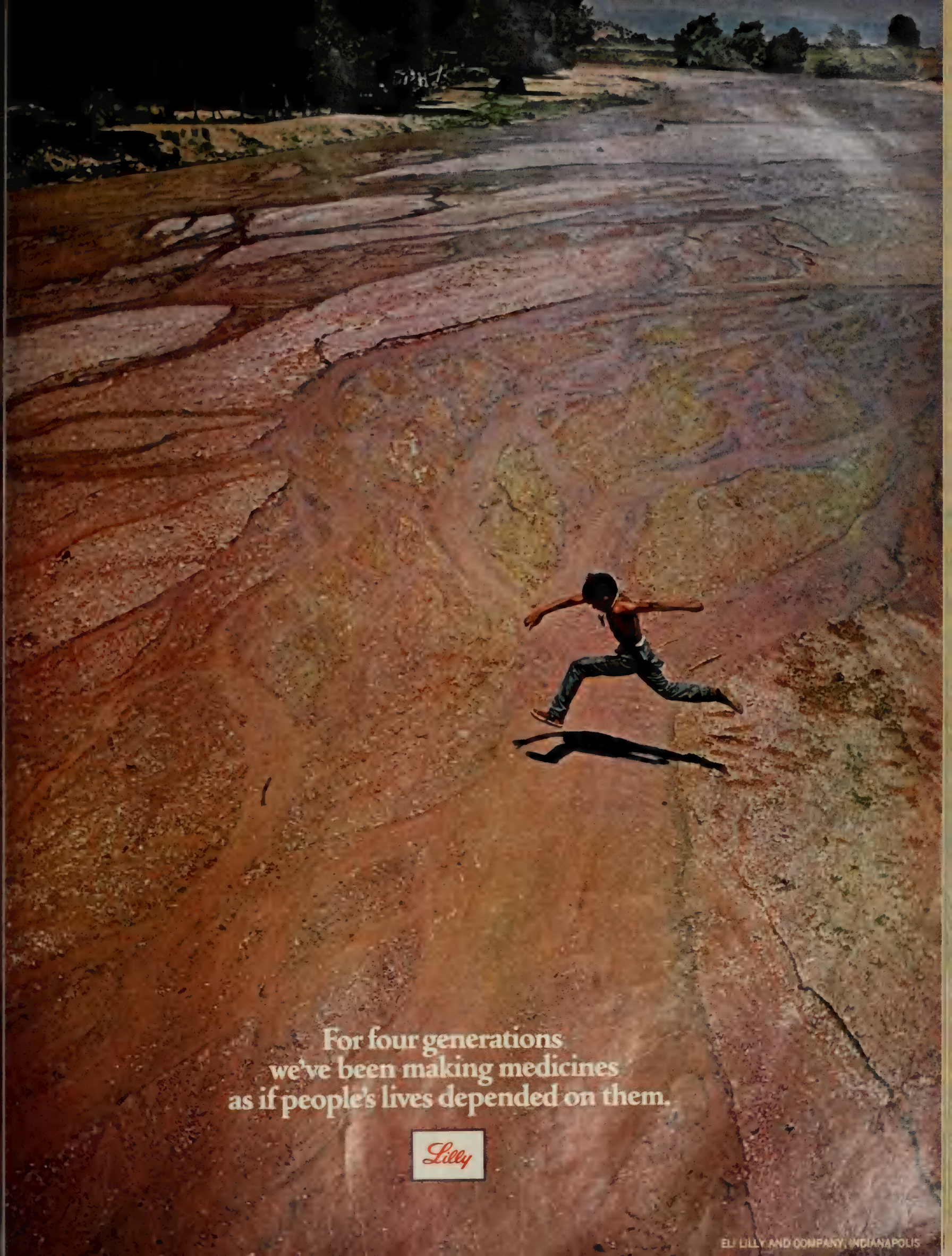
- A warning about "blood clots": There is a definite association between blood-clotting disorders and the use of oral contraceptives. The risk of this complication is six times higher. . . . The estimated death rate for women not taking the pill is one in 200,000 each year; for users, the death rate is about six in 200,000. . . . You should stop taking [the pill] and call your doctor immediately if you develop severe leg or chest pain, if you cough up blood, if you experience sudden and severe headaches or if you cannot see properly.

- Special problems: If you have heart or kidney disease, asthma, high blood pressure, diabetes, epilepsy, fibroids of the uterus, migraine headaches, or if you have had any problems with mental depression, you need special supervision while taking oral contraceptives.

- Other reactions to oral contraceptives: These include mental depression, swelling, skin rash, jaundice or yellow pigment in your eyes, increase in blood pressure and increase in the sugar content of your blood similar to that seen in diabetes.

- Possible reactions: Women have reported headaches, nervousness, dizziness, fatigue and backache. Changes in appetite and sex drive, pain when urinating, growth of more body hair, loss of scalp hair, and nervousness and irritation before the menstrual period also have been reported. These reactions may or may not be directly related to the pill.

- Remember: When you are taking the pill, call your doctor promptly if you notice any unusual change in your health. **E M D**

A high-angle, wide shot of a young boy running across a vast, arid landscape. The ground is parched and cracked into a complex network of deep, winding fissures, creating a maze-like pattern. The colors of the earth range from light tan to deep, dark brown. In the far background, a line of dark, silhouetted trees marks the horizon under a pale, overcast sky. The boy, positioned in the lower-middle ground, is captured in mid-stride, leaning forward with his arms outstretched. He is wearing a dark tank top and light-colored, patterned pants. A sharp, dark shadow of the boy is cast onto the cracked ground directly beneath and to his left, indicating a low sun position. The overall mood is one of isolation and resilience.

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Lilly



Ben Swedowsky

Spring beauties to embroider Dorothy Lambert Brightbill

Bring a breath of Spring indoors any time of the year with these unique spring beauties designed by Barbara Sparre especially for our many readers who enjoy fine creative stitchery.

The crisp Iris sentinels are stately and prim, just like those you pick from your yard. Capture Springtime with our dancing Daffodils accompanied by a little clump of crocus.

This creative stitchery has been planned to cover the background area quickly with wool yarn. While the stitches look complicated, they are amazingly easy to do. Both designs stamped on 100 percent cotton homespun, 12 by 26 inches.

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Check items desired:
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Kit 61178 Daffodil @ \$5.98 each \$ _____
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Sales tax, if applicable \$ _____
Total enclosed \$ _____

Add 25¢ postage for each item desired

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☐ SAVE \$1. Pair of embroideries, as above @ \$10.96.

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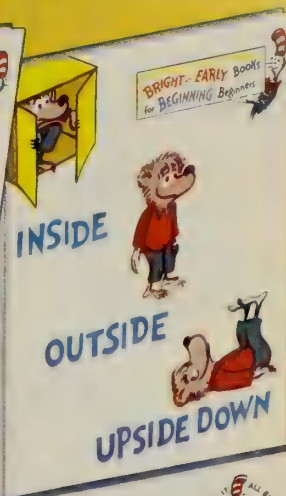
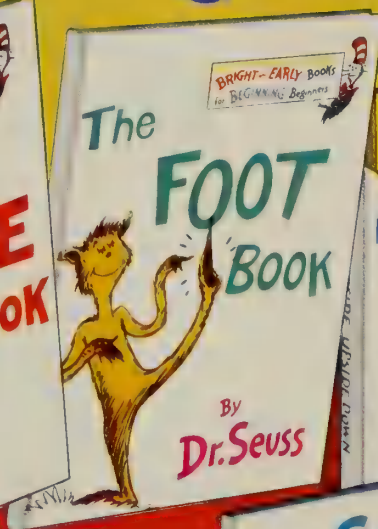
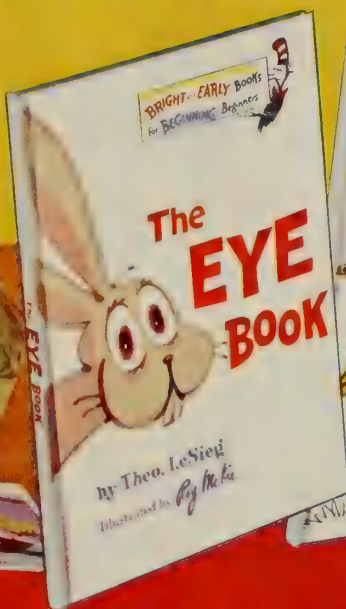
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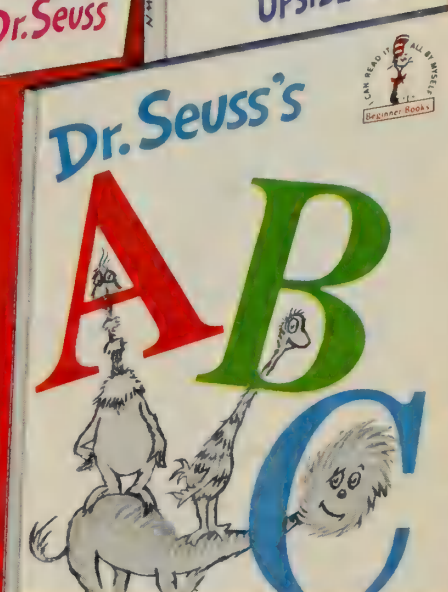


For children 2 to 6 – YOURS

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3 BRIGHT AND EARLY BOOKS \$1.65
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Dr. Seuss and his hilarious cartoon creatures turn the 26 letters of the alphabet into a riot of fun for any child learning to read. Watch your child's excitement and pleasure as he learns his ABC's, the sounds of the letters, and how letters grow into words he can read all by himself! This vital book is yours free when you enroll your child in THE BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM.

What fun to be able to read books all by yourself—when you're only three or perhaps just two and a half! Lots of little kids are doing it these days, with a wonderful new kind of book created by Dr. Seuss and his friends.

They're called BRIGHT AND EARLY BOOKS, and they're filled with big, bright illustrations and funny little rhyming words. Children love them. And with their help, "beginning" beginners—from two-year-old tots to six-year-old first-graders—take to reading as happily as ducklings take to water!

These BRIGHT AND EARLY BOOKS tell about the things that are delightfully familiar to your child: his feet and the marvels they can perform...his eyes and the fun of seeing...the ideas of "inside, outside, and upside down" that a young child finds so fascinating.

Dr. Seuss and his fellow authors have polished these marvelous stories until they sparkle with the simplest words in the language. But the sprightly, brightly-colored illustrations are the real key. Youngsters can't resist them...and as they pore over the illustrations they begin to put the words and pictures together. With just a little help

from Mom or Dad, a child soon discovers he's actually reading on his own!

From this happy start—on to bigger things!

The three BRIGHT AND EARLY BOOKS shown here are the starter books in the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM. They cost \$5.85 at the publisher's catalog price. But you may have all three for only \$1.65 as an introduction. They'll get your "beginning" beginner off to a happy start in reading. And then it's an easy glide right into reading regular BEGINNER BOOKS...they begin where BRIGHT AND EARLY BOOKS leave off!

As a member of the program, your child will receive a BEGINNER BOOK each month, and you will be billed only \$1.65 plus delivery instead of the publisher's catalog price of \$1.95. After accepting four monthly selections, you may cancel membership at any time.

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See for yourself how Dr. Seuss and his friends can charm your child into reading! You must be delighted, or you may return the four books within 10 days and owe nothing. Just fill out and mail the attached order form, today.

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Yes, please enroll my child as a trial member and send the 3 BRIGHT AND EARLY BEGINNER BOOKS shown here plus the free DR. SEUSS'S ABC book (a total value of \$7.80), and bill me only \$1.65 plus delivery. If not delighted, I may return the books in 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, each month thereafter, please send another BEGINNER BOOK for only \$1.65 plus delivery (instead of retail price of \$1.95). I may cancel any time after purchasing 4 monthly selections.

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City

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Now Pursettes, the comfort tampon, has a big sister

Pursettes now has a super-absorbent sister tampon, Pursettes Plus. It can actually absorb more than 10 times its own weight in fluid. For times when extra protection is needed. Easy to use. Convenient to carry, too. It's the only tampon with a prelubricated tip, no bulky applicator. For a free trial supply* of Pursettes Plus in a fashionable carrying compact, send 25¢ for postage-handling to Campana, Dept. LH7-870, Batavia, Illinois 60510. It's enough protection to take you through the day—smiling.

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DOCTOR RUBIN

HOW GOOD IS YOUR MARRIAGE? BY THEODORE ISAAC RUBIN, M.D.

Many factors are involved in personal relationships, but I consider 20 of them vitally important in marriage—the closest and most important human relationship. It is not necessary, however, for every one of these factors to be present in every marriage. Your marriage, for instance, may lack factors from this list, yet it still can be happy and harmonious. In such marriages other factors are usually present in a greater-than-average degree. Marriage, remember, is the sum of its total parts.

Although each of the dynamics on this checklist is separately numbered, they can overlap. Here, then, is my list of 20 factors present in a good marriage:

1. Both partners come from families with a history of stable, happy marriages.

2. Both spouses have a strong sense of self-esteem and identity. Each is able to recognize his or her own feelings, values, likes, dislikes, goals, assets and limitations.

3. Mutual sexual attraction has existed from the very beginning of the relationship. I do not agree that sexual attraction can "develop later on." The chemistry of mutual sexual attraction is either there at the start or it is contrived and forced.

4. Each partner has a good sex education and a mature sexual outlook. This means a willingness to learn and to make adjustments. Sexual compatibility requires patience, experimentation and adjustment. A mature couple knows that perfect sexual compatibility does not exist, but good sexual relations do—and they depend on many factors. A couple's sexual life usually reflects the way the partners relate to each other.

5. Similar ethnic and cultural backgrounds are present. This allows husband and wife to speak the same language—literally and figuratively—making it easier for them to understand and communicate in matters of sex, people, community, country, religion, philosophy and life-style in general. A mid-Victorian woman and a thoroughly modern man may make an interesting combination, but their marriage will probably be disastrous.

6. There is similar intellectual endowment and educational experience. I am talking here about levels of education (high school, college) rather than any kind of specialized training.

7. The husband and wife can laugh at themselves and at each other. They are able to get angry and to express that anger instead of harboring it or bearing a grudge. Happily married couples can talk to each other, listen to each other and be willing to forgive and forget.

8. They share similar feelings about earning, saving and spending money. This is very important because money represents time and energy as well as prestige and power. Partners with separate fortunes and couples who maintain

separate bank accounts often find it very difficult to share their lives in other areas. When material outlook varies to a great extent, there is usually marital difficulty.

9. Neither partner expects perfection in anything, and each is willing to struggle if necessary to achieve a common ground. What this means is that each partner has a high frustration tolerance.

10. There are similar ideas and feelings about wanting children and agreement in the way children should be raised. If both partners have happy memories of their own childhoods, then they are way ahead of the game.

11. There are no large gaps in ideas and general outlook. Such gaps are far more important than a difference in age. It is important that the maturation process and the gathering of knowledge, wisdom and human compassion be similar in both partners.

12. Common likes, dislikes and interests make for a better marriage because couples can share involvements and pleasures.

13. The partners enjoy each other's company. They should also have friends whose company they can enjoy together.

14. Neither partner has prejudices or animosity toward the opposite sex. The wife should like and respect men and masculinity; the husband should respect women and femininity.

15. There is a strong sense of responsibility, jointly and individually. For the welfare of the entire family, each spouse should be willing to undertake tasks for which he or she is better suited than the other. These tasks should be undertaken without feelings of oppression, self-sacrifice or martyrdom, since they are being done in the family's behalf.

16. Neither partner feels that marriage has deprived him of a career, great freedom, fun, etc. Properly oriented husbands and wives feel that marriage and the formation of a family are primary to their well-being.

17. One partner's personality complements the other's. One spouse may be an igniter, a stimulator, while the other may be more stolid or stabilizing. One may be a dreamer, the other more practical. One may make judgments based on feelings, the other may contribute more logic. As a result, each can help the other grow by charting territories with which the other is unfamiliar.

18. Both partners are mature enough to consider themselves adult and to have successfully separated themselves from the families in which they grew up. Of course, interest is maintained in parents, brothers, sisters and other relatives, but the marriage partner's prime concern is his or her own marriage and children. And children are regarded solely as children. There is enough emotional health and clarification of feelings on the parents' part to realize that children should not be used to relive one's own childhood, or to pursue rivalries with one's own sisters and brothers. There is also enough heart to understand that even if the wife feels a daughterly, motherly or sisterly toward her husband, she will principally feel like—and be—his wife. A husband, similarly, will also feel like—and be—his wife. A husband first and foremost.

19. The happily married couple knew each other well before marriage. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are rare. Being married without really knowing one another is like playing poker against a stacked deck. Compulsive marriage is a bad start because it indicates that neither partner takes the other seriously.

20. Love. Feeling lovable and the ability to love one's partner. This is almost the sum total of the 20 factors. When I say that marriage partners love each other, I mean that they are concerned about each other's welfare and happiness as much—and more—than they are concerned about their own. Happily married partners are a team, and they do not compete with each other. It takes two to make a marriage. These two people must always remain two distinct individuals, bringing their own unique, diverse aspects to the marriage rather than trying to meld into one like a two-headed monster, instead, encapsulated and separated from the rest of the world.

In summation, it is impossible to remember that perfect marriages, like perfect human beings, do not exist. But good marriages can and do exist—on a deeply human level. These marriages are the unique satisfactions and fulfillments that come from growing-up and alive—and communicating on the highest possible level with a grown-up of the opposite sex. Good marriages are never stagnant. Partners grow and help each other to grow, and their relationship becomes more fun and more interesting as they open up and explore new facets of each other. These 20 basic ingredients are immeasurably. They provide seeds for future growth.



As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin will answer questions about your personal life, family, and emotional problems. The doctor is a known psychoanalyst who practices in New York and is the author of *LISA*, *DAVID* and *The Thin Book*. Formerly *Fat Psychiatrist*, a new best-seller, *Forever* offers a psychological approach to permanent weight control. You have questions for Dr. Rubin? Answer in his column, or address them to him in care of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

How Fisher-Price learned a very interesting lesson.

When we first made our Play Family toys, we intended for them to be toys pure and simple. Toys like toys used to be when we ourselves were little, the kind that lasted through a whole childhood and a couple of childhoods after that. We wanted them to be hand-me-down toys.

And so we concentrated on making our Play Family toys sturdy and safe and beautiful and, above all, fun to play with.

Children loved them from the very start. And besides playing with them, they were learning things from them. Pleasant things like the names of the different rooms in a house or what shape is a stairway or what a cow is all about or how to say trough.



PLAY FAMILY ACTION GARAGE

And when we made new toys for the Play Family to grow with, the same thing happened.

Our new Play Family Fun Jet, for example, is a joy to play with, but it also teaches a child how to use his hands and how to coordinate what he sees with what he hears. And the new Play Family Garage is a beehive of things to learn about cars and levers and timing and spatial relationships. It's also glorious fun.

So our own toys taught us a very valuable lesson: that a child learns best from what he enjoys the most. And if you're out to make educational toys, make sure they're fun to play with first of all.

PLAY FAMILY FUN JET





This is new formula Calgonite. It can save you time. It lets you skip the time-consuming step of hand rinsing your dishes before you machine wash them. Calgonite dissolves tough food stains, grease and film and leaves your dishes spotless. Even if you only use your dishwasher once a day. Calgonite. It's a tiny step forward for womankind.

Freedom
from
Hand Rinsing.



SPENDING YOUR MONEY

SPENDING YOUR MONEY. BY SYLVIA PORTER

Q: What's the best way a middle-income family can get college money for a son who's an average student?

A: The Federal-State Guaranteed Student Loan Program—which is still alive even though this era has seen the most brutal squeeze on credit in modern history. Your son gets the loan if he is eligible and can track down a lender, and believe me, the interest and repayment terms are the most favorable available anywhere.

Tell your son to check with his college or school financial aid officer for guidance. You also can get vital information from the Director of Higher Education in these cities: Boston, New York City, Charlottesville, Atlanta, Chicago, Kansas City, Mo., Dallas, Denver and San Francisco.

Q: I am a widow at age 28. I'm back to full-time work as a result, but I've had to transfer my 9-year-old boy from a morning session at public school to a private school. Can I deduct the school fees?

A: Yes, you can deduct the entire tuition fee—up to \$600—as a child-care expense. This holds even though only part of the fee is for child care and part of it for education.

Q: A local bank says it will buy mutual fund shares for me if I authorize it to. What do you think?

A: I think it's a great idea. Under these so-called periodic purchase or accumulation plans for mutual funds, you simply authorize your bank to invest regularly in fund shares for you and to deduct the costs from your bank account. The investment may be monthly, bi-monthly or quarterly, and the minimum deduction is typically \$25 to \$50. (You can, though, change the dollar amount or stop investing at any time.)

The reason I think these plans are great is that they *discipline* you into periodic investing; thus you get the advantage of *averaging* out your dollar costs—obtaining more shares when the market is way down, fewer when it's way up. It's a top-notch way of investing in stocks over the long term.

Q: We have seen above-ground swimming pools 16 ft. in diameter advertised at \$499, completely installed—including preparation of the ground with bulldozers, steel bracing, sheet metal sidewall and all the trimmings. The price seems unbelievably low to us. Could it be true?

A: No. This sounds like the old "bait and switch" gimmick. I'll wager that if you go to inspect the advertised pool, its promot-

ers will do everything possible to switch you to a considerably more expensive model. The advertised pool may be very sdy—or it may be nonexistent.

Q: Every year we seem to spend a fortune on flowers, bulbs, plants, shrubs, etc. from mail order catalogs and local nurseries. This year we're tempted by a miraculous-sounding tree is supposed to produce five different kinds of fruit, a miniature banana tree that can be grown indoors, and others. Would be throwing our money out the window to send away for these things? They're fairly expensive.

A: The items you mention horticultural novelties, and wouldn't count on them to produce all the fruits the ads describe. Experts insist that probability that multiple-trees will actually bear all fruits is extremely remote. If you invest in this type of product, do so strictly on speculation and plan to lean heavily on green thumbs.

Q: My husband has a checking account at our local bank, I have a savings account with a large balance, and in addition we have a joint checking account. Is each account covered separately by federal deposit insurance, or is the amount in the joint account lumped together with our individual accounts for purposes of deposit insurance?

A: Each of the three accounts is insured separately by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation in Washington—up to a maximum of \$100,000 for each account.

Q: I just found a clutch of old filled books of U.S. savings stamps I started as a schoolboy during World War II. Are they worth anything today?

A: Yes. You can redeem them for cash at any Post Office. Recently, sales of savings stamps ceased on June 30.

Q: We have just received a letter from the Internal Revenue Service asking for certain information to back up a tax return we filed two years ago. Does this mean we're going to be hauled into the tax office for an audit?

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.



ably not, unless the data you
the Internal Revenue Service
satisfy the tax examiners that
urn being questioned is all in

all three of our children will
grade school next month, we're
them an encyclopedia. But
set we've seen looks fine to us,
e've seen sets costing anywhere
145 to \$500. Do you have any
ck to help us judge the value
encyclopedia over another?

are five the experts use:
e cost per million words
e cost per thousand illustrations
e proportion of revised, up-
material in each edition
e caliber of the editorial board
ntributors

the arrangement and indexing of
material

y other factors must be consid-
addition, for example, the age
at which the encyclopedia is
the clarity of presentation and
uracy.

over the matter with a local li-
n; browse through sets available
library; ask to see the price lists
for encyclopedias and also some
ice work offering descriptions,
rison and ratings of the various
opedias in print.

it true that tens of millions of
worth of college scholarships
egging" every year? We keep
g this is so, although our very
oldest son has been unable to
single penny of scholarship mon-
his freshman year starting this

you may suspect, the idea that a
mount of scholarship money is
ned each year is pure folklore.
there are some "eccentric"
rships—such as those reserved
ple with a certain name or those
n a certain place or studying
ay-out subject—that may be un-
ear after year. But the value of
grants is far less significant than
f people think.
I suggested to another reader,
our son check with the financial
icer at the college he plans to
; this officer is your best source
ormation on scholarships of all

at does your crystal ball say
this year's biggest growth indus-
We're investing some money for
children in the stock market this
nd we want to get them in the
industries.

ording to studies by the Depart-
of Commerce in Washington, the
growing manufacturing indus-
oday include mobile homes, rail-
ars, computers, industrial trucks,
ors and escalators.

manufacturing industries are
art of the story. Among the great
e industries today, and probably
hout the decade, are: leisure,
computer services (software),
tion, pollution control.

END

eadwaiter who's overly solici-
about how your meal is go-
is usually the last one to do
thing about it if something is
ng.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

Sometimes, you need more than a nice smell to make you smell nice.

Introducing Naturally Feminine, the most effective way to deal with the cause of vaginal odor, instead of merely masking it.

With its special bactericide, Naturally Feminine helps stop the odor-causing bacteria that warmth and moisture and your natural body secretions encourage.

In point of fact, it stops more of them and stops them faster than the primary ingredient in other feminine hygiene deodorants.

We've tucked this little miracle-worker into a spray-on powder that's just as soft and pleasant as Johnson & Johnson can make it. A powder that helps keep you dry and fresh and confident.

Naturally Feminine: It's got what it takes to make you smell nice, even when nature is working against you.

Johnson & Johnson



FROM A DAD TO HIS DAUGHTER ON HER FIRST BIRTHDAY

I cannot see across the miles
The lights, and hopes, and
birthday smiles.
Just one dim night here floats above
To mark the end of one year's love
One year—the young to understand

A war with men in far-off lands,
The grip of time on nations' wills,
And brave hearts lost
to these sad green hills.

But dreams can travel worlds away,
And in my heart I'll share this day.

A father's love will let me hold
My birthday angel, one year old.
—Captain Franz Jevne III
1st Marine Division
Danang, South Vietnam

February 15, 1970—Wendy's birthday

BE CREATIVE

EMBROIDER A BEAUTIFUL PILLOW



By Dorothy Lambert Brightbill. Nothing else adds so much color and distinction to a room than a beautiful pillow or picture. Have the pleasure and satisfaction of creating your own special beauty with these. The designs are stamped on handsome homespun fabric in the colors shown; to be embroidered with crewel yarns. The two square pillow covers will fit a 14-inch-square form. The oblong one, is 12 by 17 inches. (No forms in kits.) Kits do include backing, zipper, easy-to-follow instructions and stitch charts. Kit 61,030 is our Special Sampler—for it is an actual "Sampler" of easy crewel stitches. Kit 61,028 is our Paisley design. Kit 61,029 is the charming zinnias that we also framed (you might prefer to frame the Paisley). The 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch-square frame is available, too, and it includes the pale-avocado-green mat—Kit 61,039. We added the orange ribbon band to the inside edge of the frame; you might have another idea.

The Creative Woman

We framed the Zinnia Pillow top and glued on a ribbon band on the inside edge of the frame, which also fits the Paisley Pillow. Frame Kit 61,039.



Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. 3743
4500 N. W. 135th Street,
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Please send item(s) checked below:

- ☐ Kit 61028 Paisley Pillow @ \$5.98 each\$_____
☐ Kit 61029 Zinnia Pillow @ \$5.98 each
☐ Kit 61030 Special Sampler @ \$6.98 each
☐ Kit 61039 Frame @ \$4.98 each
☐ 61014 Catalog of other available kits @ 25¢ each

Sales tax, if applicable _____

Please add 25¢ postage for each item ordered

Total enclosed \$_____

17 reasons why you should read psychology today

- 1** The sexual reasons behind the popularity of natural childbirth.
- 2** What kind of parents do hippies make?
- 3** Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
- 4** The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
- 5** Is it time to grant the "right" to commit suicide?
- 6** Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
- 7** Why some psychologists believe that our dreams may foretell the future.
- 8** Will we ever be able to communicate by telepathy?
- 9** Do men need more recreation than women?
- 10** Is there any way to identify potential Sirhan Sirhans?
- 11** Why are today's students attracted to violence?
- 12** The importance of day dreaming in your life.
- 13** The unreported facts about LSD and chromosome damage.
- 14** Should schools teach only music, art, drama and handiwork?
- 15** How valid is a nude psychotherapy session?
- 16** How psychotherapists are treating promiscuity by muscle relaxation.
- 17** How wives are helping impotent husbands.

Want to learn what modern psychology has learned about people? Including you?

Until recently, that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

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PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is a new magazine that enables the educated layman to catch up with the social sciences. And keep up. With full coverage of all the different approaches to understanding the human condition. The viewpoints range from hard-core Freudianism to the newer behaviorists who, frankly, think Freud was all wet.

It's psychology the way you'd want it to be presented. Excitingly. Without tired jargon. No cliché-ridden definitions. And with contributions by many of the most famous names in the behavioral sciences—like Bruno Bettelheim, Kenneth B. Clark, Rollo May, Ashley Montagu, Carl Rogers and B. F. Skinner.

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The most astonishing



- Written by F. Clark Howell.
- Actual book size: 8½" x 11". • 200 pages.
- Over 200 illustrations, photos and maps, many in full color.

Above, ancient elephant jacketed with plaster for to a museum. Below, tools, painstakingly shaping rough stones by chipping

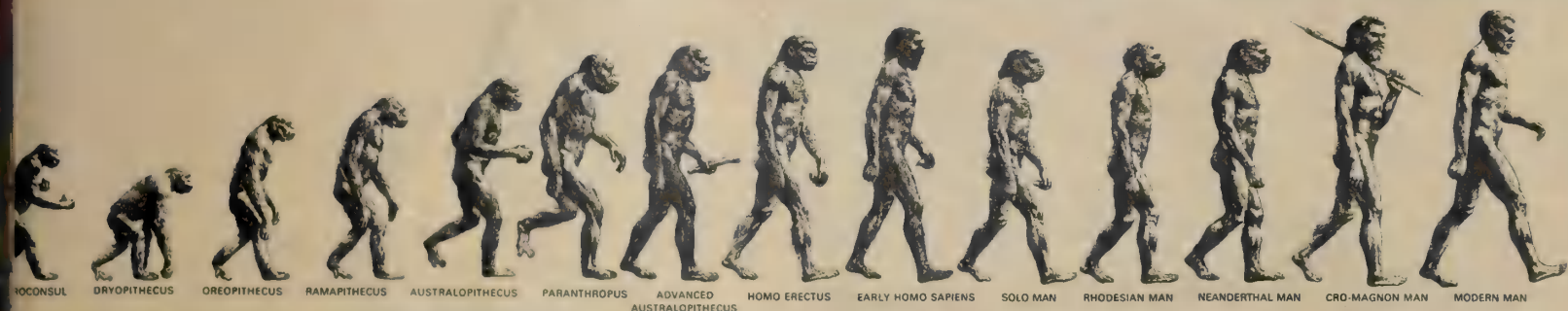
SHARPENED WITH FINELY WORKED STONE SCRAPERS

Homo sapiens, were pictured to be. Anything could do. Neanderthals could hunters and toolmakers who probably. They had pondered the nature of age. They felt the first primitive stirrings of religion.

An African Bushman, member of a society that has not changed in centuries, pauses during his long hunt.

Professor Francois Bordes probes for fossils at Combe Grenal, in France.

detective story in history— the unearthing of **EARLY MAN**



Follow his progress from tree-dweller to space-traveler
for 10 days free as a guest of the **LIFE** Nature Library

Do you know that our human ancestors of 70 million years ago looked more like squirrels than people? That famous "Piltdown man" was a deliberate hoax that fooled scientists for 40 years? That the early history of human species has a 10-million-year gap about which nothing is known? That modern science can date arthritis in a 44,000-year-old skeleton?

Dozens of fascinating discoveries like these that mark the development of man the greatest drama the world has ever witnessed. Here is the birth of all our art, our religion, our civilization. Here you merge all those qualities that made us what we are today... that enabled us to descend from the trees and reach for the stars.

The story begins with a handful of men who risked their reputations—and sometimes their lives—to defy convention and dig out the truth. It gathers force with Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, which challenged the whole conception of himself as being above the forces of nature. And it reaches a climax today with the application of scientific methods that can reconstruct fantastic story millions of years old from a few teeth, fragments of bone and chipped stones.

**More than 200 illustrations—
many in full color**

In all the volumes in the LIFE Nature Library, *Early Man* brings its subject vividly alive before your eyes. Realistic artists' renderings—based on the latest geological evidence—you'll see what early man would like in the various stages of his long history. You'll learn what he ate and wore... what sort of shelter he slept in... how he managed with the simplest tools to kill elephants, huge bears and woolly rhinos. You'll see him discovering the uses of fire... learning to make tools... turning his hand to art... developing science and religious awareness.

You'll see—in their true colors—remarkably expressive paintings and sculptures of primitive man, and the skulls that showed early man's growing brain... ribbones which proved he walked wholly erect for the first time. You'll learn how a dog discovered the

great prehistoric cave paintings of Lascaux and how almost every branch of modern science has played a part in reconstructing man's step-by-step advance over 25 million years.

The echoes of early man in us

You'll be surprised to see how deeply influenced we still are by our ancestors... how the traits they needed to survive persist in us today. You'll understand what scientists mean when they say that our technology has outrun our biology, leaving us a million years out of step with our own inventions. *Early Man* will show you how cholesterol and coronary problems may well result from the "wild animal" response of our bodies to stress. The book explains too what is being done in various fields of medicine and sociology to help us deal with these ancient carryovers.

Written by Professor F. Clark Howell, Professor of Anthropology at Harvard University, and the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS, *Early Man* is both an authoritative reference work and a rousing adventure story. A big, handsome, hardbound book—8½" x 11"—it contains more than 200 illustrations, many in color. An index, bibliography and appendix of the major human fossil sites make it an especially useful supplement for school subjects such as Biology and History.

Despite all these lavish features, *Early Man* costs much less than you might expect, just \$4.95 (\$5.25 in Canada) to subscribers, plus shipping and handling... a price made possible by TIME-LIFE BOOKS' large print orders and extensive facilities.

Borrow it before you buy it

You may borrow *Early Man* for 10 days free. If you decide you don't want it, just send it back and that's the end of the matter. If you keep it, we'll send you other volumes of the LIFE Nature Library—for the same 10-day trial—one every two months. There is no minimum number you must buy.

For a free browse through mankind's original family album, spanning 25 million years, mail the postpaid order form now. Or write to: TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 5001, Time-Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



A Stone Age ax is used by experimenter to study its wear patterns.



Cro-Magnon man is correctly depicted as being tall and robust.

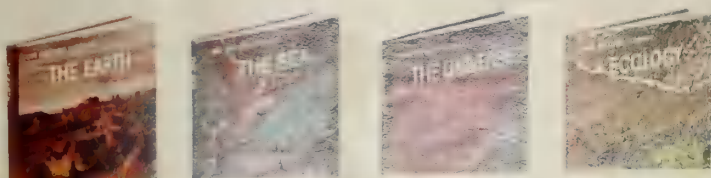


Skill of prehistoric cave artists is revealed by precise outlining of muscles and subtle shadings.



A clay Venus carved by Paleolithic man.

Among other volumes
in the **LIFE** Nature Library:





She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child

lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

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I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

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PET NEWS

PET NEWS

MOLLY AND LARSON, both *LADIES' HOME JOURNAL* cover cats (see below), proudly announced recently the birth of three adorable kittens. Molly and Larson were two very ordinary orphan cats who found a home, fame, love and security—and we're pleased to think that the *JOURNAL* played a part in this bliss.

It all began one cold, windy day in New York many months ago when model Ann Larson walked into photographer Bill Helburn's studio carrying a pathetic little kitten she had found



on the street. Bill and his staff agreed to keep the stray. "We took the kitten to the vet for shots and named him Larson after his rescuer," Bill recalls. "We all worried about Larson and weathered his growing pains together. It was like having a resident baby."

One day Bill was shooting a *JOURNAL* cover and Larson walked onto the scene. "Larson constantly wandered into pictures," Bill says tolerantly. "He was always getting into backgrounds and had to be retouched out most of the time. But this time the model picked him up and we kept shooting." Result: Larson broke into pictures (of a sort) on our January 1969 cover (top, left).

A few months passed and the Helburn studio feline counselors decided that Larson would be happier with a wife. Another model came to the rescue—she just happened to know an alley cat looking for a home. "So we adopted Molly, too," Bill sighs with the air of a man who has unwittingly come under the spell of feline charm.

Meanwhile the *JOURNAL* was so delighted with its first cat cover, we asked Bill to shoot another one. "We hired some high-priced cat models," he recalls, "but they just didn't work out. Then one day we were shooting without a cat, and Molly wandered over." Molly made her debut on our January 1970 cover (top, right).

Then came the kittens—two boys and a girl (color picture). "The studio is a mess most of the time," Bill says, "with food

and water dishes and cat all around. One of the kittens crawled into a tiny hole in the wall and we lost him. We searched around the wall with a scope and tore down whole sections of it before we found him."

Just recently, Molly and Larson lost one of the offspring. *JOURNAL* art director Herb Bleiweiss. "I named him W. Herb says, "after Helburn."

CAN THIS ANIMAL be saved? The great humpback whale creature "frolicsome, gentle, guiling" and important to understanding of sea life, is close to extinction, according to Dr. Roger S. Payne of the New York Zoological Society. The tragic development is due in large part to the relentless whaling techniques used by the whaling industry, which has used helicopters, sonar and giant harpoons shot by catapult against a decimated whale population. The industry is larger today than ever, yet the "need" for whale oil and can easily be met by more plentiful natural resources and synthetic materials.

Dr. Payne has been studying the humpback, which averages 50 feet in length, for many years. Among the things he's discovered about the vanishing whale is that they sing strangely beautiful songs, songs that have been found quite moving by those who have heard them on the radio. Folk singers Pete Seeger and Judy Collins have been inspired by them, and recently, a phonic piece by composer Hovhannes, "And God Created Great Whales," using tape-recorded actual songs, was premiered by the New York Philharmonic.

Now some of the most beautiful chanting songs have been collected on an LP, *Songs of the Humpback Whale* (\$9.95), which comes with a 36-page illustrated booklet; most of the profits will go to the Whale Fund, dedicated to saving the species. You can order the record from WHALES, P.O. Box 102, Del Mar, Calif. 92014.

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



Three pudgy St. Bernard hogging the camera—Mrs. Abate, Butler, N. J.

(Do you have a favorite pet picture to show? Send it to Pet News Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York 10022. Pictures will be returned ON request. You must enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.)



Gaines-burgers are the same. So they're better.

To your dog, Gaines-burgers[®] are the same as canned dog food because he can't taste them apart.

To you, Gaines-burgers are better because there's no inconvenience of a can.

To your dog, two meaty moist Gaines-burgers are heaven.

To you, it's the fact that he

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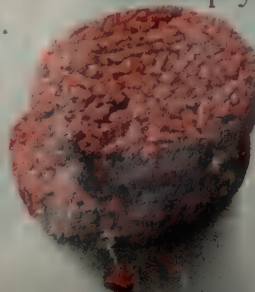
To you, it's the nice feeling you get knowing you didn't lug home all those cans.

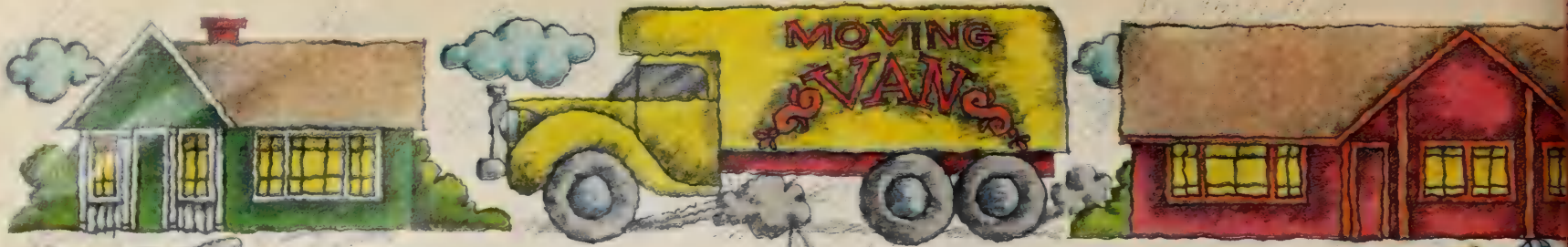
To your dog, it's the healthy

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**Gaines-burgers.
The canned dog food
without the can.[®]**





AMERICA ON THE MOVE

By Margaret Davidson, Home Management Editor

Early last year, the Victor Swansons and their four children moved from Menomonie, Wisc., to Eugene, Oreg. Vacationing along the way, they arrived at their new address a day after the moving company had delivered their possessions. By special arrangement, each table, chair and lamp was in place. Even the plants were freshly watered. "We felt," Elaine Swanson told us later, "as though we really had come home."

The Johnsons (not their real name) had quite a different experience. They moved from one New York City borough to another—a matter of only 15 miles or so. That was a year ago. A sofa and chair were lost and are still missing. In addition, the Johnsons spent \$105 of their own money to have another sofa, damaged in transit, repaired. They discovered, much too late, that the moving company was not reputable, did not arrange for insurance, and in fact operated from a fictitious address.

Happy moves, harrowing moves. Long-distance moves and just-around-the-corner moves. In any case, moving is a big step, but 12 million American families—actually one out of five—take it each year. They pack bag, baggage, children, pets—and memories—and start out for a new home. Only 3 percent of the entire population spend a lifetime in one dwelling and a mere 15 percent live in the same county all their years. And though moving is never all fun and games (even the Swansons, we assume, hit a snag or two), there's a lot you can do to smooth the transition from old home to new.

CHOOSING A MOVER

Take the matter of selecting a moving company, for example. You can't afford not to be choosy here (remember the Johnsons!). In particular, be wary of a company that quotes rates much below the standard ones. Be doubly careful of an outfit that lists no home office address. And when in doubt, check with the Better Business Bureau or the Chamber of Commerce or both. Actually, a very good way to check up on a company is to ask friends for their recommendations. You can also ask business associates who've moved recently.

After you've chosen your mover, contact them for an estimate, which is based on the approximate weight of the items you want moved. This estimate, remember, is not a bid. Rates are standardized by the Interstate Commerce Commission—so many dollars per pound per mile,

and the actual weight can't be determined until the trucks are actually loaded. Special services are extra. And for an estimate to be anywhere near accurate, you must be sure to inform the estimator of everything you want moved, including things hidden away in garage or attic. A moving company vice-president told us a big problem was that people "kept adding things" after the estimator had been there. However, a reliable company should be able to submit an estimate that differs by no more than 10-15 percent from the eventual actual cost.

All reputable companies arrange for insurance. The average cost is \$1.25 per pound, though increased coverage can usually be obtained upon request. (Be sure the cost of any extra protection is included in the estimate.) On the other hand, if your homeowners' policy covers possessions during moving—or, if your husband is being transferred and his employer has taken out blanket insurance—you might wish to waive the moving company's coverage.

COSTS

There is no such thing as a "typical" move, or a typical moving cost. A very short move—within city limits, perhaps—might be accomplished for as little as \$225. A long-distance move, involving the contents of a large house and utilizing many of the moving company's special services (more about them, later), could run into thousands of dollars. When a family sent the contents of a 10-room house and a new Cadillac from New Jersey to Los Angeles, the bill was \$3,729.78. Of this \$101 was for the car, \$60 was for containers and \$194.50 was for packing service.

But costs can, in a sense, be regulated if you keep in mind that the more you and your family pitch in to help the movers, the less expensive your move will be. By doing your own packing, for example, and by moving some of the smaller things in your own car, you may be able to cut costs significantly.

The estimators who work with reputable moving companies will often suggest money-saving alternatives. The Heath family, who moved from Greenwich, Conn., to Stowe, Vt., were able to shave \$1,000 from their bill in just this way. The Heaths own a number of big oil paintings and other art objects and their estimator pointed out that the moving company did not handle these unless they were crated, and crating is expensive because (continued)



THE GAS MASK



No matter what cigarette you smoke, most of the smoke you smoke is gas. And certain of these gases are harsh.

That's why we invented the Gas-TrapTM filter. It actually works just like a gas mask. This is because, to clean smoke, we make our granules from the very same kind of amazing charcoal as modern science uses to clean air.

The result? Our Gas-Trap filter is better at reducing certain gases than any Run-Of-The-Mill Filter around.

So? So you can wear Lark's Gas-Trap filter and look silly or smoke Lark and be smart.

If you like the taste of gas you'll hate the taste of Lark.



Do you know what your douche is doing to you?

Your douche may make you smell nice. But, do you know what it's doing to you, inside?

A homemade vinegar solution can eliminate odor-causing bacteria. But because its sole quality is acidity, it's not always as sensitive as you'd like it to be.

Then, of course, there are the douches you buy in a store.

Some are too gentle. Others are too strong. And, if you aren't careful about dissolving powders, they don't do as good a job as they might be able to do.

And so, with these things in mind, we made a douche without all these disadvantages. We made a douche that would be medically safe all the time. It's called Jeneen.[®]

Like a good douche should be in the first place, Jeneen is gentle, while it helps clean away stubborn odor-causing bacteria. More than that, it gets at elusive odor-causing bacteria other douches might miss.

Which means, when you feel very very clean and very very pretty, after douching with Jeneen, you really are.

Oh, there are other things you'll like about Jeneen too. Jeneen comes pre-measured and is made to mix immediately with water. So you don't have to measure or stir.

It doesn't have a funny smell like vinegar or some of the other douches.

So, after douching with Jeneen, all you're left with is a soft, whispering, unmedicinal scent.

Now that you know what Jeneen does and doesn't do inside of you, try Jeneen.

And be nice, not only on the outside.

To: Mrs. Virginia Drake, R.N., Dept. LR-08
The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y. 13815

Please send me my introductory package of new Jeneen, the first pre-measured liquid douche. I am enclosing 25¢ to cover the cost of mailing and handling.

Name _____
Street _____ City _____
State _____ Zip _____



Jeneen

At drug counters everywhere.

of the labor involved. So the Heaths moved the paintings, as well as lampshades and bric-a-brac, in their station wagon as they went back and forth checking progress of the new house.

For families who want to pare costs to the bone, the move-it-yourself idea is an interesting one. Here, a truck, van or trailer is rented and the family does its own packing, loading, driving, and, at the other end, unloading and unpacking. Hard work, obviously, but in many cases, fun, too.

Graduate student Lambert McGrath, his wife and five children took the move-it-yourself route and toured America in the bargain. They loaded 600 pounds of belongings and some camp gear into a rented trailer, then drove from California to New York. Cost of their move: \$100 plus gas.

The largest truck and van rental company can supply vehicles in 24 sizes. Actual cost varies by location, the time of year, supply and demand, but the average cost of renting a 20-foot van (large enough to accommodate the contents of an eight-room house) for an 850-mile move is about \$112. (This company requires a \$40 deposit and cash at the other end unless credit has been established.)

SPECIAL SERVICES

The easiest, most carefree way to move, of course, is to take advantage of all the special services offered by the large moving companies. It is also the most expensive way.

You can, for example, buy a variety of different packing cartons. One company has 10 different kinds. Some are wardrobes specially constructed to keep clothing on hangers fresh and unmussed in transit; others are for dishes, books, lampshades, mattresses, etc.

You may also want the moving company to pack and unpack for you. Professional packers do an excellent job, and their services include such things as taking down draperies and crating paintings. They usually work in teams of two or three and are paid from \$22 to \$32 an hour. (Packing might add as much as \$200 to a moving bill.)

Other services include moving pianos, automobiles and sailboats. We even know of one family who got word of the husband's transfer after having just redone a patio. So their movers took topsoil, sod and flagging to the new address.

CHILDREN

The matter of when to move is of great concern to parents of school-age children. Most want to avoid uprooting

children during the school year; others prefer the summer months. On Dr. Bruno Bettelheim is in accord. He feels that the child who comes to a new school after the semester ends is at a great disadvantage.

Another school of thought, however, suggests that moving during the year might be wisest after all. Children would then shift immediately into new schedules and associations with peers, and wouldn't be stranded in a new community in the doldrums of summer months when contacts are hard to establish.

COUNTDOWN TO M(oving) DAY

A Calendar of Hints and Reminders

As Soon as Possible

- Make reservations for your move. Especially important if you plan to move during the summer months when movers are in most demand.
- Go through attic, basement, and cupboards. Throw away anything you don't use, want or need. Very important to do this before estimator arrives.

One Month Before M-Day

- Send change of address information to friends and business contacts. Also change magazines and newspapers. The post office will supply cards for this purpose.
- Make final arrangements with utilities. Call for an estimate.
- Arrange for transfer of valuable items. (Jewelry, papers, etc., are not included in a moving company's coverage. A bank may be able to send the contents of safe deposit boxes, or, you may want to send them, yourself, by insured registered mail. More expensive, but a good idea if you have many valuable items to send them by escort service.)
- If you are moving to a new location, arrange to have automobile registration, license plates and estate taxes changed. Check to see whether insurance policies need revision.
- Select a bank, and arrange for checking accounts and credit cards at new location.
- Settle bills and close old accounts.
- Arrange to have utilities turned on and refunds or final bills sent to new address.
- Collect and keep in a safe place medical, dental, school, tax records.
- Ask doctors and dentists for referrals of professionals in your new location. Arrange to have any special information sent to them.
- Have clothing, furnishings cleaned. (continued on page 49)

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The Power of a Woman

THE JOURNAL'S NEWSLETTER OF INVOLVEMENT

Does the United States Constitution protect women as well as it does men? Many people believe it does not, and feel there should be a special amendment giving both sexes the same rights and obligations under the law. Proposals for such an amendment have been introduced in every Congress since 1923 but have never passed. This year it may come up again, thanks to Senator Birch Bayh, who held hearings early in May before a Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments. More than 30 invited witnesses testified, including legislators, feminists, clubwomen, labor representatives and the Editor of this magazine. Here is a sampling of what they said. Let us know your opinion. More facts available on request from the Citizens' Advisory Council on the Status of Women, Washington, D.C. 20210.

HAVOC

"The proponents of this legislation know not of the havoc they will wreak on our women workers, their marriages and familial obligations. The irony is that this is being done in the name of women's liberation."

Mortimer Furay, Detroit-Metropolitan
AFL-CIO Council

LEGAL EFFECTS

"Certainly, one cannot be omniscient and predict the outcome of such an evolutionary measure. . . . The legal effects would seem, however, to be beneficial not only to woman, but to society generally. . . . The American woman today really does not recognize her own value as a person and a human being, and until she is accorded the constitutional right to equality under the law in every respect, she will not begin to free herself from the bondage of centuries of self-deprecation."

Adele T. Weaver, President-Elect,
National Association of Women Lawyers

WE MEAN BUSINESS

"As you know, I've called for a general strike of women on Wednesday, August 26. If by (that date) you and your fellow-Congressmen in the House have not sent the Equal Rights Amendment to the states for ratification, we are going to track you down in your offices here, or on the beaches, or in the mountains . . . until this amendment is passed. Because we mean business."

Betty Friedan, Founder of N.O.W.
(National Organization of Women)

FULL CITIZENSHIP

"...Although we cannot change a person's prejudice or ill will, we can and should put this nation on record in support of woman's right to full economic, legal and social responsibility; to full citizenship."

Myra Ruth Harmon,
National President, National
Federation of Business and Professional
Women's Clubs, Inc.

SECOND CLASS

"Colored minority-group Americans are not the only second-class citizens in this country. The largest single group of second-class citizens is the majority of Americans—American women."

Representative Shirley Chisholm, New York

FOR THE FUTURE

"I believe that women today are entering a new era of participation in the total national scene, and it is time for men to put themselves on the line to provide women with the chance to prove their abilities and responsibilities. It is not a matter of atoning for the past, but building for the future."

John Mack Carter, Editor and Publisher
Ladies' Home Journal

REMOVE INHIBITIONS

"...adoption of the amendment can only add to the nation's resources since it will help to remove inhibitions which have denied to the country the talents and interests and commitment of millions of citizens who happen to be female."

Representative Florence P. Dwyer, New Jersey

CONTINUING NEED

"I believe that our record will show the continuing need for this amendment and the substantial support it has gained. . . . I hope that we will focus the attention of those not yet committed on the magnitude and waste involved in this discrimination."

Senator Birch E. Bayh, Indiana, Chairman of the
Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments

A woman with long brown hair is the central figure, wearing a bright red vest over a white long-sleeved blouse with a Peter Pan collar. The vest has a small gold-colored brooch at the waist. She is also wearing a matching red skirt. She stands on a wooden bench, with her right hand resting on her hip. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with other people and more benches.

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that makes up your mind.
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SWEATER DRESSING

Sweaters that slip below the knee are one of the great ways to go this fall. Stitch them—slim and simple in line—from the new knit fabrics that take as beautifully to print as a bolt of hand-screened silk. Contain it all with real or fake suede edging and a fringed suede sash. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor



Crewel-work-point dress has plain sleeves, zips up back. Simplicity #8958. Frank Olive plumed hat.

Crewel-work-point knit has two suede pockets. We added a turban of matching fabric. Simplicity #9001. Charles Jourdan shoes; Hanes tights. Fabric: Printed wool and nylon knits by Julian Tomchin for American Silk. Suede by Janice Leather. Backviews on page 100.



The lady with a green thumb—now she can make freshness bloom indoors too. With Heavenly Daisy throughout her bedroom and bath.

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How to Play Togetherness Tennis

Playing in a glamorous Hollywood foursome, the JOURNAL's home pro—who also happens to be the greatest tennis player alive—explains the dos and don'ts of playing mixed doubles. Yvette Mimieux and Rod Laver, at the left of the net in the top picture, played Janet Leigh and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.



By World Champion Rod Laver

Mixed doubles is tennis that teams a man and a woman on each side of the net.

Choosing a mixed doubles partner is a delicate business. Many women players assume that the ideal partner is their spouse. Definitely not!

A husband has a tendency to be overprotective. He will cover more than his share of the court to spare his wife the embarrassment of losing points (or because *he* can't stand to lose), or just out of chivalry. Conversely, he is likely to be less forgiving of her mistakes than he would be with another partner.

Let's say you've found a partner with whom you get along and play well—husband or not. A woman can gain a great deal from playing mixed doubles. Men hit the ball harder, giving the woman player a chance to return the ball with greater force because it travels toward her faster. She also learns more about placing her shots. I think a woman tends to hit the ball more accurately in mixed doubles because she is more confident of the area she is expected to cover. She knows she has to look after only half the court—something she is not as sure about when she plays alongside another woman.

Mixed doubles also assures her of using a greater variety and combination of shots. Beginners will find that they will learn quicker and improve their game more in mixed doubles, because it's the kind of game where you aren't primarily out to win, but rather to hit the ball and have fun. For players at all levels, here are some technical tips about mixed doubles:

Partners should play as close to the same level as possible. Players are usually divided by ability into A, B, and C categories. It's not advisable for an A player to play alongside a C player.

A woman should play at the net when the man is serving. She shouldn't become frightened and back away from the net. She should take the offensive, no matter how hard the ball is hit at her. All she need do is hold up her racket and hit the ball. Her partner will work harder in the back court to help her out. When she plays the back court, the woman should lob the ball over the head of the person playing the net as often as possible. This breaks up the combination on the other side, pushing the man to the base line and putting him on the defensive.

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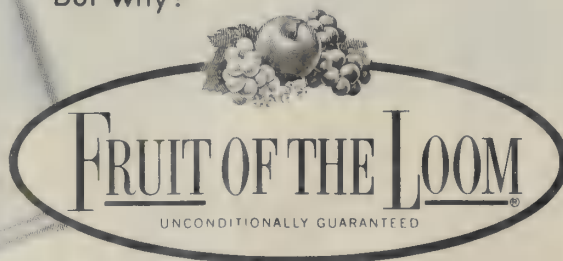


我が國は、八十
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*It's never
too soon
to learn:
there's no
substitute
for family
not friend
not
anything.
By
Arthur
Heineman*

Amy Fisher, who was half-past 11 and regarded childhood as something far behind her, said to the telephone, "I'm sorry, but you have the wrong number. There is no Amy Fisher here." She hung up, and sat quietly on her mother's bed, speculating on the meaning of the call.

When the telephone rang again, she picked the receiver up and let it fall onto the pillow, where it kept saying thin and fretful little hellos. She left it as it was

and went out of the room and down the stairs. She moved without a sound, being a quiet child by habit, watchful in mood, speaking only when she felt like it.

Her parents were in the kitchen at the moment, out of sight but not out of hearing. As she reached the coffee table in the living room, where she had left her schoolbag, her father was shouting, "Do what you want then! I don't know why the hell you bothered to ask me." He was home from

the office because of a cold, and his anger was mixed with self-pity and medication.

"I bothered to ask you," her mother's sweet-and-mild voice answered, "because I'm attempting to do the fair thing for both of us. For all of us."

My Crabgrass Is Greener Than Your Crabgrass, the book her mother had spent all last year writing, lay open on the table, next to Amy's schoolbag. Amy had read it, of course. She was (continued on page 58)

Illustration by Stuart Kaufman

LOVELY

but keep it lovely

You've found your man, and you intend to keep him. Hint. Demure® helps. It's the liquid douche concentrate created by a gynecologist to keep you fresh and clean and desirable. No fake cover-up. Demure cleanses and deodorizes, thoroughly yet gently. **Inside** where embarrassing feminine odors start. So you feel clean, because you are. Because of Demure. Lovely.



in it, as her father was, both by name and description. Her mother had written "a gay and revealing story of one woman's life in the new Suburbia"; her father was shaggy and tweedy and amusingly inept at things around the house but absolutely brilliant in labor law, which was his profession, and Amy herself was an elf with jam on her face and hauntingly beauti-

ful eyes. Neither description was true. "You're the one who's complained about the chaos around here," her mother was saying. "You've told me you don't have a home any longer. Since my professional life seems to be the source of the irritation..." In opening her schoolbag, Amy dislodged the book. It fell to the carpet with a small thud that stopped the voices in the kitchen. She picked it up, and felt her mother behind her.

standing in the doorway. "I didn't know you were down here, Amy-doll," said her mother in her mother-voice. "I just came down." "Who was that on the phone?" "It was a wrong number." Janet Fisher had put on a black dress and makeup, and the manner that caused people to describe her as smart. To Amy they said only that Janet Fisher was on her way from this Long Island suburb to Manhat-

tan, and for the time being was longer a suburban housewife but a successful woman. Amy made a search of searching in her schoolbag, after a moment she knew the doorway was empty again. The voice picked up where they had left off. Her father said, "All right. I'll concede. Your motives are wholly altruistic. When does this event take place?"

"It may not," her mother answered. "I have not made my decision, from it, in spite of what you believe." "And what about this weekend?" "Who's going to take care of the house?" "I'm sorry that woman didn't show up. But you're not helpless, Janet. That's a cold you have, not pneumonia. And Amy can cook TV dinners for you."

Amy's searching fingers found the bookmark tucked in the bottom of her schoolbag. With no more sound than she had made before, she drifted back up the stairway and, ghostlike, climbed up the dark attic stairs.

This was her place, as remote from her parents as thought itself. She knelt down behind a barricade of dusty suitcases and spread out the bookmark. Its brightness had caught her eyes first; it was a kaleidoscope of embroidered colors, and among the flowers like a vine the motto: "I will with thee when the heart forgets." Diane Henley would know what it meant, but Amy was not about to ask her. The bookmark was Diane's.

Downstairs her mother called. "Amy, where are you?" A door opened and closed, and the voice was outside in the spring afternoon, and then came back again. "I don't know where the child is," her mother said finally. "You'll have to tell her good-bye for me." A door slammed again, and the mother's car whooshed into life.

Amy leaned back against a suitcase thoughtfully, rubbing the bookmark lightly against her lips. Presently she realized that darkness had crept into the attic. She opened the smallest suitcase then, and tucked the bookmark into the little box in the corner of it. The other things in it were meaningless to her now, and she had no memory of why she had taken them.

She realized that Mrs. Henley's phone call meant they knew she had taken the bookmark. The bookmark had fallen to the floor during class, unnoticed under Diane's seat. They had changed classes, and Amy had lingered to pick it up. Diane had come back and asked her if she had seen it and seemed satisfied with Amy's denial. Evidently that had been pretense. And Mrs. Henley would telephone again, or come here; Amy knew that sooner or later she would have to face them.

Her father was in the kitchen crouched over a steaming kettle on the stove with a towel tent-like over his head, breathing noisily. "You're mother's in New York. She has so much kind of a business thing this weekend." "It's about Hollywood," Amy said and went to the freezer. "What do you feel like for dinner?"

"I feel like hell," said her father. She found the TV dinners and saw "It's fried chicken or turkey. I'll cook one of each."

He put aside his towel and moved to the table. His dark eyes followed her as she stepped from oven to cupboard.

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able. When the timer rang telling a dinner was done, he said, "You're a housekeeper. Do you do this?"

He shrugged and did not answer. Hardly pleased by small flattery. As long as we're stuck with each other this weekend we ought to go somewhere. You don't mind going out with your poor old father, do you?" She shook her head and felt her cheeks

The phone rang, and he said, "I'll do it, sweetie." She started stacking plates and glasses in the sink, and asked him, "Mrs. who? Henley?" The plate slipped from her fingers into the sink, and cracked. "Yes, this is my father," he said. She waited, trying to take the phone away from him, unable to move. "I see," he said. "I think that can be arranged. About what time would you want her?" "Um. Umhm. Thank you very much, Mrs. Henley." And he hung up. "What takes care of tomorrow," he said. "You're invited to spend the day with the Henleys. Whoever they are." She was silent, rinsing the dishes fully for the dishwasher. He said, "What's the matter? Don't you like them?" "I've never been there," she said. "They're new. I just know Diane." "Is she in your class?" "Yes." He snorted in exasperation. "I don't understand you." He was looking at her as if she were something under a microscope. "Mrs. Henley is going to be here at nine tomorrow morning." He felt the flush again, and in the

heat of it heard her own voice. "I thought we were going to do something. You said we were."

"Oh, Amy," he said, "I've got a cold. I probably wouldn't be able to go out with you tomorrow." Then in a slightly gentler voice, he added, "You'll have a better time with them anyway. I wouldn't know what to do with you."

Mrs. Henley arrived in a mud-splattered station wagon promptly at nine o'clock. If she intended to speak of the bookmark she obviously meant to do it in her own time, for she chattered cheerfully with Amy now, quite as if nothing else were on her mind.

They had just moved into the neighborhood, she told Amy. Mr. Henley's work made them wanderers; he was with one of the news magazines, subject to being uprooted at the whim of the office. "I'm glad you could be with us," she added. "Diane still feels strange here. I thought we'd go to the beach," Mrs. Henley went on, with a hop to another subject.

It was an odd day, unlike any that Amy could remember—a day of sunlight, of aimlessness, of finding wonder in beach grass and bayberry. She almost forgot about the bookmark. When the late afternoon chilled them, they picked their way back to the station wagon, silent with weariness. Mrs. Henley sat in back, between the girls, and although Amy intended to remain awake, she slid down, somehow, and her head was warm and comfortable against a soft breast, and sleep swept over her.

She awoke as they rolled to a stop in the Henley's driveway. Suddenly

she remembered. It would come now, and the moment filled with an odd kind of dread, as if she were going to be exposed and punished. "I think I'd better go home," she said, hoping to avert it. "I don't mind walking. It isn't far to my house."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Henley. "I'll drive you. I want to get some hot chocolate into you first." She put an arm around her, gently leading her into the living room.

Then Amy saw the wall hanging. The same fingers that had embroidered the bookmark had obviously worked on this—the same luxuriant splashing of flower colors, the same vine-like design.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Mrs. Henley asked. "An Egyptian friend made it for me. Can you imagine? Look at those stitches—how fine they are. It's priceless—and she gave it to me."

"She gave me a bookmark," Diane said quietly.

"And the silly goose lost it," said Mrs. Henley. "Fitz, dear, would you do the chocolate? I'm bushed."

That was all. Amy waited, and the hot chocolate seared her tongue, and nothing else was said of it. And a while later she went home in the station wagon, feeling strangely let down.

In her bed she fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed of her mother.

That was May, and the beginning of a drifting time in her life. Her mother made her decision finally and took her professional life to a furnished apartment in Manhattan. She came home dutifully on some weekends, full of gay chatter for Amy, and

she held long, tense talks with Amy's father behind closed doors. In her place while she was away there was a housekeeper named Mrs. Koepchen, a large, rectangular German woman.

But the Henleys were solid and permanent in the transient days. Amy, without quite realizing it had happened, found herself a part of their lives. She was Diane's friend. Ideas darted like sparks between them, and they giggled in a conspiracy of understanding. Sometimes Amy caught Mrs. Henley watching them, and Mrs. Henley would give her an odd smile, like a touching of hands. Sometimes she talked to Mrs. Henley about her mother and father, for Mrs. Henley had read her mother's book and guessed how Amy felt about it. She tucked the thought of the bookmark off into a corner of her mind, and wrapped it in layer after layer of forgetting.

School was suddenly over, and Mrs. Henley asked her father if he would let Amy go off with them to a cottage they had taken near the far end of Long Island. "Sure she can go," was his answer, "if you think you can stand her." Later, to Amy, he said darkly, "You ought to change your name to Henley. Mrs. Koepchen says you live over there anyway."

Somewhat as an afterthought Amy remembered that her mother would have to be consulted, too. But Janet Fisher agreed promptly, asking only that Amy write her.

And then all at once they were living in a crowded cottage at the inlet. They swam in the still, dark water that lapped against their gray-weathered dock; (continued on page 106)



"Every house should have a little copper in it. And a little Twinkle."

James Beard Author of "The James Beard Cookbook"

"I do have a lot of copper. That's the first thing people notice when they come to my cooking classes.

"I like the way it looks and the way it feels, and there are some things you just can't cook right in anything but copper.

"In fact, I have so many copper pots, I even have a copper flower pot. And why not, when copper is so easy to take care of today."

James Beard knows what's good about copper. And he knows what's good for copper. That's why he uses Twinkle Copper Cleaner for pots and pans, and recommends that you do, too.

Its special lemon-active formula actually melts away tarnish, so there's no need for hard rubbing. And it has an anti-tarnish agent that makes the shine last longer.

So take a tip from one of America's cooking experts. Put a little copper in your house. And a little Twinkle.



On the social sea of English aristocracy, even a zephyr of scandal involving the royal family can quickly swell into a hurricane of innuendo and gossip. And this is precisely what is happening today. For what has merely been whispered in high court circles for the last two years has become more openly discussed in recent months. Namely, that the Queen's sister, Princess Margaret, who will be 40 on August 21, and her photographer husband, Lord Snowdon, also 40, are what the English euphemistically call a "reluctant couple."

On formal occasions they admittedly put up a show, but at informal gatherings—which both favor—the unfortunate situation is only too clear. Sad though this may be for the Snowdons, it acutely embarrasses the people who are forced to witness it. There is, in fact, a growing feeling among some leaders of London society that their parties should not be wrecked by the gloom that the Snowdons can, and regularly do, produce.

An example of what a host and hostess have to cope with from the semiroyal couple was seen at a party given by friends of mine, the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. Sheridan Dufferin, one of the vast Guinness brood, is a first-class host—a kind, with-it man, interested in the arts—and his lovely, amusing wife is expert at producing an atmosphere conducive not only to intellectual conversation but to light-hearted fun as well.

Their party was thrown for a distinguished group of American art-lovers, and the final guest list included personalities from every section of the London scene . . . old pillars of society, the young smart set, the "with-it" group, artists, dancers, the casts of *Hair* and *Boys in the Band* and former debutantes with their husbands, sons and daughters.

It was, for the first few hours anyway, quite a party. Alas, an hour or so after midnight, Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon arrived. Almost at once, the gaiety started to evaporate. For the feeling of animosity that the Snowdons brought with them chilled like an air-conditioner turned on in midwinter. Seeing them enter, both wearing far too much make-up, a young debutante near me said: "Oh, God, I can see from Maggie May and Tony's faces that they've had another cracking row—and that'll put a damper on everything!"

And it did, though it need not have if they had shown the slightest consideration toward host, hostess, guests or each other. The Dufferin home, in London's fashionable Holland Park district, is actually a mansion—and that evening at least seven rooms and the large



PHOTOGRAPH BY LORD SNOWDON



PRINCESS MARGARET AND LORD SNOWDON: THEIR BATTLES ROYAL

Writing under an assumed name, a well-placed British aristocrat talks revealingly about the not so-private spats of the Princess and her photographer husband. By Antonia Chatsworth

garden were in use. For a couple out of sorts with each other, nothing would have been easier—and, in view of their social importance, more correct—than to saunter separately through the gay scene. But, perversely, the Snowdons elected to plonk themselves in the same room. Seated opposite one another—each surrounded by a group of fawning favorites—they proceeded to exchange glares, as if their prime reason for attending was to establish as petulantly as possible their annoyance with each other. Whenever Snowdon moved to another reception room, Margaret followed, and vice versa—and the pattern was repeated until the atmosphere throughout was rife with hostility.

I left the Dufferins' long before I'd planned, accepting a lift home from the director of one of London's finest modern art galleries. Inevitably, we talked about the party.

"Yes, those two do take the fun out of

things," the director said. "They come into the gallery a lot. They came together about a week ago. Tony admired a certain painting—a male nude. It was good, slightly pornographic perhaps, but redeemed by exceptional artistry. Turning to Margaret, Tony said, 'I think we should buy it—what do you think?' After a long pause, the Princess answered, 'I'm not so sure. Isn't it a bit . . . much?' Her comment was reasonable, but it seemed to enrage Snowdon. He turned and barked, 'A bit much indeed! What in hell do you know about art anyway?'

"Again, I attended a party at Covent Garden not long ago. One of those buffet affairs given after the premiere of a new ballet. Margaret was asked by someone—it may have been Dame Ninette de Valois—what she thought of the ballet. The Princess' reaction was, to my mind anyway, quite intelligent: she thought the music, choreography and dancing splendid, the setting and costumes a mistake. Overhearing this, Snowdon turned and said, 'Nonsense, it's the other way about! It's all too much! Who wants to listen to bickering for the sake of bickering? As is well known, Margaret is a tricky personality, but his boorishness toward her is even more of a drag!'

One would be less than human if one did not feel sorry, under the circumstances, for two such basically attractive personalities. Still, the spreading antipathy toward them is understandable. For such a couple should be able to present

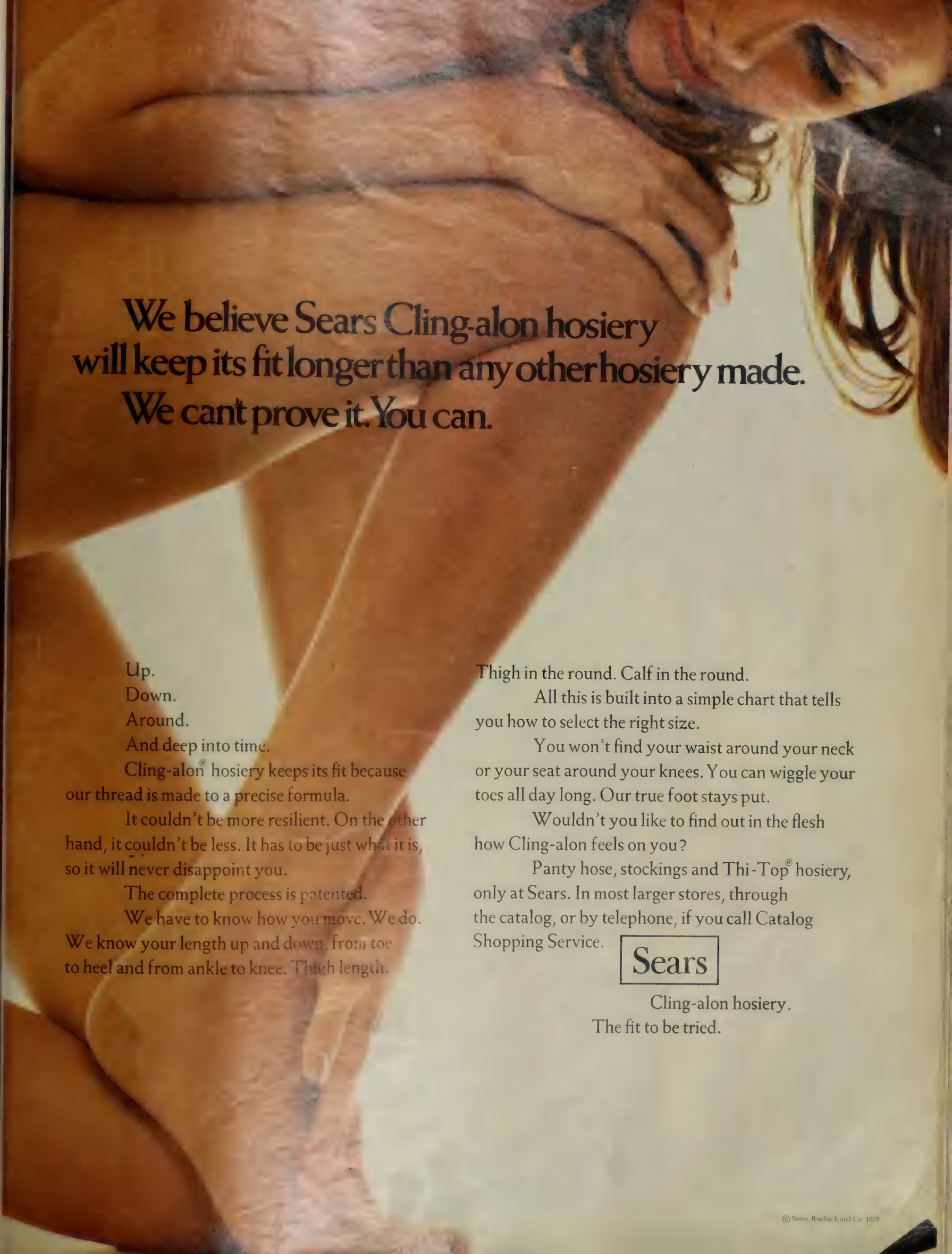
a better front, a more civilized facade, in view of the luxury and ease that Margaret's position earns them.

Friends of Snowdon's who go back to the days when he was just Tony Armstrong-Jones say that his wife is mainly responsible for the way things are. They insist that Margaret's determination to participate in every unconventional get-together, all the while demanding complete "royal treatment," makes it impossible for him to retain friends within the Bohemian circles that he enjoys.

On the other hand, the Princess' friends claim that Snowdon is mostly at fault—that even at informal gatherings he should pay her more respect and help her understand that artists, writers, etc., can't be treated as equals one moment and dismissed like peasants the next.

Members of the social set's old brigade have yet another view. They maintain that while it's possible for a princess to marry outside royalty, a union to anyone less than noble inevitably leads to disaster; they claim that Tony—despite an Eton education and a mother married to an Irish aristocrat—is too far removed from nobility.

(continued on page 114)



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will keep its fit longer than any other hosiery made.
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And deep into time.

Cling-alon® hosiery keeps its fit because
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to heel and from ankle to knee. Thigh length.

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or your seat around your knees. You can wiggle your
toes all day long. Our true foot stays put.

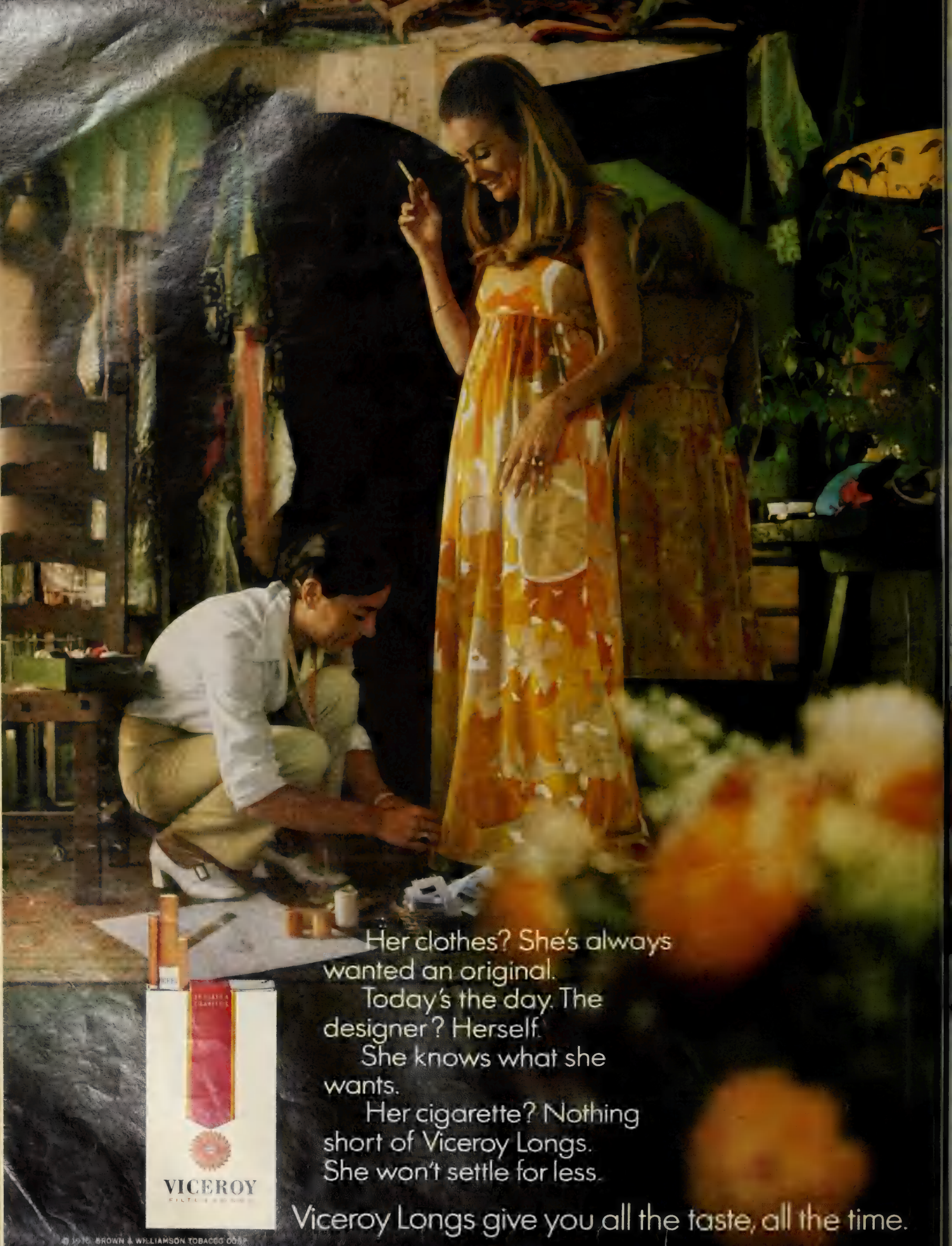
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Her clothes? She's always
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designer? Herself.

She knows what she
wants.

Her cigarette? Nothing
short of Viceroy Longs.
She won't settle for less.



Viceroy Longs give you all the taste, all the time.

why you find the next eight pages in the ladies' home journal

Fifty years ago this month, sometimes using tactics that outraged the nation, American women won the right to vote. But the suffragettes left the job unfinished, and now a contemporary wave of activists has arisen to improve the feminine condition. The following section on "The New Feminism" was created by the Women's Liberation Movement, whose crusading activities—both daring and bizarre—have received much attention from the press.

We had been following this movement with great interest, of course. But it wasn't until 200 of these new feminists marched into the JOURNAL'S offices and stayed for 11 hours that we were literally confronted with the intensity and the reality of this brand of women's rights thinking.

Almost six months have passed since our famous sit-in, at which the original demand was for me to step down and hand over the JOURNAL to an all-women staff selected by the movement. Pointing out that women were already a well-paid and respected majority of our staff, I declined. But I did remain to listen, and to learn. And beneath the shrill accusations and the radical dialectic, our editors heard some convincing truths about the persistence of sexual discrimination in many areas of American life. What is more, we seemed to catch a rising note of angry self-expression among today's American women, a desire for representation, for recognition, for a broadening range of alternatives in a rapidly changing society.

"Women's Liberation" is still a loose term, covering many kinds of small and diffuse groups of women. It is still very much a minority movement, but it is a vocal one. "Women's Liberationists" are united in a quest for total sexual equality

and a rejection of the stifling restrictions imposed by masculine values. Their causes range from education to work equality to abortion to freedom from sex exploitation.

A sample of their viewpoints and attitudes is provided on the following pages. These articles were written by a "collective" that preferred to keep its writers anonymous.

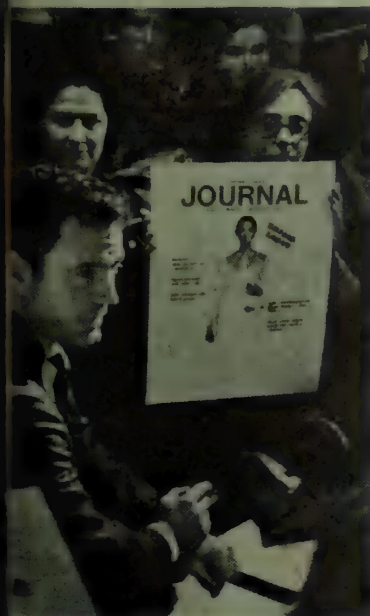
You may find this New Feminism section enlightening, or baffling, or infuriating—or all three. It is an unusual section produced in an unusual manner—by group meetings of "Lib" representatives. We have deliberately chosen to be more permissive than usual in our editing standards, in order to permit these women to express in their own terms exactly how they feel. We do not agree with many of the assumptions their arguments rest on. But having decided to give them a hearing in our pages, we felt it should be one that they considered accurate.

The point is: this is 1970. All peoples and both sexes are free to reexamine their roles. They are free to grow where they have been stunted, to move forward where they have been held back, to find dignity and self-fulfillment on their own terms. As a magazine that for 87 years has served as an emotional and intellectual forum for American women, we can do no less than devote part of one issue to an explanation of Women's Liberation.

This new movement may have an impact far beyond its extremist eccentricities. It could even triumph over its man-hating bitterness and indeed win humanist gains for all women—and their men.

We think you will find this section provocative reading. Let us know what you think.*

John Nash Carter



The new feminism

A SPECIAL SECTION PREPARED FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BY THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT

On Wednesday morning, March 18, 1970, two hundred of us walked in—unannounced—to the offices of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. As it turned out, we stayed for 11 hours because we had many things to say. We "occupied" the JOURNAL's office because we wanted to articulate our dissatisfaction with the editorial content of the JOURNAL—and all other women's magazines. We also brought to the JOURNAL some of our ideas for structural changes at the magazine. It occurred to us, for example, that the JOURNAL, a magazine for wives and mothers, would do well to take the lead in child care by establishing on its premises a day care center for the pre-school-age children of its employees. We raised the idea that a women's magazine ought to be run entirely by women, and that the magazine seek out nonwhite women for its staff in proportion to the population. We called for a minimum wage of \$125 a week and a new plan for job classifications so that all employees would have a chance to participate in mean-

Hello to Our Sisters

ingful editorial decisions and work. response to our demands, the JOURNAL agreed to give us this eight-page supplement. (They have also agreed to have further discussion with us on the subject of day care.) work on this supplement was done collectively by small groups of women in our movement. As you read the next few pages, you will be able to explore some of our ideas on marriage, housekeeping, sex, education and other subjects. Because our movement, though less than three years old, has already attracted women from a broad spectrum of society, you will find that our ideas, far from being uniform, are varied. We feel this is all to the good. We do not seek to impose a "line" on our search for new answers. Consider this a women's liberation sampler. Write to us and tell us what you think.

Women and Work

Just what is it that men have that we envy? The freedom, the right, the encouragement, the responsibility to go outside the home and work for a living. We want that responsibility—because we believe that the social rewards for holding down a job are critical to one's sense of dignity and self-worth. Some of the rewards are obvious, like the paycheck at the end of the week (your own paycheck, not an allowance), the paid vacations, the holidays, the pensions—all those rights hard won by working men, we want them, too! Also the chance to develop new skills, the chance to make more money, the satisfaction and appreciation that come when a difficult task is well done.

But there is another value to outside work that is equally important—the social interaction that occurs on a job. The housewife's biggest problem is loneliness; she lives in her own little ghetto, often with nobody to talk to all day long but her children. So we talk to ourselves, we talk to some tradespeople, we talk to a neighbor, and we watch TV soap operas. But what are our men doing? Whether or not they are working at a job they like—and, admittedly, most work is dull and repetitive—men are working with other adult human beings, talking to them, communicating about the job or about a ball game, joking, griping, laughing, eating lunch together, sometimes traveling, being adults together on a job that society says is the only "real" work—and proves it by paying them for it.

Well, here we are, talking about work as if it is a privilege when we know it is first and foremost an economic necessity. Did you know that 42 percent of all women already work outside the home? That's 29 million working women, sisters! We women make up 38 percent of the total work force in this country. Three out of five of those of us who work are married with children. And nearly all of us work because we need the money.

One of the myths about wives who work is that they are working merely to "supplement" their husband's income, "helping out" in order to buy some "luxuries." Nonsense! This myth that women don't have to work to support themselves and their families is a powerful weapon used to keep our salaries low. But what are people paid for? They are paid for the labor they perform, not for the number of people they have to support. It goes without saying that there should be equal pay for equal work. But the U.S. Department of Commerce statistics show that women earn an average of \$3,000 a year less than men for performing exactly the same work.

Not only are women paid less for equal work, they are passed over for on-the-job training and for promotions to supervisory positions—with the argument, "You don't need more money." Then there is the deliberate practice of hiring women on a part-time basis—which denies them health insurance, paid vacations, sick leave, profit sharing, retirement benefits and tenure. Management saves untold millions of dollars be-

cause only part of the work force must be granted these fringe bene-

And think of the jobs that aren't open to women at all. You can't get that if the job commands a better salary it has a "for men only" tag attached to it. Why is there something inherently "feminine" about secretarial work? In the middle of the 19th century, nearly all clerical work was performed by men. Later, when the typewriter was introduced, it was considered "too complex" a machine for women to handle. (When men discovered that typing was drudgery, they graciously dropped it. Smith-Coronas in our laps.) Is there something inherently "masculine" about being a doctor? In the Soviet Union, for example, 75 percent of all doctors are women.

In our culture, the so-called "feminine" jobs are nurse, secretary, elementary school teacher, librarian, airline stewardess, etc. The opportunities for advancement in these fields, and the top salaries, are limited. Of course, these are the fields that women are encouraged to enter. The corresponding "masculine" jobs, doctor, business manager and executive, school administrator, head librarian and pilot, etc., the job opportunities and salary scales are completely different. The lowest pay for these "men's" jobs may be far higher than the top pay for the corresponding "women's" job.

Women are kept from better-paying jobs by many methods. The most obvious is by out-and-out segregation that is actually a part of the law. This is the way it works: Several states have so-called "protective" laws on the books. These laws were enacted during the early part of this century when working conditions, particularly in factories, were hazardous and fatiguing to both men and women. The "protective" laws limit the number of hours a woman can work and the maximum weight she is permitted to lift (it varies from 15 to 35 pounds). Some states, in the name of chivalry, also prohibit women from night work. These laws effectively bar all women from being considered for certain jobs, no matter what an individual woman's capacities or wishes may be. A woman can be turned down for a job requiring her to occasionally lift an object weighing 30 pounds even though she is quite accustomed to picking up and carrying a 30-pound child. Last year two women won separate lawsuits against large firms when they were "protected" out of jobs which required lifting 30 pounds of weight.

The case of Mrs. Ida Phillips may soon make Supreme Court history. Mrs. Phillips, now 36, lived in Orlando, Florida, with her husband, a truck mechanic, and their seven children. To help support her family she worked as a waitress. "I've always had to work for a living," she says. "I was earning six dollars a day, including tips, waiting on tables in Orlando. So I thought I would try to get a factory job. The husband would be more regular and there would be those company benefits. When you work as a waitress you never know what kinds of hours you're going to have to work, and business is really slow at certain seasons. We tried the local factories and plants, but when they heard I had seven children they turned me down cold. Then one day in 1966, I saw an

paper for one hundred assembly trainees at the Martin Marietta. The pay started at two dollars and twenty-five cents an hour." Phillips rushed over to Martin Marietta and was one of the first. When she filled out her employment application she wrote down she had seven children and that the youngest, a two-year-old girl, was in a day nursery. "It never occurred to me not to be honest," she says. The Martin Marietta people refused to hire her. They said it was policy not to hire women with pre-school-age children. Mrs. Phillips' case to the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission and, finally, into the courts. She is suing Martin Marietta for back wages and damages.

U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to hear her case this fall, and the federal government has filed a brief on Mrs. Phillips' behalf. Mrs. Phillips still works as a waitress. "It's not just for myself that I'm doing this," she says, referring to her lawsuit, "it's for all mothers."

Another way in which women are kept from better jobs is by the perpetuation of a host of myths designed to make us believe in our own inferiority and incompetence. What is the real truth about women who work?

Test your own knowledge by taking our "Working Women Quiz." Mark "true" or "false" to the following statements:

The children of women who work are often delinquents and do poorly in school.

The majority of working women are single.

Women have higher rates of absenteeism on the job than men.

Women change jobs more often than men.

White women earn more than nonwhite men.

Women are less capable than men of standing stress.

Women are basically more passive than men.

Women don't have the drive needed for success.

Women aren't as logical as men and can't handle abstract ideas.

Women cry when they don't get their way.

If you haven't already guessed, the answer to all of these questions is

"No." Most working women are married, their absenteeism is about the same as men's, and they change jobs at about the same rate. The median

annual wage for a white man is \$7,164. Nonwhite men earn \$4,528; white women earn \$4,152, and nonwhite women earn \$2,949. Women are ca-

pacitated by standing as much stress as men, and possibly more, according to recent studies. Women are as aggressive or passive as men might

be. Sex is sexless, and so is emotion. But when you've gone out to look for a job, have you had any of these 10 myths thrown at you? Or has

an interviewer said, "We weren't considering a woman for this job"? I know you're competent, but are you really serious about a career?"

We have nothing against women, it's just that our company has a long tradition of hiring men for the job you want"? (A variation of

this excuse was actually used by the editor of *Newsweek* when 46 female researchers and secretaries employed at the magazine sued it

because they were denied a chance to use their abilities at writers' jobs.) The most vicious slander used against a woman who has become suc-

cessful is that whisper, "She used her sex to get ahead; she slept her way to the top." Men have used their sex to keep themselves on top.

Women have been victims of a gigantic conspiracy. We were told that the way to get along in this male-dominated society was to be passive,

and utterly uncompetitive, whether we felt that way or not. We were told that we didn't have to figure out what to do with our individual

talents because that would be taken care of with marriage. Our only "real" life would be to find the right man and then take good care of him

and his children. We must tear down the myths and the laws that chain us to the house-

hold, low-paying jobs. We must begin to construct a new psychology, based on the principle of equality for all. We must demand that society

take a fresh look at how things ought to be done. If the Martin Marietta case, for instance, felt genuine concern for Ida Phillips' pre-school-age

child, why didn't it set up a day care center on the premises for Mrs. Phillips' child and for all the pre-school-age children of all their em-

ployees, male and female? It is our belief that all large offices and fac-

ilities should provide child care centers for their employees' small chil-

dren, and that those centers should be under the control of the employees themselves. Until such time as we have free universal child care centers,

we think that a mother who works should be able to take the full cost of

child care and housekeeping off her income tax. We are asking for options. We want the right to go out and get as

much of a job as a man can get. We want our men to share equally in those

tasks that they have relegated to us in the name of "women's work"—

child rearing and housekeeping. Women, come out of the house! You have everything to gain!

Four Daughter's Education

A recent popular song was titled "Make Him Your Reason for Living." In the moment a young girl's mind begins to function, and throughout her life, she will be relentlessly assaulted by a barrage of similar psychologically and emotionally damaging suggestions. "He's a man, and a man has to try," the song goes; by implication, a woman does not. But

even if she does, she will encounter discrimination and be constantly conditioned to regard herself as a second-rate intellect with second-rate functions in life. To society, woman is consumer, not producer; passive responder, not forceful creator. The seeds of self-denial and impaired potential are planted during her youth and are reinforced again and again during her years of schooling.

Children of opposite sex are treated differently almost from the day they are born. As many psychological studies have shown, girls are hugged, kissed, coddled and controlled, while their brothers are pushed, prodded, motivated and urged to excel. Boys are reared to control and mold their environment; girls are trained to mold themselves to that environment or to expect to be protected from it. Boys play with Erector sets, girls with Barbie dolls. Your brother is going to grow up to be (choose one): a) President, b) a doctor, c) a lawyer. Perhaps you'd like to become: a) First Lady, b) a nurse, c) a secretary, d) a mommy. Your brother is doing brilliantly in school, but don't you be too smart, dear, you'll scare the boys away.

Are women really passive, men active? Are women emotional, men

This Woman Is Anti-semantic

When your baby girl is fretful, you go to the good book:

It says, "Turn him over on his back, change his diaper, and take a look."

Then your daughter is old enough to go to school,

And the instructions read at the top of every test:

"Everyone take his assigned place and do his best."

At the PTA meeting the chairman is Mrs. Rule.

The minister exhorts, "Act as a brother

Unto one another."

The college catalogue lists courses on

"Man and Society,"

"Man and Survival,"

"Man: Is He Godhead's New Rival?"

You graduate as a Bachelor of Science or a BA,

and with a fellowship your master's degree is underway

Until one day

You wind up calling a psychiatrist and his advice is

"I can't understand why you should be feeling an identity crisis."

—E.M.

stolid? The plain fact is that we don't know. No conclusions about woman's innate nature can be drawn without looking at the cultural expectations of the society. As a Loyola University psychologist, Naomi Weissstein, recently pointed out, "If [child psychologist] Bruno Bettelheim says that women want first and foremost to be good wives and mothers, it is extremely likely that that is what Bruno Bettelheim wants them to be." Nevertheless, the elementary school system goes right along reinforcing unsupported beliefs in sexual differences, shaping a child's self-image along conventional but detrimental lines.

Certain types of segregation are obvious. Girls wear dresses to school, inhibiting movement. Seating arrangements and trips to the lavatory, school nurse or doctor are usually segregated by sex. Some schools have separate entrances for boys and girls. Physical education is separate and usually unequal. Girls are discouraged from using their bodies to capacity in athletic pursuits and are terrified of developing "muscles." Because girls don't develop their potential strength, they eventually face their own physical incompetence.

School books efficiently serve the same end. In mathematics problems, Aunt Sally the housewife grapples with groceries at so much per ounce, while Uncle John the banker muddles out interest rates. Pictures in language workbooks show boys portraying action verbs: running, jumping, chasing, riding bicycles. Girls, if they are pictured at all, are seen quietly reading, sewing, petting a kitten, sitting, playing with dolls.

In history textbooks, it's a man's world. Discoverers, generals, scientists, kings and presidents dominate social studies. Even in recent texts, which give considerable attention to black history, barely a paragraph is devoted to the story of the women's suffrage movement. In biography, the situation is equally lopsided: rarely does one see a book about an outstanding suffragist, abolitionist, temperance worker or any woman famous for her own achievements, not her husband's. As a result, the little girl receives no image of women from her classroom lessons; she is left to swallow the image the mass media and advertisers constantly peddle to the public: that women are consumers of goods made by men. And heaven help the little girl left to watch eight hours of television each day: she will be pelted by images of men as either henpecked husbands or misogynists, women as either castrators or sex objects. Even

the educational television series *Sesame Street*, widely praised for its mature approach to children's programming, has until very recently depicted women only as homemakers.

Early in their schooling, children are confronted by the fact that behavior and performance demands upon students of opposite sexes differ. Boys are allowed greater liberties in behavior and are therefore less able to concentrate on the tedious work that characterizes elementary education. Girls are conditioned to be quiet and sit still. The results are not only academic (girls outperform boys in all academic areas until their late teens), they are also social and psychological. Rowdiness, loudness, aggressiveness, and generally stronger personalities characterize boys in grade school. "Boys will be boys," goes the cliché, and most adults consciously encourage young males to fit this role. A girl with similar behavior patterns, however, is regarded as a tomboy. (On the other side, the boy who cries or enjoys working quietly will be branded a sissy.) Terrified of raising homosexuals, American parents make certain that their children grow up fearful of being confused or identified with the opposite sex.

Women encounter double pressures not to deviate from their roles when they enter high school. Discrimination, intended to "correct" women who are straying into masculine domains, grows more overt, and segregation by sex intensifies. Boys are offered instruction in electrical installation, printing, machine shop, equipment repair, and cabinetry, while girls can take cosmetology, nursing, fashion industries, stenography, and key punch operation. At the same time, with the onset of puberty, girls become aware of their roles as sexual objects.

High-caliber academic schools are known to discriminate against girls in their admissions policies, or to admit only boys; public schools are often the most guilty. And any girl wanting to learn a vocation finds that the doors of many trade schools are barred to her outright. Of course, admission wouldn't really help very much because unfair hiring practices in most of the trades guarantee that she would never be hired. The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor lists several crafts that offer opportunities for women. These trades are undermanned, and salaries average more than \$150 a week, a great deal better than the starting salaries for secretaries, domestics and saleswomen. However, potential women aircraft mechanics and business machine servicers, two of the crafts recommended, will find that the vocational high schools teaching these curricula are closed to them.

High school courses in hygiene, a catchall word that includes first-aid, sex and reproduction, rarely even come to terms with the subject matter, much less with the complex problems women face today. With the pregnancy rate for high school girls increasing as much as 100 percent in some cities, many teachers still shy away from frank discussion of birth control.

The transition from high school to college is accompanied by a quantitative rather than a qualitative change in repression and discrimination. When it comes time for college, girls are often encouraged to apply to schools where "it's easier for girls to get in." (Most universities have unofficial quotas for women; among each 10 undergraduates accepted by Stanford, for example, only three are women.) And once she gets to college, the young woman encounters increasing hostility toward females in male fields of study, such as law, medicine and engineering. The scarcity of women college teachers provides women students with few models on which to pattern themselves. The lack of effective guidance and career counseling for women indicates that few educational institutions have any real commitment to the development of their female students as human beings. Underlying the education of every woman is the silent premise that she is being educated to be a good wife and mother. In our colleges and universities, anatomy is still taken for destiny.

Certain basic attitudes toward women and education must change immediately. The premise that women, given the same childhood conditioning as men, can equal male capabilities must now be adopted by all as a first principle.

In the home and at school, children of both sexes must be free to lead nonstereotyped lives. If your daughter asks for a train or a chemistry set, encourage her. If your son shows interest in cooking and sewing, teach him.

Pressure must be put on schools to end discrimination. Elementary schools should teach home economics and shop to children of both sexes. History texts must be rewritten to show the part women have played in forming this country. Primers should include men and women in a variety of roles. Physical education courses (if not totally coeducational) should provide similar activities for both sexes and equal time periods. High schools should offer regular lectures on sex education, including the details of birth control. And admissions quotas to schools at every level must be lifted.

From their earliest years, women must learn to recognize their potential and abilities, no matter in what direction they lie. A 1968 study by two psychologists found that when teachers expected students selected at random to show great promise, the I.Q.s of these students increased significantly; the teachers apparently communicated their expectations to their pupils through increased encouragement. The application of this principle to the status of women is obvious.

The problem of social prejudice is the thorniest. One hundred years after the emancipation of the slaves, blacks must still fight racism. Fifty years after the winning of women's suffrage, we, too, must continue our efforts for full equality. Women must re-educate themselves, their women

friends, their husbands, and their men friends. Then, perhaps, in a few generations, we can bring up our daughters and sons in a society with a minimum of sexual prejudice and a maximum of options for life.

Babies Are Born Not Delivered

Having a baby is a very underrated success, and for a very logical reason—our male-dominated culture doesn't acknowledge accomplishments something that men cannot accomplish. Thus childbirth gets short shrift—a father's pride (especially if it's a boy) and a few days of rest. But the real test of an accomplishment in our society is the price it commands and the work and successes of most women receive either a very financial reward or no financial reward at all. Men, however, are always paid for their "labor." In childbirth the mother's role should obviously be regarded as the essential part of the procedure, yet the skill and competence is credited to doctors, not mothers. It is the physician who "takes care" of the mother, "delivers" the baby—and commands a price for his contribution. In the hospital maternity system, the mother is, at best, treated as though she were superfluous to the process. Childbirth is perceived as a function of the physician-centered bureaucracy, as a process of the female body.

Having a child in the hospital maternity system is a battle of wills in which the woman has to take on the entire medical staff if she is to save a feeling of accomplishment in producing this baby. From the moment you enter the hospital as a woman about to "deliver," there is a systematic procedure of intimidation designed to create an illusion of total helplessness. No matter how cheerfully you walk in the place, you are placed in a wheelchair and pushed to the preparation room. Then you are informed not to move unless a nurse is present to assist, though labor were a crippling disease!

After being made presentable (with a shaven pubic area), you are examined by a doctor. In my case, a serious young resident assured me that I was in the early stages of labor and that my "pains" would be increasing for about 18 hours. After this pronouncement, I was given no comfort of a caged bed, in a barren room, to wait them out. (Designed to strip the physical comforts of maternity wards are psychic sadists; it is possible to imagine that any fertile act can take place in such surroundings.) By now, the exhilaration accompanying the onset of labor has been effectively diminished by the mechanics of the situation, the impersonal people, plus the prophecy of 18 hours of pain. Your husband, your friend in the vicinity, is usually sent away. So you are all alone in a caged bed in a clean, bare room; I have never felt lonelier in my life.

The intimidation is continued by a subtle clincher. The mother-to-be is introduced to a lot of last names: Miss X, Mrs. So-and-So, and at the end of the heap, Dr. Somebody. She, however, is addressed by her first name by absolutely everyone. This may not seem important, but it effectively wipes out any shred of dignity that she may be trying to maintain. All of these superior beings enter at intervals to, in the order of priority, check the chart, count your pulse, and ask how you are doing. In response to this question, "How are you doing?" in different ways at different times—usually in the negative and sometimes in the hysterical. My response, however, was uniform—a hand pat.

At the climax of these long few hours, I began to feel intense movement in my belly. My whole body was contracting; and despite Lamaze, Reed, or any of the other male authorities have to say or subject, you really don't have to have someone present to give you a mission to push "at the correct time." When you need to push, you push it's downright irresistible.

But I was upset that I might not be doing this whole thing "the way." So in desperation I pushed the magic call button. I yelled for information, for love, for anything. Ages later, someone sailed in to check the chart, take my pulse, etc. I asked for medicine because I felt embarrassed to ask for someone just to be with me while I was having a baby. Hospital personnel are not, however, big on patient-diagnosis under such self-evident conditions; and since my doctor had decided on my arrival at the hospital that I would not deliver for a long time, his opinion on the subject was definitely outranked, and I could get no one to believe that the baby was moving out. I was simply informed that according to my chart, the contractions would be continuing for many hours and that I was to relax because the doctor would take care of me. An awake woman knows by this time that she's on her own. It's not a hospital chart that controls the birth process! And that baby was coming out. With every contraction, it moved. So with an overwhelming feeling of majesty and confidence in production, I decided once again to issue invitations announced in the speaker system that I was positively having the baby and furthermore, if anyone from among the hospital staff wished to be present at the birth, he or she had better come immediately or the invitation was canceled.

Well, one young nurse appeared and nervously agreed to call the resident doctor, which, by the way, is an act of sheer bravery, since asking the doctor to change his scheduled rounds is tantamount to heresy. God. But she did it and the man in white arrived. With a gentle, ascending smile, he slowly—with the nurse's assistance—put on his r

ve and, I think, prepared to stick his whole hand and part of his arm o me. Well, he didn't quite make it because his fingertip bumped into baby's little head on the way out.

[t was their turn to be hysterical! And just when I had become convinced that I could do it alone, I had much more than enough attention d help. The frenzied young man in white was screaming instructions to everyone, including me; and the nurses were making obedient attempts to low his continual commands. Then one of the hierarchical underlings ived with the delivery slab. All of them were telling me in chorus, etween the contractions, slide over." Some feat! At this point there s no "between." There was nothing to do but slide *during*. I was ious; after hours of asking for help and receiving none, now they were ing to upstage me. No one else participates in the labor but everyone ts to be in on the last bows. Well, I followed instructions and man- ed to move onto the delivery table. I was yelling just one instruction: all my husband." This was hopeless, of course—I did all the work, but d no authority. My instructions naturally weren't responded to, just e hand pats. And in the delivery room, there was an attack by the esthetist, who wanted to get into the act as well. (When you are that along, 10 minutes before all's over, there is *no* need for *anything* to be mbed.) But I was outnumbered 4 to 1, so he got me in the spine, and the work just stopped. If the mother is inactive, she is less trouble—s just isn't our show. After the anesthesia took hold, I wasn't able to push ymore; the process seemed as though it were going on without my help. l of a sudden, you are forced to lie there helpless as the doctor pulls t the baby you are delivering.

The ending is happy because the baby is healthy and lovely; but the y I gleaned from my experience came in spite of the hospital procedures d staff and in spite of the brainwashing all women undergo which eaches that the husband creates the baby and that the doctor delivers t. It is this brainwashing plus an unresponsive medical system which quently succeeds in squeezing us out of the process of having our bies.

Women are, as a group, capable of effecting change that would make e system responsive to us rather than continuing as victims of the stem. But until the time comes when we do gain control over our bodies, nember this, my sister: they really couldn't do it without you.

Help Wanted: Female

99.6 HOURS A WEEK.

OPAX. BED AND BORED. MUST BE GOOD WITH CHILDREN.

omen maintain and sustain our ciety; we are responsible for food, othes, shelter and emotional sup- rt. If we don't provide these, our en and children will die. Every y, day in and day out, we are on ll.

When a man helps out a little bit, king the kids to the park for an ternoon, he becomes a hero. When e helps out a lot, he's ridiculed: Who wears the pants in your fam- y?"

If a man is caught in a situation ere he has to take full responsibili- for the family, he can hire outside rvices provided by many states at ry low cost. He can and will call his mother, aunt, sister, or neigh- r to pull him through.

But we have no such respite. Our ly vacation comes when we're to- lly incapacitated, when we're in e hospital for an operation or hav- g a baby. Even then, we've proba- y done a mammoth organizational b, making sure that casseroles were ozen for easy preparation, that the ds' clothes were ironed and ready wear to school, that a babysitter as lined up, and that the neighbors ere looking in to make sure every- ing fell into place.

We have carried these responsibil- es for generations. Our grand- others did it, our mothers did it, we o it, and our daughters will marry d continue to do it. Our sons could e businessmen, welders, or astro- auts, but our daughters will be ousewives, the only workers who bor merely for bed and board.

We are domestic slaves. It's a fate

that awaits us when we are born fe- male. As children we are trained to be accommodating, "feminine" and passive. We spend much of our time playing house. Daily, we enact the roles we will contract when we mar- ry. The idea of love marriages hides the fact that when we repeat the vows to love, honor and obey, we promise to perform our role—domes- tic services and sexual availability—in return for his financial support. And that support is viewed by men as a gift.

The money our husbands earn is doled out to us. At times we have to wheedle and cajole to make sure we get the wherewithal to survive. And we're not only talking about our own individual survival. That money is used not carelessly, but carefully, to pay for food, clothing and rent or mortgage payments to sustain all of us. In order to get anything for our- selves, we have to "steal" it from the food budget. And we feel guilt pangs about that. It's not "our" money because we didn't "earn" it.

For approximately 40 percent of us, the money that he brings in isn't enough to support the family. It's not his fault; his earnings reflect a tight money market, but the cost of living rises. It means that we have to go outside the home to work. And when we come home, we're expected to work inside the home, too, cook- ing, cleaning and raising the chil- dren.

Ten percent of us don't have hus- bands to support us financially. Ei- ther because of divorce, death or desertion, we have to earn money to

support ourselves and our children.

In New York a group of women known as Older Women's Liberation (OWL) has prepared a Housewives' Bill of Rights (see box). OWL de- mands a minimum of \$5,000 per year to be paid by the federal government to each woman who works as a housewife and mother. Housework itself is difficult enough, but for the mothers of young children it is more than a full-time job—Chase Manhat- tan Bank economists calculated that it consumes 99.6 hours per week. The economists prepared a short es- timate, allowing only 6.2 hours a week for dishwashing, 3.3 hours a week for grocery shopping, and 44.5 hours a week for child-raising. We spend decidedly more time per week carrying out each task.

Each housewife and mother should receive economic as well as emotion- al rewards for her work—which is ab- solutely necessary and extremely valuable. Sylvia Porter has estimat- ed that it would increase the total of the country's wealth by \$270 billion if it were counted.

However, we are not only *not* paid for our work, but are considered less than human because we perform it. Because the work is routine, circular and not blessed with a price tag (as is work in the world at large), we are considered inferior. We are granted the title of "just" housewives and, if we try to dignify it a little bit by calling ourselves "homemakers," we sense that we're on shaky ground.

We are picked on every time we turn around. When our men come home from work they smirk, "What have you done all day?" the impli- cation being that the answer is "nothing." He may have carted around 30 pounds of mail all day, but we have carted around a 30- pound child, a 40-pound sack of gro- ceries, or a 20-pound bundle of laun- dry.

We are so convinced that our work is worthless that we become fanatic housekeepers, trying to prove again and again our own human worth. We bake, prepare good meals, knit sweat- ers, and create in the end more work for ourselves because we are scream- ing for outlets for our imagination.

Furthermore, we are criticized for being too sexy, or not sexy enough; for spending too much time in the kitchen, or not cooking well enough; for going out too much, or not going out enough. Somehow they just won't let us win.

In Stockton, California, one wom- an got so fed up that she went on strike. She made herself a picket sign that read "Unfair to Labor" and marched up and down in front of her house. Her neighbors came and sup- ported her.

We have always been rebelling, in our own ways, inwardly or outward- ly, with whatever weapons we have. We refuse sex. We yell at the kids. We throw the dishes and have stormy tantrums. That disarms him awhile. We take household money and spend it on something, anything, to break out of the routine and its control over us.

Our individual rebellions have never led us anywhere. We never saw anywhere to go and we felt so isolated, so alone—alone in our own

homes, too busy, too depressed and too convinced of the message that we had a duty as a woman to make our man happy. Our happiness was his happiness. We had no time for fulfilling our own aspirations.

Earlier in our history, women got together in their sewing circles and literary groups to discuss and act upon their situation, which was not too different from ours today. Our great-grandmothers organized strikes in textile mills where women were receiving one-fourth the pay that men got, joined the abolitionist movement, traveled in wagons to conventions for women's rights, cam- paigned for the vote (in France women only got the vote in 1945!) and mounted legislative battles to give us legal rights to our own salaries and property. Still, 100 years later, our situation remains the same; we are slaves in solitary con- finement, told by people like Dr. Spock that what we need for fulfill- ment is a "happy home."

Unfortunately, under current con- ditions, a happy home is very rare.

In order to change the way things are, we have to shift the responsibil- ity for maintaining the society from an individual woman's shoulders to the neighborhood as a whole—and that includes men.

Why aren't housing communities built in circles to enclose safe play space for our children? Why does each house have to have a family room for the kids to run in rather than one unit specifically designed to be child-proof and undamageable?

It is no accident that revolution- ary groups such as the Black Pan- thers or the Puerto Rican Young Lords provide day care centers, free breakfast programs and free medical facilities for the people in urban gheto- tos. These are fundamental needs that the society should be responsi- ble for.

Already we have organized block parties, potluck suppers and pro- gressive dinners, and we find that cooking is not drudgery but fun when done with others and when we don't have the total responsibility for everything ourselves.

Already we have arranged play groups, babysitting cooperatives, car pools, hobby groups and shopping trips to buy in bulk, for shopping is not the emotional release that adver- tising would have us believe—it is work.

The PTA in which we are active could be mobilized to bring about

HOUSEWIVES' BILL OF RIGHTS

UNIONIZATION
6-DAY WORK WEEK
PAID MATERNITY LEAVE
HEALTH INSURANCE
PAID VACATION
SOCIAL SECURITY
BETTER WORKING
CONDITIONS
FREE 24-HOUR CHILD
CARE CENTERS

changes in the schools so that our children can learn that housekeeping tasks are not biologically predetermined. Soldiers sew and clean up to inspection standards. Bachelors can cook good meals, but they become kitchen cripples when they marry. Our children must learn that there is dignity in the work that women already do, but not in the way it's relegated.

To push our point, we must exclude men from benefiting from our work if they fail to carry out equal responsibilities every single day.

We have to support each other in

our struggles to gain our husbands' recognition and cooperation. We have to bring our men back into the home to share the responsibility equally.

For what we so desperately want and need, if we are not to collapse into bed every night exhausted, is a world where women have dignity and substantial support for the work we perform so that we will have time to get out of our individual homes and build a world where all people will cooperate so that food, medical aid, clothes, shelter and emotional support are available to all.

Should This Marriage Be Saved?

"Every morning my children and my husband leave the house, dressed and ready to spend the day outside. I am still in my nightgown, my teeth aren't brushed yet, and I have to go back to the breakfast dishes and the house. It makes me feel terrible, as if they were people but I am not."

This is the voice of Barbara, 33 years old, mother of three little girls, wife of a successful, independent businessman, as she told her story to a consciousness-raising session of a Woman's Liberation group.

"When I was a girl, I wanted to do something important. First I wanted to be an explorer, and then a scientist. Then I got other ideas. I wanted to—it certainly seems really ridiculous now—I wanted to be a Congresswoman or Senator. Senator Barbara from Illinois, can you imagine? Me, who can't even get dressed in the morning?

"My family got worried about all my crazy ideas. After a while, I stopped having those daydreams. I went to the state university, where I met my husband, Bill. He was very smart, ambitious and powerful. I couldn't believe he wanted to marry me. He was graduating, and he didn't want to wait for me to finish college; three years seemed too much. So, although I was a good student, I dropped out and got married. I was nineteen years old.

"Being married was fun at first, except that I didn't know what to do with myself during the day and I was too scared to go out and get a job. My husband didn't want me to, anyway. Then the children came along and we moved out to the suburbs, and since then it's been, well, you know what it's like, cooking and shopping and washing diapers and picking up kids and bringing them home and arranging everything for everybody, all that sort of thing.

"I never felt at ease as a housewife. It was as if I were an actress playing a role, a role I'm not very good at. Bill is making good money now. We go out a lot and have many friends. But it seems to me that I am never myself with these people, but just Bill's wife.

"At home he is very demanding. For example, he doesn't like the way laundries put starch in his shirts, so I have to iron them myself. He wants a gourmet dinner every night, so at five o'clock I make hot dogs and beans for the kids and at seven o'clock, veal *cordon bleu* with a dry white wine for me and Bill. He selects the wine, but I have to be sure it's perfectly chilled.

"We don't have sex very often; he doesn't seem to want it. But when he does, I know I have to make myself available. I used to want him all the time. Now I don't feel that way anymore. These days it seems as if we either fight or don't talk with each other at all. Last year I went to a psychiatrist. He intimated that I had hidden masculine drives. This frightened me so I never went back.

"Sometimes when I'm alone in the house I wander into the children's rooms and look at the piles of dirty underwear. I feel helpless and confused. I want to cry and can't decide which pile to pick up first. I ask myself, what shall I do with the rest of my life?"

If Barbara had told her story to a marriage counselor, perhaps to one of the counselors at the American Institute of Family Relations (which sponsors the "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" column in the JOURNAL), you may be sure the answer would have been yes. Barbara would probably have been advised to examine her career fantasies and to understand that they were just fantasies. The counselor would have shown her how to channel her strivings into acceptable forms—volunteer work, perhaps, or a part-time job. He would have pointed out that her hostility to Bill was largely unfair, stemming perhaps from her competitive feelings toward men. But he would also have advised Bill to take Barbara less for granted, to stop demanding a gourmet meal every night, to help her around the house, to show her that he understands her difficulties.

Perhaps Barbara and Bill would have saved their marriage. But they would not have changed its fundamental nature. They would not have changed Bill's status as breadwinner and effective head of the household. They would not have changed the fact of Barbara's economic dependence upon him, nor the idea, implicit in the marriage arrangement, that the man's ~~career~~ strivings are important and necessary, while the wom-

an's work, aside from what she does to maintain the household and care for the children, is merely something to be fitted in at odd hours, something not very serious. Bill's needs and desires would still have been primary. *The major adjustments would have been Barbara's.*

Barbara, however, did not seek marital counseling. She attended Women's Liberation meetings and talked about her problems with women like herself. And when she talked, she did not ask herself, "Can My Marriage Be Saved?" She asked, instead, "Should My Marriage Be Saved?"

The answer turned out to be no. When Barbara reviewed her marriage she discovered that the things Bill wanted from his life were in hopeless conflict with the things she wanted from hers. Barbara's rebellion against housework was not frivolous or childish. She hated it and therefore was right in refusing to accept it as her main work in life. Part-time job education courses, or volunteer work were not the answer for her, although they might be for another woman.

Barbara wanted to be independent and was meant to be. It was this desire, suppressed and turned against herself, which had caused her depression and resentment. Barbara wanted to use her capacities to be somebody, not just somebody's wife. To say that her ambitions were "masculine" is to say that a woman should not have ambitions.

It is a truism of our culture, an idea so deeply ingrained as to be the subject of jokes, that marriage is a trap for a man. That it is far more truly a trap for a woman is something we have only recently begun to grasp. The subjugation of a woman is an integral part of the marriage arrangement, even of the extra-legal marriage arrangement. For marriage rests upon a class system in which the man represents the ruling (superior) class; the woman, the subordinate (or inferior) class. The woman performs domestic service inside the home and raises the children in exchange for her bed and board, in exchange for economic and emotional security.

Every woman knows from girlhood that marriage and motherhood will be her main career, that if she has to work to support herself, she will be doing so because she has failed to find a man to support her. She knows that to develop her own skills with the drive and selfishness which are necessary to attain competence in the world outside the home will render her unfit for a career as wife, a career that demands more than anything else the capacity for subordinating the interests of self to the interests of others—the capacity for putting somebody else's needs first. The fact that most women are unable to choose *not* to marry; society makes sure that in one way or another they are fit for nothing else. It is no accident that only 25 percent of the women in America are entirely self-supporting. And it is no accident that the decision to divorce, even to divorce a husband with whom she is miserable, is so terribly difficult for a woman who has been married most of her adult life.

"At first when I thought about leaving my husband," says Barbara, "I just couldn't do it. When I think of a divorcee, I think of a nervous woman with a hard face and a shrill voice. Someone you don't want to ask for dinner, because she's not part of a couple. Someone who's always after your husband. Someone you think you should find a husband for."

"How would life be any better for me if I were divorced? I'd still have to do housework and take care of the children, but without even the little help I get from my husband. Get a job? What job? Where? I've never worked except for the summers when I was in school. I can't imagine what it would be like. I haven't developed any particular skills. Besides, the thought of getting up in the morning and going out to work, real work, frightens me. I don't think I'd be up to it.

"What about my children? It seems wrong to me to deprive them of a stable home, even if that is a cliché.

"Divorce means you have to put yourself back on the marketplace again, to fix yourself up to catch another husband. Divorce means nobody wants you. It means lawyers and fights and custody agreements.

"The loneliness, how could I face it? Those awful nights by yourself with only the kids or maybe another woman for company. It takes a lot of courage to go anywhere as a single woman these days. Just the waiters look at you in a restaurant if you haven't got a male escort make me want to crawl back to my own house and home and husband, no matter how awful the situation there is."

Barbara did get a divorce, although it took her several years to reach that point. While she was still married, she went to a school and got a degree in political science. She is now employed as a researcher on a sociology project at a nearby college. Her job is full-time; the children go to a newly established day care center. Not very romantic, a far cry from Senator Barbara, but at least more than just Bill's Barbara. A realistic compromise. The main thing is that she is now financially independent.

Bill still provides for the children's support, of course. Until society accepts the responsibility for caring for its young, the individual parent must do so. Barbara isn't happy about raising her children in a fatherless home, but she thinks that despite this, they are better off for having a mother who is happy with herself and enjoys them more.

"I realize that I'm lucky," says Barbara. "After all, my husband agreed to the divorce; in some states a divorce cannot be obtained unless both parties are in agreement. And he is willing to accept his responsibility toward the children. I was also financially able to get the training I needed to become independent. Lots of women aren't that fortunate, and, of course, divorce is literally impossible for them. They're really stuck."

Barbara has made many new friends, among them several divorced women like herself. Together they have come to the conclusion that the

stitutions and social attitudes surrounding divorce must be changed. They are now engaged in drawing up what might be called "A Bill of Rights for Divorced Women." They propose:

• That mechanisms be set up to give divorced women assistance in the form of housekeeping, baby-sitting and supplementary funds. The welfare state provides men with these aids, why not women?

• That halfway houses—physical centers of temporary refuge for the divorced or about-to-be-divorced woman and her children—be established in every major city. Divorce is a traumatic experience for a woman who has been dependent for so long. These centers would give her a chance to catch her breath and be sustained and supported by a community of other divorced women.

• Financial subsidies for divorced women. Over half a million women are divorced every year. Many of them are thrown out into society without any training for productive work. If their career training could be subsidized, society would benefit from the useful work they could thereby be made to perform.

• The establishment of divorce centers, staffed entirely by women, where divorced women could receive professional, legal and psychological help in meeting their new situation in life. If we have marriage counselors, why shouldn't we also have divorce counselors?

None of these proposals is outside the realm of possibility. If they came to being, one result would surely be an increase in the already high divorce rate. More important, the "Divorce Bill of Rights" might operate to keep more divorcees divorced. Husband-hunting would cease to be the main occupation of formerly married women. Still more important, many more women might not get married at all.

Ideas like these, of course, threaten the foundations of the institution of marriage itself, a structure hitherto regarded as inviolable. No revolution, no social and economic upheaval, has yet dissolved that institution, and there is good reason for this. Society, as it is presently constituted, depends for its continued existence on the rigidly defined nuclear family structure. It provides a relatively inexpensive system of domestic maintenance and child-rearing. The nuclear family is the basic model for existing social order; no mere adjustments in the conditions of family life can change that. Adjustments have been made. Society "allows" women to work outside the home, provides women who can afford it with domestic help, encourages men to assist their wives in their housework and child-rearing responsibilities. But none of these modifications has altered woman's status as domestic laborer. The woman who works outside the home merely substitutes two jobs for one; she continues to assume responsibility for the house and children.

Meaningful change in the family system will occur when work roles are no longer predetermined by sex. The work of providing sustenance for the family and maintenance for the home should be shared equally between husband and wife. The increased interest in public or subsidized child-care centers; the mounting pressure for an end to job discrimination; the campaign for abortion law repeal are positive steps in this direction.

The opponents of these reforms frequently base their argument on the grounds that they all threaten the institution of marriage. They are quite correct. Any of these reforms, if adopted, would increase the independence of the woman, and in so doing make marriage less attractive to her.

Barbara has been divorced for two years. Would she like to remarry?

"I don't think so," she says. "I do want to find a man with whom I can live and have a working relationship, because I'm still a romantic. I still believe in love. But I don't think marriage can give me that. Marriage does something to a woman, and it does something to love—turns it into duty or an obligation, I guess. It's not for me. I'll have to find some other way."

Barbara has three children, all girls. Would she want them to marry when they grow up?

"I won't answer that question, because I have no right to. My daughters' choices in life must be their own. All I can tell you is that I am going to raise them to regard themselves as full human beings, not as complements to men. I want them to take their desires and ambitions seriously and not to be diverted from them as I was. I want them to have identities of their own, outside of their identity as women."

How Appearance Divides Women

Now, at age 29, I often stare at my face in the mirror: are the pores enlarging? The lines deepening? Should I have my tooth capped? Do I look better or worse than yesterday?

They say, "It's all downhill for a woman after age 25." I don't get the mention—which is the only recognition a woman gets—that I did at 19. Men sometimes treat me like inferior goods, and to my horror, I even find myself feeling that way. The way things are now, a woman only has a few good years out of her life when she has even a chance to live up to the male standards of beauty. Those are the years when there are no lines or wrinkles on her face, her muscles are firm, her hair full, and no veins show through her skin. I missed out on some of these "good" years because of my acne. But in other ways I felt I was lucky. I was slender with

"regular"—that is, white, Anglo-Saxon—facial features. I knew that women of whole ethnic backgrounds and races were written off as unattractive women. In a man's world where women are judged primarily on their looks, this is the same as saying worthless women.

It came as a shock to me whenever a Jewish girl in my high school had a "nose job." It's true that I always had a vague sense of superiority about my straight nose. The cruelty that this value inflicted on the girls whose noses weren't straight never occurred to me until I broke through some of my anti-Jewish attitudes and began to have Jewish friends. Growing up in a white racist society where your rating increases the lighter your skin and the keener your features, I considered black women less attractive and therefore less valuable. It wasn't until black people got together and angrily denounced white standards of beauty and fashion, proclaiming, "Black is Beautiful," that I was able to look at my black sisters with appreciation.

These beauty standards set by men enslave all women. We all worry about being considered too fat or too thin, too small-breasted or too big-breasted, too tall or too short, too pale or too dark. We all feel the pressure to spend a lot of time on our appearance. I go to the store for a bottle of milk, and I have to "fix myself up" before I go. I'm not even secure in my own apartment. Someone knocks at the door and I rush to the mirror and make instantaneous adjustments before I open the door calm and smiling. I look at the young women in the magazines and on the TV commercials and I see teen-aged beauties on the arms of men my age and much older. Every ad contains the threat that men will not be interested in me unless I look like these images of women.

These are the type of women who, as my mother used to say, "have class." In high school I learned that it was very important to establish what kind of a girl I was on the basis of my appearance. I wanted to have this "class," which meant looking like the upper-middle-class girls. It meant that the "right" social circle would open to me, and that I would have the chance to meet and date the "bright" young men who would make a lot of money or have the high-status jobs in the future. Although I wanted the acceptance, I resented the million small things I had to do to achieve it. I set my hair only now and then, not wanting to endure the agony of rollers every night. And my clothes were never quite right. I might have on a lovely dress but lack the accessories that were supposed to go with it. One thing is certain: I never had "class" because it takes a lot of money. Some of the girls who came from families with very little money had even less chance than I did to achieve "the look." Others didn't give two hoots about having "class." They wore tight sweaters and skirts and lots of makeup. I was in awe of their toughness, but I also looked down on them for their "sexiness." I didn't realize that within the standards of dress of my class, we were equally sex objects. Women have no choice over whether they are considered sex objects. They are simply judged as to whether they make desirable or undesirable ones.

As a young girl, I was so overwhelmed by the beauty standard that I was amazed by all the women who didn't fit it yet managed to find a husband. I wondered if I would.

I did. One might think that after this, I could feel pretty secure about my appearance and begin to spend less time on it. But now I have to work hard to please my husband. At parties, the first thing I do is look around at the other women in the room. The better they look, the better I have to look, because he admires smartly dressed women and never ceases to point them out. The other men at the party are constantly looking me over—first to see whether in their eyes I am worth looking at at all, and then to see whether my "taste" in clothes is "good." The women, on the other hand, look me over to compare themselves to me. How good I look, unfortunately, may determine how much they will be noticed or ignored by the men at the party.

I have found that with men I am totally invisible, a complete nothing, unless I am able to reach a certain level of attractiveness. Some men I've met before who seemed quite interested in me will "forget" they ever met me if I'm not looking so good, or if there is a prettier or better dressed woman around.

I pretend not to care how other women look. But at times when I am well dressed and looking pretty good, I have found myself looking down on, or feeling sorry for, a woman who does not conform to the male standards of attractiveness. I also fear that men will think less of me because I'm with her. Usually this woman is either deferential or defensive with me; I am the same with a woman who I feel is more attractive than I. Beauty standards cut all women off from each other and mar even our closest friendships.

Another way men divide women is to insult the appearance of one woman in the presence of another. A man will often express to me his dislike of another woman by saying she looks like an animal—implying that I'm different. He calls her a cow, a pig, an old bag, a "real dog," or just plain "old." Yes, to call a woman old is an insult in a society where men consider women primarily as sex objects. When a man says these things, I feel that all of womankind is being insulted and degraded, that it is an attack on me, too.

The battle to keep up with the prevailing beauty standards is one that all women lose in the end as time rolls on and age takes its toll. It is a battle that consumes hours of my time each week, and who knows how many years over my whole lifetime, which I could have put to use in other ways. It also costs women enormous amounts of money—money that most of us can't really afford.

The battle bears with it a terrible emotional cost as well. No wonder

all women suffer from nagging doubts about their appearance. Even the most "beautiful" of us (by prevailing standards) are considered beautiful only after we have hidden our true selves behind eyeliner and rouge, destroyed our natural shape with girdles, bras, and high heels, plucked our eyebrows, shaved our legs. It would be a surprise that men actually consider us ugly in our natural state.

There is a tremendous physical cost for women in this battle, too. All of us suffer constant physical discomfort in the clothes we have to wear: the tight undergarments that restrict our movements and leave marks on our flesh, the uncomfortable shoes that ruin our feet, and the nylon stockings that let our legs freeze in the winter but make us swelter in summer.

But worst of all, the battle to stay as "beautiful" as possible pits woman against woman. Because of it, women often end up resenting each other instead of resenting the men who are daily judging us by these false standards of human worth. And why would a woman want to be the friend of women when right now it is through men that we get whatever benefits we have?

A woman alone cannot resist the values of a whole society. If we want the dignity of being considered full human beings, we must unite with other women. Only by uniting can women gain power in the society. And only by gaining power can we determine our own lives.

Women Talk About Love and Sex

Romantic love has always been an acceptable topic for discussion, but talking about what *actually* happens between a man and a woman has always been taboo. Somehow the real things about men and women get swept under the rug. It's time that we did a thorough housecleaning. Let's get rid of the myths that clutter up our lives and find out what's really causing our problems.

Frigidity, the double standard, "women's place," the sexual revolution—all these are topics that seriously affect our lives but have not been seriously dealt with by our male-dominated culture.

Recently, five women active in the Women's Liberation Movement met to talk about love and sex in their lives: Betty, 28, a freelance journalist; Dina, 23, a secretary, separated from her husband; Sue, 25, a teacher who lives with a man; Carla, 25, a freelance writer, married, with no children; and Ann, 37, married and the mother of two children of elementary school age.

ANN: I have heard many women complain that their men were not willing to try other ways than intercourse to satisfy them. I think many women feel, "Get it over with as quickly as possible, because there's no possibility of my being satisfied." They figure that they never have been satisfied, and it's not going to occur now by some magic. So they fake orgasm to get it over with quickly.

CARLA: How many times have you had to fake orgasms so that you could please your man?

DINA: Several years ago I had an affair with a man that was really disastrous on this score. I finally trusted him enough to have an orgasm, and then, as it started, he said to me, "Stop!" He didn't think orgasm for a woman was "ladylike" or "feminine." It was too active a role. Later, when I was married, I lied about orgasm several times. If I admitted that I hadn't had one, my husband would accuse me of not really wanting him, that I hadn't truly surrendered to him or to the idea of myself as a married woman. Which turned out to be true.

CARLA: I was very dependent on my boyfriend during college, and the most terrible thing I could think of was to be abandoned by him. So when he began to ask me why I wasn't having orgasms, I began to fake them. It made him feel strong and masculine and we used to have these obscene operas, where I'd moan and sigh and tell him what a fantastic lover he was and he would just demand more from me.

ANN: Men think that just because intercourse gives them an orgasm, it gives us one, too. Intercourse is very, very pleasant for me, and I love the closeness it produces between me and the man, but it is not the way I have an orgasm. I only achieve orgasm through clitoral stimulation. So I have been called "frigid." A psychiatrist told me that all I had to do was be more "passive" and "accept my femininity" and then maybe this "miracle" would occur.

BETTY: It was when I was very active in bed that I came the closest to achieving orgasm through intercourse. The sex was great—we both enjoyed it. But then he ended the relationship. He seemed to be threatened by not having control over me. Many men use their bodies and sex organs without any regard for the woman. I know that some men really like to pin a woman down during intercourse so that she can't move.

CARLA: I never had an orgasm through intercourse, either. When I found out that this was true for other women, I knew I was all right and everyone who said there was something wrong, psychiatrists and lovers included, was crazy.

ANN: That's right. I knew perfectly well what orgasms felt like because I had them by myself, but I thought something was wrong with me because I never had one through intercourse.

SUE: I've had orgasms through intercourse . . . I have them all the time.

ANN: Tell me, did you have a lot of clitoral stimulation first?

SUE: Yes, always.

BETTY: You know, it was only recently that I found out that I had clitoris and that it was the center of my sexual pleasure. When I was eleven, my parents gave me a sex book for children. Of course, the diagrams showed a man's penis, but they didn't show a woman's clitoris.

DINA: I always thought that my clitoris was a mistake. I would touch myself but I had no idea what it was all about. I couldn't talk to my mother so I used to look at the diagrams that came in the Tampax box. There was a vagina, a uterus, etc., but no clitoris. I thought I had strange growth.

SUE: The first time I made love, I was very disappointed. It just was much of anything. But when I talked with my boyfriend about how I had orgasms alone I could then show him what to do. Within a month, we had fine sex.

BETTY: The first time a man asked me if I had had an orgasm, I was very insulted. I thought it was none of his business. I later realized that this kind of questioning was part of the "sexual revolution." Before women had to pretend we never liked sex. Now we have to pretend we always do. It became clear to me that men had to prove their virility by making women have orgasms.

DINA: When I was first married, I had orgasms all the time and really enjoyed sex with my husband. But we fought all the rest of the time, and by the end of the third month of marriage the fighting was more important than the good sex. One day he said to me, "You know, I've got to admit that I've tried to break your spirit all summer, and you just haven't given in. I really respect you." From that point on until the breakup of the marriage, I did not have another orgasm. He assumed that, if I was having orgasms with him, I must be with some other man, because a woman really wanted was a good bang every once in a while. He thought that was the only legitimate wifely demand.

BETTY: When I was a sophomore in college, I realized that dating was like prostitution—all I had to do was get dressed up and make small talk and I would be taken out to dinner and parties. But in return, I would have to pay for it with my body—men expected something in return, even if it was just a kiss goodnight. I decided that it was only a matter of time before I would be taken out to dinner and parties. It was then that I stopped accepting "formal" dates and stopped wearing makeup. I wanted my relationships to be based on friendship. But, seven years later, "naturalness" is in. Now, men never take women out on dates—they expect us to jump into bed right away, without even caring who we are. But with the Women's Liberation Movement to support me, I can make demands on a man without having them thrown back at me as "personal problems" or by somebody saying that something is wrong with me.

SUE: I think a woman should leave any man who doesn't satisfy her. If you're not having good sex, find yourself a man who will give it to you.

ANN: Sue, how can you say that? Don't you realize that most women are not in a position where they can say to their man, their husband, "I want you to leave me because you're not satisfying me sexually, so goodbye?" Most women are just too afraid of losing their man, or not finding another one, to do that kind of risk.

CARLA: But it's our right to be more aggressive, to be able to tell a man when he isn't pleasing us. That's one of the changes we're trying to make.

SUE: Women will have to do their own research in their own bedrooms. Wives are going to have to stop lying, husbands are going to have to accept the truth . . . everyone's going to have to start to discover what female sexuality really is.

BETTY: I had a boyfriend who always wanted to know if I was "into it" with other women. I dismissed that question, telling myself that I didn't have any lesbian tendencies.

ANN: I would have been very threatened if a man had said that to me.

DINA: Love between women has always been considered taboo, sometimes I feel that's the only setting where one person doesn't have to dominate the other.

ANN: It's men who look at women's anatomy and get turned on. They see a pretty girl and say, "I'd like to go to bed with her." Women don't react that way. Women think of sex as part of a relationship. They don't think of it as some isolated act.

BETTY: I really resent the male emphasis on genital sexuality. There is tremendous sensuality in being close physically, in using your whole body to communicate warmth and affection and pleasure.

CARLA: And men scoff at that attitude. I think that's the crime. I'm living with a sociologist who was an "expert" on sex and the family, and he was always criticizing women. He'd say, "It's terrible the way women always have to form attachments, it's terrible that they just can't have sex spontaneously." Well, I think it's beautiful that we do form attachments.

BETTY: Yes, it's interesting that men fight so hard to remain detached to deny the emotional implications of a relationship. It makes it all harder for them when they do want to become involved—they just don't know how to do it.

DINA: I think it's very disturbing that people have needed to separate human beings into two groups with two very different sets of personality traits. If we accept "masculine" and "feminine" behavior, it means men and women work out of two separate sets of self-interest, and that a genuine relationship is almost impossible to achieve. Parts of each person have been carved out so that they could fit together, like a jigsaw puzzle. This destroys a part of each human being, whether male or female. And this is one of the most important things the feminist movement can accomplish.

like people whole again, to enable us all to develop all parts of ourselves and not to have to worry about being "feminine" or "masculine." we will be able to be *human*.

How to Start Your Own Consciousness-Raising Group

Consciousness-raising groups are the backbone of the Women's Liberation movement. All over the country, women are meeting regularly to share experiences each has always thought were "my own problem." A lot of women are upset by remarks men make to us on the street, for instance, but think other women handle the situation better than we do, or just aren't treated as much. Through consciousness-raising, we begin to understand ourselves and other women by looking at situations like this in our own lives. We see that "personal problems" shared by so many others—not being able to get out of the house often enough, becoming exhausted from taking care of the children all day, perhaps feeling trapped—are really *political* problems. Understanding them is the first step toward dealing with them actively, whether in forming a day care center, exploring job possibilities, or planning the best strategy for getting our husbands to help with housework. It's easy to form a group of your own. Here's how: A consciousness-raising group consists of 8 to 12 women who meet informally once a week at a member's home. Ask friends to bring friends—it's not necessary to know everyone. Sisterhood is a warm feeling! A topic is chosen each week, and everyone talks about it in terms of her own life. Go around in a circle, each woman talking in turn so that everyone speaks; this keeps anyone from dominating a discussion and helps everyone on the topic. After everyone has talked (when you start your own group you will find it isn't hard to speak in a small, close group), you don't want to discuss the information you gained as you went around the circle. It's important not to start discussing until everyone has spoken. At the first meeting: each person talks about why she wants to join Women's Liberation, what she thinks the group will be like, and talks a little about her own background and how she came to be at the meeting. This breaks the ice very effectively.

Topics: a different one each week or so. They should be both specific and basic. Here is a partial list of topics that other groups have discussed: Why did you marry the man you did?

How do you feel men see you?

How do you feel about housework? What does your husband do around the house? Do you feel guilty when your house is dirty?

Do you think that what you do with your day is as important as what your husband does with his day?

What did you want to do in life? What kept you from doing it?

How did you learn as a little girl what "feminine" meant? Do you worry about being "truly feminine"? What does "femininity" mean to you in terms of your own life?

What did you do as a little girl that was different from what little boys did? Why? Did you ever want to do anything else?

What did your parents teach you about sex?

How do you feel about menstruation? How did you feel when you had your first period?

What was your first sex experience?

How do you feel about petting?

What is a "nice girl"? Were you a "nice girl"?

Do you pretend to have an orgasm?

Have you had an abortion?

How do you feel about being pregnant?

Do you enjoy taking care of your children?

What hopes do you have for your daughter? For your son? Why are these hopes different?

Do you think you could get a better job? Why not?

Don't have to stick to this list. Other topics will present themselves. At the end of each meeting you should choose the topic for next week.

Consciousness-raising should last for at least six months, longer if your group wants it to. After this period, your group might want to begin study or action projects. A New York group held an abortion rally. In Washington, a group puts out a magazine and has held hearings on the pill. In Berkeley, California, a group joined a picket line of women factory workers who were challenging sex-segregated hiring lists and other discriminatory practices. Your group can contact other groups in your area to work out projects or to deal with local feminist issues.

Starting new groups: Once your group has begun, you will find that your friends want to join. Some will want to come as guests. But consciousness-raising really depends on participation. Sisterhood doesn't come from just listening. It is important to keep the group small enough for everyone to participate. What you can do is keep a list of women who express interest. When your group has met four or five times, you will be confident enough so that two or three of you can help a new group get started from the list. Go to the first meeting to help to make sure the new group gets off on the right track. Every week, new groups start all over the country. Before you know it, you will have started a group in your area, and you will begin to feel that you are part of a movement.

GETTING TOGETHER

LIBERATION GROUPS

There are many women's liberation groups throughout the country—at least one in more than a hundred cities in 29 states. The following centers can provide further information:

Berkeley:

Women's Liberation
2398 Bancroft
Berkeley, California

Boston:

Bread and Roses
% Old Cambridge Baptist Church
1495 Massachusetts
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Buffalo:

Buffalo Women's Liberation
538 Edward Avenue
Buffalo, New York

Chicago:

Women's Liberation Union
5406 South Dorchester
Chicago, Illinois 60619

Cleveland:

Cleveland Women's Liberation Movement
% The Outpost
13037 Euclid Avenue
East Cleveland, Ohio 44112

Kansas City:

Women's Liberation
721 West 16th Street
Kansas City, Missouri 64108

Los Angeles:

Los Angeles Women's Center
1027 Crenshaw
Los Angeles, California

New York City:

- (1) Women's Center
36 West 22nd Street
New York, New York
- (2) Black Women's Alliance
% St. Peter's Church
346 West 20th Street
New York, New York
- (3) Older Women's Liberation
% Women's Center
- (4) Radical Lesbians
% Women's Center

Washington, D.C.:

Washington, D.C., Women's Liberation
Box 13098, Washington, D.C. 20009

Vancouver, Canada:

Vancouver Women's Caucus
307 West Broadway, Room #6,
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

PUBLICATIONS

The following publications have been established:

Aphra (literary magazine)

Box 355, Springtown, Pennsylvania 18081

It Ain't Me, Babe (newspaper)

P.O. Box 6323, Albany, California 94706

New England Free Press (packet of articles)

791 Tremont Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02118

News and Letters

Detroit Women's Liberation
415 Brainard
Detroit, Michigan 48201

Off Our Backs (newspaper)

P.O. Box 4859, Cleveland Park Station
Washington, D.C. 20008

Up from Under (magazine)

399 Lafayette Street
New York, New York 10012

Women: A Journal of Liberation

3011 Guilford Avenue
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

Tooth and Nail (magazine)

% Wesley Foundation, 2398 Bancroft Way
Berkeley, California 94704

No More Fun and Games (journal)

371 Somerville Avenue
Somerville, Massachusetts 02143





SUMMER CANDLES

*In her fan-backed chair, Miss Lucia was
■ Southern queen, secure in her castle.
And so she was, until "progress" broke her
heart.* BY PAUL DARCY BOLES

Until last year, Miss Lucia's was the place to go. You went there almost any time of day: on the way home from school, on Saturdays, on Sunday afternoons. It was always the same—like dropping into a lake of quiet where you knew you'd meet a few friends and talk, it could be, until night came down, with the fireflies sailing higher and higher among the gumwoods and the pines and magnolias, and it was time to say goodnight and wander home.

Everybody in town knew Miss Lucia Beauchamp. In the South that name is pronounced "Beecham," just the way Taliaferro turns into "Tolliver." Miss Lucia and her brother, Raoul, had lived in the place over at the end of Marland Drive since they were children. I don't remember Raoul; he must have died when I was very young. But Miss Lucia often talked about him. Sitting in one of those high-backed, fan-shaped wicker chairs which she had Jeff, the yard-and-houseman, bring out on the side lawn in the summertime, she'd begin laughing and say, "Ah, I was just thinking of Raoul. The time we got locked in the icehouse. There hasn't been ice in there for twenty years, child..." Even though you were in third year high school you didn't resent Miss Lucia saying "child." "But then there was..." it's that falling-down old building on the lip of the river path. Anyway—

She'd tell how he had locked them both in, and beaten in vain on the heavy inside boards—all the while getting colder—until Alice, the maid, had come looking there for them. She showed us pictures of Raoul: he looked to me to have been a fairly fat little boy with a spoiled face. And maybe he was, but you could tell the love they'd had for each other. It echoed and purred through Miss Lucia's voice as she sat toward evening on the lawn, fanning herself with one of the few real palm-leaf fans I've ever seen.

Now I don't mean that Miss Lucia lived in the past. She was up on a lot of things happening in the world—war, politics, any special movement coming along. It was only that she (continued on page 115)

Illustration by Ken Danby

THE MIDI WITHOUT FEAR

Relax! The midi may be the New Length, but it's not the New Religion. It won't change your life and it won't even change your entire wardrobe, though it will bring new ideas to it. So don't throw out everything in your closet that's more than 13 inches off the floor. Most of the things you loved last year will look good this year, but as in any other fashion season, you'll be building a fresh look with the clothes you already own as a base.

What then is the midi all about? More than anything, the midi means a return to a longer and therefore softer, more elegant side of fashion we began to miss during the very abbreviated Sixties. The midi also means that the exaggerated mini—the micro-mini—is dead. The advent of the midi (albeit after a fierce battle) is not really a conspiracy on the part of Paris and Seventh Avenue to make us spend more money; it is the inevitable reaction to a short look that went too far.

Just as the small, sleek head followed the over-teased, over-sprayed bouffant head, and the natural look followed the heavy look in makeup, the longer skirt follows the mini.

When shopping this fall, you'll find that while most hemlines in the more fashion-conscious collections will be longer, there will be no such thing as just one midi length. Lengths vary anywhere from slightly above the an-

kle to a smidgen below the knee. Since the length is not hard and fast, you will have a chance to do some experimenting. When you get in the dressing room, study yourself in the mirror—where the hemline should fall depends on your own proportions and the proportions of the dress. It's your choice to make. A good first midi purchase might be a coat, for it, of course, will be wearable over all your hemlines—long or short.

Adjusting to the new look is more than just a question of hemlines. The midi puts a new focus on accessories, an essential aspect of any fashion. Most important is a properly dressed leg—dark or colored stockings, boots or pants. Also important are the new belts, scarves and chokers (the midi shifts attention to the face, just as the mini focused attention on the body). The total impression is more carefully plotted and put together than ever.

These same accessories, of course, can be used to update and freshen your existing wardrobe—at the right we show some ways to do this. We have some other ideas, as well, to give last year's clothes a new lease on life. (Notice that the knee is not dead, contrary to the predictions of some Cassandras.) Then turn the page for a glimpse of some of the most successful examples from this season's new midi crop.

By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor

This midi coat is last year's maxi reincarnated. Shorten a maxi to about mid-calf or leave it long as an evening coat.

Minis acquire a new lease on life shortened to a finger-tip-length tunic and worn over pants. One of the season's best looks.

Wardrobe classics like this slightly-above-the-knee shirtdress remain, as always, in style. Brighten with neck scarves, belts.

Boots, one of the midi coat's best friends.

The knee is not dead.

A basic pants wardrobe of knit pants (brown, black, beige, and navy blue) will let you wear almost all of your minis as tunics.

LAST YEAR'S CLOTHES? They're alive and well with a little updating — despite the midi panic. It takes a few new accessories, a few pairs of straight-legged pants, and adjusting some hemlines (up rather than down!). See above for the all-important details.



Long, skinny, wool-knit sweater dress (center) zips into a turtleneck. From Chester Now, \$130. Snakeskin-and-metal-trimmed belt by Majelli; shiny Battani boots.

Fringed poncho dress in Orlon knit has a stand-up collar and long sleeves. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, \$110. Comes with fringed poncho top (not shown). Umberto shoes with matching tights.

Tucked-bodice, wool-knit dress has buttons to below the waist. Boutique Donald Brooks, \$100. Additives scarf; St. Laurent belt; Carel shoes with ribbed tights.



MIDIS, A BUMPER CROP. The midi has inspired some of the freshest thinking about dresses in several seasons. Designers have gone to many below-the-knee lengths, all called midi and mostly rendered in rich earth tones—brown, clay, rust, gray and burgundy. And



Empire-waist wool-tweed jumper (center) has a pinafore look. Checked shirt is also of wool. By Beene Bazaar, \$165. Tights match Gamins shoes.

Side-buttoned midi jumper comes with a high-collared Victorian print blouse, with leg o' mutton sleeves. Both by Luba for Elite: wool-knit jumper, \$95; cotton blouse, \$40. KJL earrings, Carel shoes.

High-waisted dress with Western-style yoke and full-circle skirt is by Beene Bazaar. In wool flannel with wool-jersey yoke, \$165. Black tights with black patent shoes by Julianelli.

prettiest dresses are soft and simple basic knits meant for accessorizing (opposite); others have a divided jumper and shirt look (above). Look best with dark, semi-opaque tights and the new higher-heeled higher-vamped shoes often detailed with buckles or straps.



All-wool herringbone tweed trenchcoat is by Anne Klein, \$200. Turtleneck by Korrigan; boots by David Evins.

Slim coat with a cape-like effect is of wool melton by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat, \$185. K/JL earrings. Additives scarf, Battani boots.



MIDI COATS ON THE MOVE. The longer coat makes it big on the street this season—and with good reason. It's warmer than the mini coat, less cumbersome than the maxi, and versatile enough to be worn with both the long and the short skirts in your closet.



Belted, double-breasted coat (center) in wool melton is by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat, \$130. Matching pants also by Cuddlecoat. Shoes by Laura T.

Wrap-around wool-flannel coat has big patch pockets. By Ester Now, \$145. St. Laurent pin; I. Miller shoes with matching ribbed tights.

Terra-cotta wool double-knit coat is styled like a shirt. By Luba for Elite, \$120. Golo boots.

are classic with simple, slim lines, most often belted and frequently flared at the hemline. Among them are many trenchcoats and wrap-arounds. Wear the new coat with boots or shoes fitted to the leg and foot, straight-legged pants, coordinated shoes and stockings.

information on page 117. All prices are approximate. Hair by George Armani, makeup by Jean Paul Gaultier.

YOUR ZODIAC LOVE CHART

Is he right for you—the man in your life? It's simple to find out. Just look for your Sign along the top of the chart, then find his down the side. In the square where the two Signs meet you'll find the astrological trends that govern your romance. So why not check that important little square and see what advice the stars have to give you?

Yours His	ARIES Mar. 21 to April 20	TAURUS April 21 to May 22	GEMINI May 23 to June 21	CANCER June 22 to July 22	LEO July 23 to Aug. 22
ARIES	Sparks will fly! It will be either a great success or opposite, no half measures in this marriage of Mars	Romance can be thrilling between Martian man and Venusian woman. Marriage is something else though	His Mars and your Mercury whirl you off into many adventures, exciting, romantic and by no means smooth	His ambition and drive will make you admire him, but you could be jealous at times... <i>of his love of work!</i>	He admires your tremendous love his spirit. Should wonders at you both you
TAURUS	Exciting, warm, emotional scenes you call them, when others think you're quarreling. Lively and loving	Mutual understanding and lots in common, but stubbornness is shared too, so learn to yield a little	Lots of interests in common. He's the strong, gentle influence you need to ensure a calm and very happy life	Well, he's awfully stubborn at times, but you're subtle enough to cope without seeming to dominate him!	Lots of warmth, a all you need. tionally, always agree. Don't outsh
GEMINI	His breeze fans your flame, but watch out for fires! A wonderful relationship if you learn when to keep quiet	He's happiest if you both think alike; so make sure you tune in to his wavelength on all important matters	Easy to fall in love, you're romantics; the test comes later when nervous energy vibrates the air	He's a whirlwind at times and you're a calm sea. It could be either very exciting or doomed from the start	Don't rush headlong. time to things th and it could he's the one
CANCER	Your outlooks don't exactly match. If you love him, you will have to learn to see his point of view, too	Ruled by the Moon, he's emotional and nice. You'll reach happiness if you forget your bossy streak with him	He's not really equipped to deal with your dual nature. But when he knows you well, he'll understand	Romantic, home-loving, emotional — you were tailor-made for each other and should be very happy	Passionate affair. Bu age will see your pride moods, so pared for
LEO	His sunny sense of humor can burnish your life together. Mutual respect here and a great deal of love	You can both be very stubborn and proud, so you'll have to give in first — if you want a peaceful life	Sunny Leo makes happy — sometimes. Ups and downs for both, but plenty of good times, too	You have the subtlety to laugh at him, which is just what he needs. Do that when things get tricky	There's a when you no one was loser. You to learn and give a
VIRGO	The mental and physical companionship will be happy if you make your adjustments early enough	Both love a beautiful home. Both work for the same ideals. Sometimes he's critical, but it's constructive	Mercury is your lucky star. You have a mutual instinctive understanding which makes it work	Do you <i>really</i> want someone so ambitious, careful and fastidious? Then he's definitely the one for you	Not the man in th for you t and unders it's a pot happy link
LIBRA	"Lovable Libra"; make sure you really think that rather than "lazy layabout"! He needs building up	You could steady him and give him just the degree of security and home-peace he needs as a good background	You fall in love on sight. Small problems in life don't ever diminish the bright light of your love for him	He's wonderful to know but you must be sure about marriage; don't fight it, though, if it's right for you	Well... have one things in —and if th right thin probably
SCORPIO	You are both Mars-ruled. This gives you much in common, but quite a lot to fight about, too, so be careful	He's your opposite Sign of the Zodiac, so it will be either tears or cheers. Not always the ideal relationship	If you have doubts, think carefully. He's attractive but avoid hurting each other — quarrels come easily	He's rather a mystery, this man, and nothing charms you more than an enigma to puzzle over. A fair choice	Not star happy-ev These tw either lov but they get each o
SAGITTARIUS	Fireworks! Don't boss him, just beguile him and everything's fine. He's not half as tough as he thinks!	A big gamble, but lucky stars shine if you can accept his unwillingness to be pinned down about <i>anything</i>	He's your opposite Sign and could be very attractive. Lots to make you smile, for you both love living	A good time should be had by all. Lots of common interests; long-term affection motivates this marriage	He values dom in m the Arch man. Cu desire to him or he
CAPRICORN	Two strong-willed people can create heaven or hell — just depends how much you are prepared to give up	Good prospects. Needs a nudge to tell you he loves you; don't be jealous of his silences — he's thinking!	Mr. Steady. If you can't make up your mind, try being apart from him and see how much you miss him	He can be kind and solid, and you, emotional, sensitive, water girl, need an anchor in your life	He need standing from son you; it's that you most of l
AQUARIUS	He'll feel manly and protective towards you, but he has n't much patience with feminine moods	Something's got to give — and it won't be you! Not advisable unless he's the only Aquarian without willpower	You'll intrigue each other for a lifetime, although there will be many days when you don't see eye to eye	Now here's a turbulent affair. It's not for you unless you're ready to turn your way of life inside out	What a going to first lo you've enough to surviv
PISCES	He's not for you unless you are able to adjust a great deal. But you're capable of anything when in love	He likes to dream a little. If you are able to tolerate that you'll be very happy with this lovely man	Everyone else may think it's an unlikely match, but you can be very happy if you really want to	Love at first sight? To keep this love alive you should allow him to dream a bit. You're right for each other	Girl of man of Neptunia Do you puzzled life? The

 0 Sept. 22	 LIBRA Sept. 23 to Oct. 22	 SCORPIO Oct. 23 to Nov. 21	 SAGITTARIUS Nov. 22 to Dec. 22	 CAPRICORN Dec. 23 to Jan. 20	 AQUARIUS Jan. 21 to Feb. 19	 PISCES Feb. 20 to Mar. 20
d to fol- shooting ends of if need et about life	Mars and Venus were made to fall in love; you're femininity incar- nate and he needs a compliant partner	Mars in both your charts. Well — it's worth trying, for his is an ambition that you can back to the very hilt	Happy, for he understands your urge to get out and about. Your cheer- ful spirit is loved and cherished, too	He tends to drain you of all your energies. Yet you are able to work wonders with your capacity for love	Fascinating though you are to each other it's not going to be a smooth journey, but a vital struggle	Good for you — be- cause he won't give in and you respect him. Mutual love and understanding make a good basis
point to about gs. He's relaxing on — a ll in all	Venus shines for you both. Your love is true, but don't forget he can be jealous of little things so be careful	Happy for both of you. You can lead a very contented life, even though you will occasion- ally feel restless	Arguments about everyday things all the time, per- haps, but this is a relationship that can work well	He's more sensitive than you think — a good partner for you and a man to give you many kinds of happiness	Because you're so different you'll find either great happi- ness or unhappi- ness. The chances favor happiness	He'll want to pro- tect and cherish you — but you could find that he's not at all <i>simpatico</i> at certain times
the star — he is r, you l. Love elight- to last?	Ruled by Venus, you need affection. Your Gemini man, not always demon- strative, needs un- derstanding	Definitely not for you, Miss Scorpio, but then you never did want to listen to reason, did you? But be warned	Now this relation- ship could be great fun! Your mercu- rial wit and his jovial sparkle blow away cobwebs	Don't let his moods confuse you. He's right for you in many ways. Don't inhibit him or trouble will ensue	You make life fas- cinating for him, but neither of you shrinks from rows! This should be a lively partnership	Strangely enough, this can work. He knows you're sen- sitive and easily hurt so he treads very carefully
ury and might sionally. asically he is notional	Rather a fated love story. Fate will be kind when you're in love, but you'll have to work to make it a marriage	Your temperament excites him and you're physically attracted. He thinks there's no one quite like you	A generally happy link-up. Your gen- erous nature, his receptive, Moon- ruled psyche, will make love last	He wants lots of love. But you could find him madden- ing at times—it's a case of being calm and tolerant	Signs of troubled water. You stir him up too much at times and you're not particularly easy on each other	Very happy if you ever get round to it! You both tend to avoid decisions — plunge in — don't be afraid
ossed it's dif- ake this ess you ery will- promise	He has the power to court you all your life and al- ways make you feel loved, desired and so very special	Think about it carefully. Scorpio and Leo are fated to bring each other either great joy or great sorrow	A fine romance—in the beginning. But you could both try to listen and think before you speak too impulsively	Early on it could be hero-worship rather than love. He could be very insensitive about your feelings	Sunshine and showers alternate; but you both des- pise overcast days, so you live in a perpetual April	He could be the sun in your sky for a lifetime. But make sure you never douse his ideals and enthusiasm
so dis- ng and could ther un- lly work tationship	He doesn't take to temperament or "getting it off your chest" scenes — but he could be your ideal man	Now, is he really in love with you? He's not the per- fect partner for a passionate Mars woman like you	Not a partnership the stars always smile on, unless you are both mature and have learned the art of tolerance	You're alike, but different enough to interest him al- ways. Good chan- ces of happy stars for your future	You're both am- bitious and go- ahead. It should be a great success, but he doesn't al- ways feel romantic	Sometimes he seems to be remote and distant — and you feel he's not thinking of you or caring for you
to his of love tion, so get to sweet his ear	A lucky match with romantic moments you'll both treasure; you understand him too well though	Turns your heart over, does he? He could break it too. But no one can possibly stop you falling in love	You have enough tolerance to make the ideal mate. Your shared talent for happiness fore- tells success	You need someone who will love and encourage; he needs you. If you can give him a hap- py home all's well	He's easy-going and nothing will change him; once you realize that you'll be set for love and laughter	You could build a blue heaven be- tween you. Lots of affection, sym- pathy and fun in this happy link-up
nd Mars ther on. sceeded if especi- working o	Probably love at first sight for him. Whether you can cope with his philo- sophy of life re- mains to be seen	You understand each other too well. Look out for rows sparked off by jeal- ousy — otherwise a deep relationship	You fascinate each other. But if the novelty wears off you are both still capable of a very loving friendship	He's passionate, dynamic but nice. Be very sure, child of Saturn, that you can live up to his every mood	Wet and windy. A stormy marriage is likely between these two elements. But tranquil times are ahead, too	He's mesmerized by you, longs to protect you and be your guiding star. It's a very good idea to let him
ve any t all — a free- can be ss and you	Your tranquil way of accepting all his crazy schemes amazes him; he for- gets and you get your way	You could be jeal- ous of the freedom he demands in thought and deed. You're not? Then he's right for you	A couple of gypsies in thought and deed. Ideal because you share the jovial benevolent ruler, Jupiter	Your natures are not always in per- fect harmony but a marriage partner- ship can work out well and be happy	Well, he <i>might</i> be the one Sagittarian who is right for you — but if he's not, you must try some adjustments	Mutual attraction could lead to happy love. His jovial na- ture is Jupiter- given and he's lucky for you
marriage ther like nd car- mutual e for a ook	Perhaps he's the rock-like man you want. Remember he can be rock-like about having his own way too	Not really your type — unless he was born near the next-door Sign of Sagittarius, when he could be for you	On first sight it might not seem the most swinging af- fair, yet you will find it can be won- derful, too	Both cope well with the practical side of life, but emo- tionally it's hope- less. Come out of your shell	He has qualities you admire — you have a light- heartedness he needs, but beware of disagreements	You're just about the one girl he felt he could sweep off her feet at once and thinks you're very sweet indeed
but he bility to sensitive be wary o know rst	He loves your sheer femininity. You find him intrigu- ing. Excitement and romance spice your world	Look out for squalls and trouble- some patches; this one's going to lead you a dance — but you'll love it	You can work magic together, but he has a "thinks" bubble when you nag — it says "shut up"	Not for you unless you're prepared to stand up and assert yourself a little more than you nor- mally do	Failure or success depends on your willpower. It's not always easy to cope when Saturn's in your sky	Careful, daughter of Neptune. His Uranus favors breaks and new phases — think about it
recom- manent you're tion to ough, it	Lots of laughs. You can both dream and live in another world. It should be a very happy part- nership for you	Even if you never married, he'd never forget you because your bright person- ality colored his world	He's sensitive, can be depressed, and needs your arm of intuition to guide him on the road to happiness	Perhaps you'll want to mother him. It's a well-starred partnership and destined for happi- ness if you lead	No — you could dominate him too much and that would mean a lot of heartache for both of you	Sensitive and moody — it's a wonder you're at- tracted to him at all. Beware — he's not your ideal man



JOAN KENNEDY TODAY

ast month Mrs. Ted Kennedy told why he doesn't want her husband to run for president and how she fears for his life. In this final installment of her story, she takes the JOURNAL's reporter on tour as Senator Kennedy campaigns for reelection and she shows that love can conquer fear.

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

The wife of Sen. Edward Moore Kennedy came walking alone down the long corridor at the Washington, D.C., airport, a striking blonde with a size 8 figure and coltish legs. She wore a bright green coat two inches shorter than her green skirt and carried both a handbag and a puffed brown leather satchel.

Joan Kennedy's smile, as she greeted me, was warm and friendly. She told me she had two cheese sandwiches in her satchel in case she got hungry during the full day of campaigning that lay ahead. It was the Sunday before St. Patrick's Day, and she and Ted were scheduled to march in two parades. "Green isn't one of my favorite colors," Joan said, "so I phoned Ethel (Kennedy), as usual, to ask if I could borrow her green coat. I've been wearing it in these parades since 1962, along with this same green wool suit, which I just shorten every year. Well, Ethel couldn't find the coat and then she remembered that her daughter Kathleen had taken it with her to Radcliffe. So I had to borrow this coat from a friend—and it's too short."

Later I realized that this talk about the weariness of the green might have been Joan's tactful way of calling attention to the color of my coat—an un-St.-Patrickish orange—but if a hint was intended, it passed unnoticed at the time.

Opposite page: "The ideals his brothers fought for are the same ones that keep my husband in public service," Joan says.



Photographs by Ken Regan, Camera 5

One of the advantages of being Joan Kennedy is never having to wait at an airport luggage counter. As soon as we landed in Boston, two Kennedy aides claimed my bags, and within minutes we were speeding northward in a large station wagon to meet Senator Kennedy. The Senator was to make the first appearance of his 1970 Massachusetts senatorial campaign in Lawrence, an industrial town where a pre-St. Patrick's Day parade would begin shortly after noon.

Joan explained that she and Ted had never marched in the Lawrence parade—it was a relatively new event. She did not mention that it would be her husband's first major appearance as a political candidate since the Chappaquiddick incident the previous summer.

A half hour later, after winding past the dull, red brick shoe factories and paper mills of Lawrence, we drew up behind a parked sedan. A slight, dark-haired man hurried over. It was Massachusetts-based Kennedy aide Ray LaRosa—"our Andover representative," said Joan. The Senator would be there shortly; LaRosa told us reassuringly.

Joan rolled down her window and looked up at him as he talked. A nervousness seemed to overtake her: her chin trembled and her round blue eyes were blinking rapidly. *Where is Ted?* she seemed to be saying. *Is he all right?*

In a few minutes, Ted arrived in another car. Joan blushed and hopped out to greet him. Kennedy shook hands with me politely, then stood smiling down at Joan as they chatted on the sidewalk. They made no overt signs of affection. "We try not to in public," Joan later told me. "Neither of us thinks it's in good taste." Ted Kennedy was hatless, his charcoal-colored wool overcoat open at the neck to show a bright

green tie. He looked confident, fit, relaxed and pounds thinner than the previous summer.

Soon our three-car caravan started off through the back streets to a point a block and a half from the starting point of the parade.

"Don't you want to sit in the car and watch?" a plainclothesman suggested.

"No, no," I said. "I want to follow right behind Joan and Teddy."

"Well, then," a Kennedy aide said, "wear this so you won't get arrested." He thrust into my hand a small, round green lapel pin, which I stuck onto my orange coat.

Now we could see a group of Minutemen with muskets and hear wailing Irish bagpipes and drums. A loud cheer went up as Ted and Joan joined the parade, waving to the crowds on the sidewalk, and I fell in behind them.

There were floats with grass harps and Celtic crosses, marching bands, shillelaghs and drummers in green bowlers. Suddenly, a cannon went off with a loud bang. I jumped involuntarily, Ted winced and Joan reached for his arm. We froze in our tracks, looking about, then realized it was just part of the festivities. The Senator waved to his left, Joan to her right, and they moved ahead, side by side, but not touching.

The parade wound through crowds variously estimated at between 60,000 and 150,000, mostly working-class people. I noticed a few women standing silently on the sidelines, neither clapping nor smiling, just studying Ted somberly. But his effect on most of the women was extraordinary. Little girls in blue jeans, adolescent girls with long, flying hair, portly, gray-haired matrons, nuns in black habits, swarmed into the Senator's path to touch him and, if possible, to shake his hand. "I came all the way from Dorchester to see the (continued on page 110)

Left: The Kennedys march together in Massachusetts. When a cannon roared, Ted winced and Joan reached for his arm.



Below: Joan visits Washington's Christ Child Society Settlement House. "I think this is what it's all about," she says.



SQUARE: Look for rounded

and oval shapes, lines that move away from face.

1. Aviator glasses with tortoiseshell frames, graded amber lenses sweep across forehead. Bottom curves play up cheekbones. 2. Large, round tortoiseshell frame with light amber lenses emphasize eyes, minimize strong jaw.



GLASSES: LOOKING GREAT

Nowadays glasses are not only to see—but to be seen. Whether for show, for sunning or simply for seeing, glasses have gone high fashion. The newest look is imaginatively geometric: rectangular, square, round, oval and hexagonal frames are coupled with lenses tinted to match or contrast in a rainbow of hues—pale pinks, lavenders, blues, champagne and amber. Make your own selection with an eye for color and for lines that flatter the contours of your face. Generally, glasses flatter most when they contrast with, rather than echo, the shape of the face. Another rule of thumb—let the frames follow the curve of the brow. The model in the large photo softens a classically square-shaped face with horizontally sweeping oval frames that emphasize pretty cheekbones and play down a too-strong chin. Pale lavender lenses and matching lucite frames set off her blond coloring. As a rule, the pale lenses wear well indoors and out; the graded lenses (darker at top, lighter at bottom) are also multi-purpose. For full-blown sunning, stay with darker hues. And whether the glasses are for the beach or for corrective purposes, there's no need to concede any fashion points. But before making a choice, check below against your face type and find the glasses that go with it. And when making the actual selection, try the most reliable test of all—the mirror. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor

Photographs by Marshal Henis; hairstyles by Rudy of Kenneth; makeup by Kenneth; glasses by Bernard Kayman; Helga Howie Fashions.

ROUND: Rectangular, hard geometry for round face. 1. Black frames in a modified rectangle with conical corners have pale-blue lenses. 2. Dark, angular tortoiseshell frames with clear lenses.

OVAL: The long, oval face takes large squares and rectangles to shorten length of face. 1. Rosy lucite frames and matching lenses. 2. Hexagonal tortoiseshell frames, clear lenses.



Help stamp out hot weather with cold entrées. Those summer standbys—cold cuts, canned salmon and tuna—can, with an ounce of invention and little or no cooking, be turned into imaginative main courses. The dishes below all start with one or more of these summertime ingredients. And as their names suggest, they are takeoffs on culinary classics: the

Saltimbocca here is made with rolled up ham, turkey and cheese; the Paté is an instant version using layered cold meats and cheese; the Coulubiach is made with canned salmon; the Chicken en Gelée is an elegant blend of meat and salad vegetable textures. Recipes for these and other cold entrées on page 99. By Margaret Happel, Food Editor

Cold Cuts Alsacienne



Chicken en Gelée



Entrées: Cool & Collected



Summer Saltimbocca

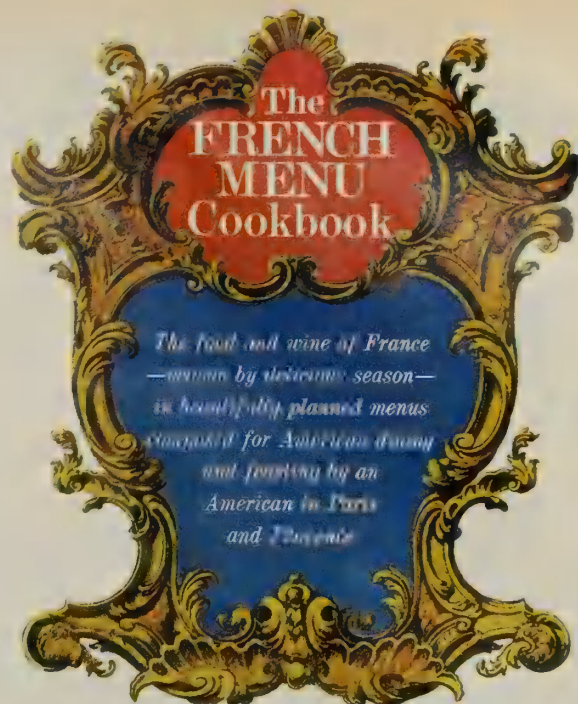


Chilled Salmon Coulbiac



Instant Pâté Loaf





By RICHARD OLNEY

JOURNAL COOKBOOK OF THE
MONTH: NO. 54 IN A SERIES

When Midwesterner Richard Olney moved to Clamart, a small town outside of Paris in the early Fifties, eating at the outdoor café-restaurants still retained the colorful, festive quality captured by the Impressionist painters more than half a century earlier. It was in Clamart where Olney, himself an artist, began his love affair with French food. His enthusiasm led him to a friendship with Parisian restaurateur Georges Garin, under whom he served an informal cooking apprenticeship, and to eventually writing a column called "An American (Gourmand) in Paris" for a highly respected French food magazine. Now Olney has written a book for an American audience, "The French Menu Cookbook" (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1970, \$8.95). The book is the product of a true amateur, a lover: in it Olney not only provides an abundance of menus and recipes, but also a feel for subtleties, techniques and materials that makes this more than just another French cookbook. Almost every recipe is accompanied by paragraphs and sometimes pages of instructions, background information and other pertinent comments that allow the reader not only to follow a recipe, but to understand and learn from it. As such, it makes almost as good reading as it does eating. Photographed here is one of Olney's favorite fall menus (like all great chefs he bases his menus firmly on seasonal foods): Fillets of Sole with Fines Herbes, Spitted Leg of Lamb, Buttered Green Beans, Stewed Cucumber, Cheeses, and Peaches in Red Wine. The recipes for this feast and others by Olney are on page 93.

From the French Menu Cookbook by Richard Olney, copyright © 1970 by Richard Olney. Reprinted by arrangement with Simon & Schuster, Inc. Photograph by Henry Sandbank.

WORK WONDERS WITH PICKLES

Since prehistoric times, man has been nibbling pickles in one form or another, and this year it is estimated that Americans alone will consume almost \$400 million worth of slivered, sliced, chopped and whole pickles. But despite the volume of consumption, pickles seem to have slipped into a rut as a lowly sidekick to a sandwich or salad. Consider their wider potential in cool, appetite-whetting summer appetizers—tiny kabobs, canapés, cheese balls and other hors d'oeuvre made from sweet, sour, dill and other pickles. Check our recipe section on page 95 for additional uses of pickles in breads and tangy dips and stuffings.

Appetizer Kabobs, top: skewered olive, shrimp, tomato, pickled onion, sweet gherkin, and radish.

Pinwheel Canapé: a cream cheese and pickle filling with sweet gherkin center.

Cucumber Caviar Slices: hollowed dill pickle slices filled with a seasoned cream cheese mix and topped with red caviar.

Cheese and Pickle Bouchée: tiny cream cheese balls seasoned with pickles and rolled in chopped salted peanuts.

Artichoke Hors d'Oeuvres: artichoke hearts topped with cream mayonnaise and pickle dressing and black caviar.

Photograph by Bernard Gray



ARTS & KRAFT



Smorgasbord Salad. Cool Scandinavian art. Thousand Island Dressing by Kraft, a subtle, tangy art. The different Thousand Island. Thick and rich but easy to pour. Brimming with tart little bits of pickle relish. Creamy smooth and mild. ∞ Start your smorgasbord by marinating cooked, chilled potato slices in Kraft Herb & Garlic Dressing for 2 to 3 hours. Then arrange crisp lettuce

greens in the center of a salad platter. Surround them with a nutritious collection of ham and brick cheese strips, salmon garnished with sieved egg yolk, cucumber slices, red onion rings and your drained marinated potatoes, sprinkled with dill. Serve with Kraft Thousand Island. It's a cool and colorful salad buffet. An original. From the Kraft collection of salad art.

KRAFT Division of Kraftco Corporation

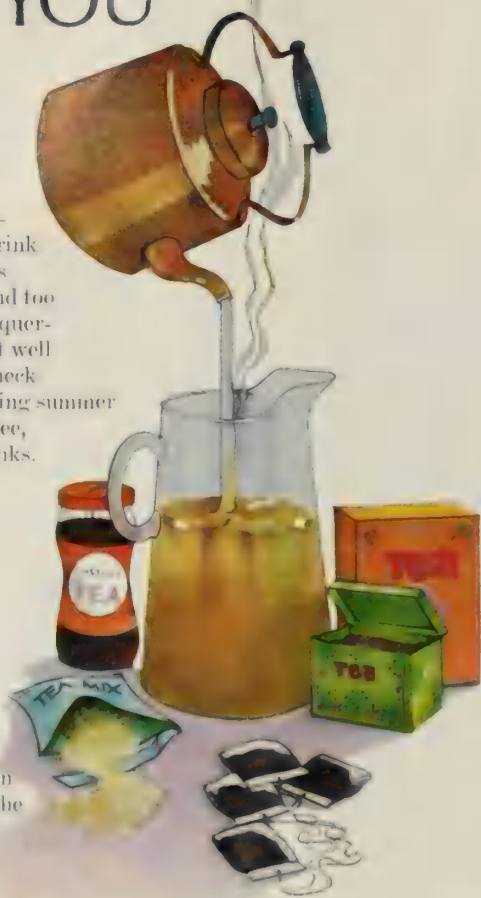


THINGS MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT YOU

ABOUT COOLING IT WITH SUMMER DRINKS

A tall, cool drink on a long, hot day ranks as one of life's simplest but most sublime pleasures. That is, except when the drink is one of those limp, stale liquids diluted by too many ice cubes and too much sugar that sometimes masquerade as thirst quenchers. Doing it well doesn't take a minute longer. Check the guidelines below for preparing summer favorites such as ice tea, ice coffee, lemonade and cool alcoholic drinks.

ICE TEA, a summer perennial, was first introduced in America about 65 years ago at the St. Louis Fair. At its best, ice tea is a refreshing, aromatic drink; in its most abused form it is cloudy, washed out and stale. For best results, brew tea double-strength by pouring 2 cups of boiling water over 6 tea bags or 6 teaspoons of loose tea. Let steep for 5 minutes. Then pour hot tea over ice cubes, which stop clouding (place a teaspoon in the glass to keep it from cracking). Instant tea mixtures can also be used. *Tips:* A trick that improves all ice teas is to use ice cubes made from tea. For flavored teas, add cloves and/or cinnamon to hot tea, strain off when pouring over ice cubes. For fruit-flavored teas, add 1 tablespoon semi-thawed orange juice, limeade or lemonade concentrate when tea is cold. A general hint: To uncloud tea that has been in refrigerator, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of boiling water to 1 qt. chilled tea.



ICE COFFEE, whether made from regular or instant coffee, should be prepared double strength because some of the flavor is lost in chilling. Unlike ice tea, ice coffee is best when chilled prior to pouring over ice cubes. The chilling keeps coffee from clouding. For best flavor, make ice cubes from coffee, too. Special flavoring ideas:

Add spices like cloves, cinnamon and cardamom to still-hot coffee; or flavor with a bit of chocolate syrup, maple syrup or chocolate, coffee or vanilla ice cream or a bit of Irish whiskey. Serve with cream, whipped or unwhipped, and sugar to taste.



LEMONADE is a summer favorite, perhaps because slightly acid drinks are the best thirst quenchers.

It can be made from frozen lemonade concentrates, bottled lemon concentrates or fresh lemons. The truest, most intensely flavored lemonade is made from a fresh lemon syrup, as illustrated at left. *Lemon syrup:* Place the thinly peeled rinds from 4 lemons in 1 qt. water with 1 cup sugar. Boil 5 minutes. Cool and mix with one cup fresh lemon juice. Garnish with mint.

SWEETENING can be a bit tricky with cold drinks as sugar dissolves in them slowly. A good remedy is to keep a sugar syrup on hand prepared from 1 cup each of sugar and water heated together.

Cool, store in refrigerator and flavor with citrus peels if desired.



FROSTING—that is, coating the rim of a glass with salt or sugar—makes a cool drink seem even cooler and more appealing.

Dip the outer rim of the glass in egg white or fruit juice, or simply moisten with the zest of lemon, orange or lime. Dip in fine sugar or coarse crystal salt, tap glass gently to remove excess, chill 30 minutes in refrigerator or 10 minutes in freezer. Salt frosting is a Mexican tradition used for tequila drinks like Margaritas and salty dogs. Sugar frosting is great with sweet—but not very sweet—drinks.



WINE AND BEER both make lots of cooling summer drinks. A *spritzer*, a favorite Austrian drink, is a mixture of $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of dry (never sweet) white wine and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup club soda.

Pour over ice and garnish with a lemon spiral or bits of herbs or fruit. In general, use a good but not great wine for mixed drinks. *Beer drinks:* Make them

with light, refreshing lager or pilsner beers. The Shandygaff, a British drink, is lager (diluted with lemonade or ginger ale. The Berliner Weisser is made with a can of lager

mixed with 2 Tbs. raspberry syrup. *Ways about beer:* Never pour beer over ice cubes, but always serve chilled. To avoid spilling or an excessive head try the techniques illustrated above. Tilt glass to 45° angle and can or bottle to 90° angle, then pour beer slowly down side of glass. A second method is to place glass upright on the table and hold beer at angle shown above and then pour slowly down side of glass.

GARNISHES are one of the things that make a summer drink special, especially when they are fresh and crisp. The classic garnishes are fresh mint leaves or twists and slices of orange, lemon and lime. Other less usual but appetizing additions: apple slices (dipped in lemon juice to prevent discoloring), cucumber sticks, pineapple spears, melon balls, grapes, and strawberries.

ELEGANT SUMMER DINNER (pictured)
SOLE FILLETS WITH FINES HERBES
*STEWED CUCUMBERS
*SPITTED ROAST LEG OF LAMB
*BUTTERED GREEN BEANS
BROILED TOMATO HALVES
CHEESES
PEACHES IN RED WINE

FILLETS WITH FINES HERBES
de Sole aux Fines Herbes)

- | | |
|--|---|
| (1 to 1½ lb.
n) or 12 fillets
ver sole,
on sole, gray
or flounder)
epper
(1¼ cups)
h unsalted
er, softened | 1 Tb. chopped
parsley
1 Tb. chopped
chervil
1 tsp. chopped
tarragon
Fish Fumet:
(poaching liquid,
recipe below) |
|--|---|

is the basic recipe—extremely
e of its type: poached fish fillets
a melted butter sauce. The poach-
quid may be a fish fumet made
white wine.

read the fillets out, skin side down.
per towels and place another tow-
er them, pressing well to sponge
dry. Sprinkle them with salt and
er and place thin slices of unsalted
r over half the length of the fillet,
e lower (or thicker) half of each.
the slender half over and press
y. Butter the bottom and sides of
wide metal or earthenware cas-
e just large enough to hold the
. Sprinkle the bottom with half
e chopped herbs and place the
l fillets side by side on this bed.
in enough fumet to barely cover.
kle the surface lightly with salt
epper and the remaining chopped
. Press a round of double thick-
wax paper, cut to fit the casserole,
the fillets. Everything up to this
assuming the fumet is cold, may
one an hour or so ahead of time.
ice the casserole, covered, over a
um to high flame (with earthen-
placed over an asbestos pad, the
may be turned to high). As the
l heats, check regularly, lifting
edge of the wax paper, and the
nt the boil is reached, remove the
role from the heat and leave
ly covered, to poach for 7 or 8
tes.

t out the fillets, drain well, and
them on a heated serving platter.
another heated plate over them
ep them warm while finishing the

duce the sauce (if using earthen-
transfer to metal saucepan) over
h flame, stirring constantly. Once
quires a light syrupy consistency,
ve from heat and, with a small
s, whip in the remaining unsalted
r at 3 intervals, adding more as
preceding batch is absorbed. Pour
sauce over the fillets and serve
mediately. The sauce will be a
ny consistency without feeling
k."

FUMET FOR POACHING FISH

- | | |
|---|---|
| on
all carrot
ve garlic
sses and
nnings of fish | Herbs (thyme, bay
leaf, fennel,
parsley)
Healthy pinch of salt
1 cup of dry white
wine |
|---|---|

the onion and the carrot and slice
thinly. Smash the clove of garlic.
bine fish trimmings, vegetables,
s and seasoning in a saucepan.
the wine over, and add enough
r to cover. Bring to a boil and
e, covered, to simmer for ½ hour.

If you like these good tastes from Kraft, just wait until you taste our margarines.



Kraft knows more about good tastes than just about
anyone. That's why you probably have some of our products at
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Pour into a sieve, over a bowl; press to
extract all juices.

STEWED CUCUMBERS
(Concombres à l'Étuvée)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 2 lbs. cucumbers
Salt, pepper | 2 Tb. (1 oz.) butter
Chopped chervil |
|----------------------------------|---|

Peel the cucumbers, cut them in 4
pieces lengthwise, scrape out the seeds
and cut into 1-inch lengths. Each sec-
tion may, for the sake of elegance, be
pared into form of a large olive. Plunge

them into generously salted boiling wa-
ter for a minute, drain and sponge with
paper towels. Season and put to cook
in butter over a low flame for 6 or 7
minutes, tossing them from time to
time. The cucumbers should be only
slightly yellowed by cooking and should
remain slightly firm. Sprinkle with
chervil.

Serve the stewed cucumbers in a
separate dish, to accompany Sole
Fillets.

*SPITTED ROAST LEG OF LAMB
(Gigot d'Agneau Rôti à la Broche)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 leg of lamb
2 cloves garlic
1 tsp. mixed
herbs (thyme,
rosemary,
oregano, savory) | Olive oil or
melted butter
Salt, pepper |
|--|---|

Trim nearly all the fat from the leg.
Peel the garlic cloves and slice them
lengthwise into 3 or 4 sections each.
Pierce the meat with the point of
a small knife and insert (continued)

garlic at either end next to the bone and at several points in the fleshier parts of the leg. Sprinkle with the herbs and rub the leg all over with the olive oil or melted butter. This may be done a couple of hours ahead of time and, if olive oil is used, the leg gains by "marinating" for a moment.

Roast on a spit before a well-attended fire. One may count approximately 15 minutes' cooking time per lb., but it is impossible to be exact. With a bit of experience, one can "feel" the right moment by pressing the surface of the meat between thumb and forefinger. When properly cooked, it is firm and resilient. For an average-sized leg of lamb, one may plan on an hour before an open fire. For last 10 minutes spit should be stopped so that the rounded section of the leg is left facing toward the heart of the fire—baste regularly at this point. The roast should not be seasoned until well seared—about 15 minutes after being put to cook. After the actual cooking process, leave it in a warm place for a good 20 minutes to "relax."

Ed. Note: To oven roast in the French manner: Preheat oven to 450°. Place roast in oven, reduce heat to 350° and roast 10 minutes to the lb., minus 10 minutes for pink lamb. To oven roast in the American manner: Preheat oven to 325°, roast 30 minutes to the lb. or until meat thermometer registers 160° for medium; 35 minutes to the lb. or to 175° for well done lamb.

BUTTERED GREEN BEANS (Haricots Verts au Beurre)

2 lbs. tiny, fresh green beans
Salt
¼ lb. butter

The beans should be snapped at the ends, left whole, and cooked in the largest possible quantity of well-salted rapidly boiling water until just done—around 8 minutes if they are small and fresh. Before being buttered, they should be well drained (but not allowed to cool), returned to their cooking pan and tossed (the pan should be held over the flame and the beans tossed constantly to avoid any possibility of sticking or scorching) over a high flame until any moisture has completely disappeared. The butter, in small pieces, must not be added until the beans have been removed from the flame. Continue tossing and swirling the pan until butter is absorbed.

PEACHES IN RED WINE (Pêches à la Vigneronne)

1 lb. peaches
Sugar to taste
½ bottle good red wine (same as served with main course)

Does it seem to you that easy living is getting harder?

—Poor Woman's Almanac

Each person prepares his own portion adding the sliced peaches to his wine-glass and sugaring to taste.

Peel the peaches, slice, sprinkle with sugar and leave to macerate. Shortly before serving, pour the wine over.

A SUMMER LUNCHEON *HORS D'OEUVRES OF RAW VEGETABLES *SHRIMP QUICHE WILD GREEN SALAD CHEESES *FLAMRI WITH RASPBERRY SAUCE

SHRIMP QUICHE (Quiche aux Crevettes)

Pastry:
⅔ cup all-purpose flour
Pinch of salt

5 Tb. (3 oz.) butter
2½-3 Tb. cold water

Sift flour and salt into a bowl, mix in butter with your fingers, as do the French, or cut it in with pastry blender.

1. The butter should be cold and firm so that it does not mash into a puree in the flour. Cut it into pieces before adding it.



Diet hint:

Have a soft drink before your main meal.

Sugar just might be the willpower you need to curb your appetite.

We know it sounds odd—but it can work.

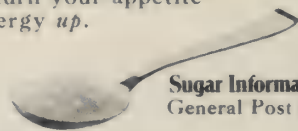
Spoil your appetite by eating something with sugar.

Sugar works faster than any other food to turn your appetite down, your energy up.

Then when mealtime comes, you're less apt to overeat.

Willpower never tasted so good.

Sugar . . . only 18 calories per teaspoon, and it's all energy.



Sugar Information

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HORS D'OEUVRES OF RAW VEGETABLES (Crudités)

Crudités can be any combination of fresh, tender, young raw vegetables: tiny, white heads of cauliflower, little radishes, the small, elongated, light green, sweet Italian peppers, peeled and grated, or julienned, hearts of celery, cherry tomatoes, scallions (if they are not too strong), bulb fennel, Belgian endives and avocados. They make an excellent first course.

Crudités should be accompanied by slices of rough peasant bread, fresh unsalted butter, coarse salt, olive oil and wine vinegar.

2. The dough should be worked as rapidly and as little as possible. Stop the moment you have a mixture in which the largest pieces are the size of small peas.

3. Add only enough cold water to transform it into an adherent mass, working it deftly and no more than necessary with a fork.

4. Wrap it in wax paper or a plastic bag and leave it for a couple of hours in the refrigerator, so that it may relax and lose its elasticity. Flour the ball of dough on a floured board and form into a patty. Roll it out. Be certain that the board and surface of the pastry remain

Sometimes I wish the spokes for my side of the argument u think more and speak less.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

well floured. Fold pastry in two, up gently at the folded edge, slip pie plate or tart mold. Press do the form of pie plate and trim leaving an excess of about ½. Roll edge under, press it to the and "scallop" it with t of your thumb. Prick side in several places a fork, line the past a round of wax pa light aluminum foil, enough dried beans rice to prevent the from buckling. Bake i minutes in a medium 350° to 375°. Remo weighted paper and shell to oven for 3 or utes to dry it out.

Shrimp:
¾ lb. fresh small shrimp
1 Tb. olive oil
2 Tb. mirepoix (or 1 med carrot, 1 medium onion, thyme, bay leaf, salt, p 2 Tb. butter)
1 pinch salt and cayenne pepper
1 Tb. cognac
½ cup dry white wine
½ cup heavy cream

Rinse the shrimp and them dry in a towel. shell them. (Frozen s although never as su as the fresh, may serv replacement. Do not b plunge them into cold to defrost, sponge dr towel, and proceed as others.) Heat the oil frying pan, add the and the mirepoix chopped carrot and with seasonings in but til vegetables are very salt and cayenne, tossi stirring with a wooden over a high flame un shrimp has turned p all sides. Add the c light it and stir un flames are extinguish the white wine and until the liquid has disappeared. Put as cool. Shell shrimp, the tail segment of sl attached to 10 or 12 of (depending on their and pound the shell mortar. Stir into the ed shells ½ cup of transfer to small sau bring to a boil, strain t a fine sieve, working th due well to extract

flavorful—and colorful—juices. Re Arrange shrimp with tails around of pastry shell so that they lean a the side with the tails above bor shell. Cut the rest of the shrim distribute in an even layer on b

Quiche batter:
3 eggs
Salt, freshly ground pepper

1 cup heavy
1 small hand freshly gra Swiss Gruy

Combine in a bowl eggs, salt, f ground pepper, the reserved st flavored cream and the addition of cream, beat together with a beater. Pour the mixture into j

prinkle with cheese and bake in preheated oven (350°-375°) for approximately ½ hour. The quiche is done when the center is firm. It may be kept in the oven with door ajar for ½ hour before serving. It is better warm than cold.

WITH RASPBERRY SAUCE (à la Purée de Framboises)

1 cup water
1/2 cup good dry white wine
(4-oz.)
1/2 cup semolina
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 inch of salt
1 egg
3 egg whites
Butter
1 pt. fresh raspberries (or 1 [10-oz.] pkg. frozen)
Sugar to taste

Put the water and wine in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Sprinkle in semolina in a slow stream stirring all the time with a wooden spoon. Leave, covered, to cook gently for 25 minutes. Remove from heat immediately (if you leave it to cook a skin forms rapidly) the sugar, and whole egg. Beat the egg whites stiff and fold them delicately into the mixture. Pour into a buttered 6-cup mold and poach for 40 minutes in a water bath pan containing hot water and a medium oven at 350°. The pudding should be close to the boiling point but not allowed to boil.

Remove the pudding to cool until lukewarm, then unmold it onto serving dish. Allow to chill completely before serving. (If it will stick to the mold), invert the mold over the pudding to lift it from the air until just before serving, chilled and coated with raspberry sauce. Serve a sauceboat of raspberry purée separately.

For the raspberry purée, pass the raspberries through a fine sieve, preferably nylon, and add sugar to taste. If fresh raspberries are in season, they should be used, but frozen raspberries are satisfactory. **END**



WONDERS WITH PICKLES

Continued from page 90

Pickles can be divided into 5 broad categories. **Brine cured**, such as the pickle or dilled green tomato, is the oldest and most favorite. They require a certain length of time in brine for flavor to develop, but become soft if too old, or if not transferred to jars.

Sour or sour mixed pickles and **and-butter pickles** are vegetables placed in brine to draw out some of their moisture. They are then cured in spicy vinegar. The spices are left in to keep the vinegar clear and bright.

Sweet pickle chips, gherkins, watermelon rind, and crisp trans-pickles are cured by draining off the brine, boiling down the vinegar solution several times, sometimes with the addition of more sugar to give a candying effect.

When you make mustard pickles, the vinegar is thickened into a mustard sauce.

Relishes, as sweet pickle relish and tomato pickles, are made in the same way as sweet or sour pickles, but

the vegetables are chopped before being processed.

Chutneys are also made with chopped vegetables or fruits or a combination of both. These are cooked a long time in a sweet, heavily spiced vinegar solution until the identity of the ingredients is lost and the ground spices give a brown color.

Whole spiced fruits, the fifth group, are preserved in a milder and sweeter vinegar mixture. Spiced whole crabapples, sekiel pears and spiced peaches belong to this group. (continued)

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It does delicious things to tall, cool summer drinks.

Tall Collins. Use gin, rum or vodka. 1½ oz. liquor, 1½ oz. water, envelope of Collins Mix. Shake with ice. Pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda.

Tall Mai-Tai. Use rum, gin or vodka. 2 oz. liquor, 2 oz. water, envelope of Mai-Tai Mix. Shake with ice. Pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda or pale dry ginger ale.

Tall Whisky Sour. Use whisky, rum, gin or vodka. 1½ oz. liquor, 1½ oz. water, envelope of Whisky Sour Mix. Shake with ice. Pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda or pale dry ginger ale.

Tall Cranbreaker. Use gin, rum, vodka, whisky or bourbon. 1½ oz. liquor, 1½ oz. water, envelope of Cranbreaker Mix. Shake with ice. Pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda.

Tall Pussycat. 1½ oz. of whisky, 1½ oz. of water and one envelope of Pussycat Mix. Shake, pour over ice in tall glass. Top with soda.



The Bar-Tender's touch. It makes the quickest, easiest, most inviting quenchers under the sun. As 1-2-3 easy as this: just open an envelope of Bar-Tender's Instant Cocktail Mix, and combine with water and your favorite liquor. Add a splash of soda and you've got it made. It's instant temptation, and you'll find it in 11 different and delicious varieties at your favorite supermarket or package store.

12 individually pre-measured envelopes in each box.

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Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-day Menus

Month of black-eyed Susans, golden-rod and chicory. It's a month when nobody wants to do big cooking but everybody is always hungry. Here are ideas, ancient as the Druids, yet new as the newest convenience foods. Quick meals to glorify this last month of summer.

1. Gule Day—the pagan celebration of the first harvest. Have a Gule Grill with sausages and double thick lamb chops wrapped in bacon. Pepper and hickory salt to taste. Broil. Surround with cooked potatoes and pineapple rings brushed with equal parts dark corn syrup and melted butter, sprinkled with allspice. Broil 5 minutes more.

Frozen Mixed Cooked Vegetables
Garden Salad ☐ Blue Cheese Dressing
Gule Grill ☐ Fresh Blackberries
on Raspberry Sherbet

2. Packaged dinners getting better and better! Latest find . . . Lipton's Chicken Supreme with Rice has its own bag of sherry. Cook on stove top as directed in heat-proof casserole, adding 1/4 cup chopped olives, and 1/2 tsp. each salt and tarragon. Cover with lattice of thin cheese strips. Broil quickly. Serves two starving critters.

Chilled Consommé (can)
Chicken and Rice Supreme
Celery Sticks ☐ Watercress
German Chocolate Cake (frozen)

3. Independence Day in Jamaica . . . make native curry with baked bananas and coconut. Fastest way: stir 2 to 3 tsp. curry powder into paste with 1/4 cup plain or coconut milk. Heat with frozen cream of lobster soup; add 2 cups cooked shrimp. Bake 4 bananas brushed with butter and lemon juice (cut in 1 1/2-inch chunks) in greased pan 375° for 7–10 minutes. Serve alongside.

Jamaican Curry ☐ Big Hominy (can)
Green Pepper Salad ☐ Chutney
Sherbet in Hollowed Lemon Halves

4. From Kids Cooking by Aileen Paul and Arthur Hawkins (Doubleday \$3.95), fruit-flavored snowballs made by filling 12 small paper cups with cracked ice. Pour on 1 qt. new pink lemonade from Kool-Aid.

Chili Con Carne (can) ☐ Corn Chips (bag)
Lettuce Salad with Fruit Sections
Pink Lemonade Snowballs ☐ Cookies

5. For "Fair Day" in Portugal, overlap 8 thin slices roast pork in a deepish platter. Cover with aspic made by adding 1/3 cup ruby port to 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin dissolved in 2/3 cup boiling water. Stir till slightly thickened with 8 ice cubes (follow quick-set pkg. directions). Ready in 15 minutes!

Hot Potato and Leek Soup (pkg.)
Pork in Port Aspic
Walnut and Pear Salad ☐ Mayonnaise
Tray of Pastries

6. Transfiguration Day. In most churches priests bless the grapes. So take a jar of grape jam and heat with 2 Tb. gin, 2 tsp. white vinegar, 1/2 tsp.

each cinnamon, clove and ginger for Venison Jam. Great with veal.

Zucchini and Escarole Salad
Grilled Veal Chops ☐ Venison Jam
Bow Knot Pasta ☐ Broccoli (frozen)
Biscuit Tortoni

7. From a Hindu cook in Kashmir we learned this recipe for chicken. Cut into quarters and rub with garlic. Marinate in 1/4 cup lemon juice, 2 Tb. oil, 1/2 tsp. each clove, black pepper, ginger, salt, lemon rind and sugar. Broil.

Kashmir Chicken ☐ Yellow Rice (pkg.)
Egg ☐ Tomato Salad ☐ Yogurt Dressing
Canned Mangoes with Lime Juice

8. At the Outdoor Festival in Mystic, Conn., they insist clam chowder be made New England style. Off heat, mix a little hot broth with an egg beaten with 1 Tb. cream. Stir mixture into soup. Do not reboil!

Mystic Clam Soup ☐ Pilot Crackers
Sautéed Shad Roe ☐ Lemon Juice
Cole Slaw in Red Pepper Shells
Deep Dish Apple Pie

9. Family reunion day . . . burgers, grilled over charcoal briquettes, bridge the generation gap.

Grilled Burgers ☐ Hamburger Relishes
Pumpkin Pie ☐ Caraway Bread ☐ Buns
Boston Cream Pie ☐ Apple Cider

10. For Herbert Hoover's Birthday we have this recipe from Mary Rattley, the Hoovers' family cook. Caramel Tomatoes: Cut off tops and make a hole for 1 tsp. each butter, sugar and a sprinkle of salt. Bake in buttered pan. Serve on buttered toast. Garnish with parsley.

Asparagus Salad ☐ Onion Dressing
Cornish Game Hen ☐ Caramel Tomatoes
Wild and Long Grain Rice (pkg.)
Orange Baskets with California Wine

11. Rodeo tonight in Caldwell, Idaho. Have huge baked Idaho Potatoes with their garnishes.

Mushroom Salad on Chicory ☐ Steak
Baked Idaho Potatoes ☐ Garnishes
Green Beans with Almonds (frozen)
Cream Puffs with Chocolate Sauce

12. At the Boston Sheraton, instead of adding rum to black bean soup, they add to each portion 1 Tb. each applejack and chopped hard-cooked egg, 2 drops each hot pepper sauce and gravy browning.

Celery Curls ☐ Green Pepper Rings
Black Bean Soup ☐ Grilled Ham Steaks
Sweet Potatoes with Pineapple
Ice Cream Pie ☐ Strawberry Sauce

13. What to do with a fondue set? Start adventuring with May-Bud brand frozen instant fondue. One pkg. makes snacks for 4, main dish for 2.

Swiss Cheese Fondue (frozen)
French Bread Squares or New Potatoes
Tossed Green Salad ☐ Garlic Dressing
Bowl of Fresh California Plums

14. Fret no more, my lady! Birds Eye has 19 different frozen vegetables. Five minutes from simmer to serve!

Antipasto Platter
Assorted Five-Minute Vegetables
Poached Eggs ☐ Jelly Roll

15. In Siena they make traditional Cavallucci di Siena. Quick version: Cut refrigerated sugar cookie dough into 8 chunks. Into each knead 1 tsp. finely chopped candied orange peel, 1 speck anise and grated nutmeg. Shape into 8 egg-shaped cakes. Bake on greased cookie sheet at 350°, 20 minutes.

Anchovy Canapés ☐ Veal Parmigiana
Italian Green Beans ☐ Ring of
Polenta (Cornmeal Mush)
Fruit Cavallucci di Siena
Assorted Cheeses

16. Confucius say "Can't eat eggs without breaking shells." No longer true! Now you breakfast on scrambled eggs in foil packets (48 percent less cholesterol) from Durkees—no refrigeration.

Honeydew Balls in Cranberry Juice
Scrambled Eggs (pkg.) ☐ Sausage Cakes
Heated Rolls ☐ Hot Coffee

17. Discovery day in Canada. Finally we met Jehane Benoit, one of Quebec's leading food ladies, who discovered 1 Tb. of brandy added to, or sprinkled over, almost any soufflé makes it rise higher.

Frozen Cheese Soufflé Appetizer
Cold Meats ☐ Cucumber & Watercress
Salad ☐ Open-Faced Raisin Pie

18. Two new flavors added to Kraft's line of Open-Pit Barbecue Sauce—Onion and Mushroom—give an outdoor taste to indoor spareribs.

Clam & Tomato Juice (mix) on the Rocks
Spareribs ☐ Onion Barbecue Sauce
Rice, Peas and Mushrooms (frozen)
Chinese Celery Salad ☐ Fruit Compote

19. A new individual supper dish . . . heat 1 (4-oz.) can tiny sardines (oil and all) with juice and rind of 1/2 lemon. Serve on toast fingers with fresh-ground pepper to taste. Wonderful for those last minute dinners.

Minestrone ☐ Sardine Fingers
Swiss Cheese and Tomato Salad
Mustard Flavored Mayonnaise Dressing
Brownies

20. Did you hear a katydid last night? "Six weeks till frost"—A good time to try the newest Betty Crocker Apple-Cinnamon pudding mix. Great to eat all winter long.

Vichyssoise with Black Olive Garnish
Roast Pork ☐ Golden Squash (frozen)
Sweet and Sour Red Cabbage (jar)
Apple-Cinnamon Pudding (mix)

21. Hawaii's Admission Day. Chun King has a frozen fried rice with meat in a (10-oz.) pouch. For 6 to 8, heat 3 pouches. Add 1/2 cup beer to (22-oz.) divider-pack can mushroom chow mein, 1 cup cooked (canned or frozen) flaked crabmeat. Heat to bubble.

Chinese Egg Drop Soup (frozen or pkg.)
Hawaiian Rice ☐ Garnish of Walnuts
Lichee Fruits and Loganberries

22. Sun Prairie Sweet Corn Festival in Wisconsin. Have roasted corn ears. Peel off silk and part of husk. Dip in water. Place over hot coals for caramel flavor. Butter, salt and pepper. Sink your teeth in—it's delicious!

Roasted Ears ☐ Grilled Steak
Sliced Tomatoes ☐ Red Onion Rings
Wine Vinegar ☐ Ground Pepper
Gingerbread ☐ Apple Sauce

23. To mark Edinburgh Festival there's a new Pimm's Cup made with Scotch! If you're lucky your herb garden will yield a sprig of borage for garnish. (Cucumber peel imparts much the same flavor.)

Scotch Barley Soup (can)
Broiled Salmon ☐ Parslief Potatoes
Cucumber Salad ☐ Sour Cream Dressing
Shortbread ☐ Pimm's Scotch Cup

24. Very mod is Bali Hai, Italian Swiss Colony's latest grape and tropical fruit (12% alcohol) wine. Gourmets shudder, but picnickers love this tab-can wine.

Grilled Franks and Rolls
Potato Salad ☐ Pickles ☐ Tomatoes
Doughnuts ☐ Chilled Wine

25. It's the height of the fresh nectarine season. Have them plain or saturated in grenadine.

Shrimp Salad ☐ Green Goddess Dressing
Pork Chops ☐ Pilaf ☐ Baby Limas
Nectarines ☐ Rolled Waters

26. Eat your cantaloupe and have it, too. Serve melon balls at breakfast. For dinner fill shells with heated creamed chicken and water chestnuts. Broil to gild.

Endive with Beets ☐ Herb Dressing (pkg.)
Chicken with Water Chestnuts (frozen)
Broiled Eggplant ☐ Lemon Turnovers

27. Pack-a-pickle month! Combine them for supper in Tuna Submarines. Mix 1 (7-oz.) can drained, flaked tuna with 1/2 cup chopped pickle relish. Season with onion salt and pepper. Makes filling for 4 buns.

Philadelphia Pepper Pot Soup
Tuna Submarines
Heated Cherry Strudel (frozen)

28. Pizza will represent the U.S.A. at the Feast of Nations in Milwaukee. Try Jeno's tiny Pizza Rolls (10 min.)!

Pepperoni Pizza Rolls (frozen)
Sliced Turkey ☐ Giblet Gravy (can)
Succotash (frozen) ☐ Cranberry
Sauce (jar) ☐ Peach Pie à la mode

29. For a sophisticated soda use Lejon's new coffee-flavored wine. Half fill a tall glass with wine, add ice cream (coffee or chocolate), a dash of sparkling water, top with cream.

Chilled Shrimp Bisque (Can) with Dill
London Broil ☐ Buckwheat Groats
Brussels Sprouts ☐ Avocado-Orange
Salad ☐ Vin-Calé Soda ☐ Macaroons

30. Yankee Corn Cakes are a snap if you use Jiffy corncake mix. Especially good for breakfast.

Orange Juice Cocktail
Yankee Corn Cakes (mix) ☐ Crisp Bacon
Melted Butter ☐ Maple Syrup ☐ Coffee

31. Last of the hot summer months! Enjoy Heinz' new Onion Relish for happy eating with baked beans.

Vegetable Juice Frappé
Boston Baked Beans ☐ Onion Relish
Brown Bread (can) ☐ Chef's Salad
Blueberry Pie (frozen)

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Poppy
Gannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus

Iced Tea Niced—Garnish with
lemon, mint, maraschino cherry

APPETIZER KEBOBS (pictured)

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 12 radishes | 6 sweet gherkins |
| 12 cherry tomatoes | 24 sour pickled cocktail onions |
| 12 large shelled, deveined cooked shrimp (or 24 jumbo canned shrimp, rinsed and drained) | 24 medium-size stuffed green olives |

Wash, trim and halve 12 radishes. Wash and halve 12 cherry tomatoes. Cut 12 large shelled, deveined cooked shrimp in half crosswise, (or rinse under cold water 24 jumbo canned shrimp). Drain well, but do not cut. Cut 6 gherkins in quarters.

On each of 24 wooden cocktail kebob skewers thread $\frac{1}{2}$ radish, a piece of gherkin, a cocktail onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ each cherry tomato and shrimp, ending with a stuffed olive. Refrigerate. Makes 24 kebobs (12 hors d'oeuvre servings).

PINWHEEL CANAPES (pictured)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1 unsliced loaf whole-wheat bread | 2 Tb. sweet pickle relish |
| 1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese | 1 (8-oz.) jar midget gherkins |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine, softened |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped dill pickle | |

Trim all crusts except bottom from 1 unsliced loaf whole-wheat bread. Holding by bottom, slice loaf lengthwise into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick slices. Discard bottom crust. Lay slices in a single layer on damp linen tea towel. Cover with a second damp tea towel.

Let 1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese soften at room temperature. Place in bowl, beat until smooth. Mix in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each chopped celery and dill pickle, and 2 tablespoons sweet pickle relish. Trim ends from 1 (8-oz.) jar midget gherkins.

On damp paper towel with rolling pin, roll a bread slice to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness. Work with one slice at a time keeping remaining covered. Spread with some of $\frac{1}{4}$ cup softened butter or margarine. Then spread with some of cheese mixture. Place a row of gherkins, end to end, across one end of bread slice. From same end roll up, jelly-roll fashion, around gherkins. Replace roll, seam side down, under damp linen towel. Repeat with remaining slices.

Refrigerate rolls, wrapped in damp towel, 3 or 4 hours until well chilled.

To serve: With sharp knife slice rolls into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick pinwheel sandwiches. Makes about 24 canapes (12 hors d'oeuvre servings).

CUCUMBER-CAVIAR SLICES

Drain 1 (32-oz.) jar large kosher dill pickles (about 10 pickles). Pat dry with

paper towels. Cut off ends, then, using an apple corer, remove centers of pickles. Drain at least $\frac{1}{2}$ hour on paper towels. Beat 1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese with 2 tablespoons prepared horseradish, drained, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon white pepper and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt until well blended. Place in pastry bag, and press into hollowed out pickles. Chill $\frac{1}{2}$ hour until cheese is firm enough to cut. Slice pickles in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick slices. Decorate with red caviar (4-oz. jar). Makes 40 slices (20 hors d'oeuvre servings).

CHEESE AND PICKLE BOUCHEE (pictured)

Let 1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese soften at room temperature. Place in bowl and beat until smooth. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup creamed cottage cheese, and 3 tablespoons drained pickle relish. Chill until firm enough to handle. Cut 3 or 4 midget gherkins into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pieces.

Using a heaping teaspoon of cheese mixture, shape it into a ball around a piece of gherkin. Roll each ball, as shaped, in 1 cup coarsely chopped salted peanuts. Refrigerate until serving time. Makes about 36 balls (18 hors d'oeuvre servings).

ARTICHOKE HORS D'OEUVRES (pictured)

Cook 2 (9-oz.) pkg frozen artichoke hearts according to directions. Drain. Lay, cut side down, on paper towels to dry. Refrigerate until chilled.

Drain 1 (8-oz.) can mixed vegetables. Divide in half. (Use remaining half in a salad another day.) Combine one half with 2 tablespoons mayonnaise (or salad dressing), 1 tablespoon chopped dill pickles (or gherkins), and dash of pepper. Mix together gently.

Spoon about 1 teaspoonful vegetable mixture onto cut side of each artichoke heart. Top each with a little black caviar, if desired. Makes about 4 dozen (24 hors d'oeuvre servings).

SAVORY HAM BISCUIT LOAF

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each finely chopped, cooked ham and finely chopped, drained mustard pickle, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon powdered thyme. Preheat oven to 375°.

Separate 20 biscuits from 2 (9½-oz.) pkgs. refrigerated flaky buttermilk biscuits. Split each biscuit in half and fill, sandwich-style, with 1 tablespoon ham mixture. Arrange biscuits in a single layer in greased 9x5x3-inch loaf pan.

Beat 1 egg yolk with 1 tablespoon water. Brush mixture over top of loaf. Bake at 375° for 35 minutes or until cake tester comes out clean. Remove pan to wire rack; cool 5 minutes. Turn out loaf. Serve hot with a main dish salad. Serves 8 to 10.

END

The No-Work, All-Play Barbecue!

MEAL-IN-A-BUNDLE (Serves 6)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 pounds lean chuck, cut into 1 inch cubes | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley |
| 6 medium potatoes, peeled and diced | 2 (10½ oz.) cans condensed golden mushroom soup |
| 6 tablespoons chopped onions | Salt and pepper |
| 6 carrots, cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ inch slices | Tabasco brand pepper sauce |
| | Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap |



1. AT HOME: Divide above ingredients into 6 equal portions. Place each portion on 18" square of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Add a couple of dashes of Tabasco and a tablespoon of water to each portion. Season with salt and pepper. Bring up corners of foil and twist at top to close bundles. Keep in cool place until ready to cook.



2. AT THE BEACH: Line grill with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Place bundles on grill 2 inches above hot grey coals. Now relax. Take a dip. Go for a stroll. Do your own thing for about an hour. Then take the bundles off the grill and serve, right in the

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Poppy
Gannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus

**Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap.
Oven-Tempered for Flexible Strength**



ES: COOL & COLLECTED

ued from page 87

UTS ALSACIENNE (pictured)

Salad: 1/2 tsp. sugar
scrubbed 1/2 tsp. pepper
eled potatoes **Cold Cuts:**
members 1 (8-oz.) pkg. sliced
sliced bacon bologna
tarragon 1 (8-oz.) pkg. sliced
gar salami
sliced 1 (8-oz.) pkg. pickle
ions and pimiento loaf
salt

potato salad: Cook 2 lbs. scrubbed
ed potatoes in boiling salted wa-
to 30 minutes or until tender.

When cool enough to handle,
nd cut in 1/2-inch cubes. Cut 2
ed cucumbers in 1/2-inch cubes.
ne in bowl with potatoes.

1/4 lb. sliced bacon until crisp.
on paper towels. Set aside. Mea-
acon drippings; return 1/4 cup to

Stir in 1/2 cup tarragon vinegar.
sliced scallions, 1 teaspoon salt,
spoon each sugar and pepper.
over potatoes and cucumbers.
gently until vegetables are well

serve: Mound salad in center of
r. Crumble bacon and sprinkle
p. Cut 1/2 lb. each sliced bologna,
and pickle and pimiento loaf
2-inch strips. Arrange strips in
around salad. Serves 6.

EN EN GELEE (pictured)

unflavored 1 clove garlic,
in crushed
water 1 tsp. dried tarragon
2-oz.) cans 1/2 cup dry sherry
en 1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen
omme artichoke hearts
chopped 1 cup sliced radishes
ey 3/4 lb. sliced cooked
chicken roll

Sprinkle 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
over 1 cup cold water to soften 5 min-
utes. In saucepan combine 2 (12 1/2-
oz.) cans chicken consommé, 2 table-
spoons chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic,
crushed, 1 teaspoon dried tarragon.
Bring to a boil, simmer 5 minutes. Stir
in softened gelatin until dissolved. Re-
move from heat. Strain into a 4-cup
measure or large bowl. (You should
have 3 1/2 cups.) Stir in 1/2 cup dry
sherry. Chill in bowl of ice and water
or refrigerate until the consistency of
unbeaten egg white.

Cook 1 (9-oz.) pkg. artichoke hearts
according to pkg. directions. Drain and
refrigerate.

Pour 1/4 cup thickened gelatin into a
decorative 8-cup mold. Refrigerate un-
til firm but sticky when touched. Ar-
range about 1/2 cup radish slices, slight-
ly overlapping around edges, and 2 or
more artichoke hearts in center, on
gelatin in mold. Carefully spoon 1/2 cup
thickened gelatin over vegetables. Re-
frigerate until firm.

Cut 3/4 lb. sliced cooked chicken roll
into strips, 2 by 1/2 inches. Layer half
of strips over firm gelatin in mold.
Pour 1 cup thickened gelatin over
slices. Refrigerate until firm. Make an-
other ring of overlapping radish slices
around edge of mold. Arrange remain-
ing artichoke hearts standing on radish
slices. Place remaining chicken strips
in center. Gently pour in remaining
thickened gelatin. Refrigerate 4 hours
or until firm.

To unmold: Loosen around edge with
small spatula. Quickly dip in hot water.
Place serving platter on top of mold;
invert; shake gently to release. Lift off
mold. Refrigerate until ready to serve.

Garnish with watercress, if desired.
Serves 6 to 8.

SUMMER SALTIMBOCCA (pictured)

Turkey & Ham Rolls:
1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream
cheese, softened
1/3 cup sour cream
2 Tb. chopped
parsley
1 tsp. dried thyme
leaves
2 (5-oz.) pkgs.
smoked turkey
breast slices (12
slices)
2 (6-oz.) pkgs.
sliced Swiss
cheese (12 slices)

3 (5-oz.) pkgs.
sliced cooked ham
(12 slices)
Cauliflower Salad:
1 head cauliflower
1/2 (8-oz.) bottle
Italian-style
dressing
1 clove garlic,
crushed
1 Tb. capers,
chopped
1 (1-pt.) box cherry
tomatoes

Make Turkey and Ham Rolls: Beat
1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese, softened,
with 1/3 cup sour cream until smooth.
Beat in 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
and 1 teaspoon dried thyme leaves.

Spread 1 slice smoked turkey breast
with some of cheese mixture. Top with
a slice of Swiss cheese, spread with
cheese mixture, and top with a slice of
cooked ham, spread with cheese mix-
ture. Roll up jelly roll fashion; place
seam side down in shallow dish or pan.
Repeat to make 6 rolls. In same man-
ner make 6 more rolls starting with
ham, then cheese, then turkey. Refrig-
erate rolls 1 or 2 hours, until chilled.

Make Cauliflower Salad: Break 1
head cauliflower into flowerets. Wash
in cold water then cook in large quanti-
ty of boiling salted water 3 to 5 minutes
or until tender crisp. Drain. In small
jar with tight-fitting lid combine 1/2
(8-oz.) bottle (1/2 cup) Italian-style
dressing with 1 clove garlic, crushed,
and 1 tablespoon capers, chopped.
Shake to blend well. Pour over cauli-
flower.

Wash and drain cherry tomatoes and
add to cauliflower. Toss together gently
until vegetables are coated with dress-
ing. Refrigerate 1 or 2 hours or until
well chilled.

To serve Saltimbocca: Cut each tur-
key and ham roll in half, slicing on
diagonal. Arrange around edge of serv-
ing platter. Mound cauliflower salad in
center. Serves 8 to 12.

CHILLED SALMON COULIBIAC (pictured)

Salmon Filling:
1 cup chopped
onion
1 cup chopped
celery
2 Tb. butter or
margarine
2 (1-lb.) cans red
salmon
2 hard-cooked eggs,
chopped
1/2 cup sour cream

1/4 cup chopped
parsley
2 Tb. lemon juice
1 Tb. prepared
mustard
Pastry:
1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie
crust mix
1 egg yolk
1 Tb. milk

Sauté 1 cup each chopped onion and
chopped celery in 2 tablespoons butter
or margarine until onion is golden.

Drain salmon. Discard bones and
skin. Flake fish.

In large bowl combine 1/2 cup sour
cream, 1/4 cup chopped parsley, 2 table-
spoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon pre-
pared mustard, the onion, celery, sal-
mon and 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped.
Preheat oven to 425°.

Prepare 1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix
according to pkg. directions. Roll out
and trim to a 15x10 1/2-inch rectangle.
Place pastry on large cookie sheet.
Mark the 15-inch sides every 5 inches.
With a knife, lightly mark lines across
pastry. Mark the 10 1/2-inch sides every
1 1/2 inches. Lightly mark lines the
length of pastry. Then slash pastry on
lines, in from both ends, to (continued)

Meal-in-a-Bundle

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5-inch line. Do not cut center 5-inch section. Divide each of the 7 (5x1½-inch) rectangles on each end, in half diagonally, from upper right to lower left corners. On right side remove lower half of top rectangle, on left side remove upper half of top rectangle. Continue in this way down each side.

Mound filling over center 5-inch section of pastry leaving half inch uncovered on each side. Fold pastry triangles, alternating from side to side, over filling, as pictured. Beat 1 egg yolk with 1 tablespoon milk. Brush over pastry. Bake loaf at 425° for 20 to 25 minutes or until pastry is golden and filling cooked through.

Remove cookie sheet to wire rack. Let cool 30 minutes. Remove Coulbiac to platter. Refrigerate until well chilled. Garnish with fresh dill when served. Serves 6 to 8.

INSTANT PATE LOAF (pictured)

- 1 lb. unsliced liverwurst
- ¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
- ¼ cup brandy
- 2 Tb. snipped chives
- ¼ lb. sliced luncheon roll
- 1 (6-oz.) pkg. sliced muenster cheese
- ¼ lb. sliced cooked tongue

Line an 8x4x3-inch loaf pan lengthwise and crosswise with strips of foil. Grease foil.

With a fork mash 1 lb. unsliced liverwurst. Combine in a bowl with ¼ cup each butter or margarine, softened, and brandy; beat until smooth, then mix in 2 tablespoons snipped chives.

Place ¾ cup liverwurst mixture in prepared pan. Press into even layer. Make even layers, in succession, of ¼ lb. sliced luncheon roll, ½ cup liverwurst mixture, 1 (6-oz.) pkg. sliced muenster cheese, ½ cup liverwurst mixture, ¼ lb. sliced cooked tongue and remaining liverwurst mixture. Refrigerate at least 6 hours or overnight to become firm enough to slice.

To serve: Invert loaf onto chilled serving platter. Peel off foil. Slice into 1-inch thick slices with very sharp knife. Serves 8.

Chilled, cooked asparagus marinated in bottled herb and garlic French dressing is an attractive accompaniment with this loaf.

TUNA-MACARONI SALAD

- ½ (8-oz.) pkg. elbow macaroni (2 cups)
- 3 (7-oz.) cans solid-pack tuna
- ½ cup sliced scallions
- ½ cup chopped celery with leaves
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- ¼ cup pickle relish
- ½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 2 Bibb lettuce, washed and chilled
- 6 hard-cooked eggs

Cook ½ (8-oz.) pkg. macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, according to pkg. directions. Drain. Rinse macaroni well with cold water. Drain 3 (7-oz.) cans tuna and break into large pieces.

In large bowl combine cooked macaroni, tuna pieces, ½ cup each sliced scallions and chopped celery with leaves, ¼ cup each green pepper and pickle relish. Mix combination lightly together.

Combine ½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing with ¼ cup lemon juice. Pour combination over macaroni mixture. Toss gently until macaroni is well coated. Refrigerate 1 or 2 hours until well chilled.

Line a 2-qt. serving bowl with washed chilled leaves from 2 Bibb lettuce. Spoon Tuna-Macaroni Salad into center. Peel and quarter 6 hard-cooked eggs and arrange around edge. Serves 6 generously.

CRAB SALAD, ORIENTALE

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 (6-oz.) pkgs. frozen king crabmeat, thawed | 1 Tb. shake-on seasoning for tossed salad |
| 1 (5-oz.) can bamboo shoots, drained | ¼ tsp. ginger |
| 1 (5-oz.) can water chestnuts, drained | ¼ tsp. dry mustard |
| ½ cup sliced pitted ripe olives | ¼ tsp. dried weed or 1 t. fresh chopp |
| ½ cup olive oil or salad oil | 1 large avoca |
| 2 Tb. white wine vinegar | 2 Tb. lemon j |
| | 1 head Chine |
| | cabbage, w |
| | and chilled |

Drain 2 (6-oz.) pkgs. frozen king crabmeat. Thaw. Carefully remove all large, flake crabmeat into bowl. Add 1 (5-oz.) can bamboo shoots, drained, 1 (5-oz.) can water chestnuts, drained and sliced, and ½ cup pitted ripe olives.

In jar with tight-fitting lid combine ½ cup olive oil, 2 tablespoons white wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon shake-on seasoning for tossed salad, ¼ teaspoon each dry mustard and dried weed. Shake jar to mix. Pour over crabmeat mixture. Toss gently to mix. Place refrigerator to chill 1 hour.

To serve: Cut 1 large avocado into 6 (¾-inch) rings, remove peel. Arrange rings with 2 tablespoons orange juice. Arrange rings with 2 tablespoons chilled, washed, Chinese cabbage leaves on 6 salad plates. Spoon crabmeat mixture into rings, dividing evenly. Serves 6.

COLD SHRIMP CREOLE

- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup water
- ¾ cup chopped green pepper
- ½ cup spicy-sweet French dressing
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash cayenne
- ½ cup raw long-grain white rice
- 1 (1-lb.) pkg. frozen shelled deveined raw shrimp
- ½ cup sliced pickled okra or gherkins
- 3 large ripe tomatoes
- Watercress

In saucepan combine each chopped onion, celery and water, ¾ cup chopped green pepper, ½ cup spicy-sweet French dressing, 1 spoon salt and dash cayenne. Bring to a boil, stir in ½ cup raw long-grained white rice. Cover. Reduce heat and simmer, stirring occasionally, 20 minutes or until rice is tender and all liquid absorbed.

Cook 1 (1-lb.) pkg. frozen, shelled raw shrimp according to package directions. Drain.

In large bowl combine rice, shrimp and ½ cup sliced pickled okra or gherkins. Toss to mix. Cover. Refrigerate 1 to 2 hours or until creole is chilled.

To serve: Mound on platter. Surround with 3 tomatoes, sliced, and watercress. Serves 4 to 6.

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Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-day Menus

Aug. sandwich idea: Have you tried grilled ham and Cheddar cheese sandwiches?

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

see page 52

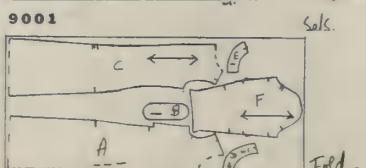
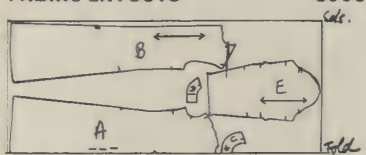


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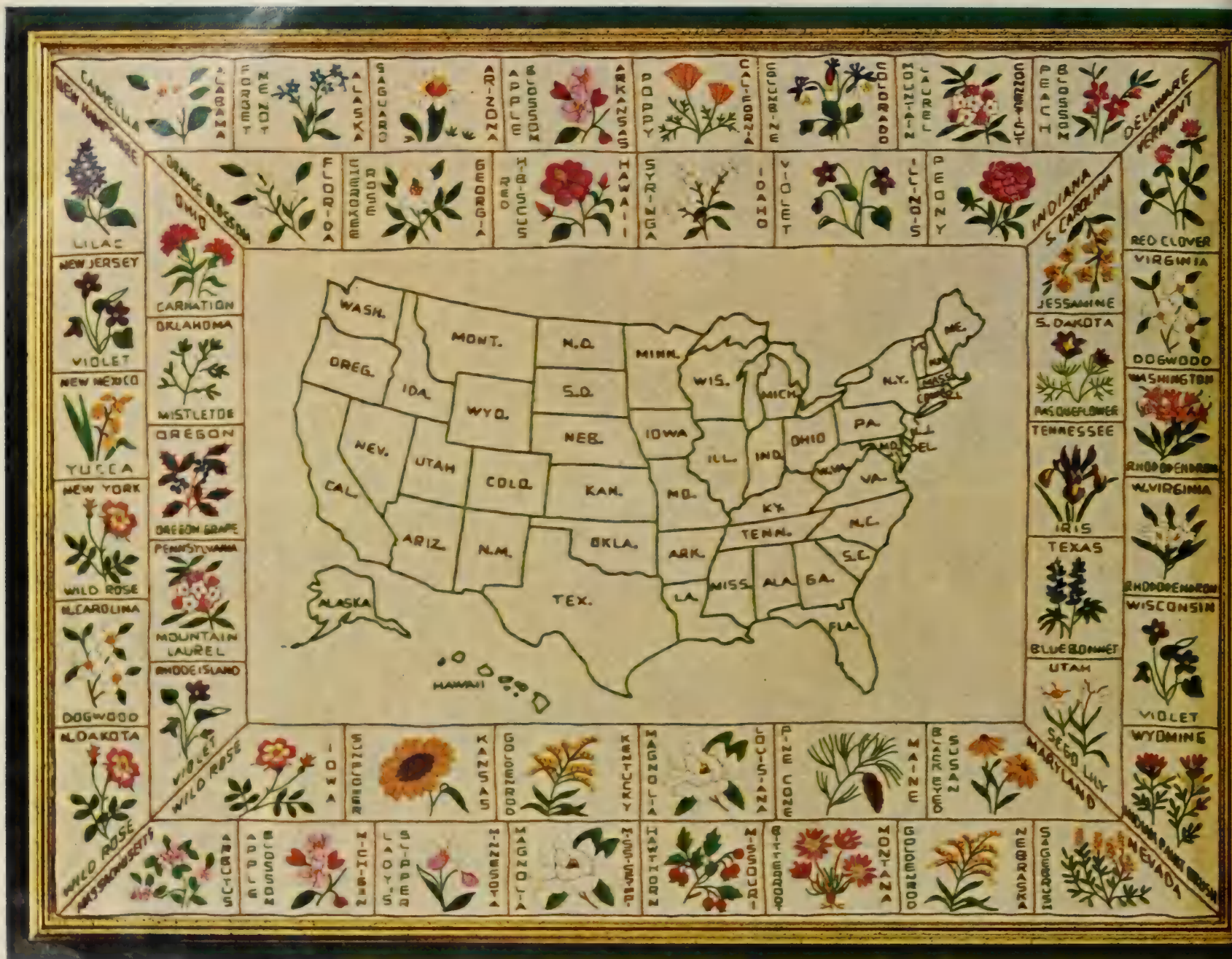
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NOT open to families who previously accepted.

they lived barefoot in wet bathing suits from breakfast to bedtime, and their skins smelled of sunlight and water.

One night near the end of the summer a moment came, so slight it could have been blown away with a wisp of breath. They had built a fire and were sprawled around it watching the sparks. Speech was unnecessary. Pres-

ently Mr. Henley shifted to lie with his head on his wife's lap; in the prying firelight Amy saw their smile as they looked at each other. Mr. Henley saw her watching and put out his hand to pull her toward them, circling her with his arm so that she lay with her head against his thumping heart. She was their child. Abruptly she pulled free, sitting up with an odd sense of shame. She wasn't their child; her father was Junius Fisher, not

Fitz Henley, and she had done something wrong. She shivered, and looked for Diane, and whispered something to her to break the moment into bits.

It put an unquiet period to the summer. The last days dragged, without flavor, and she wanted to go home, impatient to see her father. But when they unloaded her at last at her house it was Mrs. Koepchen who came out to thank the Henleys.

Her father came home at dinner

time, rather surprised to see her walked around her as if she were exhibit. She giggled and he said, "They sent me an Indian. I ordered a white girl." He seemed in good humor, if rather off-hand with her, tending an interest in what she said but not really listening. When they had dinner he kept glancing at his watch, saying finally, "So your old father forgot you were home tonight, and he went out on a date. You don't mind if he's out, do you?" She pushed her plate around on her plate and with her father that he would not break his date. Then he said, "You'd better call your mother for dinner. She wants you to spend with her in New York. Before Tuesday. She has some news for you."

She telephoned her mother after her father had gone out, and she heard the many remarks about how Mommy had missed her and Amy and made a date for the following Tuesday. Her mother said she could come along, "if it means much to you. I want you to have a fun day, precious."

It was fun, actually, although her mother seemed to have something on her mind, looking at Amy with an intensity of affection as if she had suddenly discovered something. They spent the morning shopping, then Janet Fisher took them to a treat lunch at a restaurant which she said, was absolutely the nicest place in town. It looked like any restaurant to Amy.

And then her father came in and saw him first and started to walk away, and her mother caught sight of him and held Amy's arm down, looking at him with such burning intensity that Amy felt frightened. She saw a girl who was with her father, thin, slim, very young girl, very pretty. Junius Fisher was paying her close attention that at first he did not see Amy and her mother and Diane at their table. When he did he started abruptly. Then he nodded, rather merrily, and instead of coming to them, turned his back with rigid defiance and took a table on the other side of the room.

Her mother was much too busy for a while after that and took them to more shops, which got rather boring. Evidently she found herself, for by midafternoon as she left Bonwit's she asked, "Is there anything you two would like to do?" When they both said no, she seemed relieved, and at the same time happily purposeful. "Then I think the best thing for me to do is put you on the train." At the station, with the same unhappy purposefulness, Fisher said, "Diane, there's something I want to talk to Amy about for a while. There's a bookstore; why don't you go there and find something you'd like to have, and we'll pick you up to buy it for you."

Her mother took her to the waiting room. "Amy darling," she said, "I know my agent's been negotiating with some people in Hollywood about the book." Amy nodded, and her mother looked at her searchingly, as if she seemed to be trying to anticipate her reaction. "The deal is set, finally."

"Are you going to make a million dollars?" Amy asked. (continues)

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Poppy
Gannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus

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Her mother seemed surprised, and then laughed. "I don't know. The point is, though, I'm going to have to go out there."

"To Hollywood?"

"For ten weeks anyway. Possibly for six months after that, if the producers decide I'm worthy. You and your father will stay here." That look searched her again, and Amy waited, seeing no reason to say anything. "You understand, don't you, Amy-doll? I'll be working all that time. I wouldn't have any time for you, and you wouldn't have any friends there. Here at least you'll be with your friends."

"Will you come back?"

"Of course. Just as soon as my work on the picture is finished."

"All right."

Amy's reaction seemed to disappoint her.

She said after a moment, "Well, I suppose I haven't been the best mother in the world to you. But I did think you'd show a little more emotion than that. I'm not going to see you for possibly eight months, you know. Do you understand that, Amy?"

"Yes."

With an odd sigh of resignation Janet Fisher took Amy into her arms, holding her closely. "I don't know why I expected more," Amy submitted, and the embrace suddenly became convulsive, and she felt tears on her mother's cheeks. "Oh God, Amy, I do love you. Even though I'm a rotten mother. I don't know why I behave the way I do. I just hope you come through it all right. You'll have to do it all yourself, Amy. Your parents are no help."

Amy told Diane about her mother's news as their train left the platform. Diane asked, "Would you have gone with her?" and Amy said, "Of course not!" "You would have got to see Disneyland," Diane pointed out, and Amy said, "That's for children."

As the train paused at Woodside, Amy told Diane, "When I'm old enough I'm going to have an affair. Aren't you?"

"I don't know," said Diane.

"Just to see what it's like."

"Well, maybe."

Amy was silent, seeing again her father in the restaurant, saying words she couldn't hear to the girl. She could tell by the look in Diane's eyes that Diane was remembering it, too, and it was suddenly important to make Diane understand how unimportant all that was to her. "I think my father's having an affair," she said. "I wouldn't be surprised if he and my mother get a divorce."

"Who would you go with?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe they'd let you live with us," Diane said. "Maybe my family could get custody or something."

Amy looked at her, and her eyes shone, and she laughed aloud suddenly. Diane's laugh joined hers, subsiding after a while to a giggling that kept feeding itself all the way home.

Her father did not mention the noontime encounter.

Everything had started to topple.

Mr. and Mrs. Henley sat at the table. Mr. Henley put his arm out to scoop Diane into a loose embrace, with a half-smile for Amy, and said, "I got the word today, honey. We move to Washington next week."

"Washington," Diane said. "Why?"

"It's my job," he said.

Mrs. Henley said, "I was beginning to think we might be set here."

"So was I."

"Damn," said Mrs. Henley.

and forth, although Diane seemed to have drawn away, and seemed to parting because she parted from so many friends before.

On the Thursday before they to move, Amy had dinner with and for a long time afterward sat Diane on the dusty floor of the mantled house looking at the picture cartons and crumpled newspaper listening to the talk. Long past bedtime she let Mrs. Henley

her back to her own room where Mrs. Koepchen waited because it was so late. Her father was out. "All right," said Mrs. Koepchen.

She went to bed dutifully and fell asleep, and then sleep she felt the drearying her and awoke in the morning, with tears streaking her cheeks. She sat up, dazed against the cold, trying to determine what had ended her so she could let it go away.

Then she knew.

She found her robe slippers, and padded silently up the attic stairs, in the darkness, not daring to light a way. She found the suitcase; the bookmark as she had left it.

In her own room she wrote in pencil, "Dear Diane, I found this in your homework. I do not know how it got there. I would like to keep it to remember by but it is yours. I hope you like Washington." The folded the bookmark in a note, slipped them both into an envelope and, as sleepless as she could, drove in the beam of the flashlight and went out. Her heart thumping when she reached the Henleys', and her head ached.

Their letter box was in the front door, but one had latched the door for the night and could not get at it. She went around to the back, hoping to slide her envelope under the back door, but the was too narrow; she slipped into the garage, and the kitchen door helped.

Then a light blinded a voice attacked, and one seized her. The lights went on; she saw Henley standing in the way, and the policeman held her. Then Mrs. Henley came and she wanted to

The policeman had taken the envelope; it was torn and the book protruded from it. Amy would look at them. They went into the kitchen, and Diane and the boy peared. Mrs. Henley's arm around her now but she stood silent, letting them find their explanations. The policeman, in a shamefaced way, apologized. "I was prowling. I didn't know she just a kid. I'm sorry to bother folks." He added, "Do you want to take her home?"

"I'll take her," said Mr. Henley. The policeman handed the



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*Poppy Cannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus*

and hung there, at a silly, impossible angle. And then it fell.

It was October. Amy, lying on the floor of Diane's room untangling math problems, heard Mr. Henley come home unexpectedly early and commented on it, and Diane called out a lazy, "Hi Pop," without getting off her stomach. They could hear the boys in the kitchen, and then one of them said, "Washington!" in a loud voice, and another thudded up the stairs to Diane's room to announce importantly, "We're going to Washington." Diane got up, and with Amy following went downstairs to the kitchen, where

Something tightened in Amy's stomach. She was an outsider looking on at a family who did not see her, because their own problems were much bigger than she was. "I'd better be going," she said, and Mrs. Henley smiled at her absently and Diane said, "See you," and she found her sweater and went out.

It was not real. Day after day the Henley's house was subtly different: cartons appeared and books and pictures disappeared, and furniture stood out of place. Amy helped Diane pack her dolls, and they made plans to write each other and visit back

by Mrs. Henley and said good
Amy waited, feeling them look-
her, all but Mrs. Henley, who
adding her note.
y," said Mrs. Henley. Unre-
Amy let the soft arm go
her, feeling the softness of the
underneath the robe and night-
"Oh Amy, you dear child,"
rs. Henley.

the background Mr. Henley was
"All right, you kids. Back to
ou, too, Diane," but Amy's eyes
closed and she did not want to
em. Mrs. Henley shifted her to
her more comfortably, half on
p, and she let the warmth spread
h her; but the numbness did
away.

put some clothes on," said Mr.
"Amy, honey, I'll be down in
ite."

Take your time," said Mrs. Henley.
he's no hurry."

steps went out of the kitchen,
ing elsewhere in the house, and
while they came back. Mrs.
ny said, "We never lose our
nt, Amy. Part of us always stays
hem. There are bits and pieces
and the boys all over this coun-
and we still visit each other, and
ach other."

at's not the point," said Mr.
y.

now," said Mrs. Henley. "But
else can we do?"
lk to him."

I'll tell you to mind your own
ss."

's made it our business," said
enley, and went out to warm
car.

ir headlights cut into the night
icked out shrubbery and road-
and presently found her drive-
Mr. Henley spoke then. "Amy,"
d, and his voice was gentler
he had ever heard it. "There's
stitute for family. Not friends.
ngs." He seemed to mean more
e said, but he did not explain.

. Koepchen answered the door-
hally, swaddled in an enormous
nd blinking in astonishment at
and Amy's father appeared on
aircase. He came down slowly,
t his robe, staring from one to
her. Mr. Henley turned to Mrs.
hen. "If you'll put Amy to bed
He waited until Mrs. Koepchen
d Amy off. "I'm Fitz Henley,"
d then, and Amy was barely
o hear his voice. "There's some-
you've got to know about."

. Koepchen left her alone at
nd she lay in her bed, listening.
umbling voices went on and on,
times sharp with anger, then sub-
a door opened and closed, a
arted, and she knew Mr. Hen-
as gone, and all his family with
one.

heard her father coming into
oom and felt his weight on the
he sat. His hand stroked her
n a strange and unfamiliar ges-
"Amy," he whispered, but the
of the Henleys' going drowned
oice. "I'm sorry," the whisper
on. "A father shouldn't have to
d how to act like a father." Her
tong but she would not cry. "I
t see anyone but myself. I
Honey, are you listening to
know I've hurt you and I'm
The Henleys were gone, and

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Pop!
Garnish
Meat-Ar-Dee
Menus



her father was left. The Henleys had
never belonged to her, any more than
their bookmark had; the summer had
been a dream and a pretending, and
she was awake now. And her father
wasn't really interested in her; he
said he was, but he made promises
and forgot them. He was as far away
from her as her mother was, and her
mother was in Hollywood. Her moth-
er had said, "You'll have to do it all
yourself. Your parents are no help."

Everyone pretended. She had pre-
tended with the Henleys, and it was
so real it was wonderful. "I do love
you, Amy, you know that," her father
was saying, exactly as her mother had
said it. "I do love you. And so does
your mother. We both do. Even though
at times it may seem to you we don't."

Maybe she'd be able to pretend with
her father.

His hand was gentle on her hair,
his voice was remorseful and loving,

and did it really matter if it didn't
last? She could pretend. Sometimes
people had to pretend. She wriggled
around, and her lips touched his
hand and kissed it, and she felt his
body bend over her, and his arms go
around her, to pick her up, holding
her tightly, and she yielded, relaxing,
warm in his arms. "Oh Amy," he said.
"Oh honey." And she cried, because
all of a sudden she wasn't pretending
at all.

END

blessed boy," an elderly woman remarked misty-eyed.

A solid phalanx of security guards and aides surrounded Ted and Joan, and police lined the sidewalks, holding back the crowds; from the rooftops I could see in the bright sunshine an occasional dark silhouette of a sentry with a rifle, and a police helicopter dipped low over the buildings directly ahead of us. The thought crossed my mind that the authorities obviously remembered Dallas and Los Angeles.

Additional security

I felt a rough hand on my elbow and a plainclothesman strong-armed me over toward the sidewalk. I pointed wordlessly to my green lapel pin and he let me go. Then I saw him conferring with a bespectacled man in a black overcoat who was marching directly behind Ted. From the back, the man looked like Ted's twin—same height, same broad shoulders, slightly curly brown hair. He turned and I could see he looked extremely worried. He glanced at me and nodded. No one bothered me after that.

We marched for almost an hour. Then the group ahead of me turned into a side street and stopped; crowds surged around Ted and Joan, seeking autographs. I spotted my driver waiting in his station wagon and started toward him; he jumped out to open the door on the other side for me. At that moment, Ted's look-alike came storming up to us, yelling at the driver, "Don't ever leave your car! You must be ready to leave instantly! This is *very* dangerous!"

I was startled and looked over toward Joan and Ted but saw only the milling crowd. Then the cannon exploded again and I hurled myself into the back seat of the wagon while the driver raced around to the front. Within seconds, we lurched away. I asked who Ted's look-alike was. "That was Joe Gargan, the Senator's first cousin," the driver explained, pronouncing it Ga-gan. "His mother Agnes is Rose Kennedy's sister." Gargan, of course, was with Ted at Chappaquiddick last summer.

When we arrived at a nearby motel, where two rooms had been reserved, Joan and Ted were already there. Joan murmured something about a hot tub for Ted, who has worn a back brace since his 1964 plane crash, and they disappeared together. A kindly, gray-haired man in his sixties introduced himself to me as Jack

Crimmins and I realized with a start that I had now met three of the five Kennedy aides who attended that party on Chappaquiddick—Ray LaRosa, Joe Gargan and Crimmins.

"You're lucky you weren't hit with eggs and apples," a six-foot young man with flaming red hair informed me. "You'd better wear a different-colored coat in the Boston parade on Tuesday. I can tell you."

At last it dawned on this Quaker

The red-haired aide who had warned me about the color of my coat stood shaking his head. He was Jim King, whose father was the first labor leader in western Massachusetts to support John F. Kennedy for the Senate in 1952. "Joan violates the first rule of campaigning," he complained, "which is never ask *anyone* a question because then you're trapped until they finish answering."

By 5:30 we reached a large Demo-

schedule as we sped at 80 miles an hour to Worcester, where some thousand people were attending the Emerald Club dinner at the Municipal Memorial Auditorium. On the podium, Joan's eyes never left my face and her smile remained radiant as he remarked for the third time that day, "I probably shouldn't tell this—but Joan doesn't have a drop of Irish blood in her!" Each time I added a slightly different tag: "But she has youth, beauty, and charm!" Or, "But she makes up for it in a hundred other ways!" Or, "But she has given me Kara, Ted Jr., and red-headed F. Joseph!"

Trial balloon

In spite of his trying to keep his head down, which had included some death threats and a few explosions, Teddy's box-fresh look remained intact, his deep voice resonant as ever, as he told the press in a half-joking manner that a Dublin newspaper had dubbed his visit to Ireland the previous "Teddy's kickoff appeal for the 1972 United States Presidential race."

This political trial balloon, which had evoked waves of applause and cheers in the day in Lawrence, brought only a mild reaction from these well-known Worcester families. Joan's smile never once faltered.

Out in the dark streets, again speckled with police, Joan decided to accompany Ted to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick dinner in Everett, explaining that she had arisen that morning in Virginia to attend mass.

"It's fun to be with a campaign," she said, as she drove through the darkness toward Boston. "In 1964, I covered the ladies' luncheon and Ted went to the rallies—we figured that double exposure. Ted, in 1964, he was in the hospital with a broken back, so I had to cover everything."

"I never know what to expect on these trips," Joan, who had already eaten both cheese sandwiches so hard to know what to bring, and whether to be hot or cold or rain or snowy, and when I

eat and when not." It was constant, she admitted, to "always be the best behavior." She mentioned regrets over missing so much of her children's growing up while she was unavoidably away from home on campaign trips. I began to feel that might be some truth to the rumor Joan was being forced into a matter of her choosing.

But when she spoke of Ted, she brightened. "He's definitely not used for the White House right now," she said, "but he wants to continue public service. He feels he was into the most fortunate and com-

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lady that the Irish Catholics might have taken me for an Orangeman!

After an hour's rest, the day's schedule moved forward briskly. At the pink-and-white headquarters of the St. Clare Catholic Women's League, Ted and Joan drank a cup of tea. The Senator gave a short speech, adjusting his remarks to the age of his audience. "Whenever I hear 'Sweet Adeline' I remember my grandfather," he told the ladies. We next visited a jammed hall where the Lawrence paraders were assembled for refreshments. Here Joan was frequently waylaid as she stopped to chat.

cratic cocktail party at a hotel in Wakefield, Mass. The dressy crowd was packed into a large room; with unwavering smiles, the Senator and Joan inched their way over to the party dignitaries and out again.

"Ted received several threats against his life before that parade today," a reporter told me. "Joan knew about them, too." A Kennedy aide, overhearing him, admitted this was true but said he felt the local forces in Lawrence had overreacted, with guards stationed on rooftops and the helicopter overhead.

We were now a full hour behind

"Movie star" means less and "actor" means more than it used to.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

circumstances, through no virtue of his own, and so a lifelong responsibility to help who are less well off. He felt a long before I knew him." Ted's great virtues as a senator feels, is his willingness to for hours to all sides of a question making up his own mind. often serves as sounding board d's speeches; she's "highly critical," she says. "If he doesn't get across I figure he has no with a mass audience. The *New Republic* line, which approves of liberal voting record, described him as "an utterly devoid of . . . After observing failing courtesy to people from all walks that day, I tend to "Ted's grown much serious in the past years," Joan said, "and more considerate." We finished the auto trip in tired silence, contemplated the extraordinary strength of the Ken- women: Jackie's dry- stoicism as she strode her husband's coffin; walking through Bob- uneral train with a you, a smile, a hug pat for all his friends; at Ted's side at Mary pechne's funeral; Rose dy telling a reporter Bobby's death that she for Ted's safety but e should continue in s "because he's ambi- and wants to do what others did."

The last shall be first"

Interestingly, there is in and Ted's Virginia a silver cigarette box to Ted by John F. Ken- after he won the 1960 cratic presidential ation. The inscription "To Edward Moore dy—and the last shall st." When I asked if the quotation was ed to be a political cy, she replied that d never thought about way.

Boston Joan and I part- il the next afternoon. she had a three-hour ping session scheduled how sponsored by the achusetts Council of nd Humanities.

I make a mistake, correct me," Joan was telling rector when I arrived at Station I. She sat shivering in the drafty in a low-backed, ruby-red velvet eight inches above her knees. short, puffed sleeves. Occasionally fuffed, and she complained that coat felt dry. She was to inter- three young winners of a musical show, and the phrasing of one on in particular threw her. st give me a minute. I'll get it." id, after blowing the line twice. ent her head and sat still for a moment, biting her lip, hands clasped. Then she drew herself

up, flinging back her long yellow hair, composed once more.

"As a young performer," she said softly to the young woman pianist. "what do you consider your responsibility to your audience?"

"A silly question," she fumed later. "What artist ever thinks about his responsibility to an audience?"

After the show, Joan emerged from the dressing room in a zebra-striped plush dress to take a telephone call

the best campaigner of them all."

After dinner I taxied out to Brook- line to borrow a beige coat from a friend for the morrow's St. Patrick's Day parade. Tuesday morning dawned so windy and cold, however, that I added a sweater underneath. Snow was falling as I rang the doorbell of a three-story pink brick house on Charles River Square. Most of the neighbors' doors are sooty white, but Joan's is a merry blue—and so is the

There seem to be more comedians than humorists in the world today.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

caravan of cars for South Boston—and an unforgettable experience.

The parade began from Andrew Square on rather a subdued note. As we waited in a car parked near the curb, Joan pointed out the Republican candidate for Ted's Senate seat, Josiah A. Spaulding, marching by with his attractive brunette wife. "Her green coat is much prettier than mine," Joan said. Ironically, Mrs. Spaulding was a bridesmaid at Jackie Bouvier's marriage to John F. Kennedy—and Jackie was a bridesmaid at the Spaulding wedding.

"All the way, Ted!"

Finally, the two Kennedys stepped into the line of march, and the screaming began. "Ohmigawd, it's Ted!" cried a young girl with emerald eyeshadow up to her eyebrows. "All the way, Ted!" a young man called, sloshing beer. "We love you, Ted!" three matrons shrieked in unison.

"It's his wife!" I heard other women exclaim, and "Look at that coat!" and "Isn't she pretty, though!"

Police on horseback rode in front of us; more than once, an aide leaped to save Joan from stepping in fresh droppings as she waved to families leaning from upper apartment windows.

A fireman's band playing the same lively Sousa tune over and over marched directly behind us; if I dawdled, I felt the dig of a steel baton or a tuba in my back. Balloons popped, ice cream cones dripped, children fell down in the crush and lost their shoes, and we were liberally doused with beer and whiskey from paper cups. For about a mile I was joined by a young woman in high heels lugging a baby who must have weighed 30 pounds. "I want to see Teddy," she said. "He's great!" After a while, she handed the baby to a friend on the sidewalk and continued to stalk her hero with a blissful expression.

Joan's stocking sprang a run and Ted's green carnation wilted in the crush of

handshakes, kisses and embraces. He walked stiffly in his back brace but showed no signs of discomfort until a 200-pound female admirer got a hammerhold on his neck and bent him nearly double. Photographers riding in an open truck snapped the picture, and it appeared in many newspapers. It showed Ted wincing, Joan's face sagging with dismay—and my face drawn with fatigue.

Periodically, the parade would grind to a halt. Then Ted and Joan would chat with people on the sidewalk. Several dozen photographers would move in with (continued)



One of the "little old ladies" who uses Silk & Silver®

Fifth in a series: She's Ruth Beals, and she loves a challenge . . . a legal secretary last year . . . now manager of a surf shop at Big Surf. Job includes everything from buying surfboards to sportswear to souvenirs to designing displays. Gray at 18, Ruth now uses Silk & Silver, Clairol's unique color lotion for gray hair . . . in Silvery Extra White® #10. Shampoos-in, evens out various gray tones, colors away yellow. Actually makes gray a color. Lasts about a month . . . even comes with a creme after rinse for shine and body. "My gray hair flatters my complexion . . . I really think it makes me look younger."

Silk & Silver® color lotion for gray hair from Clairol.

from the Senator's Boston headquarters.

"Ted's picking me up at home at 6:15 to go to a closed political meeting," she said. "I'll just have time to tub and change."

When I asked if she spoke up at such meetings, she answered with spirit. "I certainly do. Ted's aides are in the office—I'm out and around. I hear things. It often seems that I'm the one fieldworkers tell what's working or what's going wrong in a particular area." Her words reminded me of something a seasoned reporter had told me about Joan's Indiana campaign tour for Bobby Kennedy: "Joan's

front door of her home in McLean, Va.

An Irish maid led me into a small living room decorated in shades of taffy and bright blue, with fresh spring bouquets and many color photographs of Joan, Ted and their three children.

Joan soon appeared, wearing a borrowed green dress that matched in length her borrowed green coat. "I forgot to bring my snuggies so I've a sweater under my dress," she said, looking relieved at the sight of my neutral beige coat.

Ted came in soon afterward, surrounded by aides. Amid an excited buzz of conversation, we were off in a

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JOAN KENNEDY continued

flashbulbs; the Kennedy aides and security guards would dance about with agonized expressions, moving women away from Ted and amorous young men away from Joan. I found myself uneasily scanning the rooftops and windows full of spectators. The crowd would surge from one side of the street to the other until the two could scarcely disentangle themselves. When the parade moved forward again, I was conscious of feeling a great sense of relief.

For the last seven or eight blocks of the four-and-a-half-mile parade, the spectators left the tavern-lined sidewalks and swarmed into the streets. Now a beefy Kennedy aide had his arm around Joan and was propelling her forward while two other aides deflected the advances of intoxicated young blades. Meanwhile, Joe Gargan had his hands full turning aside the swarms of females wanting to kiss Ted. No one was paying any attention to me; I felt like a tennis ball being bounced from court to court. I was jostled, poked, stepped on and sloshed—but at the same time, I felt a great friendliness and warmth for these people.

Just as I was beginning to wonder if I could press my exhausted body through one more block of solid humanity, Joan and Ted disappeared. One moment I could see Ted's and Joe Gargan's heads above the crowd, and the next moment they were gone. An open convertible piled high with reporters, photographers—and Gargan—sped by me. They smiled and waved. It suddenly occurred to me that I had left my purse and money at Joan's place miles away. I stood there, feeling ridiculous, until I spotted a federal agent I had met at Joan's. I hurried over to his car.

Before I could open the door, however, a Boston policeman grabbed my arm to pull me away. I showed him my green lapel pin, but apparently it only worked in Lawrence. He kept a firm grip on me. "It's all right, officer," the security agent told him.

"She's with us." With a blissful smile I sank into the back seat.

Back at Charles River Square, Senator sat in his shirtsleeves in living room, drinking beer and looking pleased. As he helped me off with coat, he asked me how I liked the ride. The soles of my feet felt though they had been rubbed with sandpaper and my legs felt weak. I said I'd had a wonderful time. To surprise, I meant it.

That night I boarded a Washington plane with Joan and Ted. Joan she had six blisters on her feet, admitted to "a whole gamut of emotions" during the march. "I was about the children getting run over by the police motorcycles." Obviously, is not all she worries about. The Senator drank two Scotches as he tackled the paper work in the briefcase. He follows him daily from Washington wherever he goes. Joan drank coffee and read in a news magazine about a women's liberation demonstration. "I don't get it," she said in bewilderment, referring to "women's lib."

As we left the airport, Joan said: "These St. Patrick's Day parades mean a great deal to Ted. He gets strength from those people. You know that when you're fighting for the Washington."

The next day Joan visited the Child Settlement House in Washington. She wanted to know more about the work done there for ghetto children. Joan sat on the floor of a airy room in the settlement house as dozens of children from the city stroked her clothes, tugged at her long, blonde hair, and kissed her.

"I think this is what it's all about," Joan said as we drove home. The deaths of Jack and Bob have been terribly upsetting for all of us—you know how I worry about safety. But he feels that he can carry on the family traditions. He was one of the first to speak out against the Vietnam war and to speak up for black Americans. The ideals his brothers fought for are the same ones I keep my husband in public service very proud of him."



"Don't rush. If we don't get to the play, we can always see the movie version."

The Creative Woman

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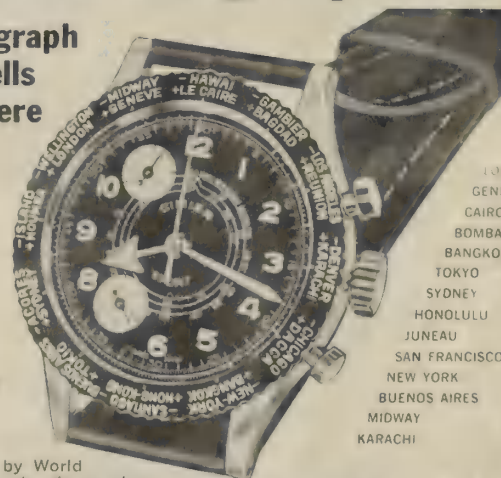
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Since I have worked mostly in Paris since 1966, and so have been removed from the scene the Snowdons inhabit. I decided to investigate the truth of such divergent views by discussing the matter with reliable personalities close to the throne.

An admirable opportunity arose when I was invited for a weekend by a nobleman who is Lord Lieutenant of the county where his stately home is situated. For many centuries his family has enjoyed royal confidence and this man, whom I shall call Lord X, had the Snowdons as guests last year. I mentioned their strange behavior at the Dufferin party to him...

"Downright common"

"Yes, I heard about that!" Lord X said. "Too shaming—what can the Americans have thought! I was invited, but when I heard that Margaret and Tony were going, I refused. My fondness for the royal family is such that I find it painful to watch the way the two behave in public—it's not only undignified but downright common!"

"My own experience when they stayed here was most disagreeable. I went to enormous trouble to produce the kind of thing they like. I invited a collection of the so-called young, with-it people; I bought the newest pop records; I had the big drawing room cleared for dancing. Around midnight the first evening, Tony and I left the others and went to the library—he said he needed my advice on a work problem. But he had hardly broached the matter when Margaret appeared in the doorway, demanding that he return to the party because she wanted to dance. This seemed to me utterly unreasonable—and somewhat rude. I was, after all, their host—and it was possible (since I knew nothing about his work, which is photography) that he thought it simply polite to have a few words alone with me.

"But any sympathy I had for him up to then vanished when he turned and said to Margaret, 'Oh, go away, you bore me!' No man should speak to his wife like that in front of others—whether she is a princess or not. An hour later, weary of the whole business—and regretting that I wasn't entertaining some deserving people instead—I asked Margaret if she would mind if I retired, adding that everyone else could stay up, dance and drink as long as they wished. Unbelievably, her reply, with an arrogant flash of the eyes, was: 'You know you shouldn't—until I do so!' I retired anyway—one can only put up with so much. Frankly, I dread the thought of having both or either of them in my home again!"

All of this is so difficult to reconcile

with the romantic beginning—their courtship in Tony's East End hideout, the glittering wedding, the handsome children that followed. One can even spare a grain of sympathy for Tony's mother, the now so overgracious Lady Rosse (as one wit put it: 'Since her son married Margaret, Anne Rosse has been carrying on as if she'd invented royalty!') Lady Rosse is reported to have recently asked, à la Alexander the Great, "When did it start to go wrong?"

send affair ended is certainly true. A constant companion during those days explained: "Following her decision to break with him, it was as if Margaret was determined to thrust aside her intelligence, which is considerable, and previous longing for knowledge of every kind. A brittleness took over that was far from easy to contend with—and friends gradually dropped out. The company of a determinedly merry princess is not *that* much fun!"

position could account for the terrible disclosure one of London's best hostesses made when she me to a small dinner-dance. After accepted, she said: "I hope you on with the Snowdons, as they vited themselves." Seeing my jaw she added, "Oh, don't look so ished. She does it all the time. I a buzz-buzz, then Maggie's on t saying, 'I hear you're throwing cious party.' Well, what can o

She is our Queen's. It's just that many friends are infuriated attempts to be with second and hoity-toi next—not to mention t barrassment of Tony's ness to her."

I went. And, like th ferin evening, it was s annoying. What I especially distressing the Snowdons' preo tion with people wh malicious stories abou in the public eye. Ma told one guest, a co visitor to their home: your tongue is not onl ed but witty, no one resent what you say them!"

Marital breaku

Could the Snowdon riage ever break up the Queen—if she sa could enable them to And with the monarch tling to survive an ap sees little value in kin queens, it is doubtf Elizabeth would eve her consent. For the has wobbled badly the past 35 years. don't just mean since Simpson and the kin dication. Quite a f Queen Victoria's de ants have shown a tot regard for royal conv

The beautiful Lad Mountbatten—Vict great granddaughte only took a job as a instructor and adv chewing gum, but sh ried three times. An capers paled when he in, the Earl of Har made it public that he ed permission to divo countess because his m was with child! Har got permission—and vorce—and the thron into a series of jouett left it as unsteady as ing ballerina.

The Queen, nobody's fool, know that one more departure form and the ancient chair m, irreparably damaged.

Princess Margaret and Lord don cannot, then, expect much h solving their personal dilemm considering how their life is ea comfort, glitter and gold, there reason why they should. Nor, i is there any reason why they parade their difficulties in public should either disappear alto from public life or, like so many u py couples, find the dignity nee make the best of a bad job.

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My reply to that would be: long before Margaret even set eyes on Armstrong-Jones. In other words, in 1953, when she gave up her first love, Peter Townsend, because she felt she would lose prestige and glamour if she married a commoner. For though such a marriage would admittedly have embarrassed her sister the Queen, whom Margaret loves, there's little doubt that Margaret's own loss—on a royal level—was an equally important factor in her decision to push emotion aside and go on with the dance.

That the Princess' personality changed dramatically when the Town-

Being one of the most envied girls in the world undoubtedly helped the bruised heart; and in those days, Margaret was still, so to speak, the only glamorous pebble on the royal beach. Not any longer. The Duke of Kent's extremely pretty wife, his sister, Princess Alexandra, and Margaret's own niece, Princess Anne, all possess flair and elegance and are enormously popular with the British public.

This should not—and possibly doesn't—perturb Margaret, but when people are emotionally and socially insecure, a loss of power on any level can seem horrendous. At any rate, such a sup-

an unusual grasp of the impor- of small things. She could admire butterfly and yet be shrewd about and state affairs. When the gov- of our state stood in the arch of statehouse and defied federal s to force—at least he claimed it orcing—the entrance of one quiet young man into the state uni- y, Miss Lucia's com- was scathing. "He's e-headed," she told us, ng the newspaper in all this had been re- d. "Oh, I wish I wasn't erlasting fat and lazy. o down there to the ol and tell that cheap- a thing or two."

all these sessions, when Lucia was holding we kids would be gath- around on the lawn, ing her lemonade— who was quite old, fine lemonade, not too and Jeff served it with esy and flourish—and imes listening to her ther times pushing and ng and fooling around eneral. I remember ing when she said that going to see the gov- that it would've been a action—I could see her, mind's eye, standing in his office, raising But I knew she n't, because of her t. It was weight that arried with grace, on small feet, but it limited capacity for getting d. She went to the for instance, once a making a kind of regal ssion out of it: Jeff her in the polished old ion, and she alighted Alice's help on the curb. Daniel Headly, presi- of the bank, was always to swing the front open for her.

ss Lucia didn't keep ing much from us— hough she was so much than we were and have thought there ve been affairs she n't have mentioned. the new highway was sed she was against it the start. It was ed to cut through Mar- ive and go, as she said, ight through my living as if a person had no more right lized existence than a toad-frog." as right. I asked my father about ew highway that night at dinner. owled and said, "I'm afraid Miss s in for trouble unless she does hing at once, Nick. She's going to o fight."

father, a lawyer, knew about

ust is the only month you can ly enjoy sitting in your yard it's too late to plant anything too early for the fall clean-up. —Poor Woman's Almanac

such affairs. I said, "Well, she won't fight. She'll talk about it but that's all she'll do. Why don't you go down and give her some free advice?"

"I'd be happy to, though I don't handle her affairs—they're all tied up in out-of-state banks and trusts and such. But if she'll lend me an ear I'll be happy to give her a little of my thinking on the subject."

So that night, after supper, my father and I swung around on Carna-

look like a fox. He said, "Evening, Mr. Harry, Mr. Nick. She'll be glad to see you," and led us out to a side veranda, where Miss Lucia was sitting in one of those wicker chairs, smoking a Gauloise cigarette and watching the moon come up above the river willows.

We sat down and talked about this, that, and the other before my father got down to the root of the thing. "Lucia," he said, "you need to mar-

here—He wanted my father to make a little money so we could have this home and grounds in the first place. Now, I think it's time for Him to make known His wishes in the case of the highway. You know I'm dead against it. I'm sure He knows it too. At any rate, I've been praying a lot lately, and I feel there's been some communication."

My father watched the wisp of smoke trailing from Miss Lucia's Gauloise, held in those chubby, smooth fingers; he shut his eyes a little and said, "I'm putting all my knowledge, such as it is, at your disposal. I mean we're friends, Lucia, and it won't cost you a copper."

O Harry," Miss Lucia said, laughing. "You do look so solemn, sitting there! No, I'm going to leave it to God. Not because I don't think you'd put up a lovely scrap, but because I've got this feeling—it's not what they usually call faith: it's just a root-feeling. I will say my out-of-town bankers, and dear Mr. Daniel Headly at the bank here, have talked to me much the way you're doing. It's a consolation to have such friends. But the Powers that Be know how I feel, so the rest is up to them. Alice," she called in through the veranda window. "Alice, if you've got some of those weeny little lemon cakes from lunch, and some fresh coffee, I'm sure these gentlemen would be obliged."

Alice brought the cakes and the coffee, and my father didn't bring up the new highway again. He knew it was no use. We talked about a variety of other subjects—voices rising and falling like invisible, easygoing veils in a kind of conversational dance there in the warm darkness—but the highway just wasn't mentioned again. On the way home my father said suddenly—he hadn't talked for a spell—"There ought to be a protective society aimed at helping people like Miss Lucia. They're innocent and warm and grand. But they trust to fate."

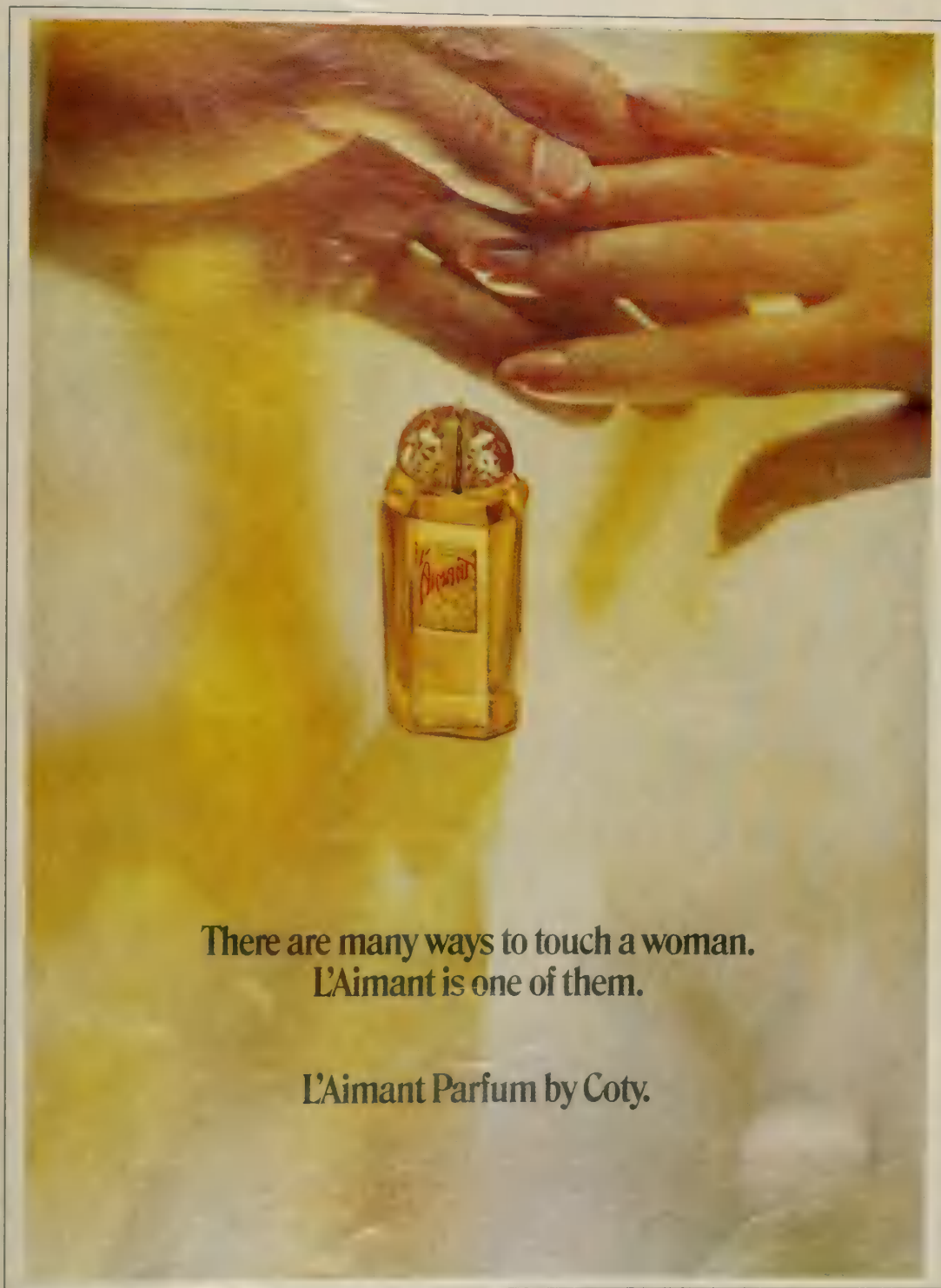
"There're a couple of Confederate generals in Miss Lucia's family, way back," I said. "I've seen their pic- tures, and she's got some letters. They must have been pretty fair fighters."

"Huh," he said. "If they'd been like Miss Lucia—and her brother too. I remember him well—there wouldn't ever have been any War Between the States."

I thought that over. "Well, is that bad?" I asked.

"No, Nick, that's not (continued)

If I cool my list of things-to-do today until tomorrow, a lot of them don't seem very important anymore. —Poor Woman's Almanac



There are many ways to touch a woman.
L'Aimant is one of them.

L'Aimant Parfum by Coty.

van Street and down past the street- lights shining through the live oaks and up Miss Lucia's drive. When we'd mounted the broad steps past the pil- lars—they went up eighty feet behind the portico, and Jeff was always fight- ing wasp nests toward their upper parts with long poles and smoke pots —my father knocked on the big door. Above it, the fanlight let yellow bright- ness slip down so you could see a dim reflection of yourself in the satin-like finish of the door. After a while Jeff answered. He was thin-faced, and he wore small, round, gold-rimmed spec- tacles in dul gold—they always made you

shal your forces. This thing's been voted on and to all intents and pur- poses they're going to buy all this good old property from you whether or not you want to sell it. Now, you can't just let it happen. I'm here to tell you it will happen if you don't react, and react strong, right now."

Miss Lucia's face, round and bland, could just be seen in the wash of light from a side window. She said, "Harry, I do appreciate your coming over here to tell me. But I reckon certain af- fairs are in the hands of God. When I was a child I always had the feeling He wanted Raoul and me to grow up

bad," he said. "But I don't know what to do. My hands are tied. Hell!" He kicked a stone that lay in shadow, and it whipped out into the moonlight. Then he said, "Pardon me, Nick."

"Perfectly all right," I said. "I know how you feel."

I didn't bring up the subject of the new highway when I visited Miss Lucia after that; she mentioned it a couple of times, as some sort of dragon that anybody with any sense would have to slay before too long, but you could tell she wasn't going to do more than talk about it. I was half in love with a girl named Camilla Ainsworth, and with the rest of our gang, we'd organize swimming parties in the river under the path that led up into Miss Lucia's long, wide, tree-dappled backyard, so it was almost inevitable that we'd end up there after these evening splashes. We'd come up the bank—there was a rickety dock down there, where, it was said, launches and even steamboats had sometimes been tied in the old days—feeling thin from the swimming, our voices floating around under the willows like bird voices. Then we'd come into the yard, the huge old house with its lights shining beyond—looking somewhat like the spook of a steamboat itself—and music from Miss Lucia's record player moving into the dark. There would be the party lights, too—the party lights Jeff hung out in the early spring and didn't take down until the first chill winds blew. There were hundreds of them, Japanese lanterns with frail walls, a candle set in each one. They hung from artfully spread clotheslines about two feet above your head, and when there was a breeze from the river they made shadows that danced around the grasses, and made me think of passages in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which Mr. Firley, our English teacher, had somehow brought alive for me.

Miss Lucia would be waiting beside a table that Alice and Jeff had spread with sandwiches, lemonade, cakes, and such, and we'd all sit down and guzzle, while passing around the heavy-handed talk which we thought was smart and sharp. Miss Lucia would listen, head thrown back a little, as if she herself were sixteen or seventeen or eighteen. You could always feel loose and free with her; there wasn't ever any sensation that somebody was listening and taking amused notes. I suppose that was why we listened to her with the same sort of mutual trust—nobody keeping track of anybody else, or making judgments.

I'd watch the firefly-Japanese-lantern lights flickering from Camilla's hair, which was a deep, burnished black, and notice how beautiful she was in her swimsuit, like a young fawn that had just come out of a forest into a glade. And full of choking affection, lemonade, and sandwich bread, I would feel that I didn't want to be anywhere else but exactly where I was—that I'd been born into the right time, at precisely the right minute, and that I was lucky because of it. After a while we'd all dance a little to the music—Miss Lucia kept up with our tastes in records—while the candles in the lanterns danced above us, and the laughter went on and on,

so you'd think it would last forever.

Sam D'Archangel and I fooled around with guitars a lot; we knew the lyrics to a dozen folk and pop songs, and sometimes, just before we knew we'd all have to go home, we'd sing. There was one song Miss Lucia liked more than the others. It was "I'll Never Go There Any More"—a good song, reaching back, thinking of all the tiny happenings in life that underline the seemingly great things. If we'd brought our guitars along, we'd sing this for Miss Lucia. There's a line in it about a friend the singers knew, "killed in a silly old war . . ." We'd finish, then there'd be a little silence, then somebody would say, "Good night now," and we'd all break up—taking our ways out of that gracious yard, often carrying our shoes so we could have the pleasure of feeling the grass soft and full under our feet.

School had already started, and it was one of the last nights before real winter would come—not Indian Summer, but even beyond that, with the days holding warm and the nights still so good you didn't even want to breathe hard for fear the spell would break—when we had our last swimming party at Miss Lucia's.

We stayed in the water longer than usual and dragged up the bank, horsing around. I kissed Camilla in the shadow of a willow tree; then we held hands and raced up the bank path. When we got to Miss Lucia's lawn, and everybody came streaming after us, there was Miss Lucia, wearing one of her best green dresses—a silk dress that I suppose would have been right for a ball; it caught the light from the lanterns and shimmered all around her, watery and quick. In her fan-backed wicker chair she made me think of a queen, someone who'd ruled in ancient England, even before the first Elizabeth, with a springtime-summertime-joyous feeling around her as strong as moonlight. We fell on the food like a hungry army, and there was a feeling all through the air that we'd make this one of our best nights—one we'd remember a long, long time. Nobody said this; but the idea was all through us like blood in our veins.

Even the usual crazy and sloppy talk sounded sharper, brighter than usual. Miss Lucia talked more than

I'd ever remembered her doing, too—about the past, yes, but also about the right-now, mixing one with the other so that she might have been talking about all time itself. It was one of those nights when everything falls into place. You laughed at what you wouldn't have laughed at any other time, because it had an extra meaning, a bigger dimension. Sam and I were holding our guitars, tuning up by ear and hoping we were doing it all right, when Jeff suddenly was there beside us. In a low, pleasant voice he said, "See you a minute, Mr. Nick?"

"Sure," I said, and stepped a little aside with him.

In his white jacket he looked tentative and a little sorrowful, even though he was smiling. He cocked his head toward me, the light glinting from his gold-rimmed glasses, and said, "The men are going to come here tonight."

"What men, Jeff?"

"They came this afternoon. To deliver the paper. The declaration. The paper that says we have to move out of this house and off this place."

I still couldn't get it.

"Wait a minute, Jeff—you mean it's kind of a legal paper? Serving notice Miss Lucia's got to leave here?"

"Yes, that's it." He was explaining it carefully. "They came here this afternoon, when she was having her nap. I wouldn't wake her. They said they'd come again tonight. I wouldn't tell her they were coming. I wouldn't want to do that."

"No, I can see you wouldn't." I wouldn't have wanted to either. "What can we do?" I asked.

"I dunno, Mr. Nick. I got the old ball-pistol out but it's only for show." He slid the butt of a dueling pistol out from under his jacket. I couldn't believe it was there. "Wouldn't stop a rabbit even if I had the ammunition," Jeff said. "I might could persuade them to go back and come another time, though. You see, she's not well. Doctor Amberson said she got a very bad heart."

"Forget the pistol," I said, at the same time thinking: *It can't be tonight. Somehow, tonight's got to be perfect for her all the way. Just as perfect as it's been so far.*

"Forget it, it'd be bad medicine," I said. "I'll think of something . . ."

I walked back to Sam D'Archangel and I was just about to tell him what Jeff had told me, and ask his advice when somebody said, "Hey, what's that?" and everybody looked around and there, stepping out around a clump of tall azaleas, were a couple of quiet-looking men. Quiet but determined. Now I don't mean they were villains; I mean they were men doing their job. One of them spoke soft to the other, then they were both moving across the lawn toward Miss Lucia in the fan-shaped chair, and one of them handed her an envelope, quite courteously, and said a few words about being sorry, that they were both leaving again, going around the side of the house back into the shadows. It was that quick, that wasn't anything you could have dreamed about it.

I started for Miss Lucia. I didn't know what I was going to say. Sam and Alice were watching Miss Lucia with their faces alert and grave, their parents seeing a child get hurt.

Miss Lucia opened the envelope quickly and looked at the legal document inside. "It's nothing," she said clearly. "God decided one way, and I had hoped another." Her voice was level and easygoing; it sounded like a young girl's. It sounded like Camilla's. It had that same tone, that freshness, that curiosity and humor quite as light, quick as love. "Nick, Sam," she went on, "aren't you going to play and sing? Do all your numbers, if you please—and do 'I'll Never Go There Any More.'"

We played and sang. We sounded better than I think we have any time since. It was like a salute to the night, to the years past. But more of all as far as I was concerned a salute to Miss Lucia. "I'll Never Go There Any More" came out right then and when we'd finished I shut my eyes because I didn't want to see Miss Lucia's face right then, but when I opened them again I saw I'd not needed to do that. She was smiling, looking all around the yard, sitting upright and royal, drawing in a deep breath of that wonderful river air. Unless you'd have been Jeff or Alice or me, you might not have heard what she said then.

"Jeff, would you please take down the lanterns tonight? Snuff out the summer candles, and put the lanterns away."

I thought of gamblers I'd heard in romantic stories, who lost everything on one toss, and who smiled and seemed richly happy for what they'd had. It was like that.

Jeff nodded. He couldn't look her straight on, but he nodded. When we left I went over and kissed Miss Lucia. The last thing I saw when I looked back was Jeff, on a short ladder, pinching out the candles in the airy little lanterns. And Miss Lucia sitting with her hands folded as the tapers went out, leaving shadows the cooling, sweet-smelling grass.

The highway is going to be a big one. Useful, I suppose. She's living out of town now, in some sort of rest home. But I don't think of that; I think of what I can never thank her for, the place to go, the place to be yours, the lanterns like butterflies, the beautiful old house waiting—the time I knew until last year.



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STORE COUPON

YOU AND YOUR SLEEP

By Bob Gaines

Platypus: Where did sleep start? When did dreaming begin? Truett Allison and Henry Van Twyver, two investigators from the Veterans Administration Hospital, West Haven, Connecticut, speculated on the problem in a recent issue of *Natural His-*

tory. The key to their question lay in the sleep patterns of the platypus and the echidna, those two ancient mammals who still resemble their reptilian ancestors in that the young are hatched from eggs. They found that when tired these animals drop off into

a deep sleep, but they never dream. (Reptiles neither dream nor sleep but alternate between periods of quiet and active wakefulness.)

Allison and Twyver deduced from this that sleep probably began with little animals like the platypus some 180 million years ago. Dreaming started up about 130 million years ago with the appearance of a more sophisticated mammal—possibly an opossum. Why did he dream? The researchers

suggest that for this animal dream might have been a "sentinel" mechanism to alert him against predators.

Circumcision: Sleep scientists at the University of Colorado Medical Center, Denver, recently noticed that newborn babies seem to sleep more deeply after experiencing routine hospital heel pricks. Curious about how stress affects the newborn infant, they ran a study on the sleep of male babies after circumcision. During the hours following the operation, nearly all the infants showed a major increase in deep, heavy sleep. The researchers felt the babies dealt with the pain through an "adaptive mechanism" that allowed them to drop into a deep "quiescent state."

Security Blanket: Five-year-old Karen's security blanket looks like a dead gopher. Once fluffy and brightly colored, it has been laundered a dozen times, gray by mother and denuded of fur by Karen, who likes to pick off the fluff in bed at night.

"How can I get rid of the thing?" Karen's mother wonders. Child psychologists have come up with a variety of answers. Cut little bits of it off every day. In a short time, it can be reduced to a small size and thus made something less of an eyesore. Some mothers announce that they are going to wash the blanket and dry it. (The drying period can take days—and, well, luck, forever.)

If the child still needs the blanket and demands its return, give it back. It probably helps him emotionally.

Emphysema: He wakes at midnight gasping for breath, choking on mucus and old, stale air in his lungs. He suffers from emphysema, a pulmonary disorder afflicting some 10 million Americans. For many, bedtime is the worst part of the day. According to Dr. Fred Obley in *Emphysema* (Beacon), "night air is colder, damper, and has a higher percentage of pollutants than daytime air. The old wives' tale about its being more healthful to sleep with your windows open at night is false. It is more healthful to sleep with your windows closed."

Dr. Obley recommends certain bedroom precautions. Keep your window closed. Try using two or three pillows beneath the head and shoulders; they may help you breathe more easily. But use foam rubber, not feather pillows. The feathers may produce an allergic reaction.

Protein: Dreaming may be the body's mechanism for healing the troubled mind, reports Dr. Ian Oswald of the Royal Edinburgh Hospital, Scotland. But it's a slow cure because it involves the rebuilding of protein cells within the brain.

Dr. Oswald came to this conclusion after studying the effects on brain tissue of addiction to amphetamines and other drugs. As soon as the drugs are eliminated from the body, the brain goes into a period of intense dreaming that may last as long as two months.

This period of repair is a time of protein synthesis within the brain cells. A somewhat similar kind of protein synthesis takes place in human babies just after birth; it may, in fact, explain the high level of dreaming among newborn babies.

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Beauty and the Beast of Video-land

BY CATHERINE LANHAM MILLER

Woman (beseechingly):

"TV screen, there by the wall . . .

Who's the fairest of them all?"

TV Set (menacingly):

"Not you, baby . . . heh, heh, heh . . ."

(Mocking laughter, fading . . .)

Recently I read a newspaper column by a well-known lady writer. She had appeared on a network TV talk show and was singing the praises of the "miracle worker" makeup man who removed her circles, her chins and made her so gorgeous she just couldn't bear to wash her face when it was all over.

Lest the very idea of appearing on TV sounds like a fast trip to never-never-land, let me say something right now. *It could happen to you.*

Yes, it could. And you don't have to be a world-famous personage either. In these days of UHF channels popping up all over the dial, of new educational television stations, there's a vast amount of airtime to be filled. And what do you think is the biggest boost to daytime programming? *The interview show.* Chats with the president of the local garden club. The gal who's heading up the community drive for the art museum. The housewife who's sculpting, or flamenco dancing, or forming a "ski-after-forty" club. Local TV stations are looking for any woman who's doing anything interesting . . . and you could be next.

I know, because it happened to me.

Recently, I was asked to appear on a UHF station, to be interviewed for a half hour about my recent modest success as a free-lance writer. It created quite a stir in my household—and throughout my whole circle of friends.

Nobody seemed to care what I was going to say. The big item, apparently, was: *What's she going to look like?*

Before I even said "yes" to the station, I checked the date with my hairdresser. Not that my coiffure is so elaborate. But, as my hairdresser tactfully puts it, "When a woman gets to a certain age, she needs all the help she can get." He volunteered to stand ready for the all-out effort of putting my hair on TV. Then I called back and accepted.

The next person to hear the big news was my 13-year-old daughter. There was a long silence; her eyes widened.

"Mother," she finally announced dramatically, "don't worry. I will help you. Let me make you up, and promise to wear what I tell you. Honest, I won't let you look like a . . . I mean, I'll help you."

We pursued the matter of what I should wear. "Your jumper. It's young-looking, and the shortest skirt you have. And wear a white blouse instead of the black turtle-neck." (When I turned on the show to see what actually happens, I discovered it wouldn't matter if you wore dungarees, you just sit there and appear from the waist up.) "And your black chunky pumps with the bows. They're groovy."

When she discovered my show was on a school day and she couldn't be with me to take care of things, she sort of went limp. But I still received admonitions about how to apply eyeshadow and daily lectures about the evils of too-dark lipstick.

My own thoughts were now running madly in circles around this what-to-wear problem. I had heard that white was not good on TV. Didn't they always ask the men to wear blue shirts? Oh well, that was long ago. Surely modern science has now remedied this situation. The girl who called me said nothing about what to wear. The white blouse has a becoming neckline.

Jewelry? Dilemma. I finally decided on no jewelry. After all, I want my audience to concentrate on the interesting bone structure of my face, rather than on my collection of chain necklaces or my gold medallion. No earrings. Just nice, shiny hair . . . let the hairdresser have his triumph.

And finally, the last terrible thought, *what if I have to read something on the air?* Those awful glasses. Oh well, all authors wear glasses . . . but I did try on all three pairs, trying to decide which ones do something for me. (Decision: none.) I hurriedly memorized a few passages from something I'd written. If she asks me, I'll just look dreamily at the camera and *recite it.*

I will draw a curtain over my truly monumental case of pre-telecast butterflies. It probably was all for the best, because it cut my appetite to shreds and I lost a few pounds. I took tranquilizers every four hours for three days prior to the day.

I didn't trust my nerves to turnpike-driving and map-following, so my 17-year-old son got excused from school and took over the piloting, plus care and feeding, of the star. My daughter had bought her way out of French class by doing 15 exercises ahead, and was to be allowed to turn on a TV set in the school library.

We arrived on the dot of 11 for my 11:30 appearance. I had debated whether to go with no makeup at all . . . after all, that's the way the movie stars do it each morning, surrendering themselves to a makeup man when they arrive on the set. But then I decided there was my son to consider, and those men in the tollbooths. So I put on my go-out-to-lunch makeup: modest eyeshadow and mascara, modest foundation, modest lipstick with just a bit of that lip gloss.

Thank the Lord I did. Makeup man? There wasn't even a ladies' room as far as I could tell, much less a mirror in the reception room, much less anybody who looked at me with an eye to improving things. Everyone said hello and went right ahead rushing around. I did notice that the studio regulars were wearing deep-suntan makeup. At 11:29, the lady interviewer dashed in, said, "Hi," and "Oh, you're wearing white, somebody should have told you not to, *come-on-let's-go.*"

When the show was over, I couldn't wait to get the reaction of my son who, like a real pro, had watched the whole thing from behind the glass panel. "You smiled a lot, and talked sort of funny," he said, "but you were great. Mom, honest . . ." (Talked sort of funny? My best drama-school diction sounded *funny?*)

By late afternoon, the junior high contingent arrived home. "Why couldn't you have been on after school, Mom? None of the girls believed me

. . . what are we having for dinner? (How-did-I-look-how-did-I-look . . . won't ask you, but I will you to me . . .)

Finally my husband came home. After looking at the mail, greeting child ceremoniously, checking the mostat, changing his clothes, and ing a drink, he said heartily, "O the way, you were *fine* today. camera added about twenty pounds you looked fine . . ." and then he scribed how he watched the seated at the bar in his friendly neighborhood bistro, with out-of-work drivers and other flotsam and jets lined up on either side of him, reing this program rather quizzically in utter silence. My husband steady, paying lunch customer. of them are steady free-loaders. owner-bartender had been cont ahead of time to reserve this time channel for his good customer. viously there had been hanky-panky the drinks on the house would be off if anyone complained.

Psychologically, I found this interesting but irrelevant.

"All right, all right. Except for twenty pounds, how did I *look?*"

"Why, just like you always course . . . where's the evening paper?"

I thought perhaps the phone was ringing a few times. My friends called their congratulations. It didn't and it didn't ring. Oh, well, they ably think I'm out celebrating my ccess, drinking champagne with the rector and producer . . .

In the next few days, a few dribbled in . . . "You sounded intelligent . . . what did they do makeup?" "You looked very well I was glad to realize you are my friend . . . was there a makeup man?" "voice was great . . . your hair looked very natural, just like you always it . . ." "You sounded just like self . . . DID THEY MAKE YOU

Now I'm not very bright about eras . . . I can't even put the film Kodak. Nor am I skilled in the camouflage. *What I am*, among things, is a message-taker. And received the message loud and clear on my maiden TV appearance I have used some makeup help. there must be skilled people somewhere who could give first a lost soul who wanders all alone first time into video-land.

So I'm publicly stamping my and calling for action, not just for but for those who will come after.

Gentlemen: We interviewees you fill your airtime. You don't pay a cent, not even mileage or taxi. We get all our friends and relatives watch your show, which must do thing to beef up your ratings. So too much to ask that those of us amateur status get a bit of advice what to wear and an expert TV up job before we face that wide candid camera? We're nervous and it would help to know we're going to come on looking human.

Come on, girls, *crusade*. Next time may be you.



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Women call it the Cup because that's just what it is. A soft, pliable, *flushable* little plastic cup that fits inside your body to collect menstrual flow (rather than absorbing it the way everything else has tried to do before).

When we tested the Cup, girls flipped over it. These are just a few of their comments:

"I no longer look forward to that time of month as a problem to be suffered through. Now I have the comfort, protection and security I needed and didn't think possible."

"One Tassaway lasts so much longer than the others."

"Once you get the 'feel' of it you can't go wrong."

"How wonderful to have something that doesn't smell, leak, bulge, chafe, or slip out."

"I have wondered for a long time why a product like Tassaway wasn't invented."

"I was so impressed by your product that I have recommended it to several of my friends."

"It's wonderful for water skiing and swimming even if you've never been able to wear a tampon."

What has the Cup got, to get that kind of reaction? Let's start with security. Once the Cup is inside your body, body warmth causes it to conform completely to the contour of your vaginal wall. So it can't slip. And won't seep.

More security: you don't have to change as often as you would a napkin or tampon. For most girls, one Tassaway® equals three or four tampons. Even on heaviest days.

How come there's no odor? Very simple. Odor is caused by oxidation. The Cup keeps air out, so there's no oxidation. No problem.

How do I know when it's time for a change, and what do I do about it?

At first, you'll probably be changing more often than you have to. (Force of old habits, left over from napkin and tampon days.) But, by your second and third period with the Cup, you'll probably be changing Cups only once or twice a day. And it's so easy. You simply pull the little plastic tab and flush it. Then insert another Cup. There's no string to collect germs, so you don't have to change every time you go to the ladies' room. Or bathe. Or swim.

Still not quite sure you're ready for this? Come on now. You must be at least a little bit curious about the first new solution to the old monthly problem since the invention of the tampon. If you're modern in your thinking, you'll at least want to give the new way —

Tassaway® — a try. You'll find it at supermarkets, drug and discount stores in your town.



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WINE, WOMEN AND SO ON

Wine News from California

Some of the greatest strides in all of wine history are being made right now in the California vineyards. Most significant is the news about dessert wines.

Once upon a time, when practically everything, people included, was over-

stuffed, the headier, more alcoholic wines such as sherry and port were referred to as "fortified." Now the vintners dislike the adjective, so we just call them *swinging*. These wines range from pale to dry, drier and drier to sweet, rich, ruby or tawny.

The savvy wine connoisseur André Simon once remarked that "Most people really like a sweet wine but very few care to say so." Still true.

Most of our swinging California wines are finales to our new simple menus. A few years ago mellow ports and cream sherries were relegated to the drowsy close of a long, formal dinner. Those dear old, paunchy days are gone forever. Today's whirling, working wife is more than likely, on a

gentle summer evening, to pour little liquid gold, well-chilled, with without rocks, pass a bowl of nuts or leaf-lined basket of fruits and many some cheeses, and call it all dessert.

Comparisons are infuriating to vintners of all countries. Still it must be admitted that the sherries and ports California do have a look, taste and perfume somewhat similar to (yet gagingly different from) those of France. Moreover, new laws permitting the use of two or three degrees less alcohol in sherries will, according to wine experts, remove our slightly "hot" flavor.

After a recent visit to the California wine country, we poured some Gallo's almost water-white dry cock sherry out of its original jug into a canter and chilled it in the refrigerator. Then we had the audacity to serve to one of the most famous restaurateurs of Paris, who happened to be in town.

"Where did you get this?" he claimed. "I didn't know that these Palmas (a rare Spanish sherry) could travel to this country!" With the lowering of the alcoholic content, it will even be easier for a wicked woman-me—to perpetrate such shenanigans.

As in Spain, California sherries divided into two classes with various gradations—pale and dry, and sweet and fragrant. The grapes for the latter part are descendants of European strains. But with the help of the diversity of California Viticultural College, new methods of growing, aging and blending have been devised.

Good buys abound at many price levels; many jug wines, including Italian Swiss, Roma, and Gallo, offer terrific bargains. Almaden has a beautiful range of sherries. Masson, in addition to its regular line, proffers a collection of rarities such as: Souzao Port, Real Cream Sherry and Tawny Port heart-shaped bottles. Beaulieu, Bu Vista and Louis Martini are not to be outdone in the sherry department.

Christian Brothers' Tinta Cream Port is exceptional. Made of the Tinta Madeira grapes of Portugal, then aged in small oak casks, each individually numbered, this wine mellows to sheer ecstasy. A worthy companion is Christian Brothers' Cream Sherry, which the head vintner, Brother Timothy, named Meloso, meaning honey-like. He must have been thinking of honey with great tang. This wine is a special delight with the mild Camembert and Brie-type cheeses.

At least one vineyard, Paul Masson, is producing an American Made Madeira available nationally. Many chefs prefer Madeira even more than sherry for cooking. In some instances, certain sherries may develop a note of bitterness, yet this is still less true of American than Spanish sherries.

Old wines are taking on new names as well as new personalities. Instead of Muscatel, Beaulieu markets its tawny glory under the name of Muscat de Frontignan, as the grape was called in France. (A marvel with sliced fruit peaches!)

The wildest news, we must admit, are the Cold Ducks, a combination of pink burgundy and champagne, usually served at the end of a meal. Very Cold Duck by Le Domaine, a subsidiary of Almaden, is now available but plans are afoot for many California wineries to join in the hunt.

—POPPY CAN

Best Foods helps you let your guests vote for the topping of their choice

SPANGLED BURGERS

ONION 'N' PICKLE TOPPING

Blend:
1/4 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup finely chopped onion
1/4 cup chopped pickle
Dash Tabasco

All recipes top 3 large or 4 smaller burgers

CHILI CON QUESO TOPPING

Blend:
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
3/4 cup shredded pasteurized process cheese
1 tablespoon finely chopped chili pepper
1 tablespoon chili sauce
Spoon onto burgers last 2 minutes of broiling.

MUSTARD TOPPING

Blend:
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1 teaspoon prepared mustard

MUSHROOM TOPPING

Blend:
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup sliced mushrooms
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup soy sauce

PLAIN JANE

Top broiled hamburgers with tomato slices.
Top with BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise.

COLE SLAW TOPPING

Lightly toss:
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
2 cups shredded green or red cabbage
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
1/4 teaspoon celery seed
Dash salt

SWEET 'N' SOUR TOPPING

Blend:
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup well drained crushed pineapple
1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
2 teaspoons soy sauce



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DR. HAMMOND'S NERVE AND BRAIN PILLS
FOR THE CURE OF

SIX BOXES POSITIVELY GUARANTEED TO CURE ANY DISEASE for which they are intended. This will cure you if you feel generally miserable or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feel-

Electric Ring for Rheumatism.

These are the first rings introduced into the United States, all others being imitations. Their popularity has to be placed on sale that are without any curative properties. No. 8R1585 Gray metal, polished. Price, each 50c

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For keeping the hair nicely combed. A few drops of Hair Slik will keep the most unruly hair combed and neat. Excellent for that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance that is sought by men and boys who take pride in their personal appearance; also popular with girls for use on bobbed hair. Easy to apply. Greaseless.

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Per pair Every closed car owner should enjoy the distinction and comfort these attractive and useful thetproof awnings give, and at a very low cost it and friends ride in cool comfort and keep out the sun but aid in the breeze. Do not interfere with view from the dangerous glare.

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The great 1902 catalog IS America at the turn of the century, when knick-knacks were a boy's best friend. All the nostalgia of a young, still largely rural America. A remarkable, and amusing book published in 1902, it mirrors the dreams and needs of Americans at a time when life was far less complex . . . much more fun, and cost far less!

Buggies were the rage. The 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act was four years away and you could still get a Sure Cure for Tobacco Habit . . . Dr. Rose's Arsenic Complexion Wafers and a white Ribbon Secret Liquor Cure. And prices—Toothbrushes 3¢ . . . a drophead sewing machine guaranteed for 20 years at only \$10.45 and a solid oak home organ for only \$22!

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These books make wonderful gifts at \$3.98 each, a lot more for the money than you can find today—only 1 print run the supply is limited. Order today.

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☐ SAVE \$1. Enclose \$7.96 for 2 catalogs. The same, or 1 of each. We pay the postage. Specify choice: _____ 1902 Catalog _____ 1927 Catalog or _____ 1922 Montgomery Ward Catalog

ALSO AVAILABLE
1922 Montgomery Ward Catalog
SEE COUPON FOR DETAILS

cleaners will store them, then send to the new location when

One Week Before M-Day

ange to have disconnected any appliances you plan to take with you. Movers are not permitted to make electrical or plumbing disconnections. If necessary, have refrigerator, air conditioners, television sets etc. disconnected. In most cases, service people will pack or prepare for moving. Get a floor plan of your new home (or sketch your own), labeling and indicating where furnishings will be placed. Make corresponding labels for furniture. Have an extra copy for moving men.

el anything you do not wish to be moved.

your share of the packing. Put together a "first-day" kit to tide you over in the new house. Include towels, light bulbs, paper plates, cups, toilet tissue, coffee and coffee pot, flashlight and simple tool kit, any first aid supplies. If you are going to go with the mover, ask that the kit be loaded last and unloaded first.

the moving-day plans for children. Young ones might be upset by the house being dismantled and might be happier with relatives—even until you've arranged a room for them in the new home. Older children, though, may enjoy the excitement of moving and may want a real help, especially if given tasks.

phone is to be disconnected on moving day, arrange some means of communication. A neighbor, usually willing to keep in touch and receive messages for you.

ange for your own transportation, tickets, and cash for the trip and for movers (ask about the local custom on tipping).

Moving Day

prepared for delays. Movers and packers (if you're using this service) will arrive first (actually often so before moving). Go through the house with them, pointing out what needs special handling.

to stay until the van is loaded. Ask a neighbor to make sure the movers haven't left anything behind. Give house keys with an authorized person.

At The New House

as you've arranged for credit, get on hand to pay the movers. Check condition of belongings as you get off the van and indicate any damage.

to the attention of the mover if anything seems to have been damaged or left behind.

POINTERS FOR PACKERS

Containers

Sturdy cartons and wardrobes are available from moving companies and rental dealers. Choose additional boxes from markets that are extra strength and add strapping tape.

Dishes

Wrap breakables separately; nest cups and bowls, stand plates and platters on end, glassware on rims. Pack heaviest items and plates at bottom and fit other items in snugly so there's no chance of movement.

Appliances and TV Sets

Call for professional service to disconnect and prepare mechanical devices for travel. Be sure to consult the service guide for appliances you prepare for travel at home. In general, wedge spring-mounted motors, washer tubs and pick-up arms of record players. Remove and pack separately loose racks and accessories. (Oven and refrigerator interiors can be used for soft goods.) Empty tanks of mowers and steam irons; defrost refrigerators (if trip is lengthy, block door ajar, else interior will acquire musty odor).

Books, Records

Alternate bindings, and stack evenly in lined cartons. Wrap each expensive book separately.

Silver

Pack in soft tissue or film (use tarnish resisting wraps for long moves). Stuff hollow ware to prevent denting, wrap tableware separately to avoid scratching.

Garments

Clothes travel best on hangers in wardrobe trunks and special "moving" wardrobes—fasten buttons, close zippers or clip in place.

Furniture

Disassemble furniture where possible; remove table legs, dresser mirrors, etc. and wrap separately. Fill drawers with lingerie, folded clothes and small breakables (thoroughly wrapped). Keep load light to eliminate excessive strain—a full load of heavy damask linen for instance may be too much for a single drawer.

Do

- Mark "Fragile" all boxes containing breakables.
- Label cartons with contents to help organize in new home.
- Call for professionals for important and expensive possessions.
- Make total inventory for use as check-off on arrival.

Don't

- Pack flammables of any kind—paint, oil dusters, aerosol cans, etc.
- Pack cartons with more than 40 pounds of goods.
- Use newspapers where print might rub off and stain—on dishes, fabric or important papers.

There's no such thing as a good old toothbrush.

Every toothbrush made loses its effectiveness after three months of daily brushing.

Which includes ours, the Pro Double Duty.

For three months, the Double Duty is one of the best dental hygiene devices you can use.

It's the only one with two kinds of bristles. Firm to scrub teeth clean. And soft to gently exercise gums (which is just as important).

Take a look at your toothbrush. If it's old, worn-out, get a Pro Double Duty today.

It's better than any old toothbrush.

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WHY SPEND A LOT FOR AN EXTRA PHONE? Standard Dial Phones-only \$9⁹⁵

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READY TO
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SAVES EXTRA STEPS AND COSTLY RENTAL CHARGES

These reliable phones are hard to beat—sturdy reconditioned Western Electric and Stromberg-Carlson dial phones at about one quarter normal retail cost. Rewired, refinished and equipped with standard 4-prong plug ready to use in home or office, they are a solid value, make it possible to have a phone in every room (cost less to own than to rent for 3 months). Two make a fine intercom. A buy!

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— 4611 Standard Dial Phones @ \$9.95

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Journal Shopping Center

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6: KASPER FOR JOAN LESLIE poncho
Miss Bergdorf at Bergdorf Goodman,
New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia;
s, Minneapolis; Battlestein's, Houston;
Magnin, California and Nevada. CHEST-
W brown knit dress at Lord & Taylor,
New York; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Neustet-
Denver. BOUTIQUE DONALD BROOKS
knocked dress at Lord & Taylor, New York;
ayer, New Orleans; Swanson's on the
Kahane, City; Burdine's, Miami; Joseph
California and Nevada.
7: LUBA FOR ELITE jumper and blouse
Teller, all stores; Dayton's, Minne-
The Shop for Pappagallo, Beverly Hills
Sadena. BEENE BAZAAR jumper and

shirt, gray and coral, size at Saks, all stores.
PAGE 78: VICTOR COME FOR CLOUTIER BOAT
forest green, suit at Macy's, New York; Saks,
Furs & Fashion, Pittsburgh; Saks, New York;
Cleveland; Country Club Fashion, New York;
Joseph Magnin, California and Nevada; Saks,
KLEIN, New York; Saks, New York; Saks,
YORK; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Saks,
Dayton; Saks, New York; Saks, New York;
PAGE 79: CHESTER FOR NEW YORK, New York;
& Taylor, New York; Saks, New York; Saks,
Neustet's, Denver; Saks, New York; Saks,
DLECOAT, New York; Saks, New York; Saks,
lor, New York; Saks, New York; Saks,
Gallery Shop, New York; Saks, New York;
Lattimore, Dallas; Saks, New York; Saks,
Los Angeles; LUBA FOR ELITE jumper and blouse
Teller, New York; Saks, New York; Saks,
Shop for Pappagallo, Beverly Hills; Saks,
Sadena.

An Amazing Value for only \$2⁹⁸ Lighted Pineapple Centerpiece



With many luscious fruits around its base gives delightful "dining in the tropics" atmosphere! Light shines through the translucent true-to-life color of the pineapple, making a unique centerpiece sure to be admired by guests! Uses 2 "C" batteries, not incl. A great buy for only \$2.98.

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*Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, helps make hands look white and young again. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin—not on it. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it clears up those blemishes. Distributed by the trustworthy 56-year-old Mitchum laboratory. ESOTERICA—at leading toiletry and drug counters. \$2.

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WEST CALDWELL, N. J.

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WITH HAIRPINS SWABS PAPER CLIPS.

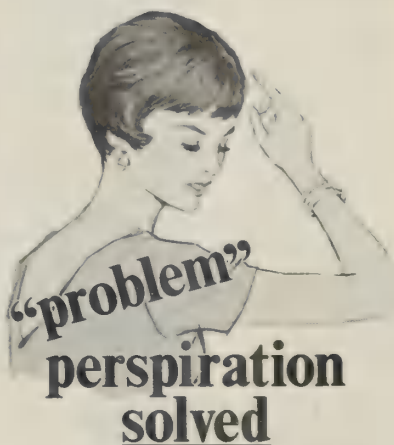
Wax that hardens in your ear can cause pressure pain and maddening itch—can even affect hearing. Don't risk damage to ear drum. AURO quickly dissolves excess ear wax so it can be washed away. Millions of drops used with safe, effective results. Remember—for ear pain, see doctor; for clogged wax, ask druggist for AURO EAR DROPS.

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME

DOG GROOMING

Mrs. Richard Hardy is the only dog groomer in Paris, Ill., and there are enough shaggy dogs in town to make her business full time if she wanted it that way.

Rosemary Hardy was just a housewife with five children and two adopted stray dogs when the local veterinarian told her about the demand for a poodle groomer in town. She says, "I've always liked dogs, and with my large family, the extra money sounded appealing, so I decided a groomer was just what both the poodle owners of Paris and I needed."

To learn the grooming trade, Rosemary traveled to nearby Rockville, Ind., once or twice a week for four months for lessons. She learned every-



thing from bathing and cream rinsing dogs to cleaning ears, polishing nails and giving all the popular clips. When Rosemary was ready to go to work in the clinic of her veterinarian, she advertised in the local paper. "It was December," she recalls, "a bad time of year to start a grooming business because a lot of people just don't have their dogs clipped during cold weather. But by spring, I had all the clients I could handle."

After the Hardy's sixth child was born in July 1968, Rosemary decided she could no longer leave home to work. She spent about \$200 to buy the basic equipment needed and told all her clients she was going to start working from home.

"I groom from eight to twelve dogs a week," Rosemary says. "I have about sixty regular customers who keep

standing appointments every eight weeks. A lot of people just for appointments when they stand the look or the smell of pooches any longer." It takes from one and a half to two hours to groom a poodle and a little less to groom a terrier or cocker spaniel. It takes her even less time to groom her children.

Rosemary says all her children (now has seven) love dogs, but her husband, Richard, an audiologist, tolerates them. "Sometimes it's a little hectic around here," Rosemary admits, "but we always seem to get along without too much trouble. Occasionally we have a crisis. Just the other day I finished a dog and he was on the back porch. When I came in a few hours later, the dog was surrounded up all my children and children in the neighborhood had formed a posse to look for the dog. I was so upset, and finally I decided just had to call the dog's owner to tell her the terrible news. She said, 'Oh Rosemary, I forgot to call and come by early and picked up the dog while you were out.'"

In 1969, Rosemary grossed \$3,000 from her grooming business. Expenses—shampoo, extra blades, other supplies—are light. Rosemary explains her fees this way: "I charge \$6.50 for terriers because they are short-haired and their clip is easy to do. I charge \$7 to \$8 for a poodle regardless of size. The price varies according to the dog's disposition. If he cooperates, it's \$7; if he squirms, it's \$7.50; if he bites me, it's \$8. I really don't get bitten very often."

—JOYCE

Are you a housewife who started a profitable business in your spare time? If you are, or know a woman who has, we would like to know about it. Write to: Spare-Time Money-makers, Ladies Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10022.



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*Work this
Contest
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Prizes!!!*



2 1ST PRIZES

Brand New \$229.95 VALUE
DRESSMAKER ZIG-ZAG
24 CAM Sewing Machines

3RD PRIZES

(5)—Transistor Radios

2ND PRIZES

(2)—Adjustable Dress Forms

4TH PRIZES

(5)—Pairs Electric Scissors

Simply Unscramble The Words And Mail Today!

IT'S EASY—IT'S FUN!

**NO PURCHASE
REQUIRED!**

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1. Any resident of the United States may enter except employees and suppliers of CITY SEWING MACHINE CO., Marysville, Ks., and their immediate families. Void where prohibited or restricted by Federal, state or local laws.
2. All entries become the property of CITY SEWING MACHINE CO., Marysville, Kansas.
3. Hurry, mail the entry form or a reasonable facsimile today! Winners of the Sewing Machines, Adjustable Dress Forms, Transistor

Radios and Electric Scissors will be selected by drawing from among all correct entries. All prize winners will be notified by mail. All other persons entering this contest will receive a coupon offer on a sewing machine.

4. Only one entry permitted from each contestant.

5. Decision of the judges is final.

6. No representative will call or come to your home. Winners will be notified by mail.

7. Entries must be postmarked no later than August 29, 1970.

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ENTRY FORM 332

Enter This CONTEST and WIN PRIZES!

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7974—Love Lamp \$5.98

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7974 Oriental Love Lamp \$5.98 (Add 45c post.)

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$1 goodwill deposit and will pay postman \$4.98 balance, plus all postal charges.

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AUTHENTIC 18th CENTURY DESIGN



- Holds up to 75 magazines
- Portable, can be easily carried with magazines in place
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Here is a truly handsome and very versatile magazine rack. Although early American in design, its simplicity allows it to coordinate perfectly in contemporary rooms. Skillfully crafted, it holds up to 75 magazines wrinkle-free and ready for quick reference. It's compact and easy-to-carry from room to room. Made of handsome salem maple finished hardwood with lathe turned handle and spool rung edges for authentic Early American look. 6 Slanted compartments will hold all size publications and keeps table and furniture free from magazine mess yet stores back issues neatly. A neat 23 x 12 x 10". #A7853 Magazine Rack only \$12.98 plus 95¢ postage and handling.

\$12⁹⁸

GREENLAND STUDIOS, 3799 Greenland Building, Miami, Florida 33054

CAN THIS MARRIAGE

continued from page 16

great pain on both sides of this marriage, and the problems were not solved easily or quickly. Some people would have said this marriage shouldn't have been saved, but here a divorce would probably have increased the problems of both partners. With help, Wendy was finally able to recognize and express her buried outrage at what her irresponsible father had done to a sensitive, impressionable young girl. When she vented this anger, she also discharged a good deal of the guilt that was the basis for her depression. She then recognized that she was bound to Eric with the same ties of guilt, anger, resentment and fear her father had aroused. She finally decided to stop playing little-girl games with Eric, allowing him to tyrannize and dominate her entire life, and to stop assuming the role of mother he thrust upon her.

"Eric did not recognize until close to the end of his therapy his mother's strong controlling influence upon him. When he could finally express his anger at his mother's betraying him into the hands of an alcoholic father so that she would be free to lead her own life, Eric was able to disentangle the image he had formed of his mother from that of his wife.

"He had been conflicted by love-hate feelings for Wendy, first placing her on a pedestal, then ruthlessly putting her down. To him, all women were threatening 'Mommy figures' who had the power to emasculate and discomfit him unless he crushed them first. When he was able to see Wendy as a separate human being whom he could wound and hurt, he was able to support and help her rather than constantly demand and attack.

"The couple parted for three months during therapy and the separation had a good shock value for Eric. For the first time in his adult life, he spent many evenings alone in his bachelor flat, reading and thinking. On Saturdays he took his children on outings, which they all enjoyed. During this period, he continued in group therapy, where his screaming, irrational fits and hostility wore everybody out. 'You're a bastard,' each member of the group accused him in turn. Everyone there hated him. He quit the group in disgust dozens of times, but each time he came back again, and slowly he

began to see that he had to to c

"When he also realized that he Wendy, he changed rapidly. He continued to say whatever came in his head—mean, spiteful, cruel things he also began to express some love and compassion. Once he went to the defense of a group member who was under verbal attack and actually braced him.

"'You're afraid that if you shout, you won't be heard,' one counselor told him. 'You're afraid of being passed over and left out, you, Eric?' Eric broke down and

"When Eric told his wife on the phone one night that he was getting such positive results from his therapy group, she began to feel that there might be some hope for saving their marriage.

"'When we went back together it was like a whole new relationship between two new people,' Wendy later. 'I now fight back; I don't sulk a week. I no longer think it's cowardly and unbecoming to express feelings of anger, hurt and jealousy. Grown-ups have those feelings, too; it's not childish. I don't smother my depression in physical symptoms and I no longer give up and snuggle down into the black pit of depression, either. I try to figure out why I'm angry or guilty and then doing something about it.'

"Eric's explosive anger toward the world has lessened greatly now. He is more able to accept himself; recognizing his own inevitable weaknesses allows him to feel compassion for people's faults. He is now a pleasant, amiable, poised young man who has decided that 'marriage is work' and intend to work hard at it. He is now friends with his children. They have bought a family camper and many happy weekends together in the mountains, where Eric unwinds and hunting. His bankruptcy is behind him and he has made a new start on a new job. His old customers made the change in him.

"'I could never define love before,' says Wendy. 'Now I know: it's people loving each other. I'm glad Wendy and I were able to save this marriage.'

Information about marriage counseling services available in your area can be obtained by writing to the American Institute of Family Therapy, 5287 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90027.



W THERE IS A FANTASTICALLY FAST AND SURE HIP, THIGH & WAISTLINE REDUCER!

The Miraculous New...

SAUNA SHORTS

GUARANTEED TO TAKE 3 TO 6 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS, THIGHS & WAISTLINE IN JUST ONE WEEK OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.

It is: The Brand New "Inches-off" discovery which is beyond doubt that you can take inches off your hips, thighs and waistline in just days—without dieting. Men and women alike are experiencing amazingly fast results with this new inches-removing method. Read what they say:

Montreal, Canada

"I lost 6½" in just 7 days with my fabulous new Sauna Shorts. I lost 2 inches from my waist, two inches from my thighs, and two inches from my hips! I didn't believe it was possible, but the measure doesn't lie!"

Burbank, California

"I wore my Sauna Shorts one day to mow the lawn, and after I was done, I found I had lost 2 inches the very first day! I wore pleated pants for me. I look great in the new Sauna Shorts if I do say so myself."

J. S.: Miami, Florida

"I should see me doing the housework in my new Sauna Shorts. I've had such great results, it almost makes cleaning house a breeze. Three inches gone in a week and more to go!"

Paris, Texas

"I went down to a size 9 pants from a size 11. I owe it all to Sauna Shorts. All my clothes look much better on me now, and I feel great. I just wear my Sauna Shorts every two weeks or so now to keep my shape (Literally!). Thanks for finding such an easy way to slim down."

DO SAUNA SHORTS WORK?

The incredible new Sauna Shorts are made of a special "bee hive" of air pockets that combine the benefits of your own personal Swedish Sauna with an amazingly simple exercise plan—all designed to work off your unwanted inches. Just slip into your Sauna Shorts as you would any shorts, and inflate them with the convenient, detachable air pump we provide you (at no extra charge). Immediately, you'll feel a massaging action, a comforting warmth and support. You'll feel these hundreds of tiny air pockets—each with its own individual pressure point—gathering up to you, tighter and tighter. When you feel the resistance is appropriate put aside the air pump and feel the comforting sauna-like warmth and the tiny air pockets bring. How can something so simple be working off inches feel so good? It's almost cheating!

We also send along instructions for three simple exercises you will perform in order to pinpoint inches off from your hips, thighs or waist—or all three. The exercises take just a few minutes. Then, keep your Sauna Shorts on while you relax or go about your regular routine. They're not heavy like the so-called reducing devices. Sauna Shorts work on the principle of creating resistance to natural movement—just like isometric exercises—

except that you don't have to do the work! Sauna Shorts are designed to make your every movement (even breathing) an exercise for dissolving inches. After you remove your Sauna Shorts, you'll feel slimmer, firmer—even after just one wearing. Many people report a loss of inches the very first day!

WEAR YOUR SAUNA SHORTS FOR 1 WEEK!

Provided you actually have excess inches which you can afford to lose, we recommend your wearing Sauna Shorts for about half an hour or so every day. Many persons have lost as much as 4 inches from just one session with the Sauna Shorts. And you may use your Sauna Shorts with the single exercise plan on a regular basis. You'll be able to maintain a firm, trim and youthful figure. The results obtained, this first week, will differ among individuals depending upon physical factors. But from the amazingly effective results users are now experiencing, we're prepared to make you this outstanding money-back guarantee: Wear your Sauna Shorts for 1 week. If you are not completely satisfied and/or if you have not lost from 3 to 6 inches, you may return them for a 100% prompt refund.

TWO DIFFERENT TYPES TO CHOOSE FROM... BOTH INCREDIBLE BARGAINS!

Choose the regular Sauna Shorts for reducing hips and thighs—just \$9.95. For hips, thighs and waistline reduction, select the long-line Sauna Shorts... only \$14.95. And remember, these Sauna Shorts are not sold in any store. They are not available elsewhere—at any price! They are available exclusively from SAUNA SHORTS, INC. in an attractive floral print pattern for ladies and in handsome navy blue for men.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

So thoroughly convinced are we that you will consider Sauna Shorts the most convenient, rapid and amazingly effective reducer for the hips, thighs (and waistline), we are offering you this unconditional money back guarantee:

Man or woman, if your total inches-loss does not equal or exceed 3 to 6 inches in just one week, you may return your Sauna Shorts for a prompt, total refund—no questions asked.

So, if you want a slimmer, trimmer, more youthfully sleek look now, order your amazing new Sauna Shorts today! You have nothing to lose but inches! There is nothing like Sauna Shorts anywhere!

SAUNA SHORTS, INC. Dept. SH-92

P. O. Box 1
San Fernando, California 91341

Please send me SAUNA SHORTS with complete, easy to understand instructions and quick exercise plans. I understand that if I don't lose a total of 3 to 6 inches (hips, thighs, waist) in just one week, I can return the sauna shorts and air pump for a full refund.

- ☐ Mens { I am enclosing \$9.95 for each
☐ Ladies { regular-line Sauna Shorts.
☐ Mens { I am enclosing \$14.95 for each
☐ Ladies { long-line Sauna Shorts.

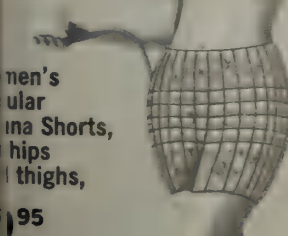
Woman: Waist size _____ Man: Waist size _____
☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (no C.O.D.'s)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

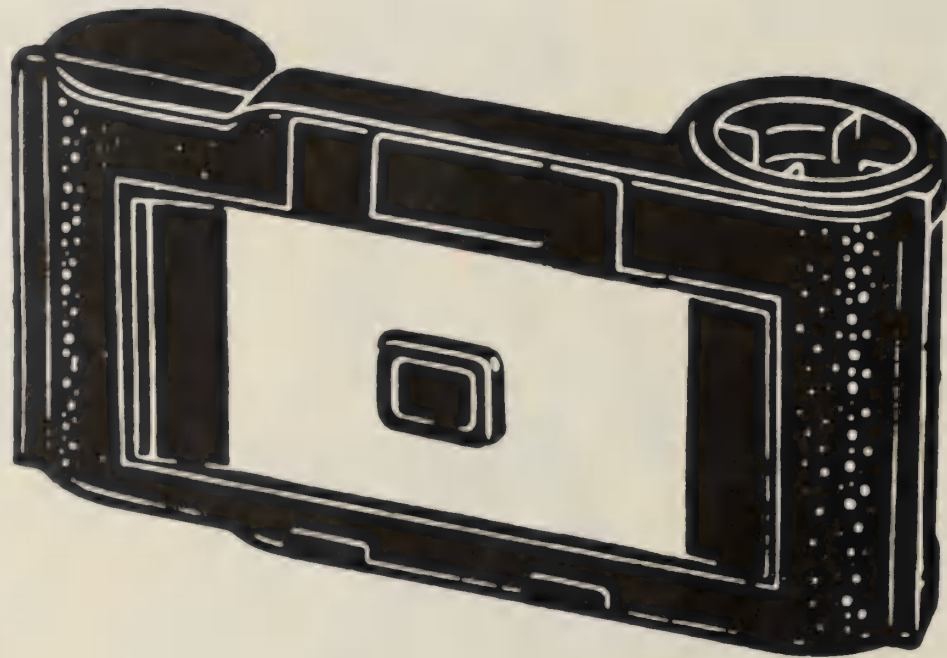
State _____ Zip _____

 Women's regular Sauna Shorts, for hips and thighs, \$9.95	 Women's long-line Sauna Shorts, for hips, thighs and waist, \$14.95	 Men's Sauna Shorts, available in regular or long-line, \$9.95 or \$14.95
---	--	--

FREE COLOR FILM

TO ALL OWNERS OF ANY MAKE
OR MODEL CAMERA THAT USES
126 INSTAMATIC FILM

\$1.40 VALUE
FREE!



\$1.40 VALUE
FREE!

**LIMIT ONE ROLL PER FAMILY
SEND THIS COUPON TO ADDRESS NEAREST YOU:**

**FILL IN AND MAIL
THIS VALUABLE COUPON
TODAY TO RECEIVE YOUR**

**FREE
126 INSTANT LOAD
COLOR FILM**

\$1.40
VALUE

FREE!

ACE FILM CLUB, Dept. LH-8

P.O. Box 1191, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

P.O. Box 37, Orlando, Florida 32802

P.O. Box 5351, Cleveland, Ohio 44101

P.O. Box 1708, Denver, Colorado 80201

Please send me one 126 instant load cartridge of Color Film. I have enclosed 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

FREE!

\$1.40
VALUE



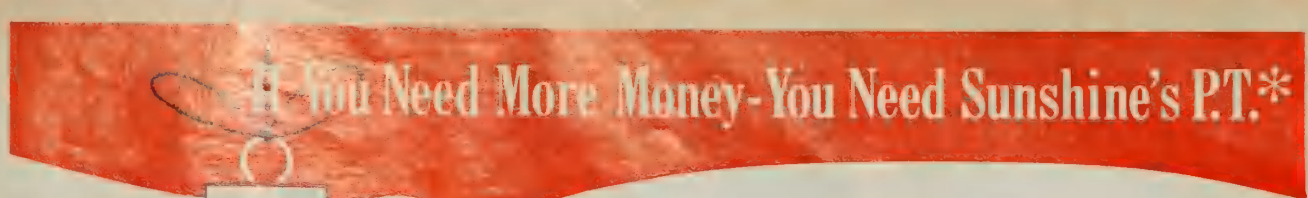
HEADLEY-EDITOR



versible rug
A patterned area rug is delicate appearance for use in living room, bedroom or foyer, yet rugged enough for plenty of patio patter. Woven and, it's finished on both sides to enable its life span for even wear. Made of all-like fiber in natural color, 12 ft. in diameter. Beautiful in appearance. \$11.98 plus \$1 postage. Write: Carter, Dept. LJ-8, Plymouth, Pa. 19462.



Painting talent aside?
You can be an instant artist with the use of Paint 'N Glaze, and create lovely oil paintings as shown. The set includes two 10x14 in. canvases, pre-numbered paintbrushes, 12 artist oil colors, 2 tubes of glaze and instructions. Pre-numbered painting is fun; you'll get professional-looking results on the spot. \$3.50. Craft Master, Dept. CM-636, Toledo, Ohio 43601.



THE BRACKET
SUPPLY INC.
STRONGS CAROL BOUDREAU
EN INSURANCE COMPANY BARBARA MEEKS
THE MARTINS NATIONAL CONSTRUCTION
ROBERT BAXTER STATE OPTICIANS INC.
JOE AND JOHN GRAHAM PROGRESSIVE ENGINEERS IN
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HEATING & HEATING CO. BLACK & MUSEN, INC. MRS. C
WHITE & CO., INC. DONALD BRYAN THE SIMPSON
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ROBERT NEWSOME IRENE OUELLETTE
JACKSONS MR. AND MRS. JOHN A. WAIT
FURNITURE CO. DOROTHY A
COMPANY ATTORNEY

***PERSONAL TOUCH**



P. T. Makes More Money for You

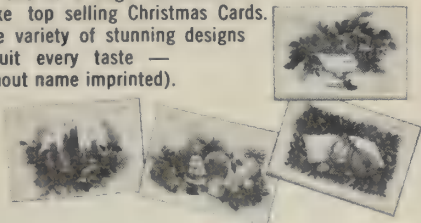
Sunshine's Personal Touch Cards give you extra earning power fast. You, too, can have new clothes, buy Christmas presents and go on vacations. Just show Sunshine's Personalized Christmas Cards in your spare time. These stunning cards practically sell themselves.

Beautiful cards like these would cost as much as 50% more if they could be bought in a store.

Imagine — 25 cards sell for as little as \$2.50 a box. You can show your friends, neighbors and relatives a store full of Christmas Cards . . . right in their own home. They will appreciate the convenience and savings, as they pick out just the cards they want . . . with their name imprinted FREE to add that personal touch.

The selling is easy with these exciting cards.

Just one of a huge assortment of deluxe top selling Christmas Cards. Large variety of stunning designs to suit every taste — (without name imprinted).



Does your club need money?

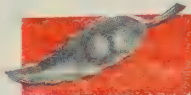
Since 1930, Sunshine has been helping schools, churches and clubs raise the money they need. Check box on coupon for full details.

No Experience! No Risk! No Investment!

Sunshine sends you everything you need to start making money right away.

YOURS FREE!

A Christmas Gift from Sunshine



Gold Finished Bar Pin with Simulated Pearl. This delicately sculptured leaf adds a touch of glamour to any outfit. It's yours, FREE, to prove to you how easy it is to make up to \$300 . . . the Sunshine way.

Haughty and happy

This "purrin'" pair of Siamese cats has that marvelously austere and independent air, so typical of these feline aristocrats. Perfect for a what-not shelf, table or bureau. Each is lustrous glazed ceramic in warm beige, tipped with smoky brown, 13 in. high. An elegant addition for a young lady's bedroom. Pair is \$4.98. Colonial Studio, Dept. SCL-6, White Plains, N.Y. 10606

Make up to \$300 or more in your spare time selling Sunshine Christmas Cards with Customer's name imprinted FREE



Beautiful Display Portfolio FREE

Terrific Values Unbeatable Prices

50 Best Selling Designs
Beautiful — Tasteful — Exclusive
Portraying the True Spirit of Christmas

This Fold-Over Coupon Requires No Postage.
Fill In, Cut Along Dotted Lines — Fold, Seal & Mail.

Sunshine Art Studios, Inc.
Dept. LHJ-8, Springfield, Mass. 01101

Please rush my Free Bar Pin, Free Personalized Album, Free Christmas Card Catalog and Sample Boxes on Approval. I understand that I am also eligible to receive additional free sales literature and other seasonal samples on approval, as they become available.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ If interested in Fund Raising, write Name of Organization above.

Fold Over Here ↓ Don't Cut! Do Seal (Paste, Staple or Scotch Tape) ↓ No Stamp Needed!

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 3105
SPRINGFIELD,
MASSACHUSETTS

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN U.S.

Postage Will Be Paid By



SUNSHINE
Art Studios, Inc.

Dept. LHJ-8
Springfield, Mass. 01101



Casual wig

Soft and silky wig with neat tapered nape is an easy-to-wear stretch wig made of 100% Kanekalon. Washable, it won't lose its shape. Preset, prestyled, it's light-as-a-cloud for comfortable wearing. Send hair sample to match. Natural-looking wig is ideal for travel or any time. \$19.95 ppd. Helen of Troy Wig Corp., Dept. LH-1, 404 Executive Center Blvd., El Paso, Tex. 79902.

FREE

everything you need to start your own shoe and clothing business

New Catalog

We'll rush you our new catalog and complete starting outfit absolutely free if you'll send us the coupon below. No investment. Represent us full-time or part-time and profit 8 ways. Earn immediate cash commissions on every order.

Your Own Shoes and Clothing Free

As our representative you can qualify for free shoes and clothing. Order your family's clothing at big discounts. Use this coupon now. Make money and save money.



"Send me my free starting outfit"

Rush me the new Stuart McGuire catalog featuring over 880 shoe styles plus a whole new line of men's and women's clothing. I want to start making more money. Show me how.

To: Cabell Brand, President
Stuart McGuire Company
115 Brand Road
Salem, Virginia 24153

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
My shoes size is _____ My suit or dress size _____ 070008

AUTHENTIC MEDIEVAL DECOR

Picture this beautiful little oak & brass decorative set in your home. Hand-crafted reproductions of 16th century household metal. Consider furniture hand-crafted.

Hand-crafted of 16th century household metal. Consider furniture hand-crafted.

MADERA

An Amazing Value for only \$6.98

Colonial Mini-Hutch With 6 Early American Utensils



Finely detailed copper and brass miniatures of utensils used by colonial housewives, displayed as tiny jewels in a 2-shelf maple "mini-hutch." Coffee-grinder, fireplace pots, etc., familiar household appointments of "yesterday" in 1"-3" sizes. Shelves are 2" deep and hutch is 7 1/2 x 6 1/2". Utensils may vary from those shown, but all are authentic replicas of pieces hand made during the revolutionary war. Entire set only \$6.98.

GET 100% HUMAN HAIR

IMPORTED STRETCH WIG

FOR ONLY \$11.00

WHILE SUPPLY LASTS

NEVER BEFORE IN AMERICA AT THIS PRICE

Was \$35.00

INSTANT HAIR BEAUTY

COLORS: Black, Off Black, Dark, Medium or Light Brown, Auburn, Blond, Platinum or Mixed Grey. **ORDER C.O.D.:** Pay postman on delivery amount plus postage. Send full amount and company pays postage. State Color. Money Back Guarantee if returned unaltered. Hurry while supply lasts.

VALMOR HAIR STYLES Dept. 1199-HT11
2411 Prairie Ave. Chicago, Ill. 60616

FABULOUS STRETCH WIG

NEVER NEEDS SETTING WASH & WEAR

PRE-CUT PRE-STYLED

Latest CASUAL STYLE

Was \$35.00

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WHILE SUPPLY LASTS

COLORS: Black, Off Black, Dark, Medium or Light Brown, Auburn, Blond, Platinum or Mixed Grey. **ORDER C.O.D.:** Pay postman on delivery amount plus postage. Send full amount and company pays postage. State Color. Money Back Guarantee if returned unaltered. Hurry while supply lasts.

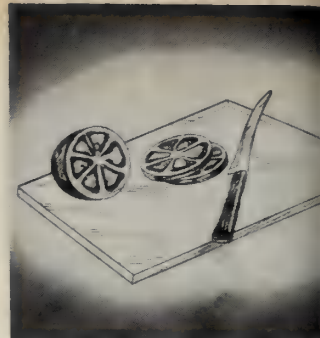
VALMOR HAIR STYLES Dept. 1200-TS 129
2411 Prairie Ave. Chicago, Ill. 60616

SEAHORSE SALE!

Order a mated pair of Seahorses for \$1.80. **SPECIAL SALE:** send \$2.20 and get two mated pairs (4 Seahorses) and also receive a **FREE PREGNANT MALE** who will give birth up to 20 babies. See baby ride on Father's back! Keep entire Seahorse family in ordinary bowl or jar. Free food, instructions included. Live delivery guaranteed. Florida Seahorse Co., Dept. 130, Box 118, Miami Beach, Fla. 33139

Counter action

You'll barely notice this "invisible" cutting board but, when you need it, it's great for slicing, cutting, chopping or carving. It won't harm kitchen counter top; it's made of tough, see-through plastic. Unbreakable and heatproof. Dishwasher safe. 8x11 in., \$3.49; 11x16 in., \$5.98; 12 in. round, \$6.49. J.W. Holst, Dept. LH-E, 1005 East Bay St., East Tawas, Mich. 48730.



Food fashions

It's easy to decorate cakes, hors d'oeuvres and molds, even a fairy-tale cake like this one. New book shows how simple it is to do. Suit the cake to the occasion. Make flowers, leaves, borders, etc. The 8 1/2 x 11-in. book is packed with 194 pages of step-by-step directions. Cake and Decorating Book is \$1. Wilton's Enterprises, Dept. LHJ-8, 833 W. 115th St., Chicago, Ill. 60643.



By the grapevine

Here's a quaint and unusual dining delight for your table: a grapevine salt and pepper ensemble. To use, simply "pick" the crystal shakers from the shimmering grapes which hang in clusters from the vine. Crafted from tarnish-proof embossed metal. 4 1/2 in. high. Set, \$3.98 plus 25¢ for postage. 2 sets, \$6.98. From Colonial Studios, Dept. GEE-5, 20 Bank St., White Plains, N.Y. 10606.



Free and easy

Montgomery Ward's introductory offer of their 126 color-print film for Instamatic and other cartridge-loading snapshot cameras acquaints you with the high quality of this film. A regular 99¢ value in Ward's current Fall General Catalogue. For free sample, send 25¢ for postage and handling with self-addressed slip of paper. Wardway Film Offer, P.O. Box 936, Rosemount, Minn. 55068.



Work-saver, fund-raiser

Free fund-raising booklet tells how church groups, clubs and organizations have raised money quickly. For example, it's easy to sell this household helper, a folding inside dryer. Ideal for home or travel, its snap-proof metal arms fold into umbrella-like convenience. A nice way to add \$40, \$200, \$400 or more to your treasury. Anna Wade, Dept. 428JH, Lynchburg, Va. 24505.

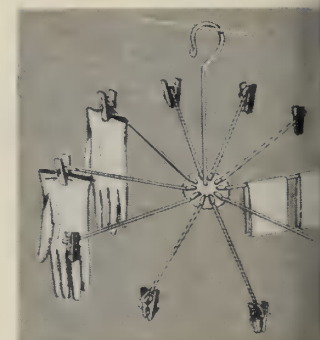


Photo fun

Here's a fine offer for the family—your choice of two 8x10 in. black and white enlargements; 25 wallet size plus a 5x7 in. enlargement; or 12 wallet photos and three enlargements. \$1.25. Color wallet photos from any color photo, negative or slide. 16 for \$2 plus 25¢ postage. Enlargement hand-colored, \$1 extra. State color of eyes, etc. Robin Art, LH-8, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804.



— MAIL 10-DAY NO RISK COUPON TODAY! —

GREENLAND STUDIOS
3781 Greenland Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33054

Please send me _____ 8889 Mini-Hutches @ \$6.98 plus 65¢ post. If I am not delighted I may return for a complete refund. Enclosed check or m.o. for \$ _____

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$1. goodwill deposit and will pay postman \$5.98 balance plus all postal charges.

Name _____

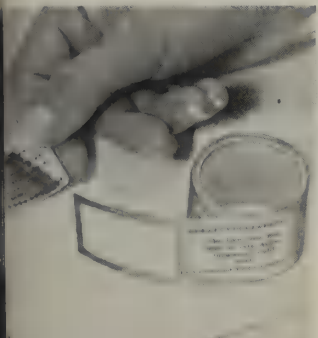
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



The Tiger

Looking every inch the contented regal hunter, this magnificent reproduction of "The Tiger" by Hug will be at home in your den to overlook all he surveys. In browns, tans and yellow, this majestic print is elegantly dominant over a fireplace or on any wall. 22x28 in. Beautiful to give. \$5.95 plus 45¢ postage. Lambert Studios, LH-7, 910 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.



Golden treat

Self-sticking labels are made of gold foil to add a measure of glamour to identifying books, records—anything you wish to personalize. Stick to clean, dry surface including metal, leather, plastic, paint or glass. Printed in black with smart classic border. Up to 4 lines (specify). 1x1 3/4 in. 250 gold foil labels, \$1.98. Walter Drake, LH-63 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901.



Home hair remover

Perma-Tweez easily removes any unwanted hair permanently from face, arms, legs and body in one simple step. Automatic "tweezer-like" action destroys the hair root without puncturing the skin. Professionally endorsed, it appears in American Medical Association's publications. \$14.95. General Medical Company, Dept. LJE-8, 5701 West Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90016.



Romance remembered

Through the years, these charming good-old-days romantic photo postcards retain the humor and romance that inspired swains to send them to sweethearts 50, 60 or more years ago. Delightful and sometimes naughty, these authentic reproductions are fun to send or keep. Set of 50 (each different), \$2; 3 sets, \$5. Romantic Postcards, Box 412-135, Danvers, Mass. 01923.



Beauty bonnet

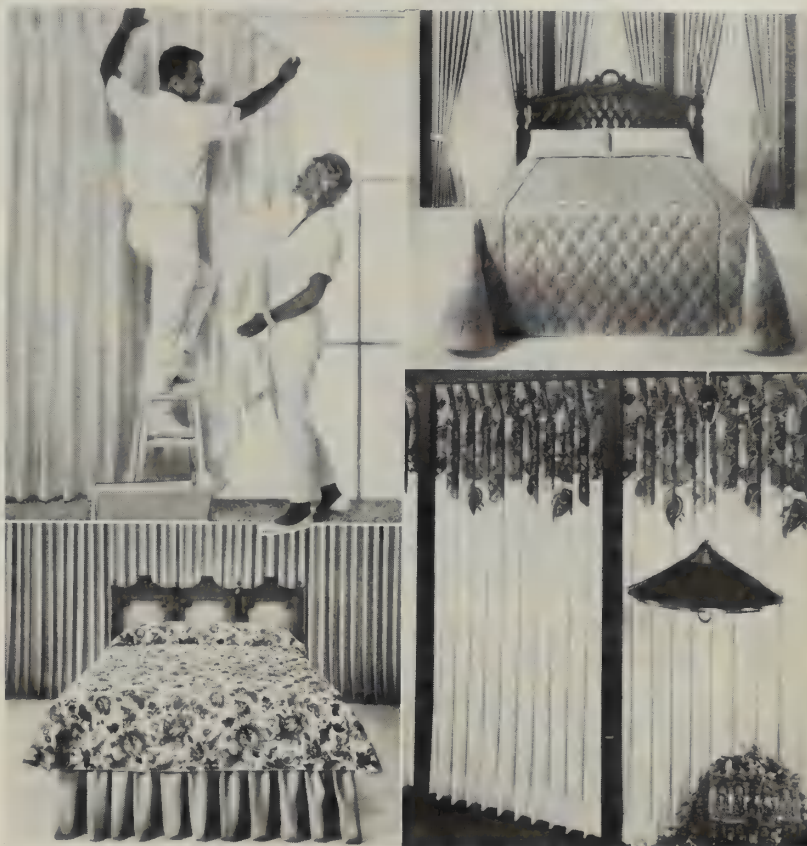
Re-Nu Hood is a new bonnet that fits any hair dryer. Replace worn-out hood and make your hair dryer like new again. The maxi-cap puffs out to cover and dry any style set, even the fluffiest. Fits any hose on all dryers and blowers. Fits comfortably over curlers. Of attractive floral-pattern plastic. \$2.98. Order from Greenland Studios, 7194 Greenland Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33054.



A head start

Perhaps the man in your life has been bothered with dandruff and a dry, itchy scalp. Ward's Formula is a treatment for the scalp that may help him find relief. The people who offer this formula say that a few treatments help control falling hair problem, often a result of common scalp infection. Large size, \$5; trial size, \$2. Ward, Dept. LH 8, 19 West 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

During our between-season lull... 3 kinds of discount savings on Fiberglas* Bedspreads and Draperies for people of different speeds



ORDER ON OR BEFORE

Sept. 15th

You save

20%

("I'll get it right
in the
mail tonight.")

ORDER ON OR BEFORE

Sept. 30th

You save

15%

("I'll wait
a couple of weeks
until we return
from our vacation.")

ORDER ON OR BEFORE

Oct. 15th

You save

10%

("I
never can find
a stamp when
I need it.")

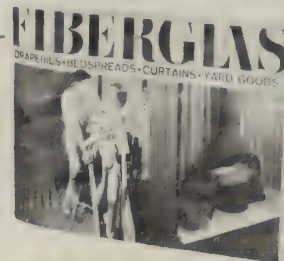
Normally, buying direct from Ronnie, the manufacturer, you'd save up to 40% on Fiberglas Bedspreads and Draperies. But this is our between-season lull. Right now, our workrooms are at their slowest pace so you can earn an additional 20% discount. Procrastinate a fortnight—when we start to get busy—and you earn only 15%. Sit around and stall for a whole month and you pick up a mere 10% savings. Be quick, be alert. Get that coupon in the mail now.

Send for FREE catalog. Order before Sept. 15—save a full 20%!

*OWENS CORNING TRADEMARK

**Ronnie Fiberglas Center, Dept. 39H-4
145 Broad Ave., Fairview, N.J. 07022**

Please rush me, absolutely free, the Ronnie Fiberglas Bedspread-Drapery Catalog that offers me special additional discounts of 20%, 15%, and 10% during your between-season lull.



Order on or before **20%**
September 15th Discount

Order on or before **15%**
September 30th Discount

Order on or before **10%**
October 15th Discount

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

A Delightful Addition to Your Bar or Mantel!

Beethoven's Famous 5th



Provides flowing entertainment... this unusual decanter holds your favorite stock! Just pour and the strains of Beethoven's 5th fill the air! It's made of handsome ceramic and will hold a full 1/5th gal. A fine gift for only \$5.98

MAIL 10-DAY NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

GREENLAND STUDIOS, 3782 Greenland Building, Miami, Florida 33054

Please send me #8904 Beethoven's 5th \$5.98 plus 65¢ post. each. I understand if I am not delighted that I may return for a complete refund. Enclosed check or m.o. for \$

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$1. goodwill deposit and will pay postman \$4.98 balance plus all postal charges.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

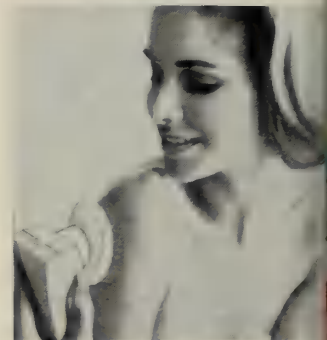
Wide open spaces

Here's a shoe wardrobe bag for the really big man in your life. 45 in. 4 pairs of king-size shoes plus 4 long, 24 in. wide, it accommodates additional accessory pockets. Reinforced eyelets for hanging on hooks, it's gold-tone riveted and bound at stress points. \$5.95 plus 50¢ postage. Free color catalogue available. King-Size, 2800 King-Size Bldg., Brockton, Mass. 02402.



Vibrator brush

Hundreds of nylon bristles perform like deft fingers in their scalp-massaging duties. Brush operates on standard batteries (not included) for convenient use on head or other parts of the body. Faithful use may prove to be a great help in restoring or maintaining a healthy scalp. It's ideal for travel. \$5. Send order to Ward, Dept. LH-8, 19 West 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



Come one, come all

A colorful and happy-go-lucky way to decorate a child's wall is with this set of 20 circus clowns and big-top decorations. A cheerful and quaint accent to create a circus atmosphere all year. Includes Rollo the trained seal, a jolly Ringmaster, Boffo the juggling clown and many more. Set, \$1 plus 25¢ postage. Brookbridge Art Print, Dept. LH-8, 1701 Highway 335, Neptune, N.J. 07735.



Snap 'n' swing

Motion Model is fascinating fun for the whole family. Lift one ball, release it—snaps into the other four, and a single ball on opposite end swings away. Repeat it with two balls, two more swing away. Vary combinations to get different patterns of rhythm and motion. An intriguing gift. 8½ in. Comes with frame. \$4.98. Colonial Studios, Dept. INE-6, White Plains, N.Y. 10606.



Headways in fashion

This lovely glamour wig in casual styling comes in 9 colors: black, off-black, dark brown, brown, light blonde, auburn, platinum, mixed grey and dark blonde. An ideal cover-up after swimming, setting or washing your own hair. Looks "real," but it's made of soft, Celanese acetate. Style #109 (other styles available). \$6.95. Guild, Dept. LH-8, 103 E. Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10002.



"Dial-a-dress" form

Custom-fit any dress you make with this dress form that adjusts to your waist, shoulders, hips, bust for a perfect fit. Just "dial" measurements from numbers on DuPont Neoprene dress form. It gains and reduces as you do. Easy to assemble. Regular size (8-20), \$5.49. Large (20½-50), \$7.49. Steel stand, \$2.49. Add 55¢ postage. Greenland Studios, 7259 Greenland Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33054.



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CONOVER DEPT. N-88 773 Church Street, N.Y.C. 10008

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plus
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MAIL COUPON-ENVELOPE NOW!

Cut Along Dotted Line—Seal (Paste or Tape) and Mail. No Postage Needed!

This little horse
 can help you make
EXTRA MONEY
 every day with
CHEERFUL
 Gifts & Greeting Cards

Because he's one of the many new and exciting money-making gifts in the Cheerful line. Cheerful has over 400 money-making items to help you make easy, extra money including Christmas and All Occasion greeting cards, stationery,

gift wraps, toys, household items and gifts from all over the world. You'll be amazed how easy it is and what fun you'll have making the extra money you want the easy Cheerful way.

FOR FULL INFORMATION ON THE PROVEN CHEERFUL
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Fill in your name and address below — no stamp necessary

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

If writing for an organization, give its name here _____

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BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
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CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY

20 Bank Street

White Plains, New York 10606

Dept. X-135

The Sunshine Room

It's wherever you put an Armstrong vinyl floor.

Any room becomes a sunshine room when the floor is Armstrong Vinyl Corlon®. Deep-glow colors in sparkling, easy-to-clean vinyl create a bright, cheerful mood that makes you feel sunny all day.

This gleaming country kitchen has a new kind of Armstrong floor that adds still another welcome dimension . . . cushioned comfort.

It's Cushioned Coronelle®

Below the hefty, vinyl wear surface is a foamed vinyl backing called Cushioncord®.



Because this backing "gives" under pressure, Cushioned Coronelle is quieter, warmer, more comfortable to walk on. And the Cushioncord is not affected by moisture, so the floor can be installed almost anywhere, even in a basement.

Best of all, Cushioned Coronelle is available in two stunningly realistic designs: the graceful Palerma styling shown here and a natural-looking brick.

To be sure of a trouble-free installation, buy Cushioned Coronelle from a store that has been certified by Armstrong to install this exclusive, new flooring. To find the one nearest you, call this number, toll-free: (800) 243-6000. (In Connecticut, call (800) 942-0655.) Ask for the name of the retailer who sells Cushioned Coronelle.

If you'd like more facts about Cushioned Coronelle, plus a picture-packed booklet showing our other fine floors, write Armstrong, 7008 King St., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong



VINYL FLOORS BY
Armstrong

CREATORS OF THE INDOOR WORLD

S' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

BURLINGAME

SEPTEMBER 1977

JOURNAL

50¢

! THE DREAMY
REAM DIET

uble-Length
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DACHE CURES
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SPECIALIST

get Cooking
ourmet Chefs

MEDDLING
NDMOTHER

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oats

A READER
EW LOOK

residents:
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/iolence

car...IT WINDOW
TMENTS

SUZY—SOCIETY'S NO. 1 TATTLETALE
—Her Untold Stories About Jackie, Ari & Sinatra
Plus Her List Of The World's Most Beautiful Women





Armstrong introduces a new kind of vinyl floor.

When it's soft like carpet and cleans like vinyl, you're on Easy Street.



Welcome to Easy Street—a new kind of Armstrong floor. Vinyl on top, foam cushion underneath.

Take a walk on Easy Street, and you feel softness with every footstep. That makes it comfortable when you have to stand on it for a long time. (You know how much you're on your feet in the kitchen.) And it's quiet, too. (Wouldn't you like to cut down the clatter in the kids' playroom?)

Armstrong put an extra-soft, extra-thick foam-cushion backing on Easy Street. When you step down, you can feel the "give." When you lift your foot, it springs back. Like carpet.

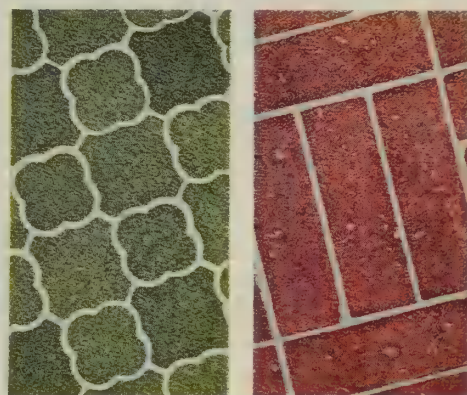


But there's a side to Easy Street that no carpet can match.

The top side.

Easy Street's surface is tough, durable, nonporous vinyl, and it's as easy to keep clean as only vinyl can be. When things get out of hand in the kitchen (like egg, or grease, or gravy), the spill can't soak in and leave a stain. A damp sponge or mop is all you need to wipe Easy Street sparkling clean. You don't have to worry about some of the mess hiding down in the fibers, because there aren't any fibers.

If you're wondering about those dirt-catchers known as seams, you won't find any on Easy Street. This new Armstrong floor comes in rolls 12 feet wide, so it will fit into practically every kitchen in one uninterrupted piece.



Need we mention that Easy Street is easy on the eyes, too?

The design on the opposite page is Dunbarton, and the design on the left above is Santa Fe. Each offers a choice of four colorings. Virginia Brick, at right above, is also available in white.

To learn all about Easy Street and other great Armstrong floors, write for a free full-color booklet: Armstrong, 7009 King St., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

Better yet, call this toll-free number, 800-243-6000 (in Conn., 800-942-0655), and ask for the name of a nearby dealer who sells Easy Street. He can show you what life on Easy Street is really like.

DUNBARTON AND SANTA FE FLOOR DESIGNS COPYRIGHTED BY ARMSTRONG

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CREATORS OF



THE INDOOR WORLD

EASY STREET™

New from Armstrong

MODERN AMERICA HAS A WORD FOR IT. THOMASVILLE.

The excitement of today
in bold new shapes,
fabrics, and colors.

This is today's furniture.
Crisp and bright.
Provocative. Uncluttered
elegance.

Notice how the
upholstery fabric, with
today's popular wet-look,
envelops the sofa and
chair right down to the
unique T-square legs.
And the seat cushions
gracefully slide into the
curved arms to create a
sharp, clean look.

The brilliant-lacquered
companion pieces come
in white and five vivid
colors, outlined with
gleaming aluminum.
This collection, called
Charisma, includes over
300 versatile pieces
for rooms throughout
your home.

Send for our complete
portfolio of modern and
traditional furniture. We'll
also send you names of
Thomasville dealers. Mail
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Box LH 970, Thomasville,
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FURNITURE

FROM
Armstrong
CREATORS OF



THE INDOOR
WORLD



The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may be asked of you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

What information will I receive about the child I sponsor?

About two weeks after you become a sponsor, you will receive a photograph of your child, a description of the home or orphanage where your child is receiving help. You will also receive progress reports, and any additional information you may wish to request.

May I indicate the country, age, and sex of the child I wish to sponsor?

Yes, we try to fulfill all requests, but as you can imagine, sometimes this is difficult. Many sponsors allow us to select a child for them from an emergency list.

Does my \$12 provide total support for my child?

In places like India, and other countries of extreme poverty, yes. However, many homes receive additional support in the form of contributions and special gifts.

Can I write directly to my child, and will I receive an answer?

Yes, to both questions. When you become a sponsor, you receive your child's mailing address. You can write to your child, and the answer will be translated by our staff overseas. (Many sponsors save the foreign stamps they receive!)

When will I first hear from my child?

Just a few weeks after you become a sponsor, your child will write to you.

Why the "Christian" in Christian Children's Fund?

Because we are an organization staffed by Christian people who are committed to the task of giving children a chance to grow up in an atmosphere of love.

How do I make my sponsorship payments?

You may send your check monthly or annually. You will receive a receipt, along with an acknowledgment card and envelope for use when you send your next gift. Your contributions are tax deductible.

Is CCF independent or church operated?

Independent. CCF is incorporated as a non-profit organization, with a Board of Directors who meet quarterly. We work closely with missionaries of various denominations. No child is refused entrance into a Home because of creed; or race.

When was CCF started, and how large is it?

Since 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in India. Today, over 100,000 children are being sponsored in 55 countries. However, we are not satisfied in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

What benefits do the children receive from sponsorship?

In general, children receive food, clothing, medical care, education, school supplies—everything. You will receive detailed information regarding the country where your child lives and the type of project.

How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child?

CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. All projects are inspected by our staff. No home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

How long does a sponsorship last?

A sponsorship should be for at least one year. Of course, we realize financial conditions can change suddenly, and so you are free to cancel at any time. A sponsorship may be carried for as long as the sponsor wishes.

May I sponsor a child for less than \$12 a month, and still receive the child's name, address and picture?

We cannot accept sponsorship for less than \$12 a month, but you can become one of our adoptive parents. Your gifts—large or small—will help

repair buildings, or provide emergency medical care, or buy milk for abandoned babies, or help care for unsponsored children. You will be kept informed of the needs through CCF WORLD NEWS.

Q. May two people share a sponsorship?

A. Yes, and please give both names and addresses of persons sharing the expense of a sponsorship.

Q. May groups sponsor a child?

A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans?

A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. Where do the children live who are being sponsored?

A. Youngsters who receive your help live in orphanages, homes for abandoned babies, schools for the blind, hospitals, nursing homes, day care nurseries, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. How long do the children remain in the Homes?

A. This depends on the country, but usually the children stay in the Homes until they are 18. We do everything possible to see that they are equipped to make an adequate living before they go out on their own.

Q. How old are the children in the orphanages?

A. They range from infants through teen-agers.

Q. Is it possible for sponsors to eventually legally adopt the child they sponsor?

A. Many people want to take these needy children into their homes, but the majority of them cannot be legally adopted. In all cases it is necessary for the U. S. Immigration and State Welfare authorities to approve legal adoptions. CCF does not handle legal adoptions.

Q. May I visit my child?

A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. Can my child visit me?

A. This decision must be left entirely with the superintendent. If allowed, all traveling expenses and responsibilities are assumed by the sponsor.

Q. Are my letters to the child censored?

A. Absolutely not. Your entire letter is given to the child along with a literal translation in the child's language.

Q. Which would you advise me to send? Packages or a money gift?

A. Money gifts save the cost of mailing a package and insure that the items you wish for your child will be the proper size. Also, goods purchased overseas generally cost less than similar items in the U. S.

Q. Should I always send a money gift through the Richmond Office?

A. Always! It would be extremely difficult for your child to cash a check or exchange currency. The total amount of your gift will be sent to the Home, along with your instructions for its use. This is a service provided for our sponsors, without any deduction for handling.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency?

A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U. S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.

Q. Where do I send my checks?

A. All contributions, whether sponsorship payments or money gifts for your child, should be sent to our Richmond Office and made payable to Christian Children's Fund.



Hunger is all she has ever known

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a

month. I enclose first payment of \$ _____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$ _____

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7. LH6490

SEPTEMBER 1970



Chinatown Chops start with San Francisco's Rice-A-Roni

In large skillet brown 4 pork chops; remove chops. Brown 1 pkg. Fried Rice-A-Roni with 2 tbsp. butter or margarine. Stir in 2 cups hot water, 1 (2 oz.) can mushrooms, undrained, and contents of Vegetable Sauce envelope. Place browned chops on top. Sprinkle with ¼ tsp. soy sauce. Cover, bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer 15 minutes.

NOODLE RONI
Parmesano

New! Noodle Roni Parmesano

Tenderthin egg noodles complete with a delightful sauce of rare Italian cheeses

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
SEPTEMBER 1970 VOL. LXXXVII NUMBER 9

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that doesn't have everything...
Revlon has the makeup that does:
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3 skin-loving makeup formulas. One is just right for your face.

3 flawless finishes. From the subtlest sheen to semi-matte.

3 kinds of coverage. From feather-light to total. Revlon's promise: poreless perfection.

More shades than any other makeup. From purest pales to delicate dusks. Including new Porcelain Beige, Bisque Beige, Toffee Bronze. No matter how you take your 'Touch & Glow', the look you get is touchingly natural. Just like you—only better.



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Transparent Glowing Powder. Does everything a fine pressed powder should do—then does a miracle. Revives color-glow every time you touch up.

'Touch & Glow' by Revlon

Not every Toastermaster® makes great toast.

Some make great traveling companions.

This new compact Steam and Dry Travel Iron holds the water right inside the handle. No water bottle to attach. Dual voltage, international model also available.



Model 409

It irons everything, steam or dry, just like a big stay-at-home iron. Gives you full range fabric selection and accurate thermostat for smooth, steady ironing.

Special lightweight soleplate and packable design goes where you go. Great for touch-up ironing, too.

If the name Toastermaster only makes you think of great toast, you've been missing some great ironing.

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Division / McGraw-Edison Company / Elgin, Illinois 60120

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Toastermaster Deluxe Irons with stainless steel soleplates. At left is Steam-Dry Model 430 with two-tone avocado green handle. At right is Spray-Steam-Dry Model 461 with decorative ceramic finish.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY

EDITOR'S DIARY

AS AN EDITOR, I often hear complaints that writers don't produce good fiction any more. I even make the complaint myself occasionally when I see how many best-selling authors today seem to rely on pornography. Then along comes Laura Z. Hobson with her moving novellette, "Custody" (page 88), and spoils the whole theory.

Laura, a long-time friend of mine and author of six novels, is best remembered for *Gentlemen's Agreement* (1947), an enormously successful book that sold about four million copies in the U. S. alone.

Lunch with Laura is a delight because she is such a warm and vital woman. Her conversation spills out with total candor, rich with anecdotes and strong opinions and a passion for people. There seems so much to say and remember and confide that, for a change, I can't decide whether I enjoy doing the listening or the talking.

Two themes stand out to my mind when Laura writes: Justice (in its time, *Gentlemen's Agreement* was a sensational exposé of racial discrimination) and Love. Here I don't mean brotherly love, understand, but the emotion that men and women feel for each other. When Laura writes about romance, it smolders. A good example of this genre is her new book, *The Tenth Month*, which will be published this fall (Simon and Schuster, \$6.50). Laura let me read the manuscript, and I can advise, don't pick it up and plan to do anything else before you put it down.

Laura has two grown sons, a granddaughter and another grandchild on the way. Sandwiched between the years of homemaking and writing, she also managed an exciting career in the promotion departments of *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* magazines. In recent years, she has added as a hobby bicycling in New York's Central Park. Four thousand miles so far, and that's pedaling aplenty.

GOURMET GERALDINE

Can a young, hard-pressed working wife be a gourmet cook in a cramped apartment kitchen with a range that registers 350° when it's really at 300? Geraldine Carro, the gifted *JOURNAL* staff writer, who does most of the text in our service pages, is married to a playwright, Jonathan Levy, and loves to cook. That's why she had such a good time interviewing Michael Field, Dione Lucas and James Beard for the budget food feature, which begins on page 98. "It actually was a weight-reducing experience," says Geraldine. "We sat and talked about food for hours and hours. But all I was ever offered was a cup of coffee." What did she learn personally from her research? "Well, for one thing, not to put

chicken stock in my vichy soise," she says. "It's a no-no, according to Michael Field. I watched Dione Lucas teach someone to make perfect Hollandaise, and I tried it, with great results, at a friend's house the very same night."

DIANE'S ADVENTURE

Another young woman on *JOURNAL*, my executive secretary, Diane Brown, had an educational adventure this month. When TWA invited the *JOURNAL* to send a representative visit its hostess training center in Overland Park, Kan., and Kansas City, Mo., we chose Diane because she has the look and charm normally associated with airline stewardesses—referred to as hostesses. Off went, while we all crossed fingers and hoped that life in air would not lure her away longer than three days. She did turn, with this report.

"We were wined and dined and given a full tour of the newest R. Breech Training Academy, which opened last year and will have trained some 2,000 personnel by the end of this year. The course for hostesses—and only six are chosen out of every 100 applicants—tough, although the living conditions are glamorous. Courses include such titles as 'Crowd Ovens,' 'International Procedures,' and 'Name Remembering.' The latter is fascinating; you actually have to go through exercises with surnames until you get the knack of remembering first and last names. The main emphasis, of course, is on safety, including how to react on 'a fright flight' with the plane in nose-dive positions."

Safely locked into her seat belt at her desk outside my office, Diane admits that the life of an airline hostess is temporary. "The girls I met and talked to are real, warm personalities who say they enjoy even the rigors of their training." All right, Diane. Enough of that.

Diane



Our Diane Brown on the way of a TWA 747, learning that airline hostesses are trained for a great career for young women.

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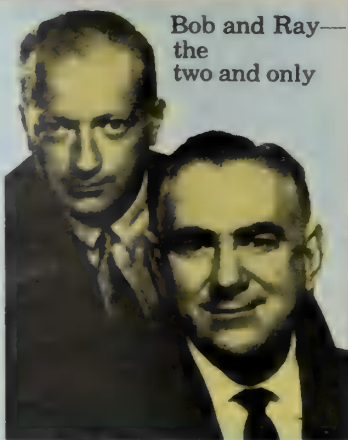
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THE *Journal* CHEERS...

Movies. The *JOURNAL* cheers Barbra Streisand for her new musical, *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, and especially for her ESP-performance as the girl who sees the future and knows the past. Barbra's newest character is a fidgety girl who knows when the phone will ring and who chain-smokes five packs a day (and night). She's matchless in her quest to quit, so she snoozes for a hypnotizing psychiatrist (Yves Montand), who is entranced by her. The doctor's stunned to find that Barbra's lived before (wouldn't you be?), and the film flicks back to million-dollar scenes of her 18th century London world...lavish sets, ravishing costumes, and opulent yards of fru fru, fluff and flourish. Best of all, this musical's a comedy, lot's of it uproarious, written with a wit that's whipped along by Barbra, an endearing comedienne.

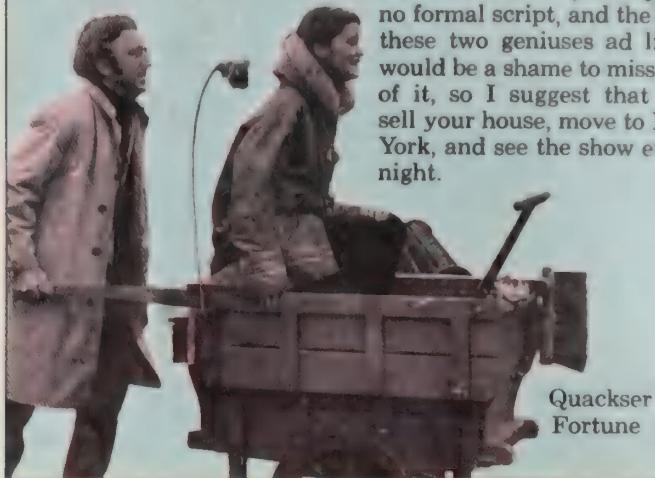
In a season of long movie titles, the *JOURNAL* cheers Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx. Quackser Fortune is a friendly Dublin illiterate, brought to light-hearted life by that exceptional young actor Gene



Bob and Ray—the two and only

Wilder. Quackser puts his cart behind the horse (and his shovel, too) and scrapes together a meager living. Quackser is spied by an American college girl (Margot Kidder), they chat, they go off together and how it ends is their affair.

Broadway. The *JOURNAL* cheers Bob & Ray who never lean on jokes to make you laugh. They do it all with character and characters, all of them themselves. Favorites: Bob's befuddled sports announcer Wally Ballou, and Ray's truly falsettoed Mary McGoon. Now Bob Elliot and Ray Goulding pounce on Broadway in a show of their own with a title of their own, *The Two and Only*. They use no formal script, and the way these two geniuses ad lib it would be a shame to miss any of it, so I suggest that you sell your house, move to New York, and see the show every night.



Quackser Fortune

OF IGLOOS AND THE BUGALOOS

Hugh Downs' daily habitat is the *Today* show, but this month he treks north for an NBC Special on September 10 about Eskimos, produced by Craig Fisher. "The only two themes that concern me for Specials," Hugh told the *JOURNAL*, "are anthropology and environment abuse. We are the products of the first and victims of the second." After investigating life in Alaska, Canada and Greenland, Downs said: "I think the three governments really want to do their best out of a compassionate and humane concern for the Eskimos—and it's destroying the Eskimos. Canada has given them heated houses, introduced carbohydrates into their diet,

handed them high-powered rifles and replaced the Eskimos' dog teams with snowmobiles. But give him a heated house instead of an ice igloo and he becomes vulnerable to colds. Give him carbohydrates and his children suddenly have terrible tooth problems no Eskimo ever had before. Give him a high-powered rifle instead of his own bone-tipped weapon and he loses his special skill in hunting. They're told they have to become white men but they're not welcomed into white man's society—the old racial problems. So the very act of so-called rescuing them may be destroying them." Downs, who's been involved with this Special for a year, also talks about young Eskimos who

LOOKS AT BOOKS

If all the books predicted by their publishers to become best sellers this season become best sellers this season, there won't be enough room on the best seller lists for the best sellers that are best sellers. Still, it's fun to peek ahead, so here are a few new books that will be talked about, written about and, in some lucky cases, read.

Islands of the Stream by Ernest Hemingway is being published posthumously by Scribner's. The fanfare is immense, but I wonder why Hemingway didn't publish it during his life. The hero is an American painter and the scene is the Caribbean during World War II.

The Teddy Bear Book is about teddy bear experiences, and if you think many people haven't had all kinds of teddy bear experiences wait until you read this just-for-fun Random House collection by Peter Bull.

Bomber by Len Deighton (Harper & Row) is a novel departure from the thriller-writer of *Funeral in Berlin* and *The Ipcress File*. The plot, filled with hundreds of characters, is

about an Allied bomber crew, an English town and a German town that is blitzed by mistake.

Counting Sheep is Art Buchwald's account of his hilarious struggle (now he thinks it's hilarious) to drive his *Sheep on the Runway* play to Broadway. It contains the play's full text. Shear pleasure.

The Unembarrassed Muse: The Popular Arts in America by Russel Nye (Dial). From theater to fiction to comic strips, pop music, radio, TV and films, this 560-page book is stuffed with anecdotes, nostalgia and a long-term look at America's popular culture.

You Might As Well Live by John Keats (Simon & Schuster)—the life and times of Dorothy Parker. As it is written, "She had two husbands, four lovers, a mansion in Beverly Hills, a country estate in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and a series of apartments in New York." She was a brilliant wit and famous in her time, but if her lines were funny her life was not. Keats shows us the artist tormented in this biography of a driving, driven woman.



The Bugaloos—never without wings

"bomb around on snowmobiles and motorcycles and have long hair and wear bell bottoms." Nanook, you'd never know them.

The disappearance of the igloos is followed by the appearance of *The Bugaloos*—a synthetic rock group contrived for Saturday morning's TV children by Marty and Sid Krofft, who dreamed up *Kifnstuf*. To find out how this handy-Krofft hit TV, the *JOURNAL*'s Joyce Illig got the Sid brother to talk. And talk and talk. "I took off for London to get four kids to play the Bugaloos, four winged bugs who are musicians. Their names are Harmony, I.Q., Courage and Joy. Harmony is a black boy with a cockney accent and he's a bee. I.Q. is a firefly. Courage is a boy ladybug, and Joy, the girl, is a pink butterfly. They live in a town called Tranquility,

where their enemy, a witch, lives in the juke box. She's played by Martha Raye. I interviewed 1,922 children and narrowed them down to 13, and checked them into The Dorchester. Marty and myself were living in the Liz Taylor suite. All 13 had never been in The Dorchester or any hotel. We wanted to be with them for two solid days and meanwhile we were having them checked out by the police and meeting with their parents. When we chose the four we immediately brought them back to the U.S. and put them in a 28-room house. We don't let them out. They've got everything they could possibly want there, including television. They will never be seen without their wings. Marty is 31 and I'm 40. I have a boy that's nine and he hates show business."

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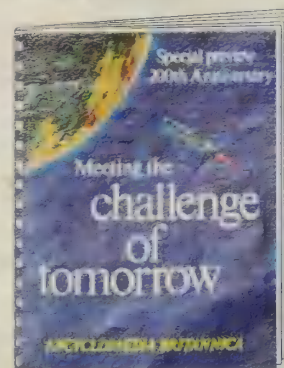
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

Many a marital battle represents a dispute that should have been settled before the wedding; this is especially true of arguments about when to have a baby. Sometimes two young people think that this is a delicate and very uncertain subject to discuss beforehand, or that the question will answer itself later, but since starting a family is in many ways the most important and serious event that occurs in marriage, it urgently demands forethought. This is made easier, of course, if the couple have an adequate engagement period (at least six months, although a year is better) to get to know each other and the families on both sides, and to learn how each partner feels, in all moods, on difficult and sensitive questions. Complete frankness is absolutely necessary. Mark and Susie, in this case, should not have applied for a marriage license until they had decided when they would have their first child.—The counselor was Edward Peacock.

PAUL POPNOE, Sc.D.
Founder and President
The American Institute
of Family Relations

SUSIE TALKS FIRST

"I've waited seven years to have a baby," said Susie, a red-haired, freckle-faced working wife of 28 who looked like a teen-ager in her well-cut and well-worn riding habit and scuffed, unpolished boots. "When Mark and I were married I agreed we could postpone starting a family until he got his doctorate in engineering. I assumed we had struck a bargain, that my turn would come.

"Mark received his Ph.D. three years ago and is well established in his career—he is a brilliant, imaginative city planner—and we can certainly afford a family. Last year he cleared eighteen thousand dollars and I earned eight thousand as a speech therapist for underprivileged youngsters. Most people would probably consider us very fortunate.

"Two weeks ago we had our seventh wedding anniversary and I insisted he sacrifice an evening of work and take me out to dinner. But when I brought up the subject of my getting pregnant, he finally admitted that he doesn't want a child now—or ever.

"Maybe I should have been prepared. From the beginning Mark has brushed aside my wishes and done his best to trample down my rights. Nevertheless, I was stunned for a moment. But then I realized that a child had no place in a marriage as troubled and basically unstable as ours.

"Mark and I live in an overpriced apartment—which he picked out—at three hundred dollars a month, like a pair of affluent, uncongenial strangers. I think we ought to buy a home, but he says he doesn't want to

be tied down. He is so tied down by his job I scarcely ever see him. He puts in fifty, sixty, seventy hours a week. Because of his brutal, self-assigned schedule, we've had no chance to make mutual friends.

"I've begged him to do some of his paper work at home, but he refuses. Consequently we have virtually no companionship. It has been at least six weeks since he made love to me. Apparently he is just too tired, preoccupied and uncaring to be interested in having sex with me, but his indifference hurts terribly.

"Once or twice a month Mark spends a weekend sailing or scuba diving, his only form of exercise. I'm not invited. I can't swim and am terrified of the water. I can ride. As a child I spent my summers in the saddle on my father's ranch in Oklahoma, secretly hopeful that I might win his approval with my prowess.

"Last Christmas my parents shipped me a saddle horse, Dolly, which I keep stabled near our apartment house and ride several times a week. Mark complains bitterly about my stable feed bills and vet charges. The costs of maintaining Dolly, which I pay from my own earnings, are considerably less than the dock fees and other charges on his boat—which he uses so seldom that it's an almost total waste.

"When Mark and I do see each other for more than a few minutes there is nearly always trouble. Not long ago I brought one of my young patients, a disturbed 13-year-old boy with disciplinary problems and a bad stutter, to our apartment for extra testing. It was after working hours but still quite early. For once Mark arrived home at six P.M. He was furious that I was busy with my patient and that dinner wasn't in sight. He yelled at me as though I were his galley slave, ended the tests, upset the boy, who reacts poorly to disappointment and frustration, then dispatched the youngster home by taxi, which Mark paid for. I had expected to use my car to drive the boy home and protested the unnecessary expense. At once Mark sat down with a pad and pencil and proceeded to prove to his own satisfaction—but not mine—that the cost of operating my car on that particular trip, counting depreciation and such, would have been greater than the taxi charges.

"I then called the neighborhood Italian restaurant and ordered two dinners sent over. Mark denounced me for extravagance and ignorance of his food preferences. If I had to order in dinner, he said, the French restaurant was cheaper and I ought to know he hated Italian cooking. I phoned both restaurants and found that the prices of the French and Italian dinners were identi-

cal—to the penny; Mark would listen. When the messenger arrived, we were still arguing. Mark wouldn't eat anything dumped both cartons down disposal, banged out of the apartment and went back to his where he remained until two I ate scrambled eggs.

"Mark wants me to work also make like an accomplished chef and top-flight cleaner—out a particle of cooperation him. Although I'm too well organized to require much a tance, it burns me to have him on the sidelines, snipe at my efforts and interminably air his just prejudices against women.

"Mark would tell light bugs how to shine, and he endlessly to prove he is about everything. One time he actually instructed me on the proper way to plug in an iron and on instructing until I got so tired I dropped it on my foot. I wished it had been his foot. I told him so.

"He then said I was lacking womanly compassion and sensibility, that I was the shallow, little type of female who is worthless to a man. Maybe that's true. Certainly it's true that I despise ironing shirts for him. It reminds me of my mother, always had to iron my father's shirts because no other laundryman suited him. She used to stare at the ironing board in a lovely daze with tears running down her face; sometimes a whiskey bottle was hidden in the basket under the shirts. In those days my mother had a drinking problem, she now belongs to A.A. even as a child I knew she was driven to drink by my father's tyranny and coldness, his occasional rages. She never dared fight back.

"I was always on her side. I was too afraid of my father to stand up for her. Usually I was asked to stay out of his way. One time when I was nine or ten, my little brother tattled that I had punched him in the stomach. In a fury Father seized a rawhide crop and whipped my legs. Yet I didn't utter a cry, he whistled harder. When he drew blood, he dropped his whip, grabbed my arms and apologized—he pulled loose and marched away.

"Next day there was a party at our place—thirty or forty people from nearby ranches. I wore my shortest shorts so the rawhide would show. Everyone asked what on earth had happened to my legs? 'Ask Daddy,' I said.

"Mark and I met in college. He was the end of his junior year. He was twenty; I was twenty and just completing the thesis for my M.A. I'd seen Mark teetering around campus in his four-door sport car, usually accompanied by the leading campus beauty, a six-foot brainless blond. I thought him for
(continued)

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit education, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the country. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



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■ old-style playboy born too late, someone who would never notice ■ mouse like me.

"I was amazed when he told me he was ■ scholarship student high up on the Dean's list, came from ■ poverty background, carried a full course load, led an active social life and held a full-time job to maintain that car. He was smart, said Mark. When I said it wasn't

very smart to worry about surface appearances and material possessions like a sport car, he said I wasn't overly bright myself. He said it wasn't smart to pick flaws in a man who might have asked me for a date, except that he had an inherited antipathy toward freckled girls who fancied they were brainy. I had to laugh.

"Next day he called me, said he had investigated and discovered that my family was rich and maybe I could

hand him a few hot tips on making a quick fortune. On our first date he told me not to get my hopes up; he didn't intend to marry until he was thirty at least. I told him the same, and I meant it.

"Not long after we met, my sister Alice was married at the ranch and Mark drove me home for the ceremony. Alice had ■ huge wedding with ■ canopied tent, ■ champagne fountain, and ■ barbecue for five hundred guests.

That evening, Mark got into an argument with Father on the subject of conspicuous waste. Father called him Communist, which was laughable at true. I jumped into the argument on Mark's side. All at once I felt very close to him, in ■ way I had never felt toward anyone. We looked at each other and an extraordinary thing happened. I knew that I intended to marry him, that we were destined to marry one another. "Afterwards Mark told me that he felt the same way. On the drive back to college he proposed and I accepted. Three weeks later we had ■ small family wedding. Father gave me a check for a honeymoon trip, but I thought the amount was too small. I wanted us to fly to Paris for ten days, but at my suggestion we flew to the Azores, which was cheaper and a place where he could swim and sail. Unfortunately I got such ■ sunburn on the day that I had to sleep sitting upright in a chair. Mark didn't seem to mind my absence from the bed. Nor did he give me any sympathy.

"Our sexual relationship got off to a poor start and has never been very satisfactory. Mark thinks I'm not responsive and womanly enough, and I may be right, but I think he pours too much energy on his job to be ■ good lover.

"During the tough years when I was studying for his doctorate, he and I worked inhumanly hard. There was no question that my father would have lent us money, but I didn't ask him. I was determined to show that my hands and I could take care of ourselves. When Mark proved himself, I was fully proud of him.

"In spite of all our quarreling and dissension, I still admire Mark's devotion. I believe I love him as much as I am able to love anyone—and I think he loves me the same way. I believe our marriage is worth saving, even though we need a lot of advice on how to prove it. We need harmony in our companionship, a better sex relationship. We need to plan for the future. And our primary goal should be to stay home and have ■ baby." (continued)

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K TALKS

ne day I would like to own a but I'm in no hurry," said 27-old Mark, a tall, tow-headed man azing blue eyes, nervous hands adly bitten fingernails. "Susie ive in a fine apartment in a fine orhood and we're both too busy e advantage of the facilities. the time comes for me to invest me, I want the time to enjoy it. for having a family, well, I see nt in adding to the population on. Not long ago I handed Susie cle which established that one rn here—one child—was respon- or creating more waste and ex- g more natural resources than ldren born in India. Susie tore icle up. When I brought her an- opy, she didn't speak to me for

nt want to be a father and she to realize it. I'm too self-cen- oo wrapped up in doing my own o get involved in raising a string lling infants. Susie wouldn't sign one child whatever she prom- v; she would begin agitating for six. She's like all women—give nch and she takes a mile. ess I probably sound like a rat, an honest rat, even if I'm a bum l. It was a mistake for me to at twenty.

is attracted to Susie's studious- nd cute looks; she was twice ty as the campus beauty who l me to sleep with twenty other lso I was fascinated by Susie's side. I knew her family was t she has always acted as if they ve a dime. For a while I flat- yself that she was in awe of my ntelligence, a ridiculous error nt. Susie has never been awed hing or anybody.

isn't in the least impressed by mpishments. Last quarter the artners in my firm voted me a ould have received six months vent home early to break the Susie. I felt pretty high instead

and up against the way I usually am. The living room was littered with Susie's papers and she was all wrapped up in working out the speech problems of some kid on her own time

"I leave my briefcase at the office and I expect her to do me the same favor, as I've often told her. The kid she was helping was foul-mouthed, mean and bigger than the average man. His speech problems disappeared when I stepped in. He yelled obscenities at me for entering my own home, and the air was still blue when I packed him off in a taxi. Susie defended the kid. She said I'd provoked his outburst with my insensitivity and bias against the under-privileged.

"Hell, I read that kid's mind in one glance. I know more about underpriv- leged kids than Susie will ever know; I used to be one myself. When I told her she'd taken a silly risk to treat an overgrown adolescent male to a private lesson and advised her not to do it again, she lost her temper and went off on a typically illogical feminine tan- gent. If I disapproved of her job condi- tions, said Susie, she would be glad to quit.

"I don't want Susie to resign and I'm not ashamed to say so. I regard a mar- riage as a working partnership. My mother worked, my three older sisters worked. I have no respect for bored, idle wives like my mother-in-law.

"Susie has too much energy not to work, quite aside from the economic angle. I suppose we shouldn't need her salary, but I fail to see how we could swing our setup without it. Even with two incomes we haven't saved a dime—which ought to be sufficient reason for postponing an investment like a house.

"Susie grew up in the lap of luxury, Oklahoma oil-money style, and I grew up dirt poor. My father died when I was only four years old; I hardly re- member him. One time I aimed a pop gun at him and he snatched the toy weapon from my hands and broke it over his knee. Another time a bigger kid, a giant in my eyes, knocked me down and bloodied my nose. I ran in- side, howling for (continued on page 161)



OR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

ing you can repair yourself wasn't really broken.

company, three's a crowd, four's a bridge game, and five means you have sh the silver.

ng home movies backwards is fun for the whole family—and it sure makes a lot of bad photography!

t another fine collection of shells and stones from my vacation to not do ng with again this year.

ll the recent books on the subject, the only question I have left about sex t else could anyone possibly write about it?

rst thing about the end of the outdoor barbecue season is trying to fit all tio furniture back into the garage again.

good at giving directions, and even worse at taking them.

someone would invent a filing system for stockings.

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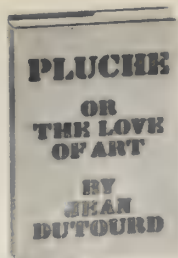
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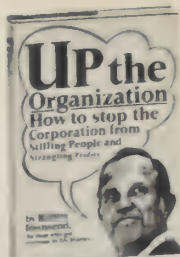
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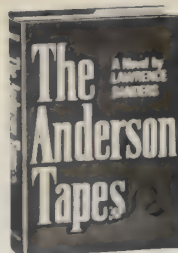
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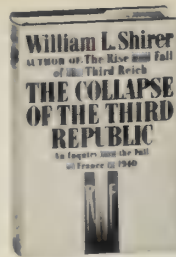
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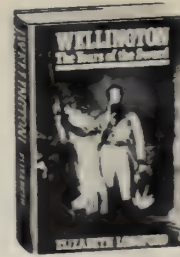
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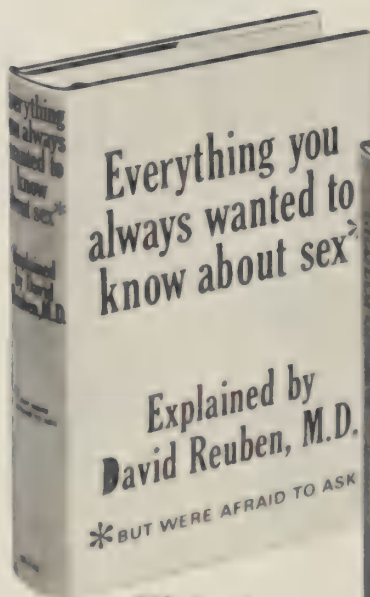
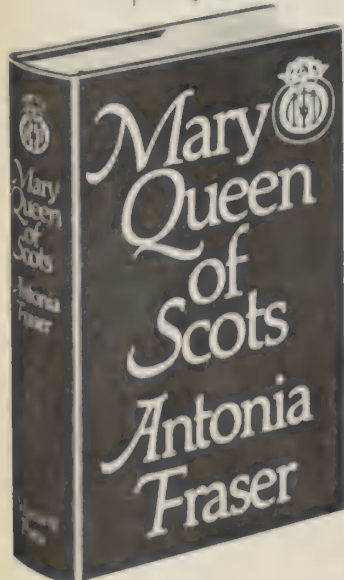


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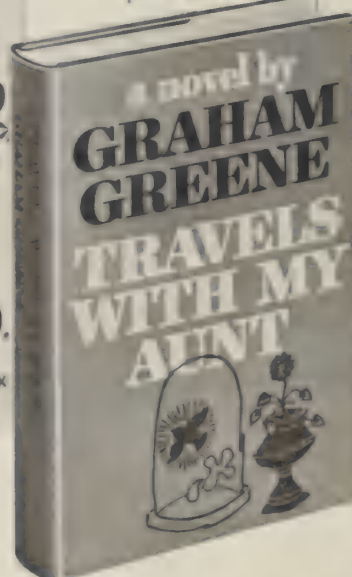
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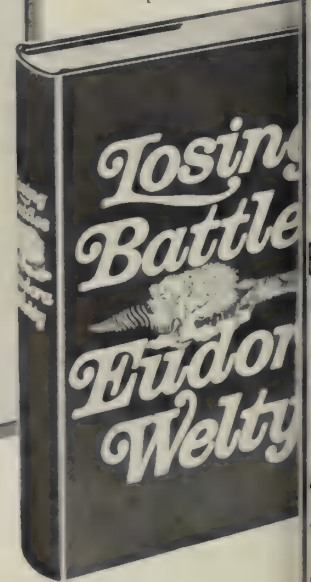
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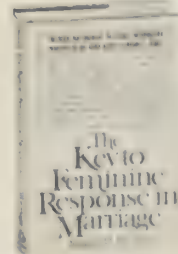


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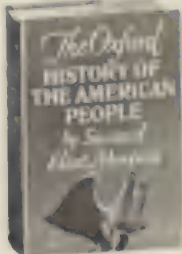
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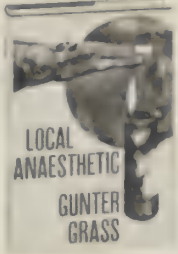
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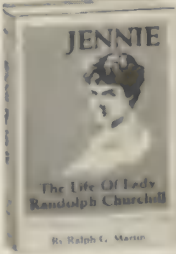
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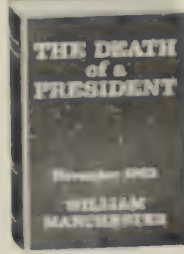
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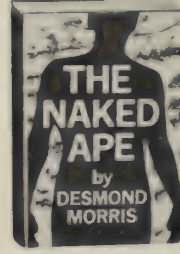
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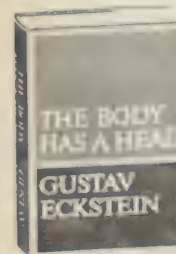
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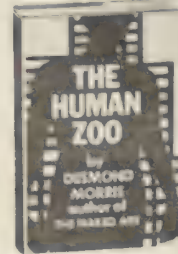
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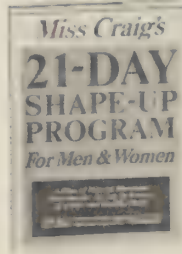
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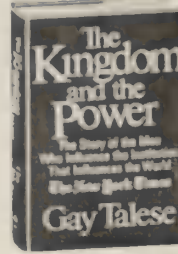
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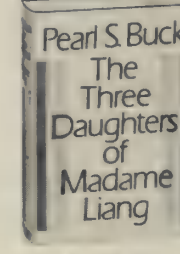
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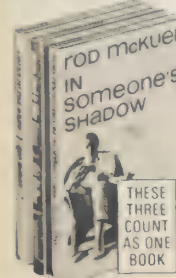
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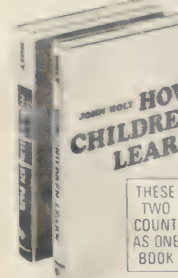
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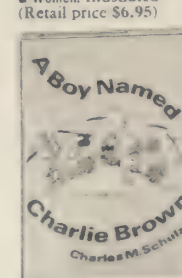
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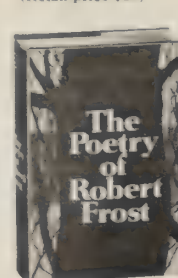
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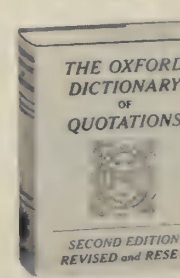
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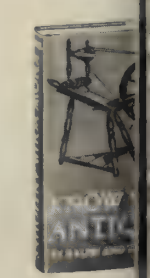
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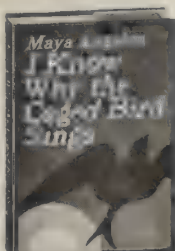
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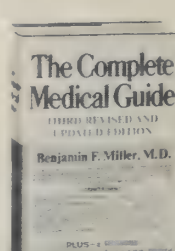
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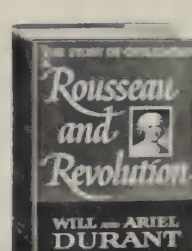
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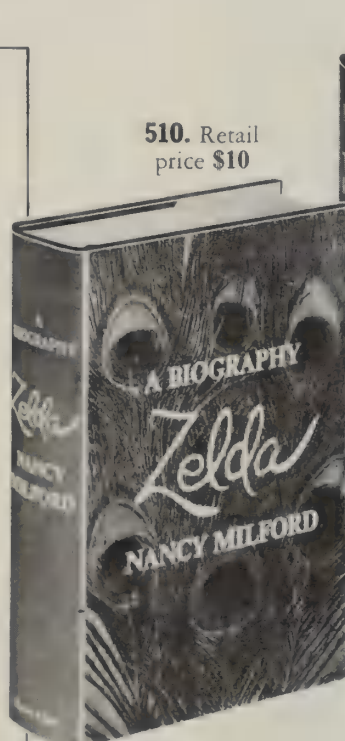


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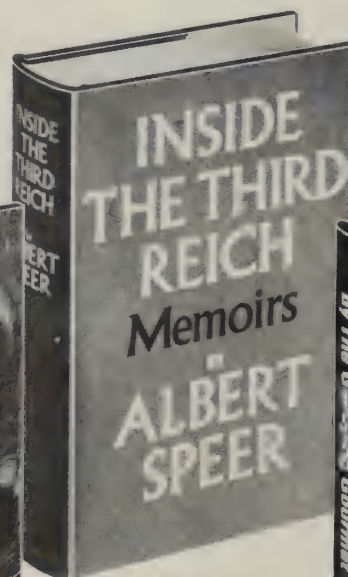
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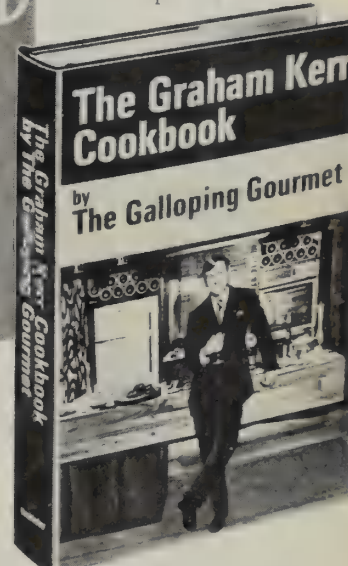
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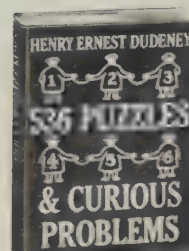
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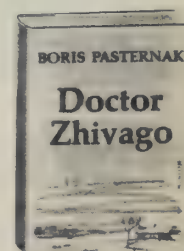
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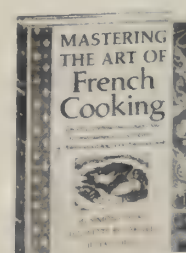
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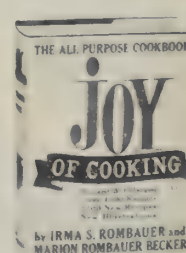
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DIALOGUE WITH MOTHERS

MEDDLING GRANDMOTHERS
BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Modern woman has become liberated in many respects. She has rid herself of many conventions; she has gained many new freedoms. But so far as her relations with her mother and her mother-in-law are concerned, little has changed. She is as worried and resentful about the grandmothers' criticism of how she is raising her children as were her unliberated forebears. And it doesn't seem likely that even the women's liberation movement can do away with meddlesome grandparents. As long as mothers bear children, grandmothers will meddle. The trouble, however, is not entirely the grandmother's fault; actually, the criticism extends in both directions and hits very sensitive spots.

Every mother secretly hopes that she will do a better job of raising her children than her mother did with her. She is often aware of this feeling and may even voice it openly. She is less conscious, however, of her wish that her mother both recognize and acknowledge the daughter's superior job.

From the grandmother's point of view, the fact that her daughter raises her children differently from the way she did is a tacit criticism of her methods. Therefore, despite changing times and views of child-rearing, the underlying anxieties remain. The mother worries, "Am I doing as good a job in bringing up my child as my mother did?" And the grandmother wonders, "Why does she think my way was wrong?"

One young mother felt sure that she was raising her child the right way, though the grandmother objected. This mother doesn't mind if her little boy's face gets dirty or if he drops his toys all over the house, because he is a happy child. But when she visits her husband's parents, she is made to feel like a terrible mother who ruins her child. And being a terrible mother, she must also be a terrible wife. It starts with subtle hints, but if she doesn't take them, she is told bluntly how clean her husband's sister's children are, or she is asked whether she doesn't see that the boy's face is dirty. This puts her husband in the precarious position of trying to defend her without offending his mother.

"It's funny," another mother said after hearing this story, "as I listened, I was tempted to say, 'As long as you're visiting the grandparents for only a few days, why don't you wash your son's face while you're there?' This is something I can be reasonable about because it's no longer my conflict; and I can sympathize with the older people's ways. But I can't be so reasonable where my own daughter is concerned."

If this second mother's col-

lege-age daughter doesn't to thank her grandmother gift, there is a big to-do the mother gets blamed though the daughter is enough to take care of her affairs. The mother feels when the grandmother is and ends up not knowing whether she is fighting with her mother or her daughter. Before argument is over, both of are angry with her, though has tried to do justice to. She usually ends up taking out on her daughter, but really doesn't know where fault lies.

Thus we see that things get any easier when the child old enough to act on his. The mother still gets blamed not the grandchild. At least was the experience of some mothers who had grown children.

Each mother in the seemed to have some special area of conflict with her mother or mother-in-law, all centered on the same basic issue—the mother wasn't doing a good enough job of bringing up her children. Whether the complaints are about a dirty face, toilet training when the child is two, or calling up at 11 writing thank-you notes, the mother is keenly aware of the conflict between herself and her mother or her mother-in-law.

What she is less aware of is how this is reflected in her own behavior. Grandparents usually bond differently toward the grandchild, whereas the parents often demand enough of the child to say no—don't do that, can't go, or it's time for bed. This gives the child the ideal of grandparents are naturally indulgent and parents naturally demanding. But you know this same grandparent, who is indulgent toward your child, is critical of you because you demand enough of the child. You know also that these attitudes raise questions in the child's mind: "These are my parents, who are so nice and so critical of my mother, maybe they've got something. It is all very confusing."

What mothers in this situation must understand is how grandparents act out of their own needs, and how difficult it is to see when it looks like deserved rejection. One grandmother demands thank-you notes, another a clean and obedient grandson. On the surface seems a drastically different case, but the underlying variations are not really so different. What seems to the mother an unreasonable criticism is often the grandmother's way of expressing the desire that her own life should not end, but continue through the grandchild. This wish has more substance than the surface demand for a thank-you note. Grandparents also need (continued on page 26)



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You're not getting older

(A philosophy for every woman over 25)

In this youth-mad world, when a woman's over 25, she's old. Or on the way. If you're thirty or so — you're finished. (They can't quite believe you still have all your teeth!)

Well we say — rubbish. And we say — don't let the idiots get you down!

Deep inside, you know you're better than you've ever been. Not older. Better. You're warmer. Richer. More compassionate. More composed. Infinitely more interesting. (When someone says hello to you at a party, you're not stuck for an answer anymore, are you?)

You know you wouldn't be 18 again for anything in the world.

And do you know what? There are millions of men who wouldn't want you that way either. For all their wandering looks, most men agree a woman's not much good till she's thirty, anyway.

It's a fact. And you know it. A woman's not an age — she's a person! So what if you'll never look sweet sixteen again. Maybe you'll look better!

One thing we know you can make better is your hair. Not just better than it was yesterday.

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Because there is a hair color so good for your hair it can actually make the feel of it, the texture, the sheen — better than it was. All this while it works its fabulous magic with your natural color.

That hair color is Loving Care® Lotion.

You can use Loving Care to cover gray perfectly (without ever subjecting your hair to a touch of peroxide!)

You can use Loving Care to give a naturally radiant color lift to drab, plain or fading brunette hair (even if you don't have a touch of gray).

But the astonishment is that all the while you're doing good to the color — you're also doing real good to the hair. Making it, in fact, better. Not just better color. Silkier, glossier, fuller-looking — better hair.

Isn't that beautiful? And you can choose from 13 of nature's prettiest shades.

So why walk around with even those first gray hairs? (That kind of silly sadness you don't need.)

You see, we don't care what they say in the soft drink generation. You're not getting older. You're getting better.

You're not a pretty girl anymore. You're a beautiful woman.

You're getting better!



Not just better color. Better hair.

confirmation that they brought their child up right; this confirmation, they feel, can be seen through the way the mother raises the grandchild. If we can understand the predicament of grandparents, we can handle such situations better—though this doesn't mean that we must give in to their demands.

Whatever motivates the grandparents, however, the child is still pro-

jected into conflict. It is one thing to be able to understand that one's mother wants to see her life continued in her grandchild, and another to feel pushed out by the mother in favor of one's own child. "Recently," said one mother, "my mother said at a party that she loved her grandchild more than she had ever loved me or my sisters." This mother was horrified to hear such an admission, and from that moment on felt a great deal of jealousy toward her own daugh-

ter. She tried to ascribe her mother's remark to her having had one drink too many, but this explanation did not help.

Although it is rare for a grandparent to state so directly her preference for a grandchild over her own child, it is not infrequent for a woman to wonder how her mother can be so accepting of the grandchild when she showed none of this attitude toward her own daughter when she was a child. And what hurts most is that this same grand-

mother, who is so undemanding of grandchild, continues to be demanding or critical of the mother. Many mothers in our dialogue group were aware of this, and wondered why it happened.

One mother who felt that her mother treated the grandchild much better than she had ever treated her or her sister told of her experience. It seems that her mother, who had recently been widowed, stayed with grandchildren—for the first time in their own house while the parents were away for a few days. During this time the grandmother had responsibility for the children on their own turf, and she gave grandma a hard time—exactly as she had given her own children.

This story led to the realization that it is quite easy to accept children's behavior when you do not have to carry the responsibility for their well-being, whereas it is a hard burden and a difficult obligation to raise your own children. We parents worry about our children's future and whether we're being good parents. As soon as grandmother had all these worries and obligations even though it was only for a few days she began to act much more like a parent than a grandparent—which suggests that some of the difficulties between parent and grandparent basically have to do with differences in obligations and worries.

What startled this mother most was that her children had told their grandmother things she should have told years ago. For example, when grandmother was dissatisfied with granddaughter's hairdo, the girl told her, "Don't bug about my hair!" Both children said, "Don't try to give us religion—we don't want it."

This, then, is another unpleasant realization we come to as we watch our parents with our own children. If we had stood up to our parents, if we told them, "Don't bug me about hair," and fought it out, it is likely that the issue would never arise in connection with our own children.

I have suggested that there is little we can do about grandparents, who after all, are set in their ways. So grandparents are old, some sick, some widowed. Some don't know what to do during the day. However, many times mothers should realize that they are not defending their child's interests in a conflict over thank-you notes, but fighting old battles with their parents through their child. Then, if we can figure out what pertains to grandparent, what to parent, and what to child, it is amazing how easy it is to deal with meddlesomeness. Then a mother can tell her mother, for example: "Look, I never wanted to write those thank-you notes you made me write. I resented it. And that's why I won't let my child do it. If you want, let's talk about that, but not about the thank-you note Johnny didn't write you."

Due to most young mothers' insecurity, it is difficult for them to see that to a large degree, the grandmother is resistant on defending herself against implied criticism that she did not bring up her child properly.

(continued on page 31)

Smart dollies use

"Scotch" Hair Set Tape

Busy back-to-school days don't leave much time for hair setting. That's why smart dollies rely on "Scotch" Hair

Set Tape. To set hair quickly, smoothly, easily. And "Scotch" Hair Set Tape is porous so your hair dries fast too. It's perfect for the lovely casual styles coeds prefer.

And, above all, its soft, pink gentleness is kind to skin and hair. Be a smart dolly: put "Scotch" Hair Set Tape at the top on your back-to-school list.



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I can remember when kids tried "get in good with" the Teacher. Now I wouldn't be surprised to see the Teacher bringing apples to the kids! —Poor Woman's Almanac

Dorothy Gray introduces eye make up that brings you back those 'Big Baby Blues'



How long since anyone called you baby? It's time to re-discover your big, beautiful, let's say it—sexy eyes.

Dorothy Gray creates a complete collection of fashion make-up—that also does some babying on the side.

Here are shadows that come on like sheer satin, stay non-slip, and smooth over the lids like a decrinkler. Only the skin care experts at Dorothy Gray could make this happen. There are also mascaras that condition your lashes to silky fullness. Brush-on brows that make fill-ins look grown-in.

Soft babying colors too. Blues, and every other shade the chic are wearing. All in posh little packagings. (My dear, the brushes are custom-cut sables!)

But see with your own eyes. Go to a Dorothy Gray Counter and have a try-on spree. Free.



Dorothy Gray
shows you how young you can look

Ignore this ad and you may have a weight problem for the rest of your life



We don't want to scare you, but it's true. This is an ad for a book that shows you a totally new way to lose weight and keep it off—perhaps the only way that will ever work for you. The book is **FOREVER THIN** by the famous “formerly fat psychiatrist” and *Journal* columnist, Dr. Theodore Isaac Rubin. Applying the principles he sets forth in **FOREVER THIN**, Dr. Rubin lost 49 pounds years ago and has been thin ever since. What's more, he has helped countless patients to do the same. Quite an accomplishment when you consider that the average dieter loses and regains nearly 1,000 pounds during his lifetime! What's different about Dr. Rubin's approach? Just this . . .

“The vast majority of overweight people lose weight again and again,” says Dr. Rubin, “because they have little understanding of the emotional or psychological aspects of their basic problem. Until you learn *what* obesity really is, and until you learn *why* you overeat, you are like a blind man searching in a dark room for a black cat. However, once you get to the root of your problem, then any sound diet can work wonders for you. You'll be able to lose weight — be it ten pounds or fifty — and keep it off for the rest of your life.”

In this extraordinary new book, Dr. Rubin shows you how easy it is to become forever thin, once you get to the heart of the problem. If you really want to lose weight — and keep it off — here is the best chance you'll ever get.

Special money-back offer

We invite you to order **FOREVER THIN** at our risk. Send \$4.95 to Bernard Geis Associates, Dept. J-200, 128 E. 56th St., New York, N. Y. 10022, and a copy will be sent to you immediately. If you are not convinced that this book can help you become thin — and stay thin — better than any ten diet books put together, simply return it within 10 days and you will receive a prompt and complete refund.

Makes so much sense that it provides just the necessary push overweight people need to stop saying to themselves ‘I’ll start my diet tomorrow’.”
—*Family Health*

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MEDICINE TODAY

TEST-TUBE BABIES: HOW SOON? BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

Recent headlines screamed: “SCIENCE TAKES OVER FOR WIFE, TEST-TUBE BABY HOPES GROW”; “No doubts or fears about going ahead,” one woman said. “All I want is to be a mother!”

Are these hopes for conception outside the womb well founded? What do these headlines mean for women who suffer from infertility and are willing to grasp at any chance to bear a child?

Bold researchers talk enticingly of producing pregnancies in heretofore hopelessly infertile women, perhaps within a year. Their conservative colleagues, who are equally knowledgeable, say that such talk is deceitful; it raises hopes that cannot be fulfilled. Time will tell who is right. Meanwhile, the time seems right for a progress report on the sensitive subject of test-tube fertilization.

The aim of test-tube baby research today “is to get an egg from a woman's ovary to her uterus and fertilize it, bypassing her Fallopian tubes,” says obstetrician Dr. Joseph Kennedy of Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore. Specifies Dr. Patrick Steptoe, the British obstetrician responsible for the current rash of test-tube baby headlines: “I am not interested in trying to produce a human fetus outside the body—but in helping women who are denied a baby.”

Ten percent of U.S. married couples cannot conceive a first child. Several percent more fail in later attempts. A leading cause of infertility is blockage of the oviducts, or Fallopian tubes. Blockage most often is caused by gonorrhea or other infectious agents, but endometriosis, fibroids and other tumors may also block tubes. So may tuberculosis.

Conception normally occurs after a woman ovulates at mid-cycle. An egg passing down one of her two tubes—each about 4¼ inches long—is met and penetrated by an upward-swimming sperm. A series of delicate arrangements of the two parent cells' genetic endowments follows, and the microscopic new being begins to grow by dividing and doubling its cells. Normally, it remains in the Fallopian tube for three to five days, then passes out into the uterus. It floats freely there a while, then attaches itself to the uterine wall, which has been prepared to receive it by the fertilized egg's very presence in the tube and womb.

Fertilization thus is a critically timed series of events that involve all of a woman's reproductive organs. These events may seem simple to duplicate outside a woman's body in a glass lab dish—“in vitro” is the technical term. In fact, they are not at all simple. Hundreds of man-years of work have gone into the effort—without success thus far.

Now, however, some researchers feel they are on the threshold of a breakthrough. They are encouraged by the fact that vitro fertilization has been successfully achieved in laboratory animals—although, all scientists concede, humans are different and perhaps more difficult to fertilize this way. In England, Dr. Steptoe and his close collaborator, Cambridge physiologist Dr. Robert G. Edwards, they have developed a fluid that encourages human sperm to penetrate eggs with which they are placed. “Suddenly, to unbounded delight,” says Edwards, “the sperm started penetrating the eggs.”

This is the first step in fertilization. The second—the beginning of cell division and growth of the new being—has long been claimed by half a dozen biologists in the U.S. and Europe. Each doubts the others' claims. Drs. Steptoe and Edwards have shown colleagues photos of what they say are newly fertilized eggs that have divided and grown to have eight cells. But a U.S. researcher who has examined the photos doubts that Englishmen have achieved fertilization—the necessary step. Says Dr. Richard B. Davidson, a specialist in biological structures at the University of Washington in Seattle: “I don't believe it. I don't believe I observed penetration.” He and other experts feel that what Drs. Steptoe and Edwards regard as cell division and growth of life may be only fruitless division of an unfertilized egg.

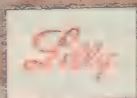
How do Drs. Steptoe and Edwards gather the human eggs with which they work? Eggs research can be taken from ovaries that have been surgically removed for unrelated reasons. But an egg that is to be fertilized and reimplanted must come from the woman into whom it will be put—if she is to be the baby's mother. Getting such an egg is complicated business. Says Dr. Edwards: “We women with blocked oviducts: ‘Your only hope of having a child is to help us [by giving us eggs].’ Then maybe we can do it.”

Fifty such women now come to Dr. Steptoe regularly at his fertility clinic in the town of Oldham, near Manchester. He uses fertility drugs to induce and regulate their ovulation a few hours before an ovulation due, the woman is anesthetized. Then Dr. Steptoe makes small incisions into her abdomen. Through one he passes a thin instrument that allows him to see her ovaries. Through another, he passes an instrument to collect the ripened eggs.

One of these 50 women is Mrs. Sylvia Allen, 35, whose stomach carries five tiny surgical scars—the marks of her commitment to the (contin



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to sit down and relax.
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You just have to be there."*

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*"I swim to lose weight
and what happens?
I gain an appetite."*

*"If a lady's smart,
she doesn't know
a thing about
changing tires."*



PANTS OUTFIT BY LEVIS FOR GIRLS/ SUNGLASSES BY RIVIERA

DRESS BY MR. MORT/ SATIN SHOES BY

experiments. Sylvia and her husband, Ken, 39, live near Oldham. Allens had tried for five years to have a baby—in vain; Sylvia's Fallopian tubes are blocked. When they heard Dr. Jacobson describe his work on TV two years ago, they joined his program. Allens agreed to do more. They wanted help to create public support and money for the research. Last February they told their story on Britain's national TV. "People may say I am used as a guinea pig," Sylvia declared. "But if my experience helps childless couples, then it will be worthwhile. I have no doubts about going ahead. This is our last hope of having a child of our own."

Allens' TV appearance provoked mixed reactions. "Step toe has gone hard," says Dr. Blandau of Seattle. "To raise hopes in people with fertility problems that they can solve in this decade is like trying to make things as thin as they can be. I object to this violently. It's poor science. No one knows the kind of baby they will get."

Opponents and proponents, including Dr. Step toe, agree that the health of the conceptus, or new being, is the concern. "There are 101 things that can go wrong and injure the egg: light, the temperature in the lab, [chemical balance] of the media," says Dr. Martin Clyman of Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City. His concern is especially important because he is the only U.S. clinician who will say he has tried—albeit unsuccessfully—to create a woman with an ovum removed from her and fertilized in vitro. The fertilization of a human egg is the moment of human creation, and at that juncture may reproduce a billionfold, in every cell of the body. The most obvious and dangerous danger is gross injury to the chromosomes, or genetic code books, which carry each individual's entire genetic instructions. Humans need 46 chromosomes—23 from each parent—to make a normal child. During fertilization, the chromosomes from both parents are assembled to form the chromosomes of the individual. One chromosome too many and the baby may be aberrant. Too few will kill it.

A method for inspecting chromosomes of microscopic new beings before they are put into their mothers has been developed by obstetrician-cytogeneticist Dr. Cecil Jacobson of George

Washington University in Washington, D.C. He believes the genetic normalcy of beings fertilized in vitro must be proven in animals before such experiments are tried in humans. Dr. Jacobson also has developed a fail-safe back-up method to detect and abort defective fetuses in the second trimester.

Unresolved is the question of how to keep the newly fertilized being alive until it can be returned to the womb. Several alternatives have been tried. One is to put needed nutrients in its lab dish so that it will thrive and grow. "I feel the feeding of the embryo is the vital matter," says obstetrician Dr. Douglas Bevis of Sheffield, England. "But we haven't yet discovered the right food."

Drs. Step toe and Edwards already have tried, at least once, an animal incubator system: the fertilized egg is placed in a rabbit's womb until the time to return it to the woman.

The third alternative is a possible shortcut: return the egg to the mother soon after fertilization, without waiting for it to grow. If a fertilized egg could be put back into the tube, below the blocked point, rather than in the womb itself, it would be spared three to five days of "test-tube" life. Dr. Clyman has developed a method of entering the tubes to implant fertilized eggs.

Who will succeed in implanting the first test-tube baby—and when? The Step toe-Edwards team generally is conceded to be in the lead. In mid July, Dr. Step toe said no pregnancies had been achieved. "We're just about to publish a paper on how to do it—how to fertilize an egg and how to, please, get it to grow. Then, it won't be long before we do it." In the U.S., Dr. Clyman says he's "back at the lab bench," adding: "Putting fertilized eggs back in the uterus at this moment is a little like science fiction."

What, then, can a woman with blocked tubes do? No infertility counselor today would tell her to abandon adoption attempts and wait for an in vitro fertilized baby. In all probability, the better part of the decade—at least—must pass before the procedure can be performed routinely.

But it must be added that the first benefits of in vitro human fertilization research, if and when they come, will not aid women who wait passively for them. They will be earned—by bold women like Sylvia Allen who will accept almost certain disappointment on the outside chance that they may get a baby.

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CURITY®
prefolded
diapers





Here I am, a bulging 190 pounds, feeding a bear in the Smokey Mountains. It's a wonder I wasn't stuffing myself.



This is the pants outfit my husband bought me, after I had lost 50 pounds. It sure made a hit at home by that I mean both in Celina, Tennessee, and New York City.

My husband shamed me into losing 50 pounds

By Rita O'Dwyer — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

It was a movie book in a beauty salon that finally got me to reduce. I'd gone for my weekly upsweep, though I knew I'd come home to my usual letdown. A mirror that wouldn't hide my 190 pounds and a husband disgusted with my shape. But this trip, I'd read one of those "before and after" stories of a woman who'd struggled to reduce and won. And I made up my mind to be a loser, too.

My weight problem actually started after my husband and I moved from New York to the south. Jim had enrolled in dental school at Meharry Medical College in Nashville, Tennessee, and we went down with the intention of staying just until he finished school. We knew money would be tight, so I got a job — two, in fact. And on top of that, I became a mother. You wouldn't think that I'd have had time to get fat, but I always found a minute to munch. Especially late in the evening, watching television.

Sure, I had tried to reduce. I went on this diet and that, but never for long. I'd always go back to peanuts, potato chips and the late show.

Surprisingly enough, after my husband's graduation, we decided to stay in the south. I found I liked the pace of it and the people very much. Jim heard that Celina hadn't had a dentist in eight years. So, while I was home on a visit, he went for a look. When I got back, my new home was a small town in Clay County, 100 miles from Nashville.

We were both "outsiders." And, believe me, nobody was beating the door down for treatment. It got so

tough, in fact, that my husband had to go back to Nashville and teach a few days a week. Meanwhile, I did nothing but complain, cry and eat. Bread, spaghetti, fried chicken, pork chops, mashed potatoes and chocolate layer cake.

My husband didn't say much for a long time. But finally, my figure got to him. Then came the remarks. "Do you have to wear those tight pants? You can't tell the back from the front." Or when I'd try another diet: "Here we go again." And another horrible moment when I couldn't get out of the tub. If I call him, I thought, I'll never hear the end of it. But I couldn't do anything else. That's when he said: "Don't you think this is the last straw?" And I knew it was.

I also knew that reducing pills weren't the answer. I'd tried them time and again and I always seemed to be nervous, so I threw them out.

All I can say is, thank goodness I went to the beauty parlor and read about the reducing-plan candy, Ayds. I went straight to the drugstore for a box of the plain chocolate fudge-type. I made sure, of course, that Ayds contained no harmful drugs and no cyclamates.

When my husband saw the box on the kitchen counter, he grunted: "How long will this last, four weeks?" But I had decided to show him.

I began taking one or two Ayds candies before each meal as directed, and it really helped curb my appetite. I found that I could give up bread and fried foods, yet I was able to have meat, vegetables, sometimes a baked potato, green salads, and I even had some light desserts.

I later learned that Ayds Candy comes in a chocolate fudge and a chewy vanilla caramel. To take a couple of the caramel kind about nine o'clock in the evening with hot coffee and that stopped from nibbling.

I started in November on the Ayds Plan and in the middle of December I'd lost 10 pounds. My husband was sure I'd gain them back during Christmas. I didn't. I just kept going down. At one point, I hit a plateau. You know, stayed at the same weight for quite a while. But I stuck to the plan and at the six months, I had lost 50 pounds.

I'll tell you, after that, my whole life changed. My husband's practice picked up. Wow! Did I go on a clothes spree. And frankly, Jim loved every cent. As a matter of fact, he bought me a stunning outfit himself. That's when I decided to let my husband buy the clothes. We flew back to New York City and had a celebration on the town. You see, until Ayds, I had forgotten that I was a city girl.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'9"	5'9"
Weight	190 lbs.	140 lbs.
Bust	40"	39"
Waist	31"	26"
Hips	42"	35"
Dress	18-20	14

LOVELY

but keep it lovely

You've found your man, and you intend to keep him. Hint. Demure helps. It's the liquid douche concentrate created by a gynecologist to keep you fresh and clean and desirable. No fake cover-up. Demure cleanses and deodorizes, thoroughly yet gently. **Inside** where embarrassing feminine odors start. So you feel clean, because you are. Because of Demure. Lovely.



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Effective enough for a man's lips. Mild enough for a child's lips.



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SPENDING YOUR MONEY

SPENDING YOUR MONEY • BY SYLVIA PORTER

Q: A year ago we moved from Arizona to North Dakota and we were just appalled at our heating bills for the winter season (which, incidentally, ended in early June). The total damage came to more than \$1,000 to keep our eight-room house adequately warm for the eight-month period. Can you help with any good rules on how to cut home fuel bills?

A: Yes—and now, while it's still warm, is the time to start putting them into effect.

1. Be sure your entire house is well insulated—especially under the roof, where heat escape is several times greater than at side walls. It's estimated that a proper insulation job, done from scratch, will "pay for itself" within five years.

2. Be sure too that you have tight-fitting storm windows and storm doors. Fit alone can make a tremendous difference in heat loss, and often a few dollars worth of weatherstripping can close off expensive heat escape routes.

3. Recheck the "joints" in your house—the corners where walls meet, floor boards, doors and window frames—and caulk any wind-welcoming gaps you find.

And here are measures you can take routinely when winter sets in:

Turn your thermostats down 10 degrees each night.

Keep doors closed to rooms that you are not using.

Draw curtains closed. These three simple steps alone easily can cut your overall fuel bill by 10 to 15 percent.

Q: We were married in June and are now planning a big housewarming cocktail party in our new apartment for all the friends who helped us move in. We'd like to serve something more than hors d'oeuvres, but less than dinner. Any suggestions on how to do this at least expense?

A: Why don't you have an attractively decorated turkey and/or ham—both of which are among the few remaining meat bargains in the supermarket today?

Your guests can slice off as much as they want themselves, and what's left will probably provide you and your husband with a couple of hearty meals afterward.

Q: We're planning an October vacation, with our two young children, to visit relatives in Miami. Would it be less expensive to drive (2600 miles round trip from New York) or to fly, using today's bargain, family plan air fare?

A: According to my calculations each way would cost approximately the same. The total air fares, by coach, would cost about \$427.68.

If you count the cost of (at a total of \$25 a day for the whole family), and if you the road a total of six day costs would total about \$ you count hotel-motel costs \$28 a night, and spend nights on the road, your bill would come to \$140. count the costs of gas, car repairs at 3.95 cents —the figure used by the can Automobile Assoc your total automotive tab be about \$104. And if your miscellaneous spending \$5 a day, this would amount to \$30. The grand total bill, then, would be \$424—or exactly the same cost as by plane.

So since all you're asking about comparative costs since you're not considering joys of sightseeing on a mobile trip, the key question would ask myself if I was is: What does the wear and of driving that distance two small children cost the ily chauffeur?

Q: Along with millions of who bought stocks in years, my husband and I ting with big losses. Our says we can use them to taxes and I guess that was a good thing to do. But he fuses us with his technique. Can you explain it so we understand and then make our minds what to do?

A: Yes, I think so. First, dividing line between short and long-term capital loss whether you held your stock six months or less or for than six months. (This is to gains too, of course. if you take short-term (meaning losses on stock held for not more than months) you can use them to offset (a) short-term gains, (b) long-term gains and (c) your ordinary income up to \$1,000 per If you take long-term (meaning losses on stock held for more than six months) you can use them to offset long-term gains, (b) short-term gains and (c) ordinary income up to \$1,000—on a \$ basis.

For maximum tax saving your available long-term losses to offset your long-term short-term capital (con

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.





Saturday.

Saturday's special for most families. And special, too, for family get-togethers by Long Distance. All day Saturday (and Sunday till 5 p.m.) most out-of-state phone rates are especially low on calls you dial yourself from your home or office. So why not call Long Distance early this weekend?



gains. And use your short-term losses to offset fully taxable ordinary income up to \$1,000 a year as well as short-term gains.

Q: Now that Medicare relieves older Americans from paying all their hospital bills, why do they need to keep raising Social Security benefits as well?

A: Are you aware that Medicare ben-

that it has been to many retired people, still pays an average of only about one-third of their hospital bills?

Q: Can we deduct on our 1970 income tax return the cost of keeping our handicapped daughter in a special school? We are sending her this month for the first time to a school that teaches braille and it would help us a lot if these costs were considered tax-deductible medical expenses.

A: Yes, you can, if the chief reason you're sending your daughter to this school is to use the institution's resources to improve her condition. Thus, counted as medical expenses are the costs of sending a blind child to a school that teaches braille or of sending a deaf child to a school that teaches lip reading or of sending a mentally retarded child to an institution where special education, training and treatment are available. Also included are the costs

of meals, lodging and ordinary tuition furnished by the institution in addition to the specialized care—a cost of your trips to and from the institution if your visits are an essential part of your child's therapy.

Q: Last summer several high students appeared at our door magazine subscriptions. Each of them unless he got a few more "he wouldn't get a college scholarship" felt guilty turning them down. I best magazines were not among offerings. Was I really keeping youngsters from getting scholarship?

A: The high-pressure sales technique you describe has been condemned only by the nation's Better Business Bureaus but also by most respectable magazine publishers. Yet the practice continues. There are legitimate scholarship programs that are used as incentives for youngsters, but they are not supposed to use the pressure to pressure people into buying subscriptions. Don't feel guilty at next time a young salesman's gimmick to get his foot in your door just continue to say "No, thank you."

Q: What's the best way to prevent a pickpocket from taking an excursion on my collection of cards? Just recently a friend had his travel-entertainment card stolen from the golf club locker and he didn't even know the card was missing until \$1,500 worth of it had been rung up against it.

A: The best way I know to avoid the problem is to have your photo sealed into your card. If your card doesn't offer this relatively new protective service, take this basic step: Sort through your credit card collection and discard all those you actually need. For most people, a bank charge card, plus an oil company card or two are sufficient—all businessmen and women who do a lot of traveling and entertaining should keep at least one travel-entertainment card as well.

Q: My husband and I have been more than 18 banks in our area and every one of them has turned down our request for a guaranteed student loan for our son who is entering college next semester. They all tell us their funds allocated to this program have simply been used up. Is there anywhere else we can still turn?

A: I assume you already have consulted with the financial aid officer at the college your son will attend and he has no advice to offer. I assume that your son has lined up, or is lining up, a part-time paying job while in college—joining the great majority of students today who are helping to pay their college costs this way.

This is a very bad year for financial assistance for college students in middle-income families. Recognize this and now recheck all your local and loan sources. Compare interest rates and other terms on their non-Federal college loans. Choose the source offering the most economical package. (continued on page 40)

Salad is salad and fish is fish. Rubbermaid introduces Food Keepers to keep it that way.



You can't trust flavors. Close the refrigerator door and right away they start disturbing other flavors. And pretty soon the fruit salad and the green beans taste like anything but.

That's why Rubbermaid introduces Food Keepers. These high quality, airtight refrigerator containers lock in fresh-

ness and keep other flavors out. The lock-fresh lids see to that. All ten different rectangular or bowl sizes are heavy duty. Semi-rigid. Unbreakable. Colorful. They were made for each other, too. They stack neatly without tipping and save space. Food Keepers cost just 39¢ to \$1.98 each.

Save: Buy Rubbermaid Food Keepers in any of three sets and save from 30¢ to \$1.08!

Rubbermaid

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They certainly manage to disguise the new television season's looks exactly like the old one.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

Make this \$6.95 book of CHRISTMAS IDEAS

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that make a
difference

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Extra Large
8 1/2" x 11" Volume
208 Festive Pages
322 Photographs and
Illustrations—212 in Full Color
Over 400 Exciting Gift and
Decorating Ideas in All!

It's just a few of the ways you can fill your home with the joyful spirit of Christmas.



slice of this luscious German Stollen while warm. Get holiday recipes for fruitcakes, pies and other taste treats.



If purchased in a store, you might expect to pay about \$25.00 for this SIX FOOT toy soldier. Make it yourself for less than \$3 worth of materials!



Personalized cards with hand-crafted touch — remembered, talked about and displayed. It's easy to make your own with book's help.



Cut an old hatbox in two, trim with braid, add velvet bow and you have a front door display that says "Merry Christmas and welcome to one and all!"

Walls, too, should sparkle with holiday brilliance — and they can with a little time and effort. This partridge wall hanging is one of 37 different (and original) decorations you can make with book's easy directions.



FREE When you agree to become a member of the Family Book Service and purchase just two books at discount prices in the next twelve months. Your membership may be cancelled after purchasing two books or by returning the Christmas Ideas Book within ten days if not delighted.

MAKE this Christmas the happiest ever with the help of this big \$6.95 book by the editors of Better Homes and Gardens.

Treasury of Christmas Ideas is an extra-large 8 1/2" x 11" volume. It's filled with 322 photographs and illustrations (212 in FULL COLOR), and 400 original decorating and gift ideas. Step-by-step directions show you how to decorate doors, windows, foyers, walls, fireplaces, dining areas, children's rooms. How to set up reverent Nativity scenes. How to trim a tree. How to create festive outdoor displays that will win admiring glances from passersby.

You spend pennies—others spend dollars

The cost of some stunning designs is just pennies. Make handsome wreaths from old hatboxes; turn a coffee can into a decorative toy drum; build an imaginative display around a broken clock. Make decorations of pine boughs, ribbons, paper, foil, sequins, felt . . . create clever new tree ornaments . . . colorful miniature trees . . . elegant centerpieces for your dinner and buffet tables . . . many other surprises.

Tasty treats for a happier holiday

The section on Christmas cooking brings you recipes for crumbly star cookies, gingerbread men, Kris Kringle cake, Yuletide breads, sugarplum surprises, appetizers and dips, holiday fruit punches, etc.

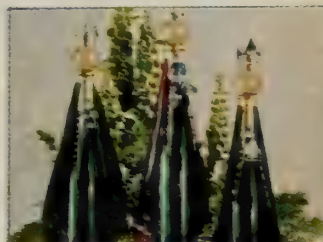
This book will radiate the joy and warmth of the true Christmas spirit year after year. Take it free with your membership in the Family Book Service.

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If you have that marvelously feminine urge to create — to brighten your life . . . to make your house and garden even more beautiful . . . then you'll love the Family Book Service. It offers — at special DISCOUNT prices — the most creative new cook books and full-color decorating volumes . . . books on medicine and family health . . . fashions, sewing, gardening . . . on home remodeling, better living . . . new books on entertaining, etiquette, marriage, child care . . . and new books for young readers, too. All selections are new—hard-cover volumes you will be proud to add to your home library. You may refuse any book you do not want by returning a form provided each month for that purpose with the club bulletin, which describes selections and alternates. Mail Free Book Certificate Today. FAMILY BOOK SERVICE, Dept. 386, 400 Community Drive, Manhasset, N.Y. 11030.



Isn't this the cheeriest Christmas package-wrap you've seen in years? Book illustrates dozens more you'll find nowhere else!

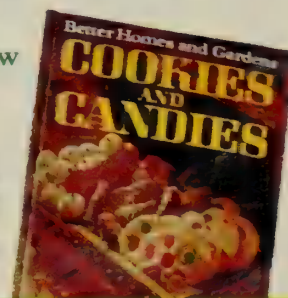


Wise Men bottles sit atop this table. Book shows you how to make scores of holiday adornments for TV, end tables, kitchen counter, telephone stand, etc.

Also FREE when you mail the coupon below

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AMY VANDERBILT

SELECTING CHINA AND SILVER

Is it proper for a girl to register and start collecting her china and silver before she officially announces her engagement? I would like to begin as soon as possible, but my mother says it isn't proper until there has been an official announcement.

From time immemorial brides have started collecting what are in effect their dowries long before the groom is even in sight. I have always been interested in the custom in Portugal, where newborn babies—boys and girls—begin to receive their flat silver so that when the time for marriage comes, each has a complete set.

Many girls today inherit their silver. In some areas it is usual for girls to choose a pattern upon graduating from high school and to begin collecting it then. One piece of silver is often given as a graduation gift or on other gift-giving occasions. If, on the other hand, you have not yet selected your silver and china patterns, you might want to wait until you can make your choice with your fiancé.

RESTAURANT TIPPING

A waiter in a very nice restaurant in New York City recently made evident his dissatisfaction with my husband's 15 percent tip. Someone in our group said later that 20 percent was the usual tip now. Is that possible? The bill was large and so was the tip, especially for the kind of service we had.

In the average restaurant today, 15 percent is still usual. In a luxury restaurant, 20 percent and sometimes even 25 percent is expected by waiters. This does not mean that they should get that much if the service is bad or the food not up to standard. Your husband should have ignored the waiter's rudeness.

NEW FRIENDS

How well do you have to know a couple to invite them to your home for dinner? If my husband knows the man, but I have never met him or his wife, shouldn't my husband issue the invitation? Also, must cocktails always be offered? My husband doesn't drink, but I do. However, we can't always afford to have a lot of liquor on hand, and it might be embarrassing if the couple turned out to be heavy drinkers.

You don't have to know the couple well at all to invite them to your home. You may have just met them, find them attractive and want to see them again. The wife as the household's social secretary always issues the invitations. If your husband knows the man, however, he could be in effect an advance courier, perhaps making tentative arrangements that you should follow up.

If your guests drink, they might

be disappointed not to be offered cocktails, but you, as hostess, can always control the situation. Do not invite them too far in advance of the dinner hour. Gear the cocktail offering to two before firmly closing the bar, and serve dinner on time.

VERY SHY

I am 13 years old and play the guitar fairly well. My teacher wants me to perform in front of my whole school! I am very shy and I'm afraid to play in front of all those people. Can you help me with my shyness?

My motto is "Social security comes with social practice."

Before you go onto the stage, take a deep breath. Remember that just about everybody in the room wishes he could be in your place. Think of your competence with the instrument. Look out at one friend and play to him or her.

Every young person should learn to perform in some way before an audience. Your self-confidence will grow as you perform, and this will be of enormous help as you grow older.

CHILDREN AT THE WEDDING

My daughter is planning her wedding and we have a problem with the guest list. We have a large family, and we don't want very young children at the wedding. Is it correct to invite only the children over the age of, say, twelve, and if so, how do we do it without hurting anyone's feelings?

The best way to handle this is to put on the inner envelope of the invitation the names of the children you wish invited. For example: Agatha and Robert. Send separate invitations to children over 18. Let it be known far and wide that you do not expect anyone to bring children whose names are not specifically mentioned in the invitation. Do not write "and family" on wedding invitations (or on anything else).

NEW BABY

My husband and I were both married before and had children by our first marriages. We are now expecting our first baby and I would like to know if I may send announcements, or is that only proper for the birth of children in one's first marriage?

There is no reason why you shouldn't send birth announcements for this baby of the new marriage.

WELL-AND-TREE PLATTER

I received a silver well-and-tree platter as a present. I know that it is used for meat, but I wonder if I can cut meat on it or will this scratch it? Please advise me on its proper use.

Do not use a well-and-tree platter for carving. Place sliced hot meat

on it; the well will collect juices.

PERSONAL LETTERS

I have a married son living distant town, and since I elderly widow living alone occasionally need to write n about personal matters. It c happen often, but my dau in-law takes it as a discour her when I address a letter son alone. No slight is ev tended. I write them jointly often, and sometimes my ter-in-law alone. I am bo because I don't think my marriage should cut me off ly from the privilege of v him a personal letter once while. Am I wrong?

No, you are not wrong. B should, in any letter to you send a greeting to his wife.

CONTINENTAL EATING

Our 16-year-old daughter v lighted to read your colu the February issue about in the continental manner her trip to Europe last su she uses this manner of e fork in left hand, knife in when she thinks we are no ing. I agree with the writer letter to you: it is an affect jet set or no. Few America complish eating this way ely. Most importantly, I thir we as Americans should be of our customs, tradition manners. We should also co the person sitting next to u continental eater's elbows the way.

There is no reason why a American might not use th tinentinal manner of eating wishes, and many do—jet no. So many Americans are abroad now that many m this method of eating and more convenient. Certain body turns a hair any mor American chooses to eat fashion or to combine it w American method. I thin your daughter should ma own choice in the matter a no issue should be made o

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

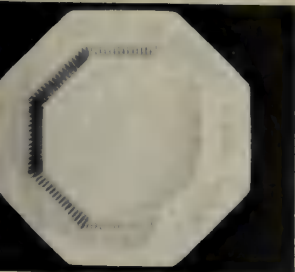
Now ready for JOURNAL readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large P (open house, anniversaries, warmings, showers). Also "Writing," "Teen Manners. fice Etiquette," "Engageme Wedding Etiquette" and "Manners." Send 50¢ in co each booklet ordered to Mis Vanderbilt, Box 1155, W Conn. 06880.



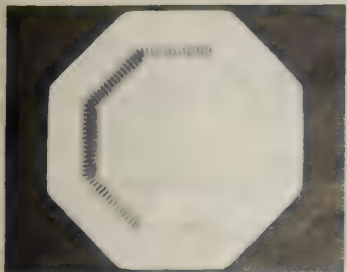


The first dishwasher detergent for dry-hards.

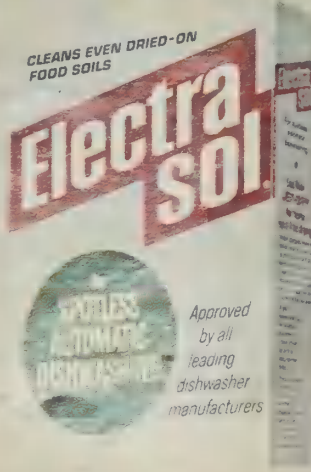
Dry-Hards are tough-to-clean foods—like fruit pie, oatmeal, meat fats, eggs, sauces—that dry and cake and stick. And stick. And stick. To plates. To forks. Filming glasses. Electrasol, fortified with 20% more active cleaning ingredients than other leading dishwasher detergents, really removes Dry-Hards. Lets your dishwasher give you cleaner, brighter, film-free dishes.



Could never perform a test like this, proves fortified Electrasol's superiority against Dry-Hards. Plate with Dry-paste of blueberry pie, oatmeal and baked on for ten minutes at 330°F. Put out like this when washed in another brand. Any dishwasher detergent remove soft food soils. The ultimate test effectiveness is on a Dry Hard.



Same Dry-Hard plate—but cleaned in Electrasol, fortified with 20% more active cleaning ingredients than other leading brands. Electrasol removes tough Dry-Hard soils like blueberry pie, oatmeal and egg—prevents them from drying into spots on dishes, glasses and silverware. Try Electrasol. It's especially designed to give you cleaner, spot-free dishes.

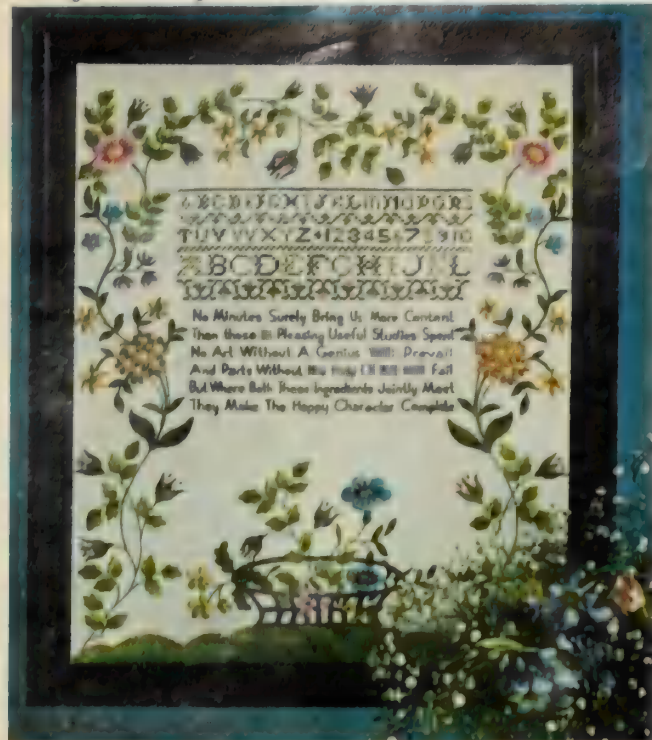


Good Housekeeping
CLEANERS

ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC. St. Paul, Minnesota

American cross-stitch sampler kits

By Dorothy Lambert Brightbill American samplers are choice collectors' items and are costly. Make your own for a fraction of the usual cost and take pride in your accomplishment.



Whitman Sampler (upper right), a copy of one in famous Whitman Collection. It is stamped on beige 100 percent linen size 15½ by 17 inches, Kit 61132. The fruitwood-finish frame has a narrow gold inner band, Kit 61133.

Alphabet Sampler (lower right), also from the Whitman Collection. The amusing and whimsical motifs are intriguingly colored in blue and green on a beige 100 percent linen background. The sampler will fit an 18- by 23-inch frame, Kit 61088. The frame has a hand-rubbed mahogany finish with an inner gold band, Kit 61089.

Content Sampler (upper left), is one of the prettiest we have seen. The owner of the original kindly permitted us to reproduce it for you to enjoy, too. It is stamped on creamy-white 100 percent linen size 14½ by 17 inches, Kit 61219. The frame is copied from an authentic 18th century moldings, matte black finish, Kit 61220.

Child's Prayer sampler is one to help you start your own tradition (lower left). Let this teach your children the familiar evening prayer. Little mother animals and their playful young border the well-known words. Crooked crosses give a fresh new texture. Linen background is 14 by 17 inches, Kit 61015. Orange-painted frame, Kit 61135. We mounted the whole unit, complete with ready-made frame, on a piece of plywood (which we sprayed shiny white enamel).

The Creative Woman

Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. 3879
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Kit 61135 Frame for above	@ \$3.00 ea.	_____
61014 Color catalog of available kits	@ 25¢ ea.	_____
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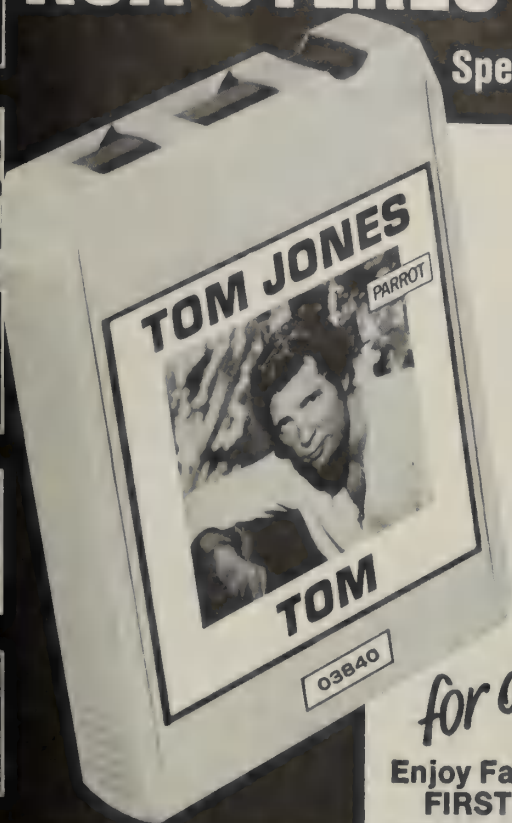
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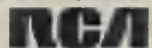
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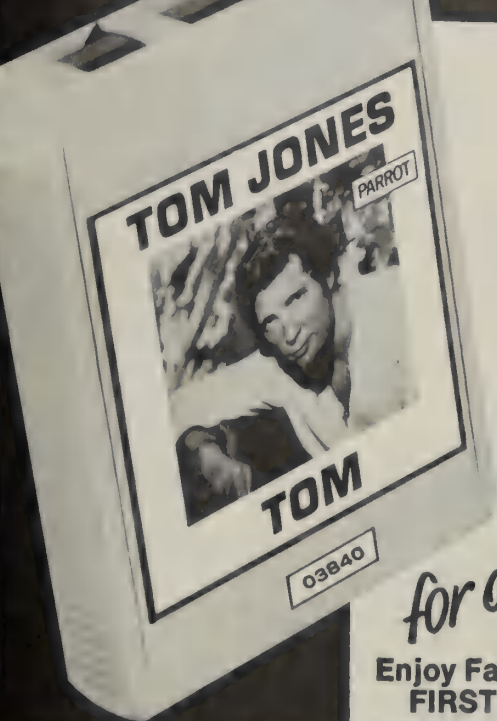
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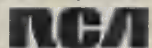
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If you are overweight and want to lose those extra pounds, try this brand-new, scientifically planned Ice Cream Diet. It's the only diet that lets you lose weight the happy way, because it is based on ice cream—the fun food. Lots of it, too. And it's the real thing: rich, smooth, delicious ice cream, not so-called ice creams or water ices. And this diet is as sound as it is fun. Though ice

cream plays a large part in it, there are ample amounts of dairy foods, meats, fish, eggs, cheese, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Ice cream is an important dairy food. One-half cup contains the calcium found in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk. By definition, ice cream consists of protein, calcium and riboflavin (a B vitamin). It is very high in milk fat and milk solids. French ice cream has egg yolk solids, too. All ice cream must contain at least 10 percent milk fat, according to Federal standards, but manufacturers of high-quality ice cream usually prefer to keep the milk fat content up to at least 12 percent.

Ice cream generally contains 145 calories per half cup. This total will vary slightly with various flavors, but the variations are nothing to worry about. In fact, the variety of ice cream flavors is what guarantees you freedom from monotony on this diet.

How much weight should you lose? For the best answer, look at yourself in a full-length mirror. Are you happy with what you see? Weigh yourself without clothes. Next, accurately measure your height, with-

out shoes. For women, depending on whether you have a slight, medium or large frame, allow from 100 to 110 pounds for the first five feet of height. Add to that a total 5 pounds for each extra inch over five feet. If you are less than five feet tall, subtract 5 pounds for every inch under five feet. For example, if you are 5 feet 2 inches and wear

a small size glove and shoe, you have a slight frame and your desirable weight is 110 pounds (100 pounds for the first five feet and 5 pounds for each inch over five feet). The same height with a medium frame permits a weight of 115 pounds (allowing 105 pounds for the first five feet), and the same height with a large frame permits 120 pounds (allowing 110 pounds for the first five feet). If you have trouble figuring this out, ask your doctor for your desirable weight or consult a weight chart.

Once you know how much weight you have to lose, it is time to start the Ice Cream Diet. This dream diet will reduce your calorie intake and make pounds disappear. Please remember that to achieve true shapeliness, you also need some regular daily exercise. Exercise is good for your diet, and also for your peace of mind.

Because the Ice Cream Diet is nutritionally sound, you can remain on it until you have slimmed down to your desired weight. Turn the page for two full weeks of daily menus. Recipes are included for many of the delicious, dietetic entrees.

THE ICE CREAM DIET

Here at last is every woman's dream come true—a fabulous new diet that lets you eat ice cream and still lose weight. By Gaynor Maddox

Copyright © 1970 by Gaynor Maddox. Taken from his book, "The Ice Cream Diet," published by Award Books.

*Before skirts climbed to the knee,
garters made a perfect hiding place
for her cigarette.*



**You've come
a long way, baby.**



Virginia Slims
The taste for today's woman.



THE ICE CREAM DIET

POINTS TO REMEMBER BEFORE STARTING "THE ICE CREAM DIET"

1. Check with your doctor before beginning this or any other diet.
2. Take a daily vitamin pill if your doctor suggests it.
3. Tea or coffee, without cream or sugar, may be taken in any quantity with any of these menus.
4. Bouillon made from a cube contains only about two calories and may also be taken freely with any of these meals.
5. These menus are models to guide you on your Ice Cream Diet. If you prefer other foods to those given, then change to the ones you prefer—but keep all changes within the same nutritional and calorie categories. For example: substitute a green vegetable for another green vegetable, one meat for another, one milk product for another.
6. Like any diet, the Ice Cream Diet works best when the dieter refrains from drinking alcoholic beverages.
7. An asterisk means that a recipe is given at the end of the menu section.

WEEK 1, SUNDAY

	Calories per Serving
Breakfast	
Cornflakes, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup, with Vanilla Ice Cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	240
Orange Juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	80
Egg, scrambled (add water only)	80
Whole Wheat Toast, 1 slice	55
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon	17
	472

Dinner	
Veal Roast with Herbs	300
Rice, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup	110
Zucchini with Carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	35
Vanilla Ice Cream in Papaya Quarter	165
	610
Supper	
Sandwich Torte*	111
Tomato Juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	35
	146
Day's total calories	1228

MONDAY

Breakfast	
Orange Juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	80
Wheat Biscuit, 1 large	140
Milk, whole skim, 1 cup	81
Butter, 1 teaspoon	33
(Heat milk and butter and pour over wheat biscuit)	
	334
Lunch	
Bean with Pork Soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	125
Spinach, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	20
Bread, 1 slice spread with Cream Cheese, 4 tablespoons	55
Coffee Float with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Vanilla Ice Cream	73
(no sugar or cream in coffee)	
	328
Dinner	
Chinese Tomato Beef*	293
Rice, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup	110
Ginger Ice Cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	145
	548
Day's total calories	1210

TUESDAY

Breakfast	
Tomato Juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	35
Egg, 1, soft-boiled	80
Whole Wheat Toast, 1 slice	55
Butter, 1 teaspoon	33
Milk, whole skim, 1 cup	81
	284
Lunch	
Fruit Salad	
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup fresh pineapple	50
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup fresh strawberries	35
half a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cantaloupe	30
peach ice cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	145
Bran Muffin, medium size, hot	90
Butter, 1 teaspoon	33
	383
Dinner	
Ground Beef Patties	252
Endive and Cucumber Salad (1 cup) with Yogurt Dressing (2 tablespoons)	38
Pickled Beans with Basil, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	25
Lemon Ice Cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, with Grapefruit Sections, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup	163
	478
Day's total calories	1145

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast	
Orange Juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	80
Bran Flakes, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	90
Milk, whole skim, 1 cup	81
Sugar, 1 teaspoon	15
	266
Lunch	
Tossed Green Salad	
4 large lettuce leaves	9

10 small chicory leaves	
2 small leaves romaine	
Blue Cheese, 1 ounce	
Low-Calorie French Dressing, 1 tablespoon	
Warm Peach Brown Betty, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup with	
Vanilla Ice Cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup	
	36
Dinner	
Cold Fresh Salmon Platter* with Asparagus Spears	42
Relishes, Rye Bread with Cream Cheese	
Blueberry Ice Cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	56
Day's total calories	120
THURSDAY	
Breakfast	
Orange and Grapefruit Juice, frozen, diluted $\frac{1}{4}$ cup	7
English Muffin, toasted	11
Butter, 1 teaspoon	3
	22
Lunch	
Black Bean Soup, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup	13
Salmon, half a 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. can	19
Green Pepper Half	
Cucumber Spears	
Fresh Red Raspberry Sundae with Vanilla Ice Cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup and Red Raspberries, 2 tablespoons	4
	4
(continued on page 4)	
I hate to see summer end; on the other hand I'm sick of it.	
—Poor Woman's Almanac	

RIT PUSH-BUTTON PURPLE

...easy as 1,2,3.

Have a passion for Purple? Now you can have purple, purple, all over the place. It's so easy with Rit® Dye. In a washing machine, bowl, or sink. **One** Color the cushion slipcovers Rit Purple. **Two** Dye printed fabric for a screen. **Three** Brush hot diluted Purple on an unfinished wood picture frame. Color anything your passionate heart desires. You will get the purplest purple ever. Passionate Purple by Rit. 35 emotional colors to choose from.



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MAKE IT WITH "DUAL DUTY PLUS" THE THREAD ON THE GOLDEN SPOOL



Goodbye knees.
Hello ankles.

#8913.

Down went the hemline.

Up went the eyebrows.

If there was ever a fashion that made the American woman and the American man choose sides, it's the midi.

Reactions vary from "I wouldn't be caught dead in it," to "It's the only style I'm going to wear."

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And what you don't see in our Fashion News you'll see in our other Simplicity fashion publications. So pick up one of them today at your favorite pattern counter. And all you'll have to say good-bye to are your fashion worries.



Simplicity.

We go to any length to please you.

Simplicity Pattern Co. Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

The fabulous new look of fall, 1970, calls for some great new fabrics and trims: the glossy vinyls, the luxurious furs (real and fake), the quiltings and the colorful braid and tape trims you see in our special 6-page patterns portfolio on pages 82-87. They make it easier than ever to create a young, designer look yourself. But if the fabric's the thing, so is your technique. Working with the new Seventies fabrics and trims is easy once you learn how, but it's worth boning up on a few techniques before you take the plunge.

Border Prints: Showing off the beauty of a border calls for special planning with your pattern pieces. Decide where you'd like the border to show. Around hems of skirts and pants, around cuffs or stand-up collars, across sleeves and bodices are all likely places. Because borders usually run lengthwise, the pattern must be placed on the fabric crosswise. Experiment with folding the fabric and laying it out to find a workable layout. Never cut until you've fit all pieces. For a hem border, determine your exact hem length and mark it on pattern piece.

Quilted tricot: Prequilted tricots in bright prints and solids create some of the season's favorite fresh looks. Although thick, they are surprisingly lightweight and easy to sew. Here are some useful working tips:

- Mark fabric with dressmaker's carbon and tracing wheel or tailor's tacks.
- Interface collars, cuffs, buttonholes, etc., with light polyester interfacing fabric or medium-weight woven interfacing.
- Facings, if cut from matching color, will be less bulky if you use light-weight woven rayon lining or underlinings.
- Stitch with a balanced, medium tension with about 10 stitches per inch, using a thread that "gives," such as a polyester or cotton and polyester.
- The seams should have some give, especially at armholes. Use a stretch thread and gently stretch fabric as you stitch. You may also stitch the seam with a narrow zig-zag stitch.
- To stabilize shoulder seams, stitch straight seam tape into them.
- Finish seams with edge stitching or wide zig zag to prevent filler from coming out.
- Buttonholes can be worked or bound by machine.
- When pressing, work lightly with steam to avoid flattening quilting.

Wool Gabardine: One of our favorite fabrics for fall and winter, gabardine presses and shapes beautifully with a moist heat. For best results—and especially to avoid a shiny finish—go about it all carefully.

- Use a steam iron or a damp press cloth.
- For a smooth, but not overpressed, look, apply pressure of iron carefully with a lifting and lowering motion.
- When pressing fabric on right side always use a press cloth. Avoid an excess of moisture.
- Press as you sew, smoothing seams and darts before joining individual pattern pieces.
- Press seams on wrong side. To prevent impressions of seam allowances

from showing on the right side, use strips of brown paper under edges before ironing.

Wrap Skirts: The new midi skirts like the wrap-around look. And when made of wool or a wool-like fabric, lining adds body and also wears more comfortably. For medium-weight wools, use acetate sheath linings; medium-weight crepes, silk surah taffeta. For heavier wools, use heavy taffetas, satin or crepe-back satin. For best results:

- Cut the lining from the main skirt pattern pieces. Sew lining separately as if you were making two separate skirts.
- Pin the front interfacing to the right side of the lefthand skirt lining and stitch.
- With right sides together and front edges matching, pin the lining to skirt. Stitch both front edges. Turn to the right side and press.
- After finishing skirt as directed by pattern, hem skirt and lining separately. (The lining should be slightly shorter than skirt.) Anchor lining to skirt at seam lines using chalk tacks.

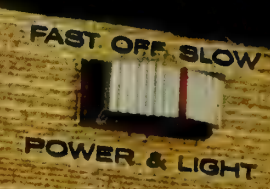
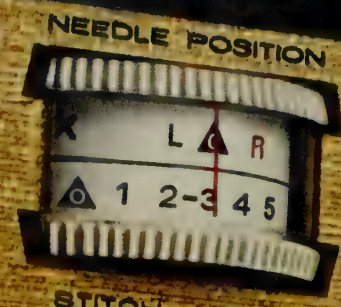
Topstitching: This is an easy couturier touch. The trick is to get the stitching straight. For stitching along edge use the throat plate of the sewing machine, a seam guide or a strip of masking tape placed on the machine bed at the desired distance from needle. When stitching elsewhere, baste a guideline or use a quilting attachment. For topstitching, regular thread can be used, but we prefer more dramatic look of a silk buttonhole twist thread, especially on heavier fabrics.

Use the twist on top of the machine only and regular thread for the bob. Use a size 14 needle and a long stitch. Sew on right side of garment. When topstitching vinyl, here's a tip to keep the pressure foot from sticking: dab a tiny bit of machine oil along surface to be stitched.

Puff Quilting: Many collar and cuff styles this year are emphasized with quilting. Newly available, to make job easier, are 4-in.-wide poly-quilting strips to use as a filler between the two layers of fabric to be quilted. When using:

- Cut filler from collar or cuff pattern. Pin to wrong side of piece. Trim corners of filler diagonally. Machine baste ½ in. from edges. Continue quilting garment as directed in pattern.
- Hand baste guidelines for topstitching through all thicknesses. Topstitch on right side of garment—allowing less than ½ in. between stitches if you want a very puffy effect.

Flat Trims: The decorative braids, ribbon tapes on our pattern pages this month can be applied almost anywhere that strikes your fancy. For hand baste trim in place, and, if you sew along both edges. Machine sew both edges, always sewing in the same direction. Decorative trims like the one on our tweed coat should be sewed before lining is attached. Fur trim slip-stitched by hand.



S I N G E R



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sewing
is
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GOLDEN

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Fabric shown is "Touch"—a nylon knit by J. P. Stevens in smashing prints. See some in the dresses, tops, tunics and more coordinated with Singer tweeds, velvet, corduroy. Sewn up in new McCall's, Simplicity patterns. At new Singer Centers.

achine of the 70's. By Singer.



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WORLD'S LARGEST LABORATORIES DEVOTED TO FAMILY PLANNING RESEARCH FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

The headache. It is a universal ill, an ailment whose causes and cures have obsessed man throughout recorded history. Like most ills, headaches have been attributed to the workings of spirits and sorcerers, and to other far-fetched causes as well; some early European societies, for example, speculated that one cause might be the inclusion of the sufferer's cut-off hair by a bird or rodent in nest-building materials. Cures have run an astounding gamut. An ancient Moorish theory held that the headache victim need only beat a lamb or goat senseless, thus surely transferring the agony to the hapless animal. Today, any radio listener or television viewer can recite an impressive list of headache causes and remedies.

In fact, headache can be a serious medical problem—and, in 1970, much (though not all) of the mystery surrounding it has been dispelled. A good deal of light has been cast by a handful of researchers led by a New York neurologist, Dr. Arnold P. Friedman. Dr. Friedman spends most of his working time presiding over a unique treatment and research program: the Headache Unit of the Division of Neurology at New York's Montefiore Hospital and Medical Center, a program dedicated to the full-time study of headaches—how and why they happen, who the victims are, how they can be relieved. The Unit has treated thousands of headache sufferers.

What is a headache? Scientifically, called cephalalgia. The term itself—the Greek kephale, "head," plus al "pain"—tells us little; it seems only bring us full circle: a headache is a pain in the head. And most of us have experienced it. We might, if pressed, further scribe it as "bad," or "sick," or "splitting." The layman might also attempt to pinpoint a headache's locale—"at the back of head" or "somewhere behind my brows." Beyond this, there is little that the sufferer's own observations reveal, other than the headache's duration.

In 1962, a team of physicians headed by Dr. Friedman and supported by a federal grant undertook the awesome task of sorting out and classifying headaches. What emerged now stands as the American Medical Association's official list of 15 distinct headache classifications. These 15 types fall into two groups. The first, by far the more complex problem for both physician and patient, is the chronic, recurring headache. Included in this group are "tension" and "migraine" headaches. The second group consists of headaches of an associative nature; they appear as symptoms and direct results of some other specific disorder. Let's look at the second group first.

The associative headache. Two-thirds of all headaches fall into this category. They are, for example, (continued)



YOUR ACHING HEAD

The headache is a universal ill that has always plagued mankind. Here, the doctor in charge of a unique headache clinic analyzes causes and cures. By Dodi Schultz

Take the body test.



Run your fingers along a lock of hair. Does it feel thick and silken to the touch? Now let go. Does it bounce back into set? Is there a shiny, alive look? If so—you're one of the lucky ones. If not—you need more than just a conditioner, more than just a texturizer—you need

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headaches in which the discomfort results from swelling and dilation, due to some temporary systemic problem, of pain-sensitive blood vessels in the head. The problem may be a general infection, especially one accompanied by fever. An example is the headache that accompanies the flu.

In the same class are headaches caused by circulatory disruption: vari-

ous poisons, including carbon monoxide and other toxins; certain allergic reactions; some reactions to physical stress, among them postconcussion headache, postconvulsion headache, hangover headache, headache caused by extreme hunger or some other factor that has caused an abrupt drop in blood sugar, etc. In general, once the overall problem is cleared up, the headache disappears.

Another class of associative head-

aches are termed "traction headaches"—headaches caused by something that exerts a physical pull on blood vessels and nerves within the head. The "something" is generally a mass, such as a tumor or other growth, that has intruded into the blood vessels, the covering layer of the brain, or the brain itself (though brain tissue does not feel pain). Such a headache may warn of a truly critical condition. Typically, this kind of headache is limited to one small

area. Although not all "small area" headaches signal brain tumors, such a headache should send you to a doctor without delay.

There is a third class of associative headaches: those sparked by neuralgia. Often, part of the face is involved. Here, too, medical diagnosis is important in determining the treatment.

Associative headaches may also arise directly from inflammation of blood vessels, nerves or other organs in the head. One example is meningitis, inflammation of the membrane surrounding the brain. Meningitis may be caused by infection, either primary or secondary to another illness, or by allergens or other irritants. This kind of headache is often accompanied by other symptoms. The doctor recognizes meningitis and treats it by combating the inflammation itself.

The five remaining groups of associative headaches are those that may easily arise from something going wrong with your eyes, ears, sinuses, teeth, gums, scalp, and muscles—injury, infection, allergic growths, whatever. The pain may spread from one site to another because all these areas are related. Thus, a sinus infection or ear infection may develop into a full-fledged headache.

The chronic, recurring headache

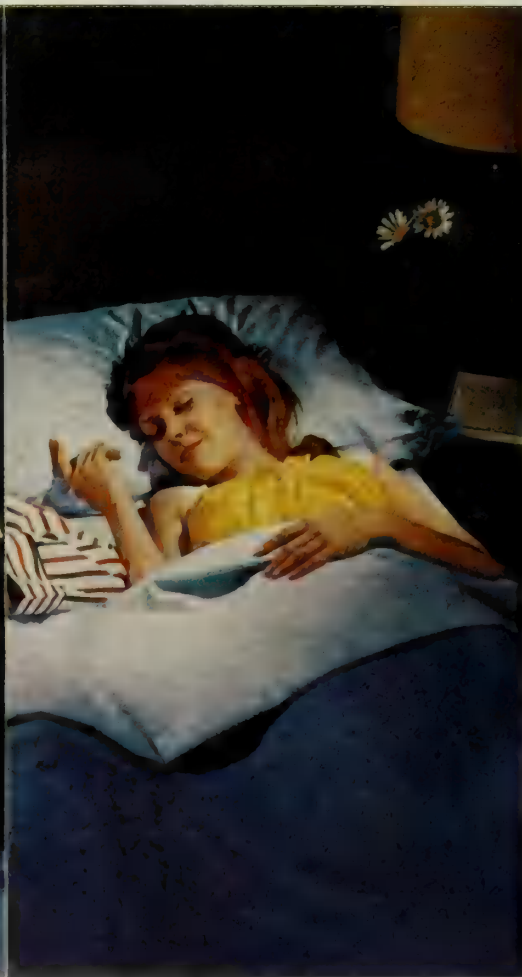
Thus far, we have named 10 of the 15 headache types. The five that remain are the real troublemakers. They are the persistent, nagging, sometimes incapacitating headaches. Their causes are frequently obscure and some require lengthy probing by a specialist. About 90 percent of these chronic recurring headaches are caused by emotional stress.

The least common chronic headache is the one that some physicians call "psychogenic"—i.e., of purely emotional origin. That is, the patient has developed some emotional problem but cannot cope with it into a physical problem. His pain is real. But because there is no evidence of a physical factor, such a headache must be treated chiefly by psychotherapeutic means.

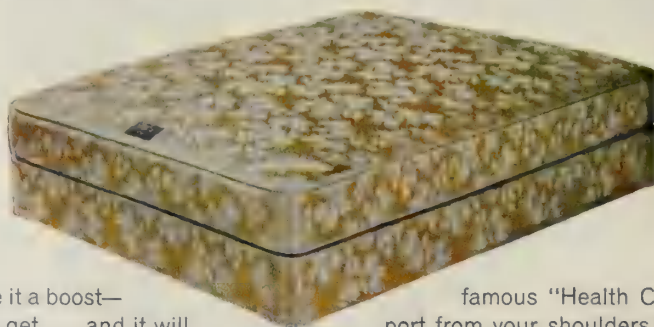
Slightly more common is the recurrent frontal or "sinus" headache. Its symptoms seem at first to fit in with the associative headache category: the pain, usually mild or moderate, is at the front of the head; there is nasal congestion, a runny nose or a stuffy nose. The doctor's examination will often reveal that the mucous membranes in the sinuses are sometimes swollen and congested. That congestion and inflammation causes the pain.

Because there is a fine line between this class of headaches and the associative category, in which certain allergies or sensitivities may play a part, an overlap is possible. While infection and malformation can be easily determined, as can the influence played by obvious allergies, it's difficult to rule out the possibility of other causes—air pollutants, for example. But whether or not there is such a sensitivity, there is an emotional "triggering" factor, which puts the headache in this category. Treatment with a sedative is usually effective.

A third chronic-headache category combines the two major classes—muscle contraction, discussed shortly—migraine. Unfortunately for us, the coexistence of the two, though not common, appears (cont)



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HEADACHES continued

frequently enough to merit a class to itself. Almost invariably, however, the chronic headache is due either to muscle contraction or migraine.

The muscle-contraction headache

Physicians prefer this term, rather than the popular "nervous headache" or "tension headache," because it more precisely describes the immediate cause of the pain: a tightening, a prolonged and sustained contraction, of certain skeletal muscles, especially those at the back of the neck. The ache itself is often suggestive of this tautness: a sensation of pressure encircling the head, a feeling of entrapment. The current slang term, "uptight," accurately characterizes the condition. The "uptight" individual is, whether continually or as the result of a particular worry or frustration, tense, keyed-up and anxious.

"In short," says Dr. Friedman, "the muscle-contraction headache is an over-response to a stress-producing situation. Its typical victim is the sort of person who tends to work too hard, relax too little, and be overly concerned about his or her ability to perform a task or cope with a situation."

"An individual may feel threatened," he continues, "by the demands of a job or profession, and sometimes those fears may be unrealistic, although understandable. I recall one such patient, a young and capable attorney who dreaded court appearances, despite the fact that others knew him to consistently deliver a superior performance; his own anxiety was that he might find himself falling short of what he himself demanded—unfailing excellence. As he learned to expect a little less of himself, the headaches gradually became fewer and milder, finally vanishing."

Since both emotional and physical tautness are present, the doctor treating a muscle-contraction headache will seek to relieve both conditions. He may recommend analgesics—*aspirin*, buffered *aspirin*, etc., or drugs of a more powerful nature. He may prescribe tranquilizers with muscle-relaxant properties—in an effort to break the cycle of anxiety that perpetuates the sustained muscle contraction and, in turn, the headache. These include such drugs as *meprobamate* (*Equanil*, *Miltown*), *chlordiazepoxide* (*Librium*), *diazepam* (*Valium*) and others. Such drugs, Dr. Friedman cautions, can produce side effects. They must always be used under a doctor's direction, and as directed. Heat application—hot compresses, warm baths—may also help to relax taut neck and shoulder muscles.

Most important, though, is *long-range* cycle-breaking: discovering the underlying source of the stress and taking steps to prevent its recurrence. That means psychotherapy, although not necessarily lengthy and expensive sessions with a psychoanalyst (this stress response rarely reflects serious mental illness, but rather an essentially normal defense mechanism), but intensive doctor-patient cooperation.

One other aspect of the muscle-contraction headache should be noted. While the muscular tension usually stems from emotional stress, this is not always so (though an element of such stress is probably present). One may, for example, have the distinctly unpleasant burden of two headaches at once: one, a typical "uptight" ache of

the sort we've been discussing here; the other, of a specifically acute nature.

"Not uncommonly," Dr. Friedman concedes, "when you have disease of the nasal or sinus structures, for example, you get a secondary muscle-contraction headache. This is because any disorder affecting the head or neck—whether a sinus infection, a toothache or earache—can, in fact, cause muscular tension at the back of the neck, with sustained contraction. This is an involuntary physical reaction, not of emotional origin except to the extent that there may well be a certain amount of anxiety in connection with any illness. The muscles of the neck and scalp often tend to act as what I call a 'splinting agent,' much as the abdominal muscles do in appendicitis; this is an instinctive defensive measure, tending to hold the involved area rigid."

The malevolent migraine

Perhaps the greatest challenge of all to Dr. Friedman and his co-workers, and the headache that has sparked the most intense curiosity and study, is migraine. It is migraine that lays low an estimated 5 to 12 percent of the U.S. population at one time or another—meaning at least 10,000,000, and perhaps as many as 24,000,000, people in this country alone.

What is migraine? Where does its terrible, throbbing pain come from? Why does it strike some persons and not others? We now have many—though not all—of the answers.

The word "migraine" comes to us unchanged from the French. It derives, via Latin, from the Greek *hemi*, "half," plus *Kranion*, "head"—and the prototype migraine headaches, the ones first recognized as a distinct medical syndrome, do indeed involve only half the head (it is now known, however, that "classic" migraine accounts for only a small proportion of the headaches that fit into this class).

As research continued, it discovered more of the migraine's mechanisms. Like the first group of acute headaches we discussed, migraine is classified as a vascular headache; that is, the immediate cause of pain is distension and dilation of blood vessels. But the migraine syndrome also involves other symptoms—sensory disturbances, muscular effects, nausea and other unpleasant manifestations.

A second finding was a psychological one. The migraine sufferer, the researchers concluded, is a special sort of person. As Dr. Friedman explains: "Migraine patients, as a rule, are quite bright and alert—not necessarily geniuses, but certainly not dullards. They are aggressive, hard-driving conscientious, meticulous. They tend to take to heart society's standards of success, and more often than not, they do succeed; they are the accomplishees, the doers—whether in science or politics, in athletics or the arts, in school or in running a household. Some of the most famous men and women in the world, we now know, have been migraine victims, among them Freud, Lewis Carroll, Thomas Jefferson, Virginia Woolf."

Further, it was soon observed that close relatives of migraine sufferers tend to suffer from the same condition. This, in turn, gave rise to the next question: Does the migraine victim inherit the ailment?

The evidence favors a hereditary factor. There is clear clinical evidence in

infants too young even to describe the pain. Firmer substantiation is the discovery, in recent years, of certain tinct biochemical substances—released in and around the pain site during course of a migraine headache—stances not present at other times in other individuals. While the specific chemical mechanism has not been found, it is strongly suspected that culprit may be a genetic abnormality.

At any rate, the hereditary factor in migraine need not necessarily lead to the condition; it functions, rather, as a predisposing factor. In nine out of ten cases, the trigger that sets the migraine into motion involves stress; stress is often emotional, but it may be physical—the onset of puberty or menopause, the birth of a child, physical exhaustion, the ingestion of certain foods, exposure to chemical irritants—any of which may vary considerably from one patient to another. Thus, given the hereditary element, plus the character personality pattern or inclination, stress—migraine results.

Most migraine sufferers are women, although the difference is not vast; the statistical clues may be somewhat misleading. "Men," Dr. Friedman reminds us, "are traditionally the favored breadwinners; they are often reluctant to spare time to consult a physician unless they are incapacitated. And there has been an unfortunate social pressure in our Western civilization that such ailments are signs of weakness or lack of manliness, not to be admitted to oneself or to others. So there are surely many male migraine sufferers whom we doctors have never seen. But I think, even taking these factors into account, that there are probably still a greater total number of females than males who have migraine."

"Classic" migraine afflicts an estimated one in 10 migraine sufferers; it is exceedingly rare in children. Its distinctive pattern includes a series of warning signs or signals usually of striking visual nature, involving flashing light, lines or spots before the eyes, etc.; sometimes there is numbness, tingling, even temporary paralysis of a limb. All these signs, as a rule, affect one side of the body only—in 89 percent of all cases, the side opposite to that afflicted by the headache.

The headache itself is, by definition, one-sided; it lasts four to six hours and tends to be accompanied by loss of appetite, nausea and vomiting.

About 80 percent of migraine patients suffer from "common" migraine, sometimes called "sick headache"; occasionally such terms as "sun headache," "premenstrual headache," etc., may be used if the attacks recur at fairly predictable intervals.

Unlike the classic migraine, the common migraine sometimes involves both sides of the head; it lasts perhaps a few hours, perhaps as long as several days. As with the classic migraine, there may be a variety of other symptoms; nausea, vomiting, fatigue, chills and other discomforts, and sometimes signs reminiscent of a nasal cold.

Another 5 percent of migraine patients suffer from "cluster" migraine; in this group, physicians have found more men victims than women—although there are exceptions, this type of migraine tends to appear chiefly in patients over the age of 35.

(continued on page 60)



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*J*acquard-weave blouse (left) has leg o' mutton sleeves and flared peplum. By Carol Horn for Benson & Partners. In rayon, \$24. Around the neck is a choker of jet beads. Sarah Coventry ring. Crepe shirt (right) with smocking on sleeve and cuff is by Sears. In polyester, \$9. Wooden marquetry and bead choker. Both midi skirts by Benson & Partners; chokers by Sandor Goldberger; Elegant belt.

BLOUSES ON THE SOFT SIDE

After a long hiatus, the blouse is back in all its softness, edging out the severe, man-tailored shirt. The revival comes in with the longer skirt, evoking a more romantic, feminine mood in

fashion. The new blouses are expressly old-fashioned, with soft, long sleeves often puffed at the shoulders, bits of smocking and small waists defined by a peplum or a wide, wide belt.

The essential accessories are also pure nostalgia: pretty chokers of beads, ribbons and flowers or an old-fashioned cameo hung from a velvet ribbon. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor



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*C*ountry-style chambray shirt (left) has leg o' mutton sleeves and a peplum below a small waist. By Miki Dworkin for Gordon Peters. In Dacron and cotton, \$10. Sandor Goldberger's marquetry pin. Calico blouse (center) is puffed at the shoulders and also has a peplum. By Gordon Peters, in cotton, \$10. Velvet ribbon with flowers around the neck. Rings by Richelieu; midi skirt by Jack Winter. Peasant blouse (right) has elasticized smocking at waist and wrists. In Kodel and cotton, \$12, by Ellen Robinson for Jo Matthews. Antique cameo is mounted on a ribbon. Prices are approximate. Shipping information on page 106.



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CAN THIS ANIMAL be saved? There are only about 1,000 sea otters off the California coast and there is presently a law that prohibits killing this near-vanishing species. All of this could change, however, if California fishermen have their way, for they claim that the frolicsome otters are cutting into the profitable abalone harvest and they want a law to permit them to "thin" the herds. It seems doubtful that the decline in abalone is due entirely to the appetites of the sea otter. In fact, ecologists point out that the principal otter food is sea urchins, which destroy kelp, a necessary part of the abalone's environment. But the fishermen remain unmoved: to them, sea otters are money out of pocket, and they threaten to go after the animals even if their bill is not passed by the state legislature. Concerned? We are. If you'd like to join us in helping the sea otter, write to Margaret Owings, Friends of the Sea Otter, Big Sur, Calif., 93920.



ARE YOU PLANNING to take Fifi on the next family vacation? Many families will, and some of those lucky dogs will be crossing the Atlantic with their owners on the *S.S. France*. The *France's* 32 kennels, all air-conditioned and carpeted, are located in a choice area—the starboard sun deck just down from the Captain's suite.

What does a sea dog do on a luxury liner? For a start he can take a salt-air stroll on one of four walks reserved for dogs only. Along the way the dog will probably be ecstatic to discover a fire hydrant placed there for his convenience (if he's American) as well as a French milestone (the equivalent of the hydrant as far as French dogs are concerned).

Fifi will eat well, too, ordering dinner from the ship's canine menu. Ever thoughtful of its passengers, no matter how many legs they have, the *France* makes sure Fifi (or Rover) doesn't get too homesick. The "veau" and the "boeuf" and the "legumes" on the dog menu are topped off with "Biscuit-Ken'l"—more familiarly—Ken-L Ration Biskits. One-way passage costs \$50. Other animals have been

known to occupy some canine quarters on board. can cross for only 10 d (M. Lucien, the *France's* k master, says dogs rarely ge sick, but cats frequently *mal de mer*.) Other passe have included sea-going and chimpanzees. On or cation, two pet sheep enjo cruise to the West Indies. haps the strangest pass ever to sleep in the kenne Salvador Dali's pet ocelot ocelot only slept there, hov Dali picked him up every ing for dinner at his table

DOG PSYCHOLOGIST Miller, founder of the O Behavior Institute in Lo geles, Calif., has taken tin from straightening out ne dogs to invent a multi-pu toy for dogs. Dr. Miller can show you how to keep off your couch in a few se on his couch, thinks dog to be more than just fun. H example is the Tug-A (\$7.95), an exercising to hangs from the ceiling dog lure attached to the a nylon cord. It was orig developed as a toy to h habilitate dogs after the undergone surgery by enc ing them to exercise. Acco to Dr. Miller's plan, Rove be attracted by the lure and leap (it should be hun above the dog's reach wh is standing on all fours) and romp with the dev should keep him out of m when he's left alone, giv strong teeth, healthy gu certain amount of exercis provide something other your shoes on which he ca his frustrations.—Joyce K

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Mrs. James McMahan's H ese puppy (two pounds) word with the McMahan Bernard (200 pounds). L geles, Calif.

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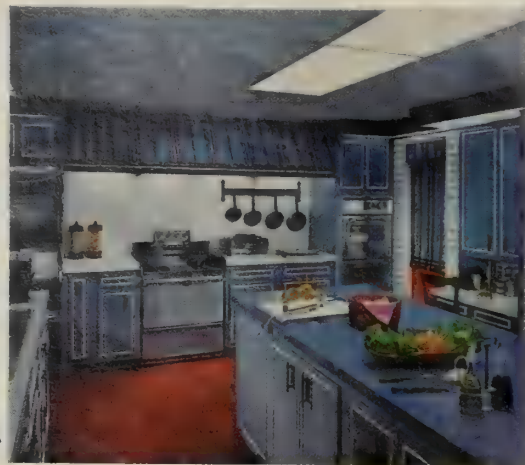
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I HAVE A FRIEND WHO...

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO... BY THEODORE ISAAC RUBIN, M.D.

Q: I have a friend who is always looking at herself in a mirror. Even when we walk along the street, she is captivated by her reflection in store windows. What makes a woman so preoccupied with herself? Is she "in love with herself?"

A: Obsessive preoccupation with one's own image is the opposite of self-love—it is more often related to self-hate. People who really like themselves have adequate self-esteem and confidence; they do not need mirrors to reassure them of their worth. Many chronic "reflection-seekers" are people who are most concerned about looks and the superficial impressions they convey because they have a deep sense of emptiness and worthlessness. Many of these people seek security and reassurance through being liked and admired by others. Unfortunately, however, real self-confidence is never dependent upon either self-admiration or the admiration of others, since admiration does not in any way alter one's basic insecurities, self-rejection or self-hate. Some particularly fragile people need to look at themselves as often as possible to reassure themselves that they actually do exist and that they are truly human, and to remind themselves who they are. This is a pathetic effort to establish a missing sense of self-identity. The degree to which a person is lacking an inner sense of substance and self is the degree to which that person is preoccupied with surface looks and impressions.

Q: Do you think magazines that specialize in pictures of nude women are responsible for an increase in sex crimes?

A: I don't think these magazines—or any magazines, films, literature or plays—increase sexual crimes or aberrations. However, I do not think these magazines promote responsible sexual freedom, either. Or that they enhance a woman's dignity or social position. On the contrary, they tend to dehumanize women by making them seem like stimulating "sex objects" rather than "whole persons." No matter how the editors may rationalize the existence of these magazines, their sales are dependent on the temporary satisfaction of the reader's unresolved childhood curiosity or on the superficial, momentary sexual stimulation their photos offer. Under the guise of being "modern" or "anti-Victorian," these magazines inadvertently promote the constrictions of the Victorian Age, including a separation of human relatedness and sex, as well as undermine human dignity and self-esteem.

Q: I have a friend who gets anxious and depressed, and she would

like to know if there is one tranquilizer that is better than all the others?

A: No. Some drugs are more effective for particular conditions than others, and some patients show a better response to one drug than to others. It is very often necessary to try various drugs in order to know which will be effective in a particular case. No tranquilizer should be taken without the recommendation and supervision of a physician. Dosage requirements can be a delicate matter and therefore require the advice of an expert. Some patients have particular physical conditions and some are already on other medication that would make the use of tranquilizers complicated and even dangerous. Tranquilizers sometimes bring relief, but they don't resolve basic problems or conflicts that produce anxiety and depression. Therefore, they are generally used only in conjunction with psychotherapy, which is usually required for real growth and change and for sustained relief of symptoms.

Q: I am 22 and my fiancé is 25. We are getting married this fall. Every time we talk about the actual wedding plans, he gets jittery. He tells me he is frightened of all the pomp and ceremony, but assures me that his fears have nothing to do with me or our life together. I believe him because we have known each other for three years. We love each other very much and he is a great guy. But why should a wedding make him so nervous?

A: Pre-wedding-ceremony jitters are extremely common. Most grooms-to-be would rather do battle than be the center of attention in a large group of friends, relatives and strangers. The reasons for the jitters vary with each young man, and for the most part, the causes of the anxiety remain unconscious—that is, the man knows that he is nervous, but he doesn't know why. Some of the more common reasons are:

1. In our culture, young men—unlike young women—are not brought up to relish the wedding ceremony or the attainment of marital status. Psychologically, there is much more prestige in marriage for a woman than for a man.

2. Women are thoroughly trained to be home- and family-oriented, and much of their lives is spent in "getting a husband." Since the wedding ceremony represents this attainment, it is utterly desirable for a woman. On the other hand, men are taught not to hurry into family involvement, responsibility and what is too often considered a contractual "loss of freedom." To many men, the wedding ceremony is an outward manifestation to the world that they have been "caught." Since

they are not proud of their element, the less of a show they about it, the better.

3. Women generally pomp and ceremony more men do. Shy men find it difficult to be the center of attention, especially when there is the slight reference to anticipated sexual.

4. There are men (and women too) who are detached and are afraid of sustained commitment. To them, continuing living and being with another person feels like imprisonment, despite a desire for sustained normal relationship. Some of these people become extremely anxious when they confront their loss of seclusiveness; for them, "loss of freedom" is tremendously magnified, and the anticipated marriage ceremony and its symbolism can cause enough panic to require psychiatric treatment.

Q: My friend once heard you speak and says you suggest a consultation with a psychiatrist before submitting electric shock treatments what if you live in a small town as I do, and there are no psychiatrists around?

A: I would strongly suggest you do one or some combination of the following before undergoing such treatment:

Contact the American Association of Psychoanalysts or the American Psychoanalytic Association to locate the nearest psychiatrist who is trained as a psychoanalyst. Or consult with a local psychiatrist who has been analyzed himself. Or get three opinions from three psychiatrists recommended by your family doctor or by your County Medical Society. Or to see a psychiatrist affiliated with the medical school closest to your community. Or try to see a psychiatrist affiliated with a profit hospital, especially one who can find one who conducts electric shock treatments in that hospital.



As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin will answer questions about your personal life, family, emotional problems. The doctor is a known psychoanalyst who practices in New York and is the author of *LIES, DAVID* and *The Thin Book*. Formerly *Fat Psychiatrist*, a new best-seller, *Forever* offers a psychological approach to permanent weight control. If you have questions for Dr. Rubin, to answer in his column, address them to him in care of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 640 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only a limited number of questions can be answered.



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THINGS MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT YOU

In the best French restaurants, chefs cope with leftovers by transforming them into delectable fluffy little meat, fish, or vegetable pancakes and dumplings. They are called quenelles, croquettes or croustilles—depending on the particular method of preparation—and are found usually on the hors d'oeuvres list and sometimes as entrées. Despite their different names the underlying technique for all three dishes is identical. All are basically a purée, or finely chopped mixture, of fish, meat or vegetables combined with a thick sauce for body, which is shaped into individual portions before cooking. Here are some general guidelines:

- After finely chopping, dicing or grinding, drain mixture to prevent diluting sauce with which ingredients will be combined.
- Season the mix well to avoid a flat leftover taste.
- The white sauce, which binds the ingredients, is called, in culinary language, a PANADA. It is the stiffest white sauce ever made: 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons of flour and ½ cup of milk combined in a saucepan over a low flame. Before adding chopped mixture, let panada cool, covering with wax paper to keep it from changing in consistency. The proportion of sauce to chopped mixture is always ½ cup sauce to 2 cups purée.

CROQUETTES. These crispy rolls, balls or pancake-shaped entrées are made from leftover meats (turkey, chicken, ham, veal or sweetbreads), fish or pre-cooked vegetables (onions, mushrooms or potato) and then combined with the basic sauce or panada. Season well always. Then spread the mixture, as in the center drawing, about ¾ inch thick on a dinner plate and chill well. Cut individual croquettes from chilled mixture, using a cookie cutter or by rolling with hands. Dip in lightly seasoned flour, then into beaten egg, and lastly, coat with seasoned bread crumbs. Chill. Traditionally, croquettes are then fried, but they can also be oven-baked on a greased baking tray at 475° for 15 minutes. There are many imaginative variations in preparing croquettes: The meat can be marinated in lemon juice, pineapple juice or wine for extra flavor before chopping. (If you do this, remember to drain liquid well.) Additional flavor can be built in by placing mushrooms, cooked chicken livers, olives or a chunk of cheese in the center. Cover one of these with croquette purée before coating and dipping. Croquettes are served as a main course, or if vegetable based, as a side dish.

CROMESQUIS. These aromatically seasoned little balls are Russian in name and usually are served as hors d'oeuvres. Herbs such as chopped parsley, thyme, chives and marjoram, as well as salt and pepper, season a mixture of chopped turkey, chicken, mushrooms or oysters. Sometimes a little chutney is added for piquancy. The purée is mixed with panada, then rolled into tiny balls. Each ball is wrapped in a thin strip of lean ham and then chilled. The chilled ball is dipped into a fritter batter (recipe below), drained slightly and deep-fat-fried at 375°. (Deep-fat-frying is a good way to prepare leftovers as it seals the food quickly, locking the flavor and juices inside.) The croustilles are great both as cocktail party food and as an appetizer at dinner. (The fritter batter: Beat 3 egg yolks with ⅓ cup each milk and water, plus 1 tablespoon each lemon juice and melted butter. Stir in 1 cup sifted flour and ½ tsp. salt. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites just before using.)

QUENELLES. Light and delicately flavored, quenelles are usually made from finely puréed cooked fish such as pike, tuna, salmon, sole and lobster or white meats such as chicken and turkey. Purée the solid ingredients in a blender, combine with panada and then beat to a smooth paste in a bowl of crushed ice. Beat in a sprinkling of herbs and a dash of cognac, then fold in a stiffly beaten egg white. The purée, which should be kept over crushed ice at all times, should be of the consistency of well whipped cream. Shaping the quenelles is a special art:

The purée can be piped through a pastry bag with a ½-inch tube into approximately 1-inch strips or shaped by hand. For the latter,

use two teaspoons dipped quickly in hot water. With one, scoop out a heaping teaspoon of purée, cap with second spoon, smoothing lightly to shape. Then gently drop quenelle from spoon into cold, buttered skillet arranging in neat, well-spaced rows to allow for expansion. Pour a boiling poaching liquid (salt water, chicken broth or white wine) gently into skillet just covering quenelles. Simmer, uncovered, for 8-10 minutes. Drain and serve as first course or main entrée with a Newburgh sauce. Quenelles can also be served cold as an hors d'oeuvre.



Save this handy reference guide.

**If you use more than this much to make
a head full of lather, you are using too much.**



(in the unbreakable tube)

The Power of a Woman

THE JOURNAL'S NEWSLETTER OF INVOLVEMENT

CHICAGO: WHERE WOMEN HAVE ALWAYS COUNTED AND ARE NOW WAKING TO NEW CHALLENGES

Little has been written about the Chicago woman, when compared with her sister in New York, San Francisco, or Dallas. Too little. What makes the Chicago woman newsworthy now? A newly unleashed feminine vitality on every level: urban and suburban, affluent and lower income, black and white. The time-honored causes go on: the Chicago Symphony, the Lyric Opera, the churches, the hospitals, etc. But there are new winds blowing as women move to help clear up the urban problems.

Women activists fall roughly into three categories. The Establishment works for good causes largely through volunteerism and fund-raising: balls, fashion shows, benefits, auctions. (Although the young board of the Chicago Boys' Club shocked the bastions of society by canceling its prestigious Summer Ball as not suitable for the times.) Then there are the community problem-solvers: hard-pressed, working in the central city and the suburbs to rethink goals and attack problems formerly considered outside the scope of their activities. Finally, there are the new activists—irate, rule-breaking, stand-taking: this-generation women who are organizing student strikes, day care centers, even tying themselves to trees to dramatize their protest against a planned highway. *Involved women all*, proving that the feminine do-it spirit in Chicago is growing, quickening, changing.

CHICAGO WOMEN ARE:

Stage-lighters: A woman is responsible for the Lyric Opera—Chicago's first resident company after years of operatic drought; another woman kept the bulldozers from the Auditorium, refurbished it after a long fund-raising campaign, and is now its impresario. . . .

Educators and education planners: Chicago has four women school board members; the city is the home of Mundelein College, whose president, Sister Ann Ida Gannon, led the "into the 20th century" movement of Catholic nuns. . . .

Culture movers and shakers: Women formed the board of the Art Institute and proved to be such whizzes that the University of Chicago and the Field Museum organized female boards of their own. . . .

Civic and environmental planners: A woman (Mrs. J. Harris Ward) thought up the Know Your Chicago program to educate women about the city and its problems; this venture turned into the "Bright New City" forums, a continuing series of discussions on environmental design.



WOMEN WORK FOR CANDIDATES: This year's Senate race in Illinois has many women working for incumbent Ralph Tyler Smith (R) and challenger Adlai Stevenson III (D).

CHICAGO WOMANPOWER: THE JOURNAL GETS A TASTE. Early this summer, we went to Chicago for a whirlwind personal meeting with a sampling of Windy City doers. At lunch, we met with some forty business and advertising women, including Dorothy Holland, one of the city's many top home economists, and such ad women as Armella Selsor, Mary Ann Anderson, Marie Donohoe, Rita Hart, Jeanne Smillie, and others—all bright, alert and aware of the new need to talk to women's expanding potentials. Then, on to a marvelous reception at which a cross section of the city's women leaders turned out to say hello to the JOURNAL. Herewith, a hop-skip-and-jump visit with some of them. Mrs. Rich-

ner H. Stern, another top-level super-involved woman; Mrs. Arthur Michael Wirtz, who with her husband owns the Chicago hockey team, the Black Hawks, and whose board affiliations range from hospitals to the Opera Society. The much-revered Mrs. J. Harris Ward. Fran Bauer, of the Evanston Junior League, who told us, "There is still room for meaningful service without a condescending image, but it takes guts and imagination" (proving she has both). Mrs. Newton Minow, Miss Betty Stearns, Mrs. Marshall Holleb, Mrs. Lee Schooler, Mrs. James Alter, Mrs. Patrick Crowley, Mrs. Daniel Edelman, all putting the Adlai Stevenson III campaign high on their list of varied autumn involvements. Mrs.



Left to right, a few of the many women at our reception: Marion Howington, Mrs. Lydon Wild, Doris V. Wilson, Mrs. Brooks McCormick, Mrs. Arthur M. Wirtz, Sister Ann Ida Gannon

ard B. Ogilvie, the Illinois Governor's pretty brunette wife, bubbling with plans to restore the Executive Mansion at Springfield. With her, Mrs. Brooks McCormick, Republican National Committeewoman from Illinois, whose involvement plans for fall are "to get Ralph Smith elected." Slim, stylish Marion Howington, a vice-president of J. Walter Thompson, who's been involved with other leading Chicagoans on Project Straight Dope, a campaign to prevent addiction before it starts by deglamorizing dope among impressionable 8- through 14-year-olds. (For more information, write Box 333, Lake Forest, Ill., 60045.) Mrs. Lydon Wild, a member of the Board of Education and Chairman of the Women's Board of the American Cancer Society in Chicago, anxious that women work for improved education in all cities. (Mrs. Wild also organizes the annual presentation ball for Catholic debs.) Mrs. Gard-

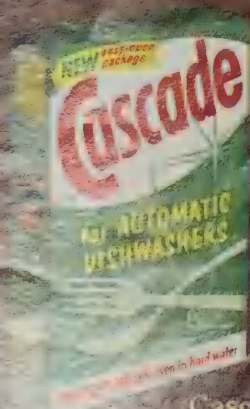
Lester Crown, mother of seven, whose boards and volunteer work emphasize children. Mrs. Louis Malis, manager of the Chicago Board of Education, saying, "Women can wield more influence than they are aware of." Mrs. Louis B. Kuppenheimer, discussing W.A.I.F. and plans for the ballet opening for the Chicago Medical School. A wonderful group of black Chicago women deep in grass-roots activities: Gertrude S. Martin, Nancy Jefferson, Bernetta Howell, and of course, the prestigious Doris V. Wilson, head of the Chicago Y.W.C.A., helping to bring polarized groups together. Sister Ann Ida Gannon, who'd like possibly to form a permanent institute at Mundelein to further women's active involvement. Dynamic Sherry Goodman of Channel 11, talking about educational TV. And others . . . all saying dramatically: "IN 1970, 1971, NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A CHICAGO WOMAN!"

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MAY

Enjoy the Springtime charm of Salem.

The springtime charm bracelet Jennifer is wearing consists of an owl, four-leaf clover, rabbit, butterfly, lady bug, frog (and, around the bend, a flower sachet and Jade turtle), all in 14 karat gold. If you'd like one, send the end flaps from two Super King Size Salem wrappers and a check for \$205.00 to Springtime, P.O. Box 2311 Grand Central, New York, N.Y. 10017.



... you can't
the count
out of Sal

THE JOURNAL'S PANEL OF COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.—Calvin H. Plimpton

Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio—James P. Dixon, M.D.

Baylor University, Waco, Tex.—Abner V. McCall

Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah—Ernest L. Wilkinson

University of California, Berkeley, Cal.—Charles J. Hitch

City University of New York, New York, N.Y.—Albert Bowker

Fordham University, New York, N.Y.—Michael P. Walsh, S.J.

Manhattanville College, Purchase, N.Y.—Elizabeth J. McCormack, R.S.C.J.

Murray State University, Murray, Ky.—Harry Sparks

New York University, New York, N.Y.—James M. Hester

University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill—J. Carlyle Sitterson (Chancellor)

University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind.—Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C.

Radcliffe College (Harvard University), Cambridge, Mass.—Mrs. Mary I. Bunting

San Francisco State College, San Francisco, Cal.—S. I. Hayakawa

Wells College, Aurora, N.Y.—John D. Wilson

Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.—Hudson T. Armerding

Whittier College, Whittier, Cal.—Frederick M. Binder

University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.—Fred Harvey Harrington

In the center of the campus maelstrom, assaulted on all sides by students, alumni, taxpayers and parents, stands the college president. It is he who must answer to every constituency; it is he who is responsible for knowing what is happening on campus—and what may happen.

What do 18 American college presidents feel about the future of a college education, so long a part of the American dream? In the half-dozen years since students at the University of California in Berkeley organized a "Free Speech Movement" to protest the institution's impersonality, a new aura has pervaded American campuses. Angry words have led to physical destruction, seizure of buildings, imprisonment of administrators, burning of scholarly works. Police now tread hallowed college yards and students are sometimes beaten and jailed. And death by police or National Guard bullets has come to at least five campuses.

Do college presidents see a change in mood? Do they see an end to the turmoil? Do they have any advice for parents and students on the subject of dropping out—and, indeed, of staying in? To help clear the air, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL invited a sampling of college presidents to respond to the five questions everyone is asking on the eve of a new school year. These presidents represent every geographic region of the nation, large universities and small, public and private schools. As a guide to the years and events ahead, here are their answers:

Will colleges "cool down" during the fall and winter months or will continued agitation disturb campuses and upset traditional classes?

Hesburgh (Notre Dame)—The uni-

versities and colleges of this land reflect the world around them. . . . There will be no peace on campus unless there is a more reasonable amount of peace in the world around the campus.

Bowker (CUNY)—Campus temperature will doubtless reflect the national political climate. Like it or not we are into an era of active and deep student-faculty concern with the most vexing issues of our time.

Plimpton (Amherst)—There will continue to be a great deal of activity on college campuses for several years to come. . . . The rising degree of affluence and leisure has permitted attention, previously concentrated on finding a job, to shift to a study of society itself.

Sitterson (North Carolina)—If to (cool down) means, will students discontinue their interests in and concerns with the social problems of their time, the answer is "no." We must remind ourselves that much of the restiveness derives from noncampus matters—the war, racism, pollution, poverty. These issues may be with us for some time.

Hitch (California)—I think we can expect no lessening of involvement on the part of young people. . . . I think political involvement is a good thing, but I also think that we will have to be especially careful through November and beyond to protect the campuses from partisan influence. We must safeguard the freedom to teach and the freedom to learn from all political threats, whether Left or Right.

Hester (NYU)—I believe we will have considerable activity. We have reason to expect that most of this will be constructive and aimed (continued on page 130)

A Survey of College Presidents: What Will Happen on Campus This Fall



SUZY
SUZY SUZY
SUZY



Not all conservationists protect seals, redwoods and river waters. Aileen Mehle, a beguiling bundle of woman known to 15 million newspaper readers as society columnist Suzy Knickerbocker, is dedicated to preserving the form of wildlife known as the Beautiful People. There are those who feel the millionaire mystique is phasing out, along with its yachts, parties, Riviera villas, Bulgari baubles and Louis XIV bibelots. Like Tinkerbell in Peter Pan, this fairy tale starts to disappear when the audience stops applauding.

But Suzy won't let it die. Suzy believes.

She keeps it alive by writing about it, six times a week, 750 words a column, in close to 70 North American newspapers. In Suzy's heady suzerainty, the inhabitants never seem to work, suffer or feel the teeniest bit guilty about spending fortunes on their pleasures. Here, the instant elegancies of 1970 echo a picturesque past of ancestral palazzos, chateaux and manor houses; of inherited titles and treasures; of a gilded aristocracy so assured that it preferred anonymity. Here, the new aristocracy--Jackie, Lee, Liz, Truman and all the rest--romp publicly in a fantasy setting that intentionally avoids civilization's more somber aspects.

"There are brainless, heartless people on all social levels," reminds Suzy when challenged with the escapism of her column's world. "You don't have to nip into a palace to find them." She points out that she writes about only the leisure hours of the privileged, that most of these people are really good guys, and that she's actually kidding the whole scene, anyway--sending it up sky-high.

Cleveland Amory, the proper Bostonian who wrote Who Killed Society? feels that the Beautiful People and the Jet Set are being threatened by current economics, a proliferation of social conscience and, above all, by the antimaterialism of young values.

But at Suzy's newspaper syndicate, they know that her column continues to have a growing readership in every stratum of society, from cleaning women to young secretaries to bankers, brokers and intellectuals. Part

of this, they feel, can be credited to Suzy's witty, breezy, tongue-in-cheek writing style. But some of it undoubtedly is due to the fact that Suzy's column fills a social vacuum. In a changing status structure, where bloodlines, bankbooks and box-office receipts all make points, it's often hard to know Who's really Who. The fashion magazines help choose the cast; it was Vogue that coined the phrase "Beautiful People." So does Women's Wear Daily, the trade paper that has become a way of life in some quarters. But Suzy is in a class of her own. She sorts out the cast of characters with authority; she picks and makes the stars. And like a modern Arachne, she weaves them all into a tapestry of words.

"As long as there is capitalism--and curiosity--there will be Beautiful People. I have the most glamorous job in the world," she says with conviction. The fact that it paves her bank account with a six-figure income is an added benefit.

Suzy's own glamour score is high. With a 28-year-old son ("I was married at ten, you understand"), she looks 35 in the sun. Nature has heaped true riches on her. That corolla of natural, ash blonde hair, dressed daily by Sebou of Revlon, has yet to spring a single gray strand. The Mazda smile radiates from perfect white teeth. Her eyes are as blue as Capri's Blue Grotto and a little wider. The elegant, small-boned frame carries 108 well-distributed pounds. When caviar and pâté push the scale up, she switches to 1,000 calories a day.

Aileen Mehle is genuine Dolly Adorable, a grown-up little girl from Texas who engagingly, and knowingly, plays Great House. ("You be the Viscount, you be the Duchess, you be the Shipping Magnate, and I'll be the Number One Society Columnist. And we'll all have fun!")

Her private life is a well-screened enigma. Twice divorced, she has resisted a third marriage. John Ringling North and the late Walter Wanger squired her extensively. Before he married Jackie, Aristotle Onassis escorted Aileen around town--with and without Maria Callas. Lately Aileen's been a lot of places with Frank Sinatra.

Her friendship with Ari evidently was substantial enough for him to call her last spring to invite her to join him and the missus (continued on page 145)

THE RECORDING
ANGEL OF THE
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
GOSSIPS ABOUT
HER OWN COLUMN—
AND THE
STORIES YOU
MAY NOT ALWAYS
FIND PRINTED IN IT.



A special 6-page portfolio of
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THAT FALL FEELING



The feeling of fall—at first, a barely perceptible stirring in the air, and then, suddenly, a rain of russet-colored leaves whirling at one's feet. A time of excitement, a time to bundle up in a rough tweed, a sleek leather, a swag of fur, and walk through a country field or a city street with a long stride. This season there is extra excitement in the air about putting the new look together yourself with the fabulous fabrics and great trimmings now in the stores. On the next six pages, some of the most sensational—and sewable—coats, suits and dresses on the scene. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor

THE COATS . . . this year's are long, usually belted, with slight flares at the hem and a sense of their own importance.

Shiny vinyl leather trenchcoat is Simplicity's Pattern #8502. Fabric by Comark, gold buttons by La Mode, fox hat by Winter Fur.

Camel midi wrap coat has Timme fake-fur collar and is edged in multi-color binding. Simplicity #9026. Fabric by Scotney, G. Hirsch trim, Herbert Levine boots, Lin Mac hat.

Fitted russet tweed coat is trimmed with wolf. Ribbon trim repeats colors of tweed by Scotney. Simplicity #9019. Fur by Streamline, Franken ribbon, Lin Mac hat.

Photographs by Otto Stupakoff at Lyndhurst, Tarrytown, N.Y. All fabrics available at B. Altman & Co., N.Y.C.





THAT FALL FEELING... THE SUITS

Just about everything is suit-able this season—pants, vests, skirts, jackets, tunics and even dresses. They appear together in twos and threes, layer upon layer in unexpected combinations of colors and textures.

Split-level suit starts with a short dress in geometric wool by Abraham Silks. Over it goes a gabardine midi skirt and matching vest in Anglo fabric. Simplicity #9067. La Mode buttons, Dionne Goldsmith belt, Alexis Kirk earrings.

Wrap tunic is in Anglo's gabardine. The pants and matching belt are in Amity's fake chamois suede. Sweater by Jane Irwill. Simplicity #9061. Herbert Levine shoes.

The midi suit is in a navy, maroon and Lurex dot fabric by Calgary. Simplicity #9018. The accompanying bright-orange wool jersey blouse—an unexpected touch—is in Hanora fabric. Gold clips on jacket by La Mode. Monet chain belt, Adolfo cap.





THAT FALL FEELING... THE DRESSES

Splashes of radiant color in the dappled September sunlight. Fall's dresses are cut from richly colored and textured cloths—shiny quilts, jewel-toned challis and bumpy bubble knits. Sew them slightly gypsy, turn-of-the-century, or classic sweater girl.

A slip of a sweater dress in a multi-colored bubble-textured knit by Gottschalk, Simplicity #8977. Monet necklace, Dianne Goldsmith belt. Latinas boots.

A purple challis border print goes gypsy with dirndl skirt and puffed sleeves. Simplicity #9025. Fabric by Printscape for Lonsdale. Purple laced, wide belt by Elegant, Alexis Klink bead choker, Battani boots.

Two-piece midi dress with peplum jacket and leg o' mutton sleeves is sewn in a brightly colored quilted tricot acetate by Printscape. Simplicity #9017. Franken buttons, fur hat by Winter Fur.

Backviews on page 107. See also page 52 for sewing tips especially written for this portfolio





Custody

By Laura Z. Hobson

She was eight. Mommy, with a new husband, didn't want her that summer, and Daddy's new bride was too young to be stuck with a growing girl. There was no one to love her—until her teacher suddenly had a good idea.

"But you wanted complete custody," he said angrily. "Nothing would satisfy you but cutting me out completely. Now—"

"Now," she said, "I don't. I've had her for a year. Now you're going to take her and give me a chance. We're leaving next week."

"It's impossible. I tell you. Irene is too young to be saddled with an eight-year-old, and you're not going to wreck this marriage, too."

"Your child-bride isn't going to wreck mine, either. Doug is not about to give up the biggest job he's ever had, and if you think we can cart her all over Europe and Asia with us—"

"When is this job starting?"

"I told you. We're flying May fifth."

There was silence, and behind the closed door, in the hall that led away from the living room, the child stared at the stripes of the wallpaper, counting from the first one outward until she got to ten. Ten was where the silver lines began to run together so you couldn't separate them any more. She wondered what they were doing in there now; she couldn't hear anything. The sour taste was in her throat, but if she had to run to the bathroom, she'd miss the rest of what Daddy and Mommy would say. She swallowed faster.

Outside it was raining hard, and cracks of thunder sounded. The window at the end of the hall went white every few seconds, and Peggy wondered what would happen if a bolt of lightning suddenly struck Daddy and split his skull open. She saw how it would be, his skull cracked into two neat halves, the way an ice cube split if Doug held it in his hand and cracked it hard with the big silver bottle opener. Doug was real good about cracking an ice cube. One whack and it was done. Peggy shivered and leaned closer to the door.

The voices started again, but this time not loud enough to hear anything but that old custody. That was the way it was before Daddy went away to a hotel because a new daddy was coming to live here with Mommy. Only this different daddy was called Doug. Douglas Marton. "Not i-n," Mommy always said on the phone. "O-n. O for Oliver, N for Nathan."

O for Oliver. At school, Mrs. Oliver was the best teacher any class ever had; it was wonderful to have Mrs. Oliver in the homeroom this semester and not old Miss Peters any more. No matter what you did, Miss Peters always reported you to Mr. Gilley for Problemchild, but Mrs. Oliver never reported you at all.

Mrs. Oliver was old, too—Betty Selkin said she'd be forty next year—but she wasn't ever an old grump. She loved Gilley's School for Girls, she said, and then she often added, "Thank God for Fifty-Four, or I'd still be teaching down South." Peggy didn't know what Fifty-Four meant, but it sounded nice. Once she repeated, "Thank God for Fifty-Four," and Mrs. Oliver laughed out loud.

Mrs. Oliver said "God" a lot. Maybe that was one reason Gilley's was called a pergressive school—no, a progressive school. It was per with missive, and pro with gressive—she always mixed them up, but she did hear both kinds a lot when her mother's friends got talking about Gilley's.

There were lots of other reasons Gilley's was called that, and Mrs. Oliver being there was one of them. Mr. Gaines, too, and the new history teacher in Black Studies for the seniors, but Peggy thought Mrs. Oliver was better than any of them. Just last week, Mrs. Oliver handed back her arithmetic paper, and across the top, big and scrawly in red crayon, she had written, "100%—God Bless You," and Peggy showed it to everybody all day. At home she even showed it to Mommy, and Mommy said, "That Mrs. Oliver," but Doug said, "She really likes teaching, doesn't she?"

Doug had met Mrs. Oliver once, at the Christmas play, and Peggy had just hated the way Mommy had pushed around introducing, "Mr. Marton, Mr. Marton. . . . This is my husband, Doug Marton." (continued on page 122)

Illustration by Daniel Schwartz

Windows: The Dressing Game

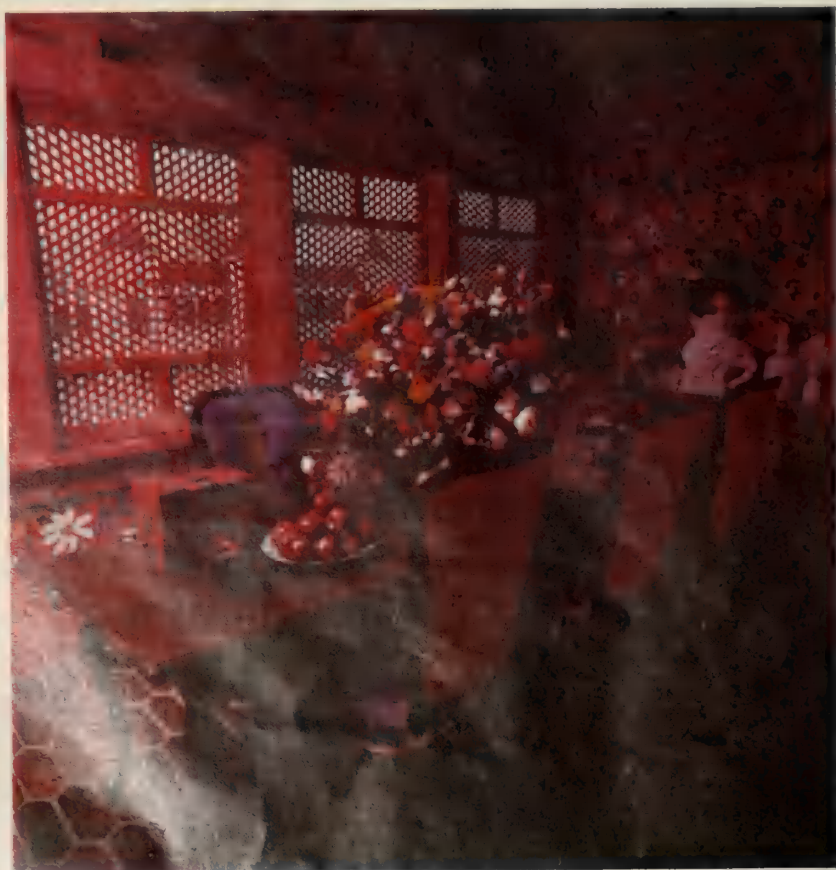
In this age of free-form fashion, there are as many ways to dress a window as there are a woman. Windows go soft, austere, exotic, classic. Like contemporary clothes, any period, any length or collection of lengths goes. Windows are draped, trellised, shuttered, patterned, framed in lambrequins, swags and jabots, fringed and beribboned in various—and often unorthodox—combinations. The basic beige window is as defunct as the basic black dress, and a soft, personalized, richly textured and layered look is born. Windows that were once wallflowers take on new importance: well dressed, they can transform a modern cubicle into a warm, private environment and compensate for the sometimes dim view from a city apartment. Traditionally treated as a problem in decorating manuals ("What do you do with a window that is . . . too high . . . off center . . . above a radiator . . . looks out on a blank wall?"), windows now become not so much an obstacle as an exciting new dressing game to play. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Layer on layer

Yards and yards of yellow envelop a gay, printed sitting room. On the windows, three layers of dressing: white enameled shutters, ruffled tied-back curtains and, finally, full pairs of draperies in a fresh flower print, which runs over onto the wall. The matching ruffled valance framing an entire wall is cut longer at ends. A coordinated, bolder yellow print covers sofas and oversized pillows. Custom-designed Shiraz carpet repeats colors in fabrics, reinforcing soft, pleasantly busy effect. Bloomcraft fabrics, Edward Fields rug.

Trellage

The trellised window creates a pleasingly protected environment. Built on sliding screens as they are here, or to swing on hinges, trellises excellently camouflage an unattractive view. As used in the dining room shown here, they are versatile enough to complement both the French country feel of the brick floors and refectory table and the Oriental influence of the lacquer-red ceiling and purple moldings. Designed by Barbara D'Arcy for Bloomingdale's.



Photographs by Tosh Matsumoto





Non-stop draperies

The same sunny yellow print works its way from windows in the breakfast room across the entire ceiling, turning up again in tablecloth and on upholstery. (Other examples of the continuous view window appear on previous page and at right.) Lace curtains make a delicate contrast. Signed by Ron Wilson.

Overgrown print

The strong pattern of this giant fern print window and wall helps to define a special interest corner, in this case a game nook. The outsized print is one of the freshest new trends in fabric. Here it is contrasted with a translucent white curtain. The dark, lacquered Oriental frame in the foreground creates a three-dimensional perspective. Both by the same artist, a French fabric designer.







Orientalia

This window on the East is an updating of Grandmother's Moorish corner. Fabric is everywhere—on the Oriental patchwork draperies, the countless print cushions, the walls, the upholstery. Voluminous ceiling-to-floor curtains are hung far enough from windows to accommodate daybed, then are tied back. Same cloth is used in short curtains that cover upper window and again to line the walls. The furniture is lacquered red rattan. The rug, a Bessarabian type, picks up fabric colors. In the air, perhaps the aroma of burning incense. Cyrus Clark fabrics, Edward Fields rug, Thalia Falk furniture.

Classic

The Gothic arch—the ultimate elegance for a plain-Jane window. The rounded lambrequin is padded, then covered with linen that matches the tied-back draperies for a soft, formal effect. Both lambrequin and draperies are built out from the wall. Underneath them, trellis work this time creates a three-dimensional layered look. Designed by Barbara D'Arcy for Bloomingdale's.



"YOU NEVER LOOKED PRETTIER..."

She is Liz Alberts, a 47-year-old Connecticut housewife. Her letter to the JOURNAL began: "I think you can help me and a lot of other women over 40 who are worried about losing their looks." We met Liz, a tall (5'9"), slim woman and decided to take up her challenge. Like many women her age, Liz was conservative about her appearance. She did little to bring out her handsome bone structure and basically pretty features. During a two-day session we got her together with a hair stylist, a colorist, and a makeup expert to show her the tricks of the trade. Below, Liz at the start. On the right, the results. The quote above? Her husband's when he saw her new look. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor

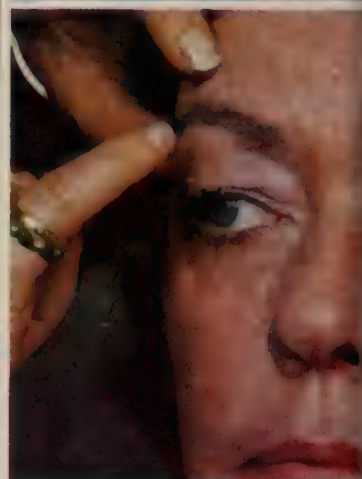
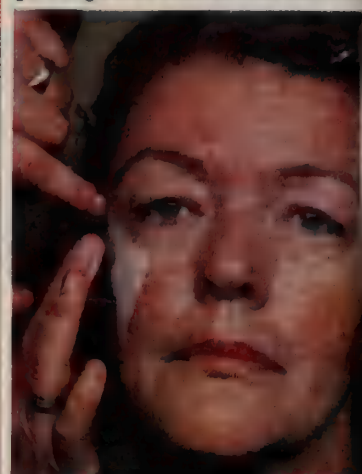
Hairdresser Aldo sectioned the hair, then shaped and layered it so that it was shorter in the back, especially at the crown, creating a lift at top. This technique is preferable to blunt cutting for fine hair that needs body.



Liz's hair was set looser at the front, tighter at the back for extra body. Aldo used medium rollers in front, then smaller ones in the back. The bottom rows of curls were done with hair clips only.



Mauved white cream placed high on cheekbones helps define facial contours. A beige foundation was used all over. Then more white highlighting under the eye area. A gel rouge was used on cheekbones.



Eye area below brow is lighted with lavender shadow. Brown shadow makes puffy lids less prominent. Gleamer on bone below brow and layers of dark mascara on lashes emphasize these eye areas.

At her first beauty session Liz Albert went from a dark, graying brunette to a younger, lively, blond-streaked chestnut, thanks to colorist Leslie Blanchard. Then at Saks Fifth Avenue, hairdresser Aldo surveyed Liz's baby-fine hair, cut and shaped it to give more vitality to her set. (See left for how he snipped and set.) Next came a two-hour makeup session with Jackie Reiss, who shaped and thinned Liz's eyebrows, lubricated her face and neck with a moisturizer, applied a white contouring liquid to highlight Liz's strong cheekbones. Then Jackie applied the colors—rosy lip glosses, translucent skin gleamers and light pastels around the eyes for a healthy and vibrant young look. Liz emerged glowing.

Photographs by Otis Stupakoff. Hair color by The Private World of Leslie Blanchard. Makeup by Jackie Reiss of Freeancers.





JAMES BEARD

We photographed chef James Beard amidst the burnished copper pots in the kitchen of his Greenwich Village, New York, townhouse, where he conducts cooking classes and also prepared for us this elegant but budget-minded dinner of succulent fresh ham. The entire menu was chosen with an eye to seasonality, using foods that are at their highest in flavor and lowest in price. The recipes are from his new cookbook, *How to Eat Better for Less Money*, written with Sam Aaron.

EAT BETTER, PAY LESS

Three great chefs—James Beard, Dione Lucas and Michael Field—on outwitting inflation.

Why go to the gourmets to discuss the high price of eating—unless, of course, you can empathize with such problems as the spiraling cost of fresh foie gras (\$49 a pound) and truffles (\$25 for just over half a pound in one specialty store)? It all hardly seems relevant to us poor mortals as we choke down our lowly lamb chops at almost \$2 a pound.

Actually, a gourmet lives not by foie gras alone and is, like the rest of us, finding that everything from lamb chops to pork loin and ground chuck has skyrocketed in price. But one can be absolutely sure that great chefs like James Beard, Dione Lucas and Michael Field are not about to go down without a struggle. Who else in this time of crisis is better equipped to fight off the ravages of inflation at the dinner table?

"It's a game," says James Beard. "If you can treat it that way, then it works out with pleasure—otherwise you might as well give up and do TV dinners." Beard is not about to do any such thing. He has just revised his book, "How to Eat Better for Less Money," which he has larded with new and creative recipes and thoughts about cutting eating costs—none of which, by the way, run to such tactical errors as stretching a pound of hamburger to feed 10.

Keeping down food bills doesn't have to mean bad or dull eating. All three chefs argue that good eating need not be expensive. "A man is a gourmet eating a baked potato or scrambled eggs—both difficult dishes to achieve well," Beard says significantly. Mrs. Lucas, who has just opened her new Cooking Center in New York, says: "Good eating takes more

Cucumber with Yogurt (top left)
Sliced Pears in Kirsch (top center)
Potatoes Anna (front center)
Roast Fresh Ham, Julienne
Carrots and Mushrooms (right)

Recipes on page 107.

JOURNAL COOKBOOK OF
THE MONTH: NUMBER 55 IN
A SERIES

From "How to Eat Better for Less Money" by James A. Beard and Sam Aaron. Copyright © 1954, 1970 by James A. Beard and Sam Aaron. Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc. (\$6.95) and reprinted with their permission.

Photographs by Lynn St. John

EAT BETTER, PAY LESS

than just money; you don't have to buy expensive food." One of her favorite economy foods is chicken, "which I love cooking almost as much as I do fish, and that's saying something. Chicken is so versatile and has such wonderful flavor. One reason many people don't like chicken is that they overcook it." (For more about Dione's way with chicken see page 108.) Michael Field, who says, "Practically everything is formidably expensive nowadays," finds himself using fewer high-priced cuts like prime ribs or filet and more economical meats, which he marinates. "A marinade," he says, "can make any meat palatable."

In addition to discovering the virtues of inexpensive ingredients, stretching the food dollar calls for intelligent shopping, a subject that both Michael Field and James Beard have written about in their cookbooks. Beard advocates shopping always at the same market. "If you buy constantly from a market and they come to know you, you're bound to benefit. Learn about food and about cuts of meat. You must know what you are buying. Sometimes the consumer accepts things he should raise hell about," he says. Good planning also saves money by avoiding waste. "You can buy meat, a large ham for example, to serve for several meals. If you plan carefully you don't have leftovers; you have good food for two or three meals—but not in succession," he adds. (Beard's menu ideas with ham are on page 107.) Field, who has written an entire book on leftovers—"Improvisations"—says, "So much good cooking in Europe is based on leftovers or precooked foods." He likes braised foods particularly because they can be reheated without drying out. "Serve a vegetable hot one night," says Field, "and cold in a salad another." Another shopping rule that the chefs subscribe to is seasonality. "The best tasting food is seasonal and it is also the cheapest," Dione says.

Having made the most of your

Poulet Majorca (top left)

Chicken Breasts in Aspic (front left)

Chicken with Rosemary and Lemon (center)

Cold Chicken Mousse (top right)

Chicken Ballotine (front right)

Recipes on page 108.





DIONE LUCAS

Dione Lucas, one of the first chefs to introduce America to the pleasures of gourmet cooking, has most recently emerged as guiding spirit of a new Cooking Center in New York City, which sells gourmet cookware and where Dione teaches private cooking classes. She expects that the Center will soon be franchised, classes and all, in several major U.S. cities. In the rustic, ethnically rich and country-tile kitchen she prepared these five exquisite chicken variations for us—her idea of how to be a gourmet without spending a lot of money. "In Europe," says the British Dione, "chicken is a great luxury. In America, it's a bargain."

EAT BETTER, PAY LESS

dollar in the supermarket, the next step, of course, is making the most of it in the kitchen. Just as important as good shopping techniques are good cooking techniques. The difference between crisp, buttered green beans cooked to perfection and those soggy, tasteless ones found in some restaurants is not price. To Michael Field, technique is all important. "If you're going out and spending money on food, you don't want it to be a failure," he says. A former concert pianist and teacher, he is a great believer in precision and exactness even for the recipes one takes for granted. He has, for example, devoted a whole chapter in one of his new books to making an American pie, "which most people think they can do," he says. (See page 111 for Michael's Chocolate Mousse Pie, along with his other budget recipes.)

When the chefs emphasize technique, however, they are talking about craftsmanship, not showmanship. Too many ingredients, too many sauces and too many courses is not only ostentatious; it is expensive. So in the interest of both your table and your budget, exercise restraint. All three chefs put a premium on simplicity in cooking, whether or not price is a factor.

Michael Field stresses a need for simplicity in preparation. "Escoffier's phrase was 'fait simple' (do it simply). I believe 'less is more.' When in doubt, leave it out. One herb is always better than two," says Field, a philosophy reflected in his recipes (see page 111).

Beard is an advocate of scaling down the number of courses. "So many people feel that in order to have a proper dinner they have to serve six courses. Cut down. Do one dish exceedingly well, then add salad, cheese or fruit."

Eating and cooking well—at any price—also takes a certain kind of enthusiasm and love. "All the great tips in the world won't help," says James Beard, "if you don't enjoy it."—By Margaret Happel, Food Editor

Hungarian Apricot Pancakes
(left)

Cabbage with Sour Cream and Nutmeg (top center)

Pickled Fried Fish (bottom center)

Italian Omelet with Zucchini
(right)

Recipes on page 111.





MICHAEL FIELD

Whether it's music (he was originally a concert pianist) or the cooking he does now, Michael Field attacks his work with an irrepressible enthusiasm. Although he wrote first on French cooking, Michael in recent years has taken on the world at large as consultant to the Time-Life cookbook series *Foods of the World*. With the entire globe at his disposal Michael found a lot of interesting, yet inexpensive dishes to recommend for the budget-conscious. They are previews from a new series of cookbooks Doubleday will publish early next year.

Onion with
Sausage and Corn Bread
Stuffing

Zucchini with
Mixed Vegetable
Stuffing

Cucumber with
Savory Tuna
Stuffing

WORK WONDERS WITH VEGETABLES AND STUFFINGS

Summer Squash
with Herbed Salmon
Stuffing

Tomato with
Beef and Mushroom
Rice Stuffing

Acorn Squash
with Sausage and Walnut
Stuffing



September's sun
a whole range of
vegetables—dark
skinned zucchini,
round acorn squa
succulent summe
squashes and lat
growing tomatoe
they are at their
(and incidentally
lowest prices), m
the most of them
Stuffed, as we se
them here, with
variety of easy-to
and imaginative
tures based on p
ingredients, they
their full glory—i
tant enough to se
even as a main c
for lunch or dinn
Some of the com
tions of vegetable
stuffings we like
are pictured here
recipes are on p
Photograph by Bernar

At 1:23 AM Liz Brown caught her husband polyunsaturating in the kitchen

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Brown knows what more and more
authorities are saying about
American diet. And she's mak-
ing certain *her* husband's is better-
balanced—even when it includes an
scheduled midnight snack of cold
beer!

She watches calories and total fats—
most important of all, she replaces
saturated animal fats with poly-

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uses is Mazola® 100% Corn Oil.

Why Mazola? Because Mazola
is highest in polyunsaturates
of all leading national brands.

And to Liz, that makes Mazola
more than worth the few extra
pennies it costs.



The stuffing recipes are mentioned first. When used in any of the vegetables listed, follow directions for cooking that particular vegetable.
Ed. Note: All recipes are pictured except Baked Stuffed Eggplant Slices.

SAUSAGE AND CORNBREAD STUFFING

- 1/2 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 1/2 cups pkgd. dry cornbread stuffing
- 1/4 tsp. dried thyme leaves
- 1/4 cup water

In a large skillet, over medium heat, sauté 1/2 lb. bulk pork sausage, breaking meat up and turning it with a fork, until browned. Push meat to one side. In sausage drippings, sauté, over low heat, 1/4 cup each chopped onion and celery until onion is golden. Remove from heat. Stir in 1 1/2 cups pkgd. dry cornbread stuffing and 1/4 teaspoon dried thyme leaves. Mixed together well. Sprinkle 1/4 cup water over mixture, toss until evenly moistened. Makes 3 cups stuffing.
Sausage and Walnut Stuffing: Make as above, then mix in 1/2 cup coarsely chopped walnuts or pecans and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

HERBED SALMON STUFFING

- 1 (1-lb.) can red salmon
- 1 (2-oz.) pkg. white sauce mix
- 1/2 cup chopped green onions
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup pkgd. herb seasoned dry bread stuffing

Drain 1 (1-lb.) can red salmon. Remove skin and bones and discard. Flake fish.

Make 1 (2-oz.) pkg. white sauce mix with 3/4 cup water according to package directions. Stir in 1/2 cup chopped green onion, 1/4 cup each chopped parsley and lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon each salt and pepper and 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg. Fold in flaked salmon and 1 cup pkgd. herb-seasoned dry bread stuffing. Makes 3 cups.

Savory Tuna Stuffing: Make as above using 1 (7-oz.) can water-pack tuna, drained and flaked, in place of salmon.

MIXED VEGETABLES STUFFING

- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup chopped peeled fresh tomato or 1 cup chopped drained canned tomato
- 2 cups pkgd. herb-seasoned dry bread stuffing
- 1/2 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese

In medium saucepan cook 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen mixed vegetables according to package directions, adding 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1/2 teaspoon each salt and pepper. Drain. Add 1 cup chopped peeled fresh tomato and 2 cups pkgd. herb-seasoned dry bread stuffing. Mix well. Spoon into vegetable of your

choice. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese. Makes 4 cups.

BEEF, MUSHROOM AND RICE STUFFING

- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 2 Tb. salad oil
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup chopped peeled fresh tomato
- 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
- 3/4 cup cooked rice
- 2 Tb. chopped parsley
- 1 tsp. dried basil leaves
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

In large skillet sauté 1/2 cup each chopped onion and celery and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 2 tablespoons salad oil until onion is golden. Remove to bowl. In same skillet sauté 1 lb. ground beef, breaking meat up and turning it with a fork until browned. Stir in 1 cup each chopped peeled fresh tomato and sliced fresh mushrooms, 3/4 cup cooked rice, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon each dried basil leaves and salt and 1/2 teaspoon pepper.

Spoon into vegetable of your choice. Sprinkle top with 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese. Makes 4 cups stuffing.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

Cut a slice off stem end of tomato. Scoop out pulp and seeds from cavity. (Discard seeds. Use pulp in stuffing recipe calls for tomato.) Set tomato upside down to drain while making stuffing. Preheat oven to 350°. Sprinkle side of tomatoes lightly with salt and stuffing. (A medium-size tomato will hold 1/2 cup stuffing.) Place in shallow baking pan. Bake 15 minutes or until tomatoes are cooked and filling is hot.

BAKED STUFFED ACORN SQUASH

Preheat oven to 350°. Cut acorn squash in half lengthwise. Scoop out and discard pulp and seeds. Place squash halves, cut side down in shallow baking pan. Pour 1/2 cup water into pan. Bake to 30 minutes. Meanwhile make stuffing of your choice. Remove squash from oven. Fill cavities with stuffing. Medium-size half will hold 1/2 cup.) Bake 25 minutes until squash is tender.

BAKED STUFFED EGGPLANT SLICES

Make stuffing of your choice. Preheat oven to 350°. Slice eggplant in 3/4-inch slices. Sauté 5 minutes on each side in 2 tablespoons salad oil, add more oil as needed. Remove slices as sautéed to shallow baking pan. Mix 1/2 cup stuffing on each slice. Bake 25 to 30 minutes.

BAKED STUFFED SUMMER SQUASH (Zucchini, Yellow Crookneck, Pattypan)

Preheat oven to 350°. Make stuffing of your choice. Slice summer squash. Cut in half lengthwise. Drop halves into shallowly salted boiling water. Boil 5 minutes. Drain. With spoon, scrape out and discard seeds and pulp from center. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Fill with stuffing. (A 6-inch zucchini half will take 1/2 cup.) Place in buttered shallow baking dish. Bake 15 to 20 minutes or until squash is tender and stuffing is hot.
Baked Stuffed Cucumbers: Same as Summer Squash.

BAKED STUFFED ONIONS

Use large sweet white (Bermuda) onions. Peel onions, cut a 1/2 inch slice from stem end. Drop onions into shallowly salted boiling water. Boil 20 minutes. Drain. When cool, remove centers of onions using a 1/2 inch shell. (Chop centers use for onion in stuffing recipe, if sautéing.) Preheat oven to 350°. Make stuffing of your choice. Fill onion (A medium-size onion will take 1/2 cup stuffing.) Place filled onions in buttered shallow baking dish. Pour in 1/2 cup water. Bake 30 to 35 minutes or until onions are lightly browned.

Only Saran Wrap® keeps them miles apart.

Don't try this with any other wrap unless you want a cheesed cake.

SARAN WRAP

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Journal Shopping Center

BLOUSES ON THE SOFT SIDE

PAGE 64: BENSON & PARTNERS blouse available at Bonwit Teller, New York; Maas Brothers, Florida; Paul J. Chicago; Country Club Fashions, Los Angeles. SEARS blouse available at all larger Sears fashion stores.

PAGE 68: GORDON PETERS shirt available at all Macy's, New York; stores; Steiger's, Springfield and branches; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. JO MATTHEWS blouse available at Gimbel's, New York; The Limited Stores, Columbus, Dayton, Milwaukee, Madison.

WINDOWS: THE DRESSING GAME

PAGE 90: All furnishings from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. & 59th St., N.Y.C.

PAGE 91: Sofas and pillows covered in "Mallorca" and draperies and wall covering of "Jardin," both 54" wide cotton chintz, \$7.50 yd., by Bloomcraft. "Shiraz" wool rug, an up-dated Oriental pattern that may be ordered in any size or color, from Edward Fields.*

PAGE 92: Fabric for table cover and draped ceiling from Woodson Wallpapers Inc.* Curtain fabric from E. C. Carter.* Antique furniture

from Charles Pollock, 9478 Melrose Place, Los Angeles, Calif.

PAGE 93: "Fougere" pattern by Boussac of France.*

PAGE 94: "Bandanna" pattern chintz, on walls, for bed cover, bolsters and pillow and "Morocco" print in two different colorways, used for pillows, both \$3.95 yd., and "Mandarin" chintz, used for chair cushions and pillows, \$2.50 yd., are 36" wide cottons by Cyrus Clark. Flower patterned woven cotton braid, 2" wide, \$1.90 yd., by Wright's, and black and gold mylar and cotton braid, 3/8" wide, \$1.49 yd., by Conso, are used to trim the curtains; cotton embroidered polyester and crepe braid, 2" wide, \$2.98 yd., by Conso, is used to trim bed cover, bolsters and chair cushion. Curtain rod of 1" dia. brass tubing, brass sockets and sew-on brass rings, by Kirsch. "Rosita," a mosaic pattern wool rug can be ordered in any size or color from Edward Fields.* All furniture from Thalia Falk.* 225 E. 57th St., N.Y.C.

PAGE 95: All furnishings from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. & 59th St., N.Y.C.

*Available through decorators or the decorating departments of local stores.

SEPTEMBER DINNER
FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN
WINGS
STEAMED RICE
FRENCH GREEN PEAS
*GINGER SOUFFLE

AUTUMN DINNER (pictured)
*DRUNKEN PORK
ROAST FRESH HAM)
POTATOES ANNA
JULIENNE CARROTS
AND MUSHROOMS
CUMBERS WITH YOGURT
CED PEARS IN KIRSCH

EN PORK
lb. fresh
boned and
cloves
crushed
thinly
leaf
ground
ground
ground or
nutmeg

he ham in a large, deep non-
c container with the garlic, on-
sonings and enough red wine to
Turn it once and let it stand,
l, for 3 to 4 days in the refrigera-
ting every day.
In you are ready to roast it,
from the refrigerator and let
it room temperature for several
turning 2 or 3 times. Place on a
a shallow roasting pan and roast
5° oven, allowing 25 minutes per
te frequently with the strained
ated marinade. When the inter-
perature reaches 165°, remove
st and keep hot. Skim fat from
n juices, and if it has cooked
oo much add a little more red
Bring to a boil. Thicken, if you
with Beurre Manié. Correct the
ng, add raisins, pine nuts and
dash of Tabasco. Serve along
he roast.

ham is the uncured pork leg
most versatile cut. It varies in
om 5 or 6 lbs. up to 25 lbs. and
roasted with the bone in, boned
uffed, or after marinating in
which gives it a really different
delightful flavor. When cooking
fresh ham, estimate about 1 lb.
in) per serving.
Manié is equal parts flour and
kneaded into small balls and
to liquid mixtures as a thick-
agent.

PEARS IN KIRSCH
or cooked fruit is always a de-
l dessert, light and flavorful, yet
nsive, especially when in season.
specially fitting as the end of a
eavy dinner. Certain fruits make
nt combinations, and fruits with
rs or wines have an elegant qual-
you buy a bottle of domestic
or cherry brandy, which keeps
in and month out, you can add
of it to your fruit mixtures and
hem into Continental party fare.
ep a little bottle of cognac on
for the same purpose. Rum and
on also can be used to accompany
All these give a delightful flavor
fruits with which they are

ote: Mr. Beard gives suggestions
veral fruit and liqueur combina-
We prepared pears in a manner
r to his recipe for fresh apricots.
ore, and slice ripe pears (see pic-
Sugar very slightly, then lace
ears with kirsch or brandy. Gar-
with a swirl of cream and mint
h, if desired.

FRICASSEE OF WINGS*

12 to 14 chicken
wings
1 onion, stuck with
2 cloves
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. salt
A few celery leaves
1 or 2 parsley sprigs

1/2 Tb. butter
1 Tb. flour
1/2 cup heavy cream
or evaporated milk
Salt, pepper, nutmeg
Lemon juice
Chopped parsley
(*This freezes well.)

Put the wings, onion, bay leaf, salt,
celery leaves and parsley in a pan with
water barely to cover. Bring to a boil,
skim off scum, then reduce the heat
and simmer until just tender, about 1
hour. Remove the wings and keep warm.
Strain and measure the broth. Melt the
butter in a saucepan and blend in the
flour. Gradually stir in 1 1/2 cups of the
strained broth and cook, stirring, until
thickened. Mix in the cream or evapo-
rated milk and season to taste with
salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add a good
squeeze of lemon juice and a little
chopped parsley. Put the chicken wings
into the sauce and reheat slightly.
Serve over rice. Green peas go well
with this dish. Serves 6.

Don't be afraid to eat the wings with
your fingers—that is the only way you
can get the goodness out of them. End
the meal with a Ginger Soufflé.
Ed. Note: We used 1 Tb.
each lemon juice and
chopped parsley.

The soufflé is a dramatic des-
sert, yet it takes far less work
and money to produce than
many other less impressive
sweet dishes. The secret here
is the timing. Serve at its
peak of perfection, the min-
ute it comes out of the oven.
You must prepare the basic
batter mixture hours ahead
of time. Keep the egg whites
in a bowl, unbeaten. Put the
soufflé together at the last
minute and pop it in a pre-
heated oven to bake while
you are eating dinner.

BASIC DESSERT SOUFFLE

3 Tb. butter
3 Tb. flour
3/4 cup milk
4 eggs, separated
1/2 cup sugar
2 tsp. vanilla

Melt the butter in a sauce-
pan and blend in the flour.
Remove the pan from the
heat (or cook the mixture in
the top of a double boiler
over hot water) and gradu-
ally stir in the milk, mixing
until smooth. Return to the
heat and cook, stirring, un-
til thick and smooth. Cool.

Beat the egg yolks until
they are light and lemon-
colored and pour the cream-
sauce mixture over them.
Mix thoroughly. Add the
sugar and vanilla and blend.

Beat the egg whites until
they are stiff but still moist.
(For a lighter soufflé, use 1
or 2 extra egg whites.) Fold
half of the beaten egg whites
into the batter mixture fair-
ly well. Fold in the other half
and pour into a buttered and
sugared soufflé dish and bake
in a 375° oven for 35 to 35

minutes, or until the soufflé has puffed
up and is lightly browned on top. Bak-
ing time depends on your preference.
Some people prefer a soufflé that is still
slightly runny in the center, what is
known as a French soufflé, while others
like them thoroughly cooked, almost
dry. Experiment to find the exact
length of cooking time it takes to get
the soufflé you like. Serve at once.

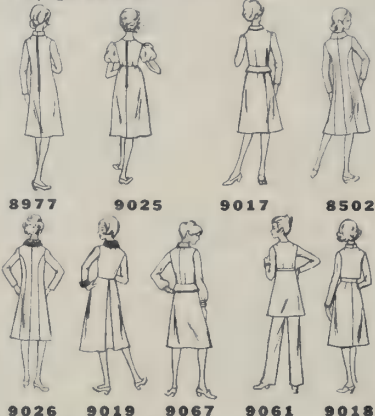
If you like a very high soufflé, make
a collar of paper to go around the top
of your soufflé dish that the mixture
can cling to as it rises. Fasten it with

paper clips or cellophane tape. When
the soufflé is done, remove the collar.
Ginger Soufflé: Add 1/2 cup shredded
preserved or candied ginger to the
cream sauce. You may use ginger syrup
for sweetening instead of the sugar.

HEARTY SUPPER
CREAM OF CELERY SOUP
*POLENTA WITH
SALT CODFISH
WILTED SPINACH SALAD
GRANITA DI LIMONE

(continued)

PATTERN BACKVIEWS
see pages 82 to 87



8977 9025 9017 8502
9026 9019 9067 9061 9018
All yardage for size 10.
SIMPLICITY 8977 Misses one-piece dress;
10-16; \$1. Requires 2 1/8 yds. of 54" fabric
without nap.

SIMPLICITY 9025 Misses one-piece dress;
10-16; \$1. Requires 3 1/4 yds. of 45" fabric
without nap.
SIMPLICITY 9017 Misses suit; 8-16; \$1.
3 1/8 yds. of 45" fabric with or without nap.
SIMPLICITY 8502 Misses coat; 8-16; \$.85.
Requires 3 1/2 yds. of 54" fabric without nap.
SIMPLICITY 9026 Misses coat; 10-16; \$1.
Requires 3 3/8 yds. of 57" fabric with or with-
out nap. Collar requires 1/2 yd. of fake fur
with nap. Braid trim requires 2 1/4 yds.
SIMPLICITY 9019 Misses coat; 8-18; \$1.
Requires 3 3/8 yds. of 56" fabric with or with-
out nap. Fur banding trim, 2" wide, requires
2 7/8 yds. Braid trim requires 2 7/8 yds.
SIMPLICITY 9067 Misses skirt, vest and
dress; 8-16; \$1. Skirt and vest require 2 1/4
yds. of 56" fabric; dress requires 2 3/4 yds. of
34" fabric, all without nap.
SIMPLICITY 9061 Misses dress and pants;
8-16; \$1. Pants, belt and cuffs require 2 3/8
yds. of 36" fabric; dress requires 1 7/8 yds. of
59" fabric, all without nap.
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8-18; \$1. Suit requires 3 1/2 yds. of 56" fabric;
blouse, 1 3/8 yds. of 68" fabric without nap.
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One-Dish Wonder #5:
Nifty meal in a jiffy--
ready in 15 minutes.



You're ahead when you start
with Mac 'n Cheese...
you just add a dash
to finish.

Frankly Easy Casserole

3 frankfurters, cut into 1-inch pieces
1/2 cup sliced celery
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 can (15 ounces) Franco-American*
Macaroni & Cheese

In skillet, brown frankfurters and cook
celery, green pepper, and onion in
butter until tender. Mix in macaroni.
Heat; stir now and then. 2 to 3
servings. Double the recipe to serve
4 to 6.

Another top-of-stove Casserole from



*Franco-American is a trademark
of Campbell Soup Company.

BRACH'S

is red-white-and-cool Starlight Mints

Hard, crunchy rings of cool, minty freshness that brighten the taste and sweeten the breath. Real peppermint for truly enjoyment!



Brach's is the good word on candy!

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DIONE LUCAS

continued from page 100

CHICKEN WITH ROSEMARY AND LEMON (Poulet Sauté au Romarin et Citron, pictured)

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| 2 2½-lb. chickens | Juice and grated rind of 1 large lemon |
| 4 Tb. butter | ½ tsp. rosemary |
| 3 Tb. brandy | ¼ cup dry white wine |
| 1 clove garlic, crushed | Salt, pepper |
| ¼ tsp. tomato paste | Lemon and lime slices |
| 2 tsp. potato flour | |
| 1½ cups chicken stock | |

Tie up the chickens. Brown slowly all over in 3 tablespoons of butter, using a large heavy pan; it will take at least ½ hour to brown the chickens evenly and well. Heat 3 tablespoons of brandy in a small pan, ignite and pour over the chickens. Remove chickens from the pan. Put another tablespoon of butter into the same pan and lightly brown 1 clove crushed garlic and the liver, heart and gizzard (cut up). Blend in, off the fire, ¼ teaspoon tomato paste and 2 teaspoons potato flour. Add 1½ cups chicken stock, the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and ½ teaspoon rosemary and stir over the fire until the sauce comes to a boil. Add ¼ cup white wine and taste for seasoning. Cut up the chicken and put the pieces back into the sauce, cut side down. Cover with waxed paper and a lid and simmer for 30 to 40 minutes, until the chicken is tender.

To Serve: Arrange the chicken on a hot serving dish and spoon the sauce over it. Garnish with lemon and lime slices. Serves 4.

CHICKEN BREASTS WITH ASPIC (Supreme de Volaille Jeannette, pictured)

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 6 half breasts chicken | 2 tsp. meat glaze |
| 1 truffle or large black olive | 4 Tb. gelatin |
| 4 oz. foie gras (goose liver pâté) or liverwurst | 2 Tb. tomato paste |
| Chaud-Froid Sauce: | 3 Tb. white wine or sherry |
| 3 Tb. salad oil | 3 egg whites, beaten |
| 3 Tb. flour | Rice Salad: |
| 2 tsp. gelatin | 3 tomatoes |
| ½ cup chicken stock | 1½ cups rice, cooked |
| ½ cup half-and-half | 1 cup diced carrots, cooked |
| 3 Tb. cream | 1 cup diced green beans, cooked |
| Aspic: | Salt, pepper |
| 3 cups chicken stock | ¾ cup French dressing |

Cook 6 half breasts of chicken (see following recipe). Meanwhile make chaud-froid sauce and an aspic.

Chaud-Froid Sauce: Heat 3 tablespoons of salad oil. Blend in, off the fire, 3 tablespoons of flour and 2 teaspoons of dry gelatin. Add ½ cup of chicken stock and ½ cup half-and-half and over the fire until the sauce comes to a boil. Put the pan over ice and stir the sauce begins to thicken. Blend 3 tablespoons of cream.

Aspic: In a large saucepan put 3 cups of chicken stock, 2 teaspoons of glaze, 4 tablespoons of dry gelatin, 3 tablespoons of tomato paste, 3 tablespoons of white wine or sherry and stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat with a large wire whisk over a slow fire until the mixture comes to a real boil and let stand for 10 minutes. Strain through a damp cloth and pour over a large strainer. Put in a shallow cake tin and into the refrigerator for at least 1 hour.

Skin and bone the chicken breasts and cut them in half crosswise. Sandwich with pâté or liverwurst. Place on a cake rack in a pie plate. Carefully

From the "Dione Lucas Meat and Poultry Cookbook" by Dione Lucas and Ann Roe Robbins, by permission of Mrs. Lucas and Little, Brown and Company. Copyright 1955, by Little, Brown and Company.

JAMES BEARD *continued*

POLENTA WITH SALT CODFISH

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 lbs. salted, filleted codfish | 1 Tb. dried basil or a few leaves of fresh basil |
| 2 Tb. olive oil | 1 (6-oz.) can tomato paste |
| 1 clove garlic, chopped | Salt, pepper |
| 1 small onion, chopped | 1 recipe Polenta |
| 1½ cups drained solid-pack tomatoes or 1½ lb. ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded and chopped | Grated Parmesan cheese |

Soak the codfish in cold water to cover for 8 hours, changing the water once during the soaking. Drain and cover with fresh water, bring to a boil, lower the heat and simmer until the fish is tender.

Heat the olive oil and sauté the garlic and onion. Add the tomatoes and basil and simmer for 30 to 40 minutes. Add the tomato paste and simmer for 15 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. The sauce should be quite thick. If it is not, reduce it over a brisk flame, stirring constantly.

Pour Polenta into an oiled casserole or baking dish and top with the codfish. Cover with the tomato sauce, sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and put under the broiler flame for a minute or two, until the top is glazed. Serves 6.

POLENTA

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1½ cups white cornmeal | 2 oz. (¼ cup) butter |
| 4½ cups water | Grated Parmesan cheese |
| 1 tsp. salt | |

Put the cornmeal in the top of a double boiler and stir in 1 cup of the water. Bring the rest of the water to a boil in a separate pan. When the cornmeal is

well mixed, stir in the boiling water and cook over very low heat, stirring constantly, until the mixture comes to a boil. Add the salt. Place over hot water and steam for 1 to 1½ hours.

Add the butter and a lavish sprinkling of Parmesan. Serves 4.

FALL FARE

*SAUSAGES WITH SAUTEED CABBAGE

SCALLOPED POTATOES STEWED TOMATOES MOCK CHEESE TORTE

SAUSAGES WITH SAUTEED CABBAGE

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 medium head cabbage | 1½ cups white wine |
| 12 to 18 sausages | Salt, pepper to taste |

Wash the cabbage and shred fairly coarsely. Cook the sausages in a little butter in a skillet until they are well browned on all sides. Remove to a small baking dish, add ½ cup white wine and place in a 350° oven to finish cooking. Add 4 Tb. butter to the fat remaining in the skillet, add the shredded cabbage and cook over brisk heat, tossing well, until lightly browned. Season with salt and pepper. Add 1 cup (or more) white wine, reduce the heat, cover the pan and cook for 7 to 8 minutes, or until the cabbage is just crisply tender.

Arrange in a serving dish and top with the cooked sausages and their juices. Accompany with scalloped potatoes and good pickles. Serves 6.

Ed. Note: We used 1 lb. pork sausages. After sautéing we poured off all the fat and returned ½ cup to skillet, and cooked the cabbage without the additional butter.

END

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Chaud-Froid Sauce over the top sides of each. Chill in the refrigerator for ½ to 1 hour. Melt ¼ of the very slowly, put the pan over ice when on the point of setting, spoon spic over the chicken. Put a slice of white or black olive on each breast and chill again for ½ to 1 hour, or until ready to serve. Or decorate with sprigs of tarragon and dill and piped soft cream.

While prepare Rice Salad: Skin potatoes, remove seeds and pulp and shred the rest. Mix together cooked rice, finely diced cooked potatoes and beans, and the shredded potatoes. Season with salt and pepper and blend in ¾ cup of French dressing. **Serve:** Put the rice salad on a silver platter and smooth with a spatula. Arrange chicken breasts on top of the Rice Salad. Chop the remaining Aspic and place it over Rice Salad around the chicken breasts. Serves 6.

CHICKEN BREASTS

4 chicken breasts	1 carrot, sliced
1 onion, sliced	1 stalk celery, sliced
1/2 cup salt	Salt, peppercorns
2 cups cold water	

Put the chicken breasts into a pan with sliced onion, carrot, celery, salt, peppercorns and 2 cups of cold water. Bring slowly to a boil and simmer for 20 minutes. Drain, reserving liquid and cool.

CHICKEN WITH ORANGE AND PEPPER (Majorca, pictured)

1 chicken	1 tsp. chopped
1/2 cup bacon fat	garlic
1/2 cup Madeira or	3 sliced mushrooms
1/2 cup tomato	1/2 diced red pepper
1/2 cup meat glaze	1/2 diced green
1/2 cup potato flour	pepper
1/2 cups light stock	2 skinned and
1/2 cup tarragon	seeded tomatoes,
1/2 cup parsley	diced in large
1/2 cup pepper	pieces
1/2 cup olive oil	Grated rind 1 orange
	Shredded rind 1
	orange

Chicken up carefully as for casseroles and brown in a little hot bacon fat. Pour over the Madeira or sherry. Remove the chicken. Add to the pan tomato paste, meat glaze and potato flour and pour on the stock. Stir over the fire until the mixture comes to a boil. Put the chicken back in the pan and add the tarragon, parsley and salt and pepper. Cover and simmer slowly for 35 minutes. Arrange chicken on a flat dish.

Put the olive oil in a pan. Add the chicken and cook for 1 minute. Add the mushrooms and sauté for 1 to 2 minutes. Add the red and green peppers and tomatoes. Shred finely the rind of 1 orange. Remove outer and inner rind of the 2 oranges and cut in thin slices. Add to the sauce. Pour over the chicken. Serves 4.

CHICKEN MOUSSE IN ASPIC (Chicken de Volaille en Gelée, pictured)

Mold with Chicken Aspic (recipe on page 112). Decorate with dill and tomato slices in the shape of flower pots, then serve with Chicken Mousse. (continued)

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Chicken Mousse: Take 3 whole chicken breasts, wrap them in foil and simmer them in chicken stock for 30 to 35 minutes; allow to cool in the stock. When cold, unwrap, remove skin and bones and put the chicken meat through a meat chopper using fine blade. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sweet butter. Add the chicken slowly along with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cream cheese and 1 cup plain whipped cream. Season well. Fill into aspic-lined mold. Cover the top with more aspic on the point of setting. Put to set in the refrigerator. To unmold, slide a small thin-bladed knife around the edge. Turn mold upside down on a platter and wrap a hot cloth around it, then carefully lift off mold. Surround the mousse with Stuffed Eggs (below). Serves 6.

Stuffed Eggs: Hard cook 3 eggs. Shell and cut in half lengthwise. Carefully remove the yolks and rub them through a fine strainer. Add the strained yolks to the rest of the Chicken Mousse and fill into a pastry bag with a large star tube. Arrange the egg whites around the Chicken Mousse and fill them with the egg yolk and chicken mixture.

Chicken Aspic: Put 6 cups strong chicken stock (cold and free from fat), 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 5 envelopes plain gelatin and 3 egg whites beaten to soft peaks, into a large pan. Beat with a wire whisk over slow fire until mixture comes to a boil. Remove and let stand for 15 minutes. Strain through a damp tea towel placed over a large strainer. Stir over a bowl of ice until cool before using.

CHICKEN BALLOTINE
(Ballotine de Volaille, pictured)

Chicken and Mousse:
1 $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. chicken
Salt, freshly ground
white pepper
A little applejack
2 whole chicken breasts
3 unbeaten egg whites
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups half-and-half
Cayenne
Ground cardamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ham, in one piece
1 truffle or large
black olive

Velouté Sauce:
6 Tb. sweet butter
6 Tb. flour
Salt, a little cayenne pepper
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups strong chicken stock
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup half-and-half
2 egg yolks
1 Tb. applejack
3 Tb. heavy cream

Garnish:
Butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small white
button
mushrooms

Salt, freshly cracked
white pepper
Lemon juice
6 artichoke bottoms

Chicken: Carefully bone the chicken: First cut off second joint of each wing, the ends of both legs and the "pope's nose." Turn the chicken over on its breast, and carefully slit down the middle of the back without making any holes in the skin. Remove all meat from the bones. Then spread out meat skin side down on a piece of wax paper. Sprinkle with salt, freshly cracked white pepper and a little applejack. Roll up in wax paper and set aside.

Mousse: Skin and bone chicken breasts. Put meat through a meat chopper using fine blade. Put ground chicken in a mixer bowl. Add 3 unbeaten egg whites and beat well, then add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups half-and-half very slowly. Add 2 good teaspoons of salt, a little cayenne pepper, and 2 or 3 pinches of ground cardamon. Unwrap the boned chicken and spread it out skin side down on a board. Spread Chicken Mousse on top, leaving a margin of about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch around the

edge. Cut the ham in long strips the thickness of your little finger. Place them on top $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch apart. Coarsely chop the truffle or black olive and sprinkle it over the top, then fold the chicken over and sew it down with coarse white thread. First wrap it up in wax paper then roll it up in foil and lastly roll it up in a thin cloth. Tie each end firmly and tie 2 strings 2 to 3 inches apart in the middle. Place it in a kettle and half fill the kettle with cold water.

Bring slowly to a boil, then put it on, leaving it slightly ajar. Simmer chicken gently for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove and cool a little, then unwrap carefully. Pull out the threads. Cut as many as needed for one serving and arrange them overlapping at one end of a "au gratin" dish. Place the uncured at the other end. Spoon over Velouté Sauce.

Velouté Sauce: Melt 6 tablespoons butter in a saucepan. Stir in, over fire, 6 tablespoons of flour. Season with salt and a little cayenne pepper. Mix well. Turn off the fire, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups strong chicken stock. Stir over fire until it comes to a boil. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup half-and-half. Put the egg yolks in a bowl. Beat in the applejack, add the heavy cream and beat well. Pour in a cup of Velouté Sauce, stir, and add all to saucepan; reheat over fire until boiling. Spoon over chicken. Garnish at side with mushrooms. **Garnish:** Heat a little butter in a sauté pan. Add the mushrooms. Cover with butter, then add a little salt, freshly cracked white pepper, and a little lemon juice. Sauté for 3 to 4 minutes, then cut artichoke bottoms in half and heat in mushroom pan. (The mushrooms in the picture have been fluted.) Serves 6.

CHICKEN IN CASSEROLE
BONNE FEMME
(Poulet en Casserole Bonne Femme)

2 chickens, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 lbs.
4 Tb. butter
3 Tb. brandy
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt pork, diced
4 chicken livers
12 small white onions
12 potato balls
12 small pieces carrot
12 small pieces turnip
18 baby mushrooms, cut in half
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. tomato paste
1 tsp. meat glaze
3 tsp. potato flour
2 cups chicken stock
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine
4 truffles or large black olives
Chopped parsley

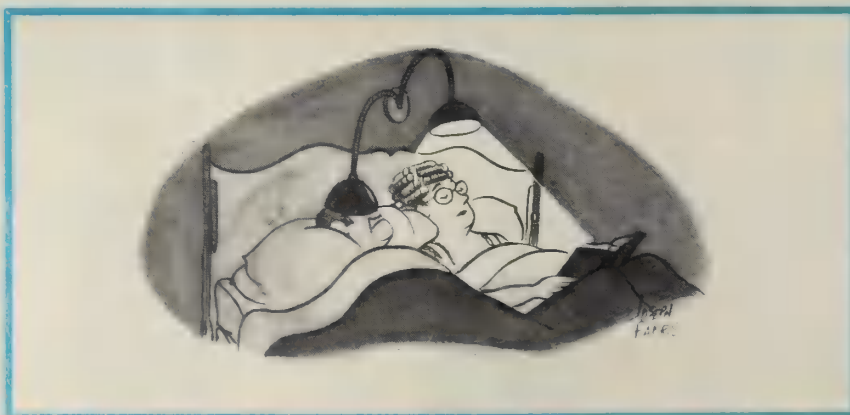
Tie up the chickens. Heat 4 tablespoons of butter in a deep heavy saucepan. Brown the chickens slowly brown the chicken over. While chickens brown place salt pork in the saucepan, with water to cover. Bring to boil. Drain off the water. Add 3 tablespoons of brandy to the small pan, ignite and pour over the chickens. Remove the chickens. Put in a tablespoon of butter in the same pan and quickly brown the blanched salt pork and chicken livers. Set aside with chickens.

Add to the salt pork 12 small onions, 12 potato balls, 12 small pieces of carrot, 12 small pieces of turnip. Slowly brown, 10 to 15 minutes. Add 18 small halved mushrooms and 1 to 2 minutes. Blend in, off the fire, 1 teaspoon of tomato paste, 1 teaspoon meat glaze and 3 teaspoons of potato flour. Pour on 2 cups of chicken stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of white wine and simmer. Cut chicken into serving pieces and return to pan with 4 sliced truffles or black olives. Cover with waxed paper and a lid and simmer for 35 minutes. Garnish with the livers and chopped parsley. Serves 4 to 6.



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D FRIED FISH (pictured)

Fish:
1 lb. mackerel,
d but with
skin left on,
fillets cut
wise into
n pieces. (Or
any other fat
such as blue-
cut in the
fashion.)
salt
ground black
er
flour
olive oil
ickling
re:
water
white
ar
olive oil

**3/4 cup thickly
sliced onions,
separated into
rings**
**1/3 cup thinly sliced
carrots**
**1 medium-sized
green pepper,
seeds and ribs
removed, cut into
1x1/2-inch strips**
1 tsp. salt
**5 black pepper-
corns, slightly
crushed**
1 large bay leaf
**4 medium cloves
garlic, peeled
and thinly sliced**
Garnish:
**1 tb. finely chopped
parsley**
Lemon quarters

ying and pickling: Quickly wash
h pieces under cold running wa-
en spread them out on a double
f paper towels and pat them dry.
your fingers, rub salt into both
using about 1 teaspoon in all.
le discreetly with freshly ground
pepper and rub it in as you did
it.

2-quart saucepan, combine all
ickling ingredients. Stir them
together and set the pan over
eat. Bring the mixture to a rapid
en reduce the heat to its lowest
cover the pan and simmer slowly
out 15 minutes or until the vege-
are tender but still retain a hint
r original firmness. Remove the
om the heat and set it aside, still
d, while you fry the fish.

mediately before you fry fish, coat
ces with the 1/3 cup of flour.
r the 1/4 cup olive oil into a heavy
n frying pan and set it over high
When the oil is as hot as it can
hout smoking (it will have rip-
n its surface and look watery)
e pieces of fish, skin side down.
em briskly for 2 to 3 minutes on
de, or just until they are golden
turning them over carefully
slotted spatula. Don't be con-
about the doneness of the fish at
d of the browning. You should
ook rather than overcook it, as
be covered immediately with the
ickling mixture and will continue
k as it cools.

n the slotted spatula, transfer the
a shallow glass or ceramic dish
rge enough to hold the pieces in
yer. Immediately pour the hot
g mixture over them, spreading
ices and vegetables evenly over
t the fish cool to room tempera-
hen cover the dish with plastic
and refrigerate for at least 24
before serving.

longer the fish pickles the more
t will have. You may safely keep
h in its pickle, refrigerated, for
a week. Baste the surface of the
om time to time with some of the
in the dish.

erve: Serve the pickled fish as a
urse, sprinkled with 1 tablespoon
ed parsley and garnished with
quarters. Serves 4.

IRIAN APRICOT PANCAKES

**6 Tb. butter, melted
but not browned**
3/4 cup apricot jam
**2 Tb. confectioners'
sugar**
**1/2 cup finely
chopped walnuts**

the 3 eggs into a medium-sized

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mixing bowl. With a whisk beat them for about 10 seconds, then pour in the 1/8 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla and the cup of milk. Beat for about ten seconds longer until the ingredients are thoroughly combined. Whisk in the cup of flour 1/2 cup at a time. Continue beating until all the flour is absorbed. Then strain the batter through a fine sieve and rub any lumpy unmixed flour particles through with the back of a spoon. Pour in the 1/4 cup freshly-

opened club soda. The batter will instantly foam. Whisk for a few seconds or until the foam subsides and fry the pancakes at once.

Frying the pancakes: Use an 8-inch crepe pan with a 6-inch bottom to make these pancakes. Place the pan over moderate heat for 2 or 3 minutes. Then add a teaspoon of melted butter to the pan, tilting it from side to side to spread it evenly. Immediately pour 1/4 cup of the batter into the pan, again tilting the

pan until the batter covers the entire surface.

Fry the pancake for about 2 minutes, or until its surface loses its gloss and the edge becomes slightly brown. Slide a wide metal spatula under the pancake and carefully turn it over. Fry for about a minute or until the pancake puffs slightly. Peek under it quickly and lower the heat if the pancake appears to be browning too deeply. Slide the finished pancake onto (continued)

Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-day Menus

Each month Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-Day brings the great world into your kitchen—the old world of kitchen lore, the new one of fine convenience foods and the best ways to fit them into your busy life.

1. Try this no-fuss version of Oysters Rockefeller with S&W's newest (8-oz.) can of 12 to 15 oysters. Slightly hollow and oven-toast 24–30 1/2-inch slices club rolls. Drain 2 cans oysters. Combine 1/4 cup each oyster liquor, bread crumbs, chopped raw spinach, melted butter, 1 tablespoon each green onion tops, celery leaves, parsley and 1/4 teaspoon each anise, salt and hot pepper sauce. Nest oysters in toast. Cover with topping. Broil 3 to 5 minutes. Serve hot.

Oysters Rockefeller ☐ *Broiled Game Hen*
Hominy Grits ☐ *Cumberland Sauce*
Ice Cream Sandwich ☐ *Pecan Pralines*

2. Swedish meatballs aplenty at St. Erik's Fair in Stockholm. Your favorite recipe goes 4 times faster if you arrange balls (not touching) in shallow, buttered pans. Brown at 400° 8 to 10 minutes.

Herring Onion Salad
Swedish Meat Balls ☐ *Lingonberries*
Jacket Potatoes ☐ *Green Beans*
Baked Apples with Almond Stuffing

3. Green Olive Week. Transform a roasted duckling into braised Caneton aux Olives. Cut duckling into serving pieces. Add 1/4 cup cognac, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1/2 teaspoon gravy browning and 24 small green olives to 1 can mushroom gravy. Pour over duck. Cover. Heat to bubbling.

Asparagus Soup ☐ *Chestnut Garnish*
Braised Caneton aux Olives
Stuffed Mushrooms ☐ *Lettuce Salad*
French Cheese ☐ *Basket of Grapes*

4. Oldest State Festival at Morgan City, La., features Imperial Shrimp Toby: Place 2 lbs. nonpeeled shrimp in single layer on large, buttered pan. Sprinkle with salt, coarse pepper, hot pepper sauce, 1/4 cup sherry, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire. Dot with 1/4 cup butter. Bake at 350° 20 minutes. Serves 6.

Imperial Shrimp Toby ☐ *Parslied Rice*
Avocado-Orange Salad Vinaigrette
Lemon Chiffon Parfait ☐ *Brownies*

5. The twist may be long gone, but Kraft's new Twisteros have just appeared on the scene.

Alphabet Soup (can) ☐ *Sloppy Joes*
Raw Carrot and Celery Sticks
Neapolitan Ice Cream ☐ *Twisteros*

6. Vienna's Autumn Festival—impossible without Liptauer cheese! Blend 8 oz. each creamed cottage cheese and soft butter with caraway seeds and parsley. Serve as a dip.

Sardines ☐ *Lemon Sections* ☐ *Watercress*
Liptauer Cheese ☐ *Rye Crisp*
Pork Chops ☐ *Sweet-Sour Red Cabbage*
Heated Apple Strudel (frozen)

7. Labor Day is always a picnic. Nika Hazelton's Picnic Book (Atheneum, \$15) suggests impressive menu!

Midas Soup ☐ *Cold Roast Pheasant*
Bibb Lettuce Salad ☐ *Cherry Tomatoes*
French Bread ☐ *Sweet Butter*
Camembert Cheese ☐ *Fresh Black Figs*

8. For Festival of Our Lady of Montserrat try Ron Rico's Rum and Ready cocktails in 8-oz. pull-tab cans. Pour 2 tablespoons prechilled cocktail over cut-up fruits in sugar-rimmed goblets.

Daiquiri Fruit Cocktail
Black Bean Soup ☐ *Chive Sour Cream*
Turkey and Ham Slices ☐ *Crusty Bread*
Coconut Cake (frozen)

9. From California's Admission Day . . . broccoli in orange shells. Cook to tender-crisp 1 1/2 lbs. fresh or 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen broccoli. Drain. Serve with broiled orange slices. Sprinkle lemon juice.

Water Chestnut and Pimiento Salad
Tahitian Dressing ☐ *Fillet of Sole*
Mashed Potatoes ☐ *Broccoli and Oranges*
Pineapple Tart

10. Improvise Aioli by adding 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 3 drops green coloring and 1 teaspoon Durkee's new Salad Mate herbs to 2 cups mayonnaise. Serve over seafood.

Crisp Raw Vegetable Relishes
Cooked Crab Legs ☐ *Improvised Aioli*
Manicotti (frozen) ☐ *Marinara Sauce*
Almond Meringue Cake

11. America's unique contribution to gastronomy . . . a feather-light layer cake, like Betty Crocker's Sour Cream cake mix (matched frosting available).

Melon Wedges with Powdered Ginger
Broiled Baby Turkeys ☐ *Wild Rice (mix)*
Cranberry Jelly ☐ *Asparagus Tips*
Sour Cream Cake and Frosting (mixes)

12. For quick Moussaka: Brush unpeeled 1/2-inch eggplant slices with olive oil, sprinkle with salt, pepper, oregano. Broil each side 5 minutes. Sauté 1 chopped onion and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 1/4 cup olive oil. Add 1 lb. ground lamb. Stir-fry till red goes. Add 1 (16 oz.) can tomatoes. Drain. Salt, pepper to taste. Cook 5 minutes. Line oven-proof bowl with eggplant and fill with hot lamb. Sprinkle with grated cheese, parsley. Broil until brown. Serves 6.

Lemon Rice Soup ☐ *Moussaka*
Hearts of Lettuce ☐ *Garlic Dressing*
Baklava (frozen)

13. For Bourbon Month and Granddad's Day, pep up Pop's pâté. Smoothly mix 1 (3-oz.) can liver pâté with 1/4 cup soft butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon each bourbon and chopped walnuts.

Bourbon Pâté ☐ *Melba Toast*
Fried Chicken with Gravy ☐ *Corn*
Pecan Pie

14. Boy Scout Roundup . . . always a cookout. Brush broiled meats with Heinz's new Barbecue Sauce with Onions.

Manhandler Pea Soup with Ham
Franks with Barbecue Onion Sauce
Rolls ☐ *Succotash*
Ice Cream

15. Striped Bass Derby begins at Martha's Vineyard. Steam fish in large roasting pan with equal parts white wine and water, crumbled bay leaf, 2 cloves garlic, 4 whole peppercorns, 3 sprigs parsley, 1 quartered onion. Wrap seasoned fish in cheese-cloth. Set on rack. Cover pan top with foil poked with 3 holes. Oven-steam at 375° 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm or cold.

Stuffed Eggs ☐ *Russian Dressing*
Oven-Steamed Bass ☐ *Hollandaise Sauce*
Potatoes ☐ *Zucchini with Pistachios*
Lime Sherbet ☐ *Rolls Cookies*

16. At grocers' everywhere—a round-up of McCormick's new Seasoning Mixes—for Onion Burgers, Tacos, Enchiladas, Swiss Steak, Turkey Gravy Mix.

Vegetable Soup ☐ *Corn Chip Garnish*
Beef Tacos ☐ *Sliced Olive Topping*
Avocado & Grapefruit Salad ☐ *Flan*

17. Munich's Oktoberfest, where sausage shops dispense a dozen kinds, along with sauerkraut, mustards and a maze of pickles and relishes.

Lentil Soup (can) ☐ *Grilled Bratwurst*
Pumpernickel Buns ☐ *Sauerkraut*
Green Tomatoes ☐ *Pickled Red Peppers*
Apricot Streusel Torte

18. Add rich mocha taste to caffeine-less coffee. Place a few semisweet chocolate morsels in, then fill. Top with unsweetened whipped cream and more morsels.

Beef Stroganoff ☐ *Lima Beans*
Grilled Tomatoes ☐ *Fruit Salad*
Lady Fingers ☐ *Sleepers' Mocha*

19. Famous corn festival takes place at Laguna in Pueblo, N. Mex. Serve sweet, white shoe-peg kernels (canned or frozen). Drain and heat in a little heavy cream with sprinkle of ground black pepper.

Herring-Cucumber Appetizer
Sautéed Liver ☐ *Shoe-Peg Corn*
Brussels Sprouts ☐ *Chocolate Cake*

20. World Peace Day! What's more international than a typical Sunday supper from a supermarket in the U.S.A.

Scotch Broth (can) ☐ *Italian Pizza*
Belgian Endive Salad ☐ *French Dressing*
Compote of Japanese Mandarins and
Chinese Lichee Fruits (can)

21. Frozen French toast makes a delicious old-fashioned Maryland dessert when served with sauce made by adding an extra cup of milk and 1/2 teaspoon almond extract to Jello's new French Vanilla Pudding Mix.

Miniature Deviled Crab Balls (frozen)
Ham Steaks & Red-Eye Gravy ☐ *Hominy*
Raw Spinach Salad
Maryland Toast ☐ *Vanilla Sauce*

22. Fresh pears are soul-mates not only to French Roquefort, but also to English Stilton, Italian Gorgonzola, Danish and Wisconsin blue-veined cheeses.

Heated Vegetable Juice Cocktail
Veal Cutlets ☐ *Green Beans* ☐ *Noodles*
Pears with Blue Cheese

23. Autumn begins officially, but all year long you'll recall the smell of burning leaves when you taste Mayville's Smoked Cheese Stick.

Smoked Cheese Stick ☐ *Rye Crisps*
Split Pea Soup
Pancakes ☐ *Thick-cut Bacon*
Danish Raspberry Dessert ☐ *Cream*

24. In Indiana, the Persimmon Festival celebrates the little native, orange-colored fruit. When soft and transparent they're divine.

Tray of Sweet and Sour Relishes
Broiled Steak ☐ *Hash-brown Potatoes*
Golden Squash ☐ *Persimmons à la Mode*

25. In Carefree Cooking (Hearthsides, \$5.95), joyously practical Jacqueline Reinach improvises a cookie sheet by using a triple-thickness of aluminum foil wrapped around a shirt board. Good for Nestle's new packaged Sugar Cookie Mix. Makes 48.

Mushroom Soup ☐ *Pork Chops*
Baby Carrots ☐ *Applesauce*
Ginger Cream ☐ *Sugar Cookies*

26. From the Grape Jamboree in Geneva, Ohio, come Dolmas. Wilt leaves in boiling water 1 minute. Drain, stack, foil-wrap (12 to a pkg.), freeze. Later thaw and roll up with exotic rice, meat and pine-nut mixture.

Chicken Soup with Dumplings (can)
Dolmas ☐ *Garnish of Lemon and Mint*
Wheat Pilaf ☐ *Eggplant*
Layer Cake with Grape Filling

27. Peanuts are not completely American. In Indonesia we ate a traditional salad of lightly cooked shredded cabbage, sliced green beans, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, tossed with Gado-Gado dressing made by heating 2 cloves garlic, crushed, and 1/4 cup chopped onions in 2 tablespoons oil. Stir in 1/2 cup chunky peanut butter, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon hot red chili pepper. Heat 5 minutes with 3/4 cup each light cream and water.

Platter of Cold Cuts ☐ *Breads*
Indonesian Salad ☐ *Gado-Gado Dressing*
Deep Dish Peach Pie

28. The orthodox Moslems consider Mi Raj a serious holiday. Most families end the day with a simple lamb and onion Shish Kebab.

Kidney Bean and Parsley Salad
Shish Kebab ☐ *Arab Bread*
Sliced Oranges with Honey & Walnuts

29. Mock goose for Michaelmas Day. Layer packaged stuffing between 2 slabs of carry-out spareribs. Wrap in foil; heat at 375° 15 minutes. Open foil and heat about 5 minutes longer or until crisp.

Clam Juice Cocktail
Mock Michaelmas Goose ☐ *Prune Stuffing*
Romaine Salad ☐ *Layer Gelatin (mix)*

30. Last word on National Pancake and National Better Breakfast Month. The new frozen pancake and sausage patty breakfasts are delicious.

Grapefruit ☐ *Pancakes and Sausages*
Buttery Pancake Syrup (bottle)
Coffee, Tea or Milk

Fun
Cannon's
Memories
Menu



Applesauce Cake and Apple Pattycakes

2½ cups GOLD MEDAL Flour *	1½ cups canned applesauce
2 cups sugar	½ cup water
1½ tsp. soda	½ cup shortening
1½ tsp. salt	2 eggs
¼ tsp. baking powder	1 cup raisins
¾ tsp. cinnamon	½ cup chopped walnuts
½ tsp. cloves	Butter Frosting →
½ tsp. allspice	

Heat oven to 350°. Line 12 medium muffin cups with paper baking cups, grease and flour 9x9x2" pan. Measure all ingredients except frosting into large mixer bowl. Blend ½ min. on low speed, scraping bowl constantly. Beat 3 min. high speed, scraping bowl occasionally. Fill muffin cups ¾ full; pour remaining batter into pan. Bake cupcakes 25-30 min., layer 50-55 min. Cool. Frost cupcakes and square; decorate cupcake with pretzel sticks and candy spearmint leaves.

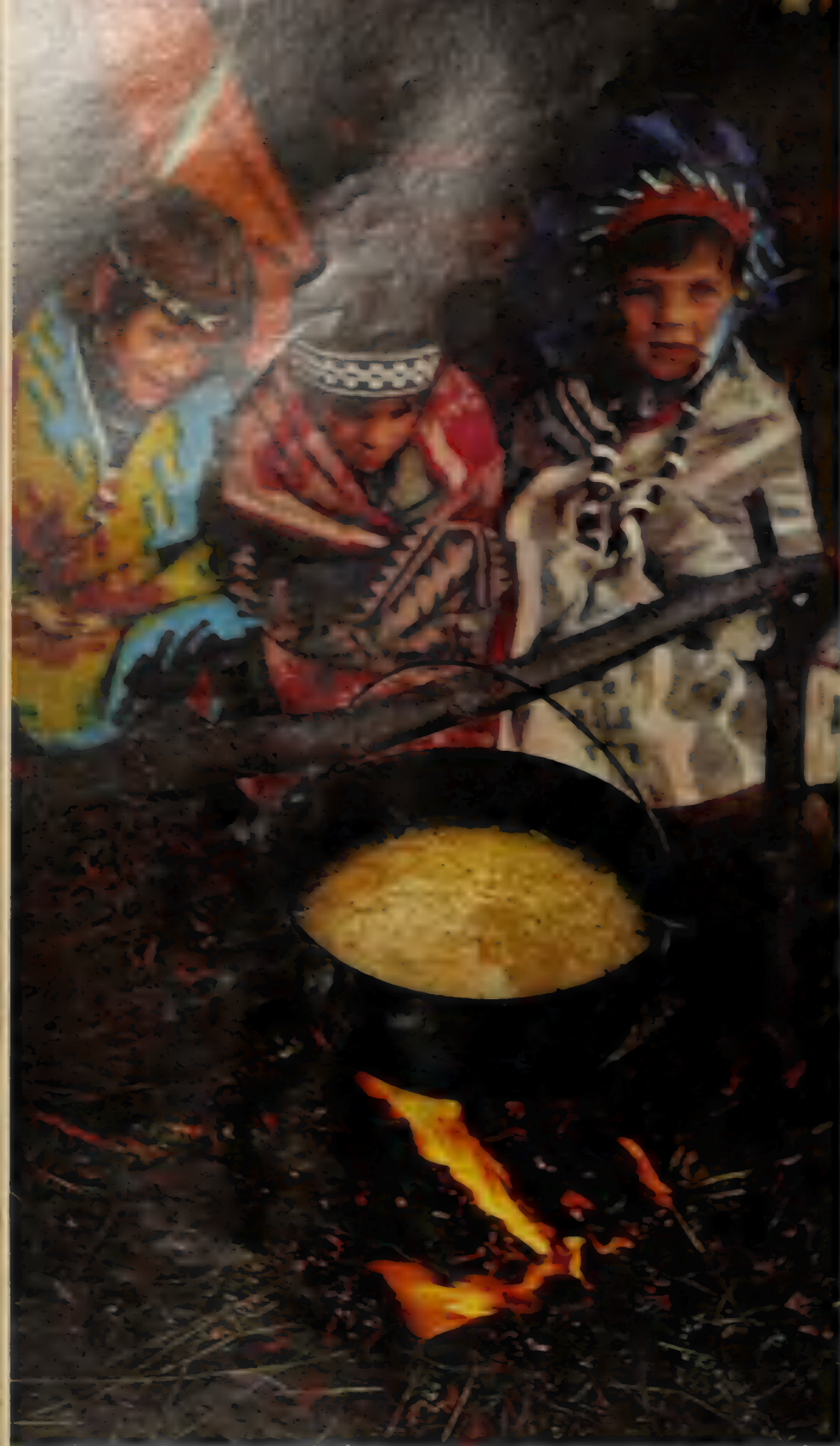
Butter Frosting:
Blend ½ cup butter, softened, and 3 cups confectioners' sugar. Beat in 1½ tsp. vanilla, about 2 tbsp. milk and few drops red food color until smooth.

* If using self-rising flour, omit soda, salt and baking powder.

Memories are made of this

A little girl always remembers the fun-filled hours spent baking with her mother. The warmest baking memories of all start with Gold Medal. And since Gold Medal's the flour that gives you a margin for error, you'll create a happy memory for your child, even if little things go wrong when you bake.

Delicious Gold Medal Memory for someone today



"Is it soup yet?"

Is it made-right now?

By you?

That's what fresh means.

You can't pour freshness from a can. That's why we don't make soup at Lipton and put it in a can.

Oh sure, we pour in the makings. But you make it soup. Not us. So it becomes soup for the first time in your kitchen, not ours.

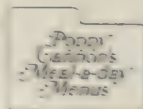
And what soup? Lipton. Delicious.

Lipton Noodle Soup with Real Chicken Broth that's rich and simmering and fresh.

"Is it soup yet?"

When you make it soup.

And when you make it Lipton.



MICHAEL FIELD *continued*

a plate. Return the pan to the heat, add another teaspoon butter and pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup batter into the pan. Fry both sides of the pancake as before, sliding it on top of the first pancake when done. Make pancakes of the remaining batter, stacking them one upon another. **Filling and heating the pancakes:** Slide an oven shelf into the upper third slot of the oven; then set the thermostat at 400° and preheat oven for 15 minutes. Meanwhile, brush melted butter over bottom of a heatproof enameled iron- or tin-lined baking dish attractive enough to bring to the table.

In a small bowl, beat the $\frac{3}{4}$ cup apricot jam with a wooden spoon until it is as smooth and as fluid as possible. Then lay the pancakes side by side, speckled sides up, on a long strip of wax paper. With a pastry brush or rubber spatula spread about 2 teaspoons apricot jam over the entire surface of each pancake.

Roll up the pancakes, setting them side by side and seam sides down in a row in the buttered baking dish. Lightly brush the top of each pancake with the remaining melted butter and place the dish in the upper third of the preheated oven. Bake undisturbed for no longer than 8 minutes, or only long enough to heat them through.

Remove the dish from the oven. Sprinkle the pancakes evenly with the confectioners' sugar, then scatter the chopped walnuts over the top. Bring the dish to the table and serve at once. Serves 4.

CABBAGE WITH SOUR CREAM AND NUTMEG (pictured)

2-lb. head green cabbage
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

2 cups water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream
Nutmeg, preferably freshly grated

Purchasing and preparing the cabbage: Choose a crisp, firm, compact head of cabbage, avoiding any that show even a hint of yellow.

Carefully remove and discard any loose outer leaves. Then cut off stem at the base flush with the bottom of the cabbage. With a large sharp knife, cut the cabbage in half vertically; lay the halves, cut side down, on a chopping board and cut each half again in the same manner. Now, using a small sharp knife, carefully cut away the top of the triangular core, being careful not to cut too deeply (it is imperative that you leave a small amount of core in each quarter to hold the leaves together). Place the quartered cabbage in a large colander and quickly run cold water over the quarters. Let them drain while you prepare the steamer.

Steaming the cabbage: Pour 2 cups water into a 5-quart enameled pot and, over high heat, bring the water to a full boil. Then open your steamer and set it directly into the boiling water. Transfer the cabbage quarters to the steamer, arranging them cut side up, and sprinkle each quarter lightly with salt, using $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon in all. Immediately cover the pot securely and lower to moderate heat. Let the cabbage steam for 5 minutes, then test for the doneness you prefer by piercing a cabbage quarter with the tip of a small sharp knife. Steam the cabbage for another 2 or 3 minutes (securely re-covering the pot, of course) if you prefer your cabbage less crisp than I do. Ideally, it should not only be to the point where it retains a hint of firmness, but is also a glistening green color.

Every time I stop to consider sides of an issue, the discussion over before I'm through considering them.

—Poor Woman's Alma

To serve: With tongs, transfer the cabbage to a heated platter and top quarter with about 2 tablespoons cream. Sprinkle the cream with gratings of fresh nutmeg or grate nutmeg and serve at once as a separate course. Serves 4.

Note: You may, if you like, omit sour cream and nutmeg and instead pour a tablespoon of hot melted butter over each quarter. In that event, the cabbage as a vegetable accompaniment to any main dish course.

Ed. Note: If cabbage is not young tender, steam 7 or 8 minutes the first time for doneness. In place of a steamer, you may use a colander.

ITALIAN OMELET WITH ZUCCHINI (pictured)

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup unsifted flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small, unpeeled zucchini (washed, dried and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch dice, about 1 cup)

6 eggs
Freshly ground black pepper
4 Tb. olive oil
1 Tb. freshly grated Parmesan

Preparation: Set the broiling pan 8 inches from the source of heat on the broiler to its highest point; let it preheat while you make the omelet.

Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt into a plastic or brown paper bag. Drop in the cup of diced zucchini. Shake the bag until the zucchini are completely covered with flour; pour into a sieve and shake to free zucchini of all excess flour. Set the zucchini aside.

Break 6 eggs into a medium mixing bowl, add the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and a few grindings of pepper and beat with a whisk or fork for 20 to 30 seconds, or only enough to combine them. Don't let them reach the frothy stage.

Frying and Broiling the Omelet: Heat the 4 tablespoons olive oil into a 10- (8-inch bottom) frying pan and set pan over moderate heat. When it appears to turn slightly watery, let it come anywhere near the pot (smoking) drop in the floured zucchini. Turning the zucchini constantly with a wooden spoon, fry it for about 5 minutes or until the pieces brown lightly. Immediately lower the heat and the pan. Cook for one minute, turn the zucchini about in the pan once or re-cover and cook a moment longer. The zucchini will have softened somewhat but the pieces should still hold their shapes. Immediately pour the beaten eggs over them and, with a spoon, spread the zucchini as evenly as possible throughout the eggs. Don't fuss with this too much.

Let the eggs cook for 4 to 5 minutes, lifting up an edge of the omelet with a spatula or fork after 3 minutes; check how well the bottom is browned. Adjust the heat if necessary. When the bottom is golden brown and the top is somewhat liquid and bubbling, scatter the tablespoon of Parmesan cheese evenly over the entire surface of the omelet. Without waiting, and, slide the pan under the preheated broiler. Broil for about 2 minutes, or less, until the top of (continued)

omelet has puffed and turned a
ed glistening brown. (Check the
t every 15 seconds or so as it
and remove it from the broiler if
ws the slightest signs of burning.)
erve: Run a narrow spatula or
knife around the omelet to free it
the sides of the pan. Then, grasp-
ne handle with a potholder and
ng the pan at a 45-degree angle.
e omelet slide onto a 10- or 12-
circular platter. Serve at once,
ng the omelet into
es at the table. Serves 4.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE PIE

1 Graham-Cracker
Crust*
Mousse Filling:
(8-oz. bar) semisweet
chocolate, cut into small
pieces
1/2 cup hot strong coffee or 1 Tb.
instant coffee powder,
dissolved in 1/2 cup boiling
water
1/2 cup vanilla
yolk
whites
superfine sugar
1/2 cup chilled heavy cream
Border (optional):
1/2 cup chilled heavy cream

Filling: Place the 1/2
cup cut-up semisweet
chocolate in the top of a dou-
ble-boiler, add the 1/2 cup
coffee, and fit the top into
the lower section partially
filled with hot water. Set the
boiler over moderate heat
and stir the chocolate and
coffee together constantly
with a rubber spatula until
the chocolate melts and the
mixture is smooth. Then
remove the double boiler off the
heat and remove the upper
section. Stir 1 teaspoon vanilla
into the chocolate mixture
and set it aside to cool slight-
ly, not more than 2 min-
utes, stirring it once or twice.
With a wire whisk, beat
the egg yolks into the choc-
olate mixture one at a time.
Continue to beat until they
are completely absorbed. Set
1/2 cup of the filling aside
to room temperature.
With a rotary beater, beat
the 2 egg whites for a mo-
ment or two until they are
foamy. Then add
1/2 cup sugar and
continue beating rapidly un-
til the whites form very firm,
standing peaks on the
beater when it is lifted and
the beater is upright. If in doubt,
beat rather than under-
beat the whites.

With another stainless-steel
beater (chilled this time) beat
the 1/2 cup cream (you can
use the same beater without
washing it) until it forms firm
but slightly wavering peaks when the beater
is lifted. Using a rubber spatula,
gently and very gently stir the beaten
cream into the whipped cream, keep-
ing the mixture as airy as possible.
Thoroughly mix 2 heaping table-
spoons of the combination into the
chocolate mixture (this is to lighten it,

in preparation for the next step). Using
the rubber spatula, scrape the choco-
late mixture over the remaining egg
whites and cream and, still with the
spatula, gently fold the mixtures to-
gether, cutting down through both and
lifting the heavier mass over the lighter
one, continuing the process just until
no streaks of white show. Do not over-
mix or the mousse will be heavy rather
than light and velvety.

Pour the mousse into the pie shell.

THE ICE CREAM DIET

continued from page 50

Dinner

Chicken Breasts with Sherry and Mushrooms*	362
Zucchini/Carrots, 1/2 cup, sprinkled with Dill Weed	30
Butter Pecan Ice Cream, 1/2 cup	145
	537

Day's total calories 1186

Dinner

Veal Paprika*	290
Brussels Sprouts, 5 or 6 boiled	25
Rice, 2/3 cup	110
Strawberries 'n Cream Swirl Ice Cream, 1/2 cup	145
	570

Day's total calories 1219

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Muffins 'n Berries: Whole Wheat Muffins	217
Fresh Strawberries, 2/3 cup	35
Butter, 1 tablespoon	100
	352

Lunch

Purple Cow: Grape Juice, 3/4 cup with Vanilla Ice Cream, 1/4 cup	206
Green Pepper Half	7
Whole Wheat Bread, 1 slice, with 1 teaspoon Butter	88
	341

Dinner

Fish Portuguese Style*	279
Rice, 2/3 cup	110
Spinach, 1/2 cup	25
TicTacToe Ice Cream, 1/2 cup Vanilla- Chocolate-Straw- berry	145
	559

Day's total calories 1198

WEEK 2. SUNDAY

Breakfast or Brunch

Soufflé Omelet* with Creole Sauce*, or Mushroom Sauce*	169
Fruit Compote with Vanilla Ice Cream, 1/2 cup	145
	476

Dinner

Boneless Turkey Roll, 3 slices meat (1/2x2 1/2x1/4 inch)	175
Cauliflowerettes with Carrots, 1/2 cup, cooked, sprinkled with paprika (1 head cauliflower, broken)	25
Potatoes, mashed, 1/2 cup	95
Cranberry Jelly, 1 tablespoon	30
Buttered Nut Ice Cream, 1/2 cup	145
	470



This is just a clever Alcoa Wrap way to make chicken croquettes
with personality and style. Make them round and put each one
on a square of strong Alcoa® Wrap aluminum foil.
Pour a mixture of sauteed mushrooms, chopped
scallions, tomato puree and white wine over
them. Wrap up tightly and bake for about
45 minutes in a shallow pan. You can put
a lot of inexpensive class in your meals
with Alcoa Wrap. Because it gives you
the strength you need these days.



ALCOA

Alcoa Wrap... the something else foil.

FRIDAY

Breakfast

1/3 cup each Corn, Wheat Flakes	90
Milk, whole skim, 1 cup	81
Sugar, 1 teaspoon	15
Berry Bowl, Black 'n Blue, 2/3 cup Black Raspberries, Blueberries	60
	246

Lunch

Egg, Scrambled (add water only)	80
Lima Beans, cooked, 1/2 cup	90
Whole Wheat Bread, 1 slice	55
Butter, 1 teaspoon	33
Peach Melba Ice Cream, 1/2 cup	145
	403

spreading it out with the spatula as
evenly as you can. Refrigerate the pie
for at least an hour to allow the mousse
to become firm. Serves 6-8.
The Border: If you wish to decorate
the pie, whip 1 cup chilled heavy cream
until firm but still slightly wavering
peaks form and drop it by spoonfuls
(or pipe it through a pastry tube) to
form an ornamental border around the
pie.

*Mr. Field gives a delicious recipe in
his book. An adequate substitute may be
made according to directions on gra-
ham cracker crumb package, or use the
packaged ready-prepared crust. **END**

Bedtime Snack

Pizza, 1 5 1/2-inch sector, cheese (no meat)	185
Milk, whole skim, 1 cup	81
	266
Day's total calories	1212

MONDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice, 3/4 cup	80
Cereal, Cream of Wheat, 1/3 cup	50
Milk, whole skim, 1 cup	81
Sugar, 1 teaspoon	15
	226

(continued)

Why is it the return envelopes
companies send me with their bills
never even come close to being the
size of my checks?

—Poor Woman's Almanac

ICE CREAM DIET *continued*

<i>Lunch</i>	
Zucchini with Scrambled Eggs*	215
Toast, 1 slice, unbuttered	55
Tomato, 1 medium, sliced	35
Chocolate Ice Cream, ½ cup, with Orange Slices, ¼ of a medium orange	164
	469

<i>Dinner</i>	
Pan-Fried Beef Liver, 1 slice, 3x2¼x¾ inch	85
Bacon, crisp, 1 strip	52
Baked Potato, medium- size; Sour Cream, 1 tablespoon	95
Turnip Greens, ½ cup	30
Butter Pecan Ice Cream, ½ cup	15
	145
	422
Day's total calories	1117

TUESDAY	
<i>Breakfast</i>	
Grapefruit Juice, unsweetened, ¾ cup	75
Egg, poached or soft-boiled, 1	80
Whole Wheat Toast, 1 slice	55
Butter, 1 teaspoon	33
	243

<i>Lunch</i>	
Toasted Cheese Sand- wich with American Cheddar, 1 ounce	120
Whole Wheat Bread, 2 slices	110
Butter, 1 teaspoon, for browning	33
Green Beans, cooked, ¾ cup	25
Vanilla Ice Cream, ¼ cup with Blue- berries, ⅓ cup	103
	391

<i>Dinner</i>	
Chicken, Provincial Style*	335
Broccoli Spears, ¾ cup, with Lemon Wedge	30
Lemon Ice Cream, ½ cup with	145
Thin Pretzel Stix, 2	9
	519
Day's total calories	1153

WEDNESDAY	
<i>Breakfast</i>	
Grapefruit Half, medium, 4¼ inches in diameter	40
Puffed Wheat Cereal, 1 cup	45
Milk, whole skim, 1 cup	81
	166

<i>Lunch</i>	
Creamed Tuna on Wheat Toast	257
(See Swedish Mushroom Sauce recipe for Tuna variation)*	
Green Pepper Hali, raw	8
Ice Cream Sandwich Bar	145
	410

<i>Dinner</i>	
Koenigsberger Klops*	249
Cabbage Wedge, ½ cup, cooked	20
Carlton Salad*	88
Peppermint Ice Cream, ½ cup	145
	502
Day's total calories	1078

THURSDAY	
<i>Breakfast</i>	
Grapefruit Half, medium-size, 4½ inches in diameter	40
Puffed Wheat, 1 cup	45
Milk, whole skim, 1 cup	81
Sugar, 1 teaspoon	15
	181

<i>Lunch</i>	
Shrimp Salmon Aspic*	96
6 to 7 Asparagus Spears	20

FRIDAY	
<i>Breakfast</i>	
Rhubarb, with sugar, ½ cup	190
Boston Brown Bread, 2 slices, ½-inch thick	140
Butter, ½ teaspoon	17
	347

<i>Lunch</i>	
Vegetable Platter: Spinach, Beet Greens, ½ cup	20

Milk, whole skim, ½ cup	4
Cantaloupe, half a 4½-inch melon	3
Vanilla Ice Cream, ½ cup	14
	30
<i>Lunch</i>	
Hamburger, lean ground beef (4 patties to a pound)	18
Celery Stalk, Carrot Stick	1
Milk, whole skim, ½ cup	4
	24

<i>Supper</i>	
Split Pea Soup, ¾ cup	11
Pork, 2 slices, 1½x¼-inch slices	25
Soda Crackers, 2 plain	5
Apple, 1 medium, 3 inches in diameter	9
Neapolitan Ice Cream, ½ cup	14
	66
Day's total calories	120

The following recipes
called for in the preced-
ing menus.

VEAL ROAST WITH HERBS
3 pounds veal roast, loin or
boneless rump or shoulder
3 sprigs fresh thyme or
1 tsp. dry thyme
3 sprigs fresh tarragon or
½ tsp. dry tarragon
½ teaspoon chopped chives
3 or 4 celery leaves

Place roast on heavy aluminum foil. Gash several places with knife and insert herbs and celery leaves. Wrap airtight around the roast by sealing with double layers across the top and tuck ends under. Place on rack in roasting pan and roast at 350° oven 35 minutes per pound for loin and leg, 45 minutes per pound for rolled rump or shoulder, about 1½ hours for loin, 2 hours, 15 minutes for boneless roast. After cooking meat will weigh 2½ lbs. Remove from foil, reserve juices to serve over the meat. Discard herbs. Slice roast. Makes 8-10 servings of 4 oz. each. (1 serving = 111 calories.)

SANDWICH TORTE
½-lb. round loaf rye bread
1 Tb. butter or margarine
1 pkg. (3 oz.) cream cheese
3 small ripe olives
6 hard-cooked eggs
1 Tb. low-calorie mayonnaise
Salt
Pepper
1 tsp. curry powder
1 can (3oz.) sardines, well drained
4 small radishes, sliced
1 Tb. chopped parsley

Cut two (¾-inch thick) slices from center of loaf and spread thinly with butter. (There will be 4 thick slices of bread altogether.) Soften cheese and spread on center of each slice. Slice olives in quarters. Slice eggs and range center slices around outside of one slice of bread. Chop ends of egg mix with mayonnaise, salt, pepper, curry powder, and spread around edge of second bread slice; top with olives. Garnish around cheese third slice with sardines, radish slices and parsley. Reassemble loaf. Cut into 16 wedges to serve. (Each slice serves 1 person = 111 calories.)

Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce. What's in it for you.

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Poppy
Cannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus

You don't taste the Lea & Perrins.
You taste the difference.

Artichoke Hearts, 1-2	9
Cornmeal Muffin, medium, 1	140
Butter, 1 teaspoon	33
Chocolate Ice Cream, ½ cup	145
	443

<i>Dinner</i>	
Lamb Chops, 2 Lean Shoulder, 2½ ounces each	310
Pineapple Slices, 2 Small, broiled	90
Collard Greens, ½ cup, boiled	30
Pistachio Ice Cream, ½ cup	145
	575

Day's total calories	1199
----------------------	------

Broiled Tomato, 1 medium,	35
Carrot, sliced, cooked, ¾ cup	20
Milk, whole skim, 1 cup	81
Pistachio Ice Cream, ½ cup	145
	301

<i>Dinner</i>	
Fillet of Sole with Lemon Slices	204
Broccoli with Yogurt Dressing*	51
Potatoes, mashed, ½ cup	95
Rum Raisin Ice Cream, ½ cup	145
	495
Day's total calories	1143

SATURDAY	
<i>Breakfast</i>	
Wheat Flakes, ½ cup	90

For easy cutting wrap loaf in cheese cloth and then in foil. Refrigerate 1 hour before slicing.

CHINESE TOMATO BEEF

boneless lean sirloin tip
eanut or cooking oil
oy sauce
cornstarch
ground pepper
pepper, sliced diagonally
onions and tops, sliced thin
um tomato, sliced (½-in. slices)
resh mushrooms, sliced

meat man slice beef diagonally in strips, which tenderizes it, or and slice yourself. Combine one spoon of the oil, the soy sauce, urch and ground pepper in a add beef, turning to coat each vell, and marinate overnight in rator. Drain and reserve mari- Brown beef in remaining oil in skillet at 350° for 5 minutes, g with tongs or fork. Add green and white part of onions. Cook tender, but still crisp, 2 or 3 min- en add tomato and mushrooms ok 2 or 3 minutes longer. Pour ide over meat and cook, stirring, hickened. Garnish with green ops. Makes 6 servings. (1 serving calories.)

COLD SALMON PLATTER

salmon steaks, 3½ oz. each, broiled
ached
1, quartered
(2 dozen spears) fresh asparagus,
ed
hard-cooked and halved
r (16) radishes
um cucumber, sliced
erry tomatoes
(2 oz.) cream cheese
American rye bread or pumpernickel

salmon on platter with lemon, asparagus spears and hard- eggs. Wash radishes and ar- on separate plate with cucumber atatoes. Blend cream cheese until ading consistency and spread on cut in triangles. Makes 4 gen- servings. (1 serving = 420 cal-

CHICKEN BREASTS WITH SHERRY AND MUSHROOMS

icken breasts
resh mushrooms
(half a cube) butter or margarine
alt
ground pepper
dry sherry

cartilage and skin from chicken, using sharp knife. Cut each in simmer cartilage and skin in 3 ater seasoned with salt, pepper, onion flakes and stems from oms for about 25 minutes to stock. Add chicken breasts. Sim- 5-30 minutes. Wash mushrooms sauté caps in butter in electric or Dutch oven and set aside. Add l and dried chicken breasts and out 5 minutes per side, or until browned but still juicy. Longer g will toughen the breasts. Sea- th salt and pepper; remove to dish. Add sherry to pan and to remove drippings. Spoon over n breasts and garnish with mush- aps. Makes 4 servings. (1 serv- 362 calories.)

VEAL PAPRIKA

boneless veal, cubed
salt
ground pepper
prika
dried summer savory
ehydrated onion flakes
water
half-pint carton) low-fat yogurt
our

veal with damp paper towel.

Sprinkle salt over bottom of electric skillet or Dutch oven and brown veal. Add pepper, paprika, savory, onion flakes and water; cover and simmer 1 hour. Pour off stock, adding water to make 1 cup, if necessary. Stir flour into yogurt then blend into stock. Pour back over veal and heat through, but do not boil. Makes 8 servings. (1 serving = 290 calories.)

FISH PORTUGUESE STYLE

2 cloves garlic, halved
1 Tb. olive or cooking oil
1 medium-sized onion, 2½ in. in diameter, chopped
¼ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
2 Tb. capers
3 Tb. chopped parsley
3 tomatoes, 2x2x½ inches, chopped
1 cup water
½ tsp. oregano
1½ tsp. salt
2 lbs. fresh cod or haddock fillets

Sauté garlic in hot oil in electric skillet until golden; discard garlic. Add onion and mushrooms and cook until soft, stirring often. Add capers, parsley, to- matoes, water, oregano and ½ teaspoon of the salt. Simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile, wipe fish with damp paper towel and sprinkle with remaining salt. Place fish on vege- table mixture; cover and simmer gently 15 minutes or until fish is cooked. Makes 6 servings. (1 serving = 279 calories.)

SOUFFLE OMELET

2 Tb. butter or margarine
3 Tb. flour
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 cup skim milk
4 eggs, separated

Melt butter; blend in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk and cook, stirring, until thick and smooth. Beat egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff peaks form. Without washing beaters, beat egg yolks slightly and stir into white sauce. Fold in whites in two parts to make a lighter, fluffier omelet than if whites are added at one time. Turn into ungreased shallow oven-proof bak- ing dish, 9 inches in diameter. Bake in 400° oven 15 minutes, or until puffy, and golden brown. Cut in wedges and serve with Creole Sauce. Makes 4 serv- ings. (1 serving = 169 calories.)

CREOLE SAUCE

2 Tb. chopped green pepper
¼ cup diced celery
2 Tb. butter or margarine
½ cup tomato sauce
½ cup water
½ tsp. salt
1 Tb. dried onion flakes
1 (6¾-ounce) can shrimp, rinsed and drained (1 cup)

Cook green pepper and celery in butter until soft, about 5 minutes. Add tomato sauce, water, salt, onion and shrimp. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Makes 4 servings. (1 serving = 113 calories.)

SWEDISH MUSHROOM SAUCE

½ lb. fresh mushrooms
2 Tb. butter or margarine
3 Tb. flour
½-1 tsp. salt
¼-½ tsp. white pepper
1½ cups skim milk
2 tsp. lemon juice
1 Tb. dry sherry

Wash mushrooms gently. Cut off tough part of stems. Slice caps. Sauté in but- ter 5 minutes. Stir in flour, salt, pepper and milk. Cook, stirring, until thick and smooth. Add lemon juice and sherry. Serve with Soufflé Omelet. Makes 4 servings. (1 serving = 122 calories.)

Note: For Tuna Variation (Week 2- Wednesday Lunch), substitute one 6¾- (continued on page 120)

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RAISIN FACE with brown sugar moustache. Sure way to get a smile from a child.



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When you want to please all the people

Spread the cheese
add your favorite
garnish—instant
hors d'oeuvres.

Poppy
Gannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus



Lemon Breeze

A breeze to make: No baking. Creamy, crunchy and cool. Here's the easy way:

- 1 cup Kellogg's® Corn Flake Crumbs
- 1/3 cup regular margarine or butter, melted
- 1/3 cup ReaLemon® Reconstituted Lemon Juice
- 1 1/2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin
- 2 eggs, separated
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1 can Borden Eagle Brand® Sweetened Condensed Milk (Sweetened Condensed Milk must be used).

1. Combine Corn Flake Crumbs and margarine in 9-inch pie pan. Reserve 2 tablespoons for topping; press remainder firmly and evenly in pan to form crust. Chill.
2. In small saucepan combine ReaLemon Lemon Juice and gelatin. Place over low heat and stir until gelatin is dissolved; cool.

3. In mixing bowl beat egg whites until foamy; gradually add sugar. Beat until stiff and glossy. Set aside.

4. Beat egg yolks in mixing bowl until thick and lemon colored. Stir in Sweetened Condensed Milk and gelatin mixture; gently fold in egg white mixture. Spread evenly in Corn Flake Crumbs crust; sprinkle top with reserved crumbs. Refrigerate 2 hours or until firm. Cut into wedges. Yield: 8 servings



ICE CREAM DIET *continued*

ounce can of tuna, well drained, for the mushrooms. Sauce with tuna is 202 calories per serving. Serve over one slice of whole wheat toast (55 calories).

ZUCCHINI WITH SCRAMBLED EGGS

- 4 medium-sized young zucchini
- 3 Tb. butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup grated American Cheddar cheese
- 2 Tb. fine dry bread crumbs
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Freshly ground pepper

Wash zucchini; halve lengthwise but do not peel. Scoop out pulp and reserve, leaving 1/4-inch shell. Cook shells, cut side down in 2 tablespoons of the butter in electric skillet at 350°, covered, about 5 minutes or until tender but still holding shape. Do not brown. Place in ovenproof baking dish and fill half the shells with cheese. Sprinkle with crumbs and bake in 450° oven 5 minutes or until cheese melts. Meanwhile, add remaining butter to skillet and sauté zucchini pulp. Combine eggs, salt and pepper; pour over pulp. Cook slowly until set but still soft, lifting with spatula so uncooked portion can run underneath. Fill remaining shells. Serve one egg-filled and one cheese-filled zucchini to each person. Makes 4 servings. (1 serving = 215 calories.)

CHICKEN—PROVINCIAL STYLE

- 1 lb. chicken breasts
- 1/4 cup (half a stick) butter or margarine
- 1/4 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1 Tb. dried onion flakes
- 1/4 cup tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2-1 tsp. salt
- Freshly ground pepper
- 1 tsp. thyme
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 piece dried or fresh orange peel

Remove skin and cartilage from chicken breasts with sharp knife. Brown flesh on both sides in 2 tablespoons of the butter in electric skillet at 350° or Dutch oven. Push to one side. Add mushrooms and remaining butter; cook until soft, 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in onion, tomato sauce, water, salt, pepper, thyme, bay leaf and orange peel. Reduce heat to 200°F. Cover and cook 30 minutes over low heat, or until chicken is tender. Place on platter and pour sauce over it, discarding orange peel. Makes 4 servings. (1 serving = 335 calories.)

KOENIGSBERGER KLOPS

- 4 cups water
- 3 Tb. dehydrated onion flakes
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 4 bay leaves
- 8 whole allspice
- 3 peppercorns
- 1-2 tsp. salt
- 2 slices white bread
- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 2 eggs
- 1 Tb. cornstarch
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine

Heat water to boiling. Add 1 tablespoon onion flakes, the lemon juice, bay leaves, allspice, peppercorns and 1/2-1 teaspoon salt. Boil 15 minutes. Meanwhile, soak bread in a little water. Squeeze out excess water and mix bread with beef, remaining 2 tablespoons onion flakes, 1/2-1 teaspoon salt, the pepper, and 1 whole egg and 1 white. Shape into 2-inch balls. Drop into boiling seasoned liquid and cook, turning occasionally for 15 minutes; remove meat balls. Measure liquid, adding water to make 2 cups, if necessary. Mix cornstarch with a little cold water, stir into hot liquid and cook until thickened. Add butter and remaining egg

yolk, beaten, stirring briskly. Do not boil. Return meatballs to sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Makes 8 servings. (1 serving = 249 calories.)

CARLTON SALAD

- 1 envelope (1 Tb.) plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 (16-oz.) can pineapple chunks, water packed
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 cup (half-pint carton) low-fat yogurt
- 2 medium apples (2-2 1/2 cups, chopped)
- 4 small leaves Boston lettuce

Soften gelatin in cold water. Drain syrup from pineapple thoroughly. Add water if necessary to make 1 cup. Beat eggs slightly with salt, mustard and vinegar; add pineapple syrup. Cover over boiling water until thick enough to coat a spoon. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved. Chill. Fold yogurt, beating gelatin first to smooth out if necessary. Dice but do not peel apples. Fold into gelatin mixture along with pineapple chunks. Turn in rinsed 9-inch ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves. Makes 8 servings. (1 serving = 88 calories.)



SHRIMP SALMON ASPIC

- 1 (10 1/2-oz.) can chicken consommé, undiluted
- 5 peppercorns
- 5 whole allspice
- 1 bay leaf
- Several sprigs parsley
- 1 tsp. dried dill weed
- 1 Tb. (1 envelope) plain gelatin
- 2 1/4 cups cold water
- 1 can (5 3/4 oz.) large shrimp, rinsed and drained, (1 cup)
- 1 hard-cooked egg, sliced
- 1 cup salmon, flaked and boned
- 1 cup diced celery
- 4 Boston lettuce leaves

Simmer chicken consommé, peppercorns, allspice, bay leaf, parsley and dill weed in saucepan 15 minutes. Strain to remove herbs and spices. Soften gelatin in 1/4 cup of the water; dissolve in hot consommé; add remaining 2 cups water. Chill until thick and syrupy. Arrange shrimp in a 9-inch ring mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Spoon gelatin over it; chill. Arrange egg slices around sides of mold and spoon in more gelatin; chill. Combine salmon and celery with remaining gelatin; pour into mold and chill until set. Turn out on large platter and fill center with lettuce leaves. Makes 8 servings. (1 serving = 100 calories.)

BROCCOLI WITH YOGURT DRESSING

- 1 lb. fresh broccoli or asparagus
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup low-fat yogurt
- 1 Tb. yellow prepared mustard
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1/2-1 tsp. curry powder
- 2 medium tomatoes, 2x2 1/2 inch, sliced, or 1 pint cherry tomatoes

Cut tough stalks from broccoli. Wash thoroughly. Divide into serving-size pieces. Cook in salted water to cover until barely tender, about 10 minutes. Drain thoroughly. Chill. Combine yogurt, mustard, seasoned salt and curry powder. Chill until serving time. Arrange broccoli on a platter with tomatoes. Pass dressing. Makes 6 servings. (1 serving = 51 calories.)

DON'T LET TENSION DESTROY LOOKS

Living with high tension is the order of the day for most of us . . . and it's the arch enemy of beauty for all of us. Phyllis Digby Morton explains how tension shows in our looks, and how we can counter it.

How do you recognize the signs of tension in yourself? Do you pick at your hands or clasp the thumbs tightly inside the palms and fingers? Both are signs of tenseness. Think about your neck and shoulders. If they are often stiff, that's tension, too. Every woman of 25 upwards knows what it is to have a "tight" face—muscles clenched and mouth clamped in a hard, thin line.

Try to treat tension the minute you feel it. Three simple, on-the-spot ways: (1) Screw up your face hard, close eyes tightly, then open eyes and mouth wide. (2) Shrug shoulders high up to ears and let them fall, completely relaxed. And again. (3) Try taking a deep, slow breath in and breathing even more deeply and slowly out.

Beyond these quick tension chasers are the more involved, but often very effective, beauty routines.

From the Continent comes the interesting revival of an age-old theory that oils of certain plants have tension-relaxing properties. Treatment goes like this. First the skin is well cleansed with a simple cream, then camphor oil is massaged into the face and neck. Next the face is steamed for five minutes over a basin of boiling water, wiped dry with a tissue, given a second massage of camphor oil, steamed for another five minutes and tissue-wiped dry. What this does after two or three treatments is to ease away tension from the face and return color to a skin that has gone gray from sluggish circulation often caused by tension.

Nervously tense people seem to have more hair problems than their fair share—and this is directly due to tension. When your hair is, say, two days away from a shampoo, you can do it a lot of good by gently and persistently running your fingers through it from forehead to nape, as close to the scalp as possible. If hair is very dry (tenseness again), a warm-oil treatment can do a lot of good. Rub a little warm olive oil into the scalp, then wring out a towel in hot water and wrap it turban-wise around your head, keeping it on for at least ten minutes before you shampoo. Rinse thoroughly with a final rinse of cold, cold water to close pores, stimulate hair roots and definitely ease away any feeling of scalp tension. Cold water eases tension by increasing circulation.

The age-old way to banish stress is to submit to the power of a warm bath. Lie in gently steaming, scented water and feel the good it's doing.

There are objectors who will say that even if it is possible to coax away stress marks from the face and body, all this is surely a waste of time, since the fretting mind will quickly put them back again. Not so. The actual effort demanded by beauty care is in itself a soothing exercise. To look awful is to feel worse. And conversely, the prettier you look, the calmer and more confident you become.



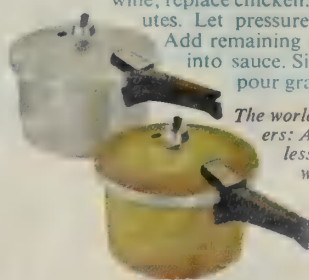
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- 1 broiler-fryer, quartered
- 1 tsp. coarse black pepper
- 1/2 cup seasoned flour
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 (3-oz.) can sliced mushrooms, drained
- 1 lb. clean tomatoes
- 1/2 cup dry white wine

Rub chicken with pepper, dredge in flour. Heat cooker; add oil, garlic. Lightly brown chicken. Remove garlic and chicken. Add mushrooms. Stir in tomatoes and 1/2 cup wine; replace chicken. Close cover securely. Cook 10 minutes. Let pressure drop naturally. Remove chicken. Add remaining wine. Blend flour with water. Stir into sauce. Simmer until thickened. Salt to taste; pour gravy over chicken. Serves 4.



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When you spend good money for lamb chops, you don't want them to shrink and shrivel in the broiling. So try this:

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CUSTODY

continued from page 89

Lots of the kids had a different daddy at home and a real daddy living some other place, but they didn't have their real daddy and their mommy fighting about custody, the way she did. She could hear them again for a minute, and then there was an even fiercer crack of thunder right out over Central Park, and Peggy thought, God Bless You, a hundred percent perfect—*crick, crack*, right in two, even Stephen.

The sour taste boiled up, and she ran. She didn't make it in time. Mommy would scream about the thick red carpet and the nasty smell clinging, no matter how much ammonia you washed it with.

The next day, it was still raining and miserable, and in school, Peggy felt cold and funny. Not sick but just funny, strange, as if somebody were pushing from behind. She kept looking over her shoulder, until Betty Selkin whispered furiously behind her, "Stop snooping, you."

"I'm not," Peggy whispered just as furiously.

"Girls," Mrs. Oliver said.

"She keeps snooping at me."

"I do not."

"You do so."

"Not." Her voice shot up high and screechy, and some of the girls started to giggle, and Peggy felt funny in a new way. She started to get up from her seat and got halfway and then sort of stopped, as if she were locked. But she felt drawn upward, as if somebody were pulling up on her shoulders, or maybe her head, and she tried not to, but then she rose up farther in response to the pulling upward, and then there she was, standing beside her desk in the aisle, instead of sitting down like everybody else.

"What is it, Peggy?" Mrs. Oliver asked.

It was her soft voice, not the crisp one she used to give discipline. Peggy tried to answer, but only sounds came out instead of words. The class laughed right out, and somebody hooted, but Mrs. Oliver didn't pay attention to anybody but Peggy. She came a step forward from her desk. "What's wrong, dear?"

"I—it—" That feeling that something was pulling her got stronger, not upward any more, just a pulling, and suddenly she ran forward to Mrs. Oliver, and when she got to her, she flung herself down on the floor as if she had stumbled. Mrs. Oliver started to help her, and Peggy flung her arms around her knees, hanging on as if she were slipping down a well. "You've got to love me, you've got to love me, you've got to love me."

The class was shrieking, but Mrs. Oliver still paid no attention. She stooped down, put a hand on Peggy's hair, saying, "I do love you, Peggy," and then she added slowly, "Let's you and me go out in the hall a minute."

She slid her hand to Peggy's shoulder and tugged upward on it, and now Peggy knew what was pulling at her, and it was safe and different, and she stood up and let Mrs. Oliver lead her out of the room and away from everybody—the girls were always glad when she got in trouble, and she hated them when they were glad.

Out in the hall, Mrs. Oliver steered

her to the big, wide windowsill that looked down on the playground behind the school and sat down on the windowsill, drawing Peggy tight against knees and not saying a word. Outside it was still raining, and Peggy's s that had begun back there on the floor near Mrs. Oliver's desk kept coming out like a crazy river, but Mrs. Oliver didn't tell her to stop it. She just there on the wide windowsill, still holding her against her knees, patting her shoulder once or twice, not saying a word.

"I'm sort of hungry," Mrs. Oliver finally said, and it surprised Peggy more than anything else she could possibly have said. "Are you hungry, too?"

Peggy shook her head, but she started to fish in one of the square pockets of her school uniform, looking slowly around first to see if anybody was watching. Then she brought out pieces of dry toast, little pieces, an lichee nut and two French fries. She offered them all to Mrs. Oliver, spreading them out on her hand as if it were a tray. Mrs. Oliver took the lichee nut, cracked its thin, papery shell. The tightness began to go away, and she remembered her other pocket and rummaged around in there. Two lemon snaps came out, the edges sort of curly, and a crackerjack in a little ball, and a coin of raisins.

It was Miss Peters who had found things to eat in Peggy's pocket and of course she got sent to Mr. G for Problemchild, and it was awful. Peggy didn't know why she hid things to eat, she said, but he thought she ought to see the school psychiatrist and she and he talked about sending her to Dr. Combs and Mommy had to see and it was all a mess. That was around the time of the Christmas play, with Mommy running around telling everybody that this was Mr. Marton, then her new husband, Doug Marton.

"Peggy," Mrs. Oliver said now, wiping the shell and pit of the lichee in her own handkerchief and putting it in her own pocket. "Do you suppose I could go home with you today to talk to your mother?"

"Without Doug there?"

"Would you rather it was with Doug?"

"I don't know."

"I don't think he'd be home from office, anyway. I meant at three o'clock, school's out."

"Sometimes he gets home early."

"Would you want Doug there?"

"I don't know." The tightness began to catch her throat again; you could hear it.

"Then let's just phone and ask your mother could talk to me this afternoon."

"Oh, no, don't!" Her voice suddenly went way up high. "She's going to rope, and she's busy packing, and well, she's busy, she's so mean." And suddenly she told Mrs. Oliver all about standing at the door and about custody and the lightning cracking open the cubes.

Mrs. Oliver put her hand back on Peggy's shoulder and listened to every word, and when she spoke, she sounded positive and sure. "I'm not going to see only your mother, Peggy. I'm also going to see your father." She picked one of the raisins from the window and popped it into her mouth. "What do you say to that?"

"Daddy doesn't want anything"

of this marriage, and Irene is too
to be saddled with any eight-
old."

Something must have been wrong
the stiff way she said it, because
Oliver drew back as if somebody
pinched her. Her voice went sort
off, too, but not as if it were dis-
e. "Peggy, I think I'd better de-
for myself and not lug you into
ing. I didn't want to do anything
d your back, but if you know
it, it's not behind your back, and
wouldn't mind, whichever one I do
d see, would you?"
Peggy shook her head for no, but
only she shivered.

"Ted," Lena Oliver said that night
her husband, "all the laws about the
ed child and the battered child,
never one statute anywhere about
kind of thing."

He stretched his legs and clasped his
hands behind his head, pushing his
head and shoulders backward against
a triangular frame made by his arms.
He was tired, more tired than he should
be for a man of forty, though a day of
teaching in the public schools of New
York was a little more strenuous than
such a day as Lena had had at
y's. It was highly probable that he
was being infected by the Peggy-virus.
For months his wife had been half
dead with the bewilderment and anger
and finally dubbed the Peggy-virus,
though he tried to cozy her at the
times, he had been unable to re-
ve her, and for good reason. He had
n all along that a real crisis would
only arrive, and here it was.
Somehow, someday, somebody has
p in," she had said at the end of
recital, "and make those stupid,
h parents see what's happening to
child."

He had agreed. Also he had known
that "somebody" would be his own
and that the "someday" would
morrow and that the "somehow"
d grow to be more than she expect-
to be. That was Lena and always
been Lena in the twenty years of
marriage.

"What do you think you can say to
?" he asked.

That she needs solid, continuing
essional help, fast, three times a
with Doctor Combs, for however
it takes and for however much it
They can afford it."

"But you said last time—"

"I know it." They were both remem-

bering the time she had suggested to
Jeanne Marton that Peggy be sent to a
professional child analyst.

"That fakery," Mrs. Marton had
said. "I had six months of it when I was
ten—what a laugh."

"Six months may not be enough. I
seriously think—"

"Sorry, but I don't."

And that had been the end of it,
abrupt, unnegotiable. Mrs. Marton had
given her the look that said, "We're
different, anyway," and Lena Oliver
had returned the look with her custom-
ary refusal to be abashed by it or to
condone it. They were different, in-
deed. Race was the least of it.

Now she said to her husband, "Gilley
is with me about another try. He leaves
it to me whether to tackle her again or
see Peggy's father. He thought maybe
both."

"Good for Gilley."

"I did ask if it might not be better
for him to do it himself, and he said,
'Now, Lena,' in that special way of his,
reminding me."

They laughed a little. What Gilley
was reminding her of was one of the
headmaster's basic principles: Prob-
lems between parent and teacher did
not change in depth or difficulty be-
cause it was a problem between a par-
ent and Lena Oliver. Or a parent and
Edmund Gaines, or a parent and young
Dr. Quincy in Black Studies. But that
was theory, after all.

Back sixteen years, in 1954, when
Morgan Gilley was taking over from
old Morgan Gilley as headmaster of
the school that had been founded in
1890 by an even older Morgan Gilley,
there had been an almost palpable
shock wave among parents, trustees
and faculty alike from his announce-
ment that the school would begin "with
all deliberate speed" to admit Negro
pupils. Gilley's School for Girls was
nationally known as one of the best
private schools in the East, one of the
smartest and most expensive, and cer-
tainly far removed from controversy or
the exceptional in behavior.

But the Fifty-Four announcement,
coming only a few months after the
Supreme Court's decision about de-
segregating schools, had certainly bro-
ken with all the older Gilley traditions.
For some years before that, the school
and its nursery school had had a few
children of different backgrounds ("dif-
ferent races" was a phrase not much
used then), but these were the little
daughters of ambassadors (continued)



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Poppy
Gannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus

to the United Nations, from India or Africa or China, sometimes titled, and none of the parents failed to welcome the chic international air that attended their inclusion. In Fifty-Four, however, when the first scholarship child from Harlem arrived in the first grade, some of the parents stonily said, "This is different," and transferred their children to other schools.

But so vast were the numbers on every waiting list of every good school in the city that young Morgan Gilley was quickly able to prove to trustees and parents that neither enrollment nor income would suffer by the school's new policy. Within a year, he had two more Negro pupils, and he had appointed Lena Oliver the first Negro teacher.

"I won't come if I am to be the only Negro on the faculty," she had said.

"No tokenism here," Mr. Gilley had been unequivocal. "It may take time, but as I find qualified teachers, I shall offer them appointments." He smiled at her with a troubled look. "I forgot to say 'qualified Negro teachers,' but I have the same problem finding qualified *any* teachers."

She had trusted him, trusted the troubled look, decided that he was in earnest, an experimenter, not yet certain of his results. Wasn't that true of every experimenter worth anything? Wasn't it true of herself?

"It's too bad your own child is a boy," Mr. Gilley had gone on. "Otherwise, we'd enroll him in nursery school right off."

Rick was four then, handsome, big for his age, high IQ, full of potential. How often in the intervening years had she wished that he had been able to attend Gilley's instead of crowded public schools, where there were never enough seats, never enough materials, always too much race feeling, at best abrasive, at worst degrading. How different their lives might be now if he had been spared those sixteen years of poison.

But this was no time to worry about Rick and what had happened to him in the past two years. Too often one was powerless to say "later" to a problem as pervasive as their own problem with Rick, but she did occasionally manage to set up a series of priorities for the problems besetting her, and this was one time when she could order herself to concentrate on Peggy and tomorrow, and hold in abeyance the longer problem of Rick and themselves and the future. Even as she was congratulating herself for her wisdom and control, the sharp pick of anxiety plucked at her nerves, and she felt them quiver and twang.

But outwardly she was calm, and

calm she appeared next afternoon as she sat in the Martons' handsome living room. Douglas Marton had come home early from his broker's office, and he was easier to talk to than Peggy's mother. He seemed boyishly youthful, rather appealing, and briefly she wondered how he could have fallen in love with Jeanne Marton. For to Lena Oliver, the regular features, the dazzling coloring and lovely figure combined only into that unloveliest of totals, ■

"Nobody's nagging, darling."

She ignored him. "Nag, nag, nag. I've never yet seen it work, and I can't believe it ever will. Anyway, her father would be footing the bills, not I. Why don't you see him?"

"I'd like to see Mr. Wilde," Lena said. "Would you mind if I did?"

"Certainly not."

But the words were so sharply spoken that Lena Oliver looked across to Douglas Marton.

room. But had she stopped just out that closed door, silent and afraid that smart, silver-striped hallway?

Douglas Marton was seeing Lena out, but she put her hand on the door knob and then turned back to him, hesitating, as if she had forgotten something. Behind her, her hand moved doorknob back and forth gently. Then she said good-bye once more and opened the door.

The hall was empty as she went, and she was sure that Douglas Marton did not notice the crumpled raisin on the red carpet.

Robert Wilde towered over his wife, Irene, a tiny who, at first glance, might have been one of the smallest at school, so untouched by maturity did she seem to be. Her minuscule skirt barely cleared the curve of her slender buttocks; her hair lay in a straight fall down her back, except that at one end of her head it had escaped the guidepost of her ears and run amok, so that a light drapery seemed to taint her left eye and cheek. When Peggy's father introduced them, Irene swallowed away, in a cloud of confusion, and Lena thought: She is indeed a child-bride. Maybe it's only kind of child bride the kind you sleep with.

Quickly she went over the points she had made the night before with the Martons, peating with even greater urgency that Peggy be turned into professional care without delay.

"But I don't get custody for two months," he said. "Not till July and August and she's entered for custody then—hasn't anybody else?"

"Not a word," Mrs. Oliver gulped, wondering why Douglas Marton had said not a word about this complication remembering Peggy's gushed report of her previous summer at the camp in Maine.

Rob Wilde made an impatient sound. "I might as well know Jeanne would detail she regards as important. At the end of the month Peggy returns to her mother's custody, so it's no decision to make at all."

"But the Martons went abroad for a year, didn't they?"

"It's still not my decision. Perhaps her mother is planning to send her to boarding school in the fall."

Hot words crowded up in Mrs. Oliver's throat, but she knew what it was to control hot words, and she did now. She must not antagonize Robert Wilde or his adolescent little wife. "I think I could talk Peggy into skipping camp," she said easily, "if you agree about the need to start treatment away. I assure you I am not exaggerating—or making too much of my training in pedagogy and psychology. Mr. Gilley agrees, the school psy-

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woman who was irritated and hard and unyielding.

Talking to her was not easy. For half an hour it was not easy. Mrs. Marton listened to the story of yesterday's crisis as if it were a distasteful new joke, and when this episode was linked by Mrs. Oliver to older and more familiar evidence about squirreling away food, tantrums in class, falling participation in school activities, she looked bored and restless. It was at the first mention of Dr. Combs that she let fly in a tantrum of her own.

"Will everybody stop nagging me about headshrinkers?" she cried.

"You should see him," he said gently. "And may I say, Peggy's lucky to have a teacher so concerned?"

Lena rose, thanking him, wondering where Peggy was and whether to suggest seeing her before leaving. They had come from school together, and Peggy's excitement about having her own teacher come to her own house had been feverish. "Can't I stay?" she had begged her mother, but Lena had said, "Not for just now, Peggy. See you." In school argot, "see you" was as definite a dismissal as was ever needed, and Peggy had turned at once and with an odd little dignity walked out of the

s, they authorized me to
em, and Mr. Gilley has even
ne with Doctor Combs, so
d squeeze into his jammed-
e."

s a look exchanged between
eners. Wilde let his irrita-

staying right in town this
ne said. "You mean that
ld stay here with us, in this
ead of going to Maine, just
his Doctor Combs bit?"

first time, Irene spoke.
ut weekends, darling?"

e left alone with servants
day and Sunday," he said.
y business is done week-
g clients. Perhaps you don't

he spoke very quietly. What
? If parents wanted to stay
ld one open their eyes? A
ned to descend upon her,
an to gather her things.

the idea came. Where it
she was never able to say.
it hadn't been there and
stood clear, carved out of
ness of dismay in a strong,
profile.

her come and spend a few
me, while she starts her
he heard herself say. "She
el easy and good with me,
re she would feel easy and
y husband, too. He's also
ur only child is off at col-
can have his room."
months with you?" Rob
d unbelievable.

May fifth and right
summer. We live in a two-
e over the bridge in Wood-
have a cabin at the beach,
out. She'd start with the
t Monday, and later I'd
three times a week. In the
l Mrs. Marton would take
k at the situation and de-
ere on out."

e with you?" He was still
"And spend the whole
y you?"

on't want her to live with
y, of course—"

nothing to do with it," he

h cabin is half a block from
she went on matter-of-fact-
shack, really. But there are
r Peggy to play with, and
a fine time." She smiled
all kinds of kids, white and
It's a public beach."

not look innocent or be-

wildered any longer. She spoke with
a positive relish, on a note of relief,
eagerness, almost greed. "What a mar-
velous idea," she said. "Let's say yes,
Rob, please let's."

Wilde looked at her, still uncertain
but with an indulgence that promised
swift acquiescence. Then he spoke to
Mrs. Oliver in a new tone. "Are you
certain it wouldn't be too much—May,
June, the whole summer?"

"Quite certain."

"It would—of course we would trans-
fer the camp's fee to you."

"There would be no fee."

"But—"

"No fee at all. I do not run a camp."

"I put it badly. I meant a sort of pay-
ing guest."

"I don't take paying guests, either."
This she said with such authority that
Wilde fell silent.

For a moment no one spoke. Then
Irene said, "Oh, just her food, and if
she gets a cold, and her laundry."
Again there was silence.

"I'm asking Peggy," Lena Oliver
said at last, "because I am attached to
her and because she seems attached to
me. As her teacher, I also am anxious
to help her before things go irreversibly
wrong. If they haven't already." She
looked at each of them in turn. "If she
wants to come to me, good. There's
enough food, and I do the laundry my-
self. That is the only setup under which
we could go ahead."

"Oh, Rob," Irene suddenly said, "it's
just wonderful, don't you see?"

He saw.

It was the most glorious wild gorgeous
thing that had ever happened to any
girl alive, Peggy thought, and she want-
ed to run down all the halls and shout
it to everybody she saw. "I'm going to
stay at Mrs. Oliver's."

She told Betty Selkin first. "I'm go-
ing to live at Mrs. Oliver's house next
Friday," she burst out.

"What for?"

"Just to live."

"For the weekend?"

"For I don't know how long."

"You're making it up."

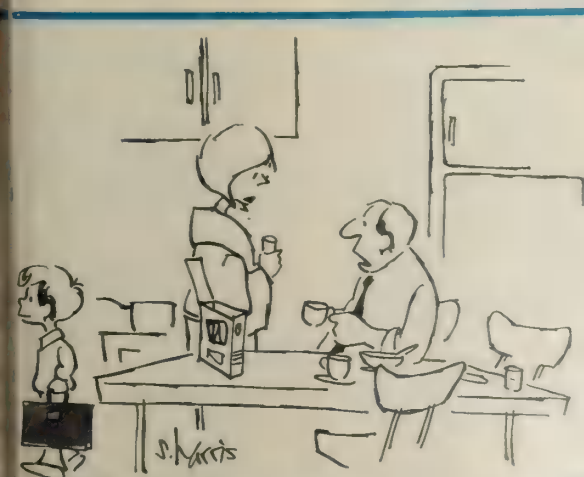
"I'm not either."

"Friday's what? Your birthday?"

"It's when my mother goes to Eu-
rope. I'm so happy I could die."

"You're making it up. You always
make things up."

Peggy laughed in delight. The ter-
rific thing was that she hadn't made it
up, and everybody would think she had,
because it was so exciting. She couldn't
wait for her mother and (continued)



"When I was six, I didn't have an at

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wish I weren't so nervous
t will happen when Rick gets
e frowned, and her husband
h-phoo her. Even a tempo-
ck for Peggy would be sad
was already a world removed
hard little knot of anguish
een for so long. Always a
dent, she had jumped up in
lwork in three short weeks.
Combs had said that though
ange problems remained for-
the immediate up-
he child's sense of
was of the deepest
ice.

? From her gifted
n she adored? How
be—oh, treachery—
of what Rick's ap-
might do? And yet
ast year or so, his
o had changed him
everything he said
argument, rebuttal,
scorn, anger over
pinions. Would the
full of harangue, as
n the last time he'd
e from college, or
forswear argument
on with a strange
or here?
ver to her long let-
taking Peggy until
r, Rick had written
iously, "Then I'll
w." In his next let-
ad retreated some-
he wrote, "If you
play kindhearted
to some rich little
kay, but don't ex-
p help out, too."
d telephoned him
angry himself.
got every right to
what you believe,
say what you want
it don't try name-
your mother if you
ve here this sum-

d been near Ted
he call and had
st of Rick's replies.
at had knotted at
ness in his young
the distance he
from them and
ything they had be-
and worked for.
if you do come
Ted had ended,
o behave decently
child. She's been
nough by her par-

fight with babies."
hen, silence. And
was the last day
s and the last day
olleges and universities, and
e weekend at the beach was
k would be home, and she
w.

ne out of the water at last.
s glistening, Peggy begging,
more swim? Please?"
r said, "Come on, now." He
e narrow beach, flung himself
r his wife, and said, "It's
or ninety."
better sit in here in the
rs. Oliver said in her teacher-
ou're not as tan as you think

after three weekends—there's lots of
red right under, and you could still get
yourself a nasty burn."

Obediently, Peggy moved inside the
scalloped edge of shade, where Mrs.
Oliver leaned back against a canvas
half-chair with an umbrella atop it.
She put her arm along Mrs. Oliver's.
"Will mine get as tan as yours?"

"Never. Mine is born tan, remem-
ber?"

"But mine gets lots tanner than now.

there was no prejudice. At four, Peggy
had begun at Gilley's Nursery School
and stayed for two years; at six she had
moved on into first grade, with white
children and some Negro children and
white teachers and some Negro teach-
ers. Not head for head in numbers—did
numbers count heavily in these mat-
ters? Lena Oliver had never believed it.

But Rick? If Peggy put her little tan
arm up against Rick's, boasting that it
was as tan as his, would he call her on

lives against all-white dormitories in
other colleges; that he should identify
not with human beings but with black
human beings: not with the poor but
with the black poor; that he and his
group should be more color-conscious
than the Ku Klux Klan itself.

"It's a step," he would shout when
they argued. "When we have any real
power, then we can talk again of black-
and-white-together. Until then, that's
a lot of Tom bull."

She saw his point; agreed
with some of it; like all
struggles, this endless one
had changing phases; it had
come through one phase and
now was in another, and she
would not deny the worth
and validity of the changing,
turbulent currents boiling up
around them. But hate and
separation, under whatever
name, under whatever ban-
ner—were they anything but
a fearsome regression?

"Rick will get here by sup-
per, won't he?" Peggy asked,
as if there had been no break
in their talk.

"I hope so," Lena said,
and was astonished that her
voice shook.

It was nearly evening
when Rick arrived. First his
familiar whistle signal from
the end of the block, and the
happy burst within Lena's
heart as she rushed to the
front porch of the cabin. Ted
behind her. Then the sight
of Rick striding toward
them, a suitcase in one hand,
a great duffel bag slung over
his shoulder; he was tall
and lean and young and
happy.

Ted started toward him,
and Rick abandoned his bur-
dens then and there. They
greeted each other as men
do, thumping each other on
the back, grabbing each oth-
er's hands, thumping again.
Then she heard Rick call,
"Hi, Ma," and a moment
later he was kissing her, his
big, boyish, hugging kiss of
old.

Behind her she felt Peggy
move, and she said, "This is
Peggy, Rick," and put her
hand on Peggy's hair. "It's
Rick, Peggy."

"Hi," Peggy said, and
bowed her head a little, as
all the girls did at school
when being introduced to
grownups.

"Hi," Rick said. For one
moment he stared at the
child, and then he picked up

his suitcase and duffel bag once more.
"Better get these in." His voice had
roughened, as if he had suddenly
caught cold. He strode ahead of them
and made straight for his room.

Peggy saw that he didn't even notice
her little pup tent on the porch, with
her sleeping bag sticking out of it, nor
her bike, nor the inflated panda for the
water. He flung his luggage down so
that the floor shook, and then he shut
the door in all their faces. Peggy
rushed over to the old oak chest, where
she had the top drawer for her books
and toys; but once she got there, she
faltered, as if she
(continued)



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You'll see." Mr. Oliver held his arm
out, looking at it thoughtfully. Peggy
looked, too, and before he said any-
thing, she added, "But if I could just
get like Mrs. Olly for the summer."

Above her head they exchanged
glances. Peggy "knew" about Negroes
and whites, but she seemed to forget
about it from one sentence to the next.
They had talked about that forgetting;
Mrs. Oliver had also talked of it to
Dr. Combs and Mr. Gilley, each of
whom said that even a child with such
parents as Peggy's could be immunized
to prejudice if she were taken young
enough into an environment where

it? In his new vocabulary, he was A
Black and nothing else. He scorned
such Tom words as Negro. White was
another word that was hardly ever used
any longer by Rick and his fellows.
Whitey, yes, but not white. Whitey,
with a hatred sounding. Rick was
against violence, but the hatred
sounded.

How terrible to bear, that their only
son should reject every precept of their
lives, that he should dismiss integra-
tion as "irrelevant," that he should be
joined now to those who called for an
all-black dormitory at his college,
though his parents had fought all their

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Think about it. When you buy a grapefruit, you look for differences. You compare one grapefruit with another. To make sure you've got the best one around.

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Think over these differences. So you can buy a sanitary napkin as intelligently as you buy a grapefruit.

Modess



ember what she wanted. She m the chest and stood still. oment there was total silence. r moved toward Rick's door. Oliver said, "Lena, no," and d.

esn't like me," Peggy cried en shrillness. "He doesn't, I sn't even know you, Peggy," r said. "And you don't know es time to get to know peo-

doesn't like me." She rushed and went out the front door. ide a move to follow her, but fway. Through the window ee Peggy fling herself on the begin to rock violently back

of the weekend was a night- e was no open quarrel; there a spoken word; meals were of strangers. At the beach ing, Rick disassociated him- tly from them and swam far p water, staying there until d enough, and then coming take his things and start for alone. To Peggy he spoke all. To his parents he was a listant, silent, watchful of l, like an irate diplomat at a on of the Security Council at using language close to the sult, yet never quite over-

dragged, interminable. At ce squall came up, and Ted t to drive back into the city day morning. Lena Oliver a letup in the rain, so that d go out to her pup tent and ag on the partly enclosed ough it was not the usual went out with the child and her, talking quietly, until asleep. It was nearly ten.

switch," Rick said suddenly went inside again, wheeling sually it's de kindly white n de mis'able li'l black chile ner in de fresh country air, h, man, it's us black folk wid 'gol' take in de mis'able li'l Yassuh, de ole switcheroo!" d with laughter, laughter so be more insulting than his a felt her face go hot; and too, which meant that the f tears was close upon her. eel her effort at self-control it were a palpable stricture pplying to her nerves. Ted something in a fury to Rick; ake it in.

hinking of switcheroos," she "All I was thinking of was he edge of a nervous break-

on't her parents think of n Harlem on the verge of a eakdown?"

n't make Peggy pay for in- never committed."

about the kid in Harlem- ving?"

er said, "You're shouting, t."

ut if I want to, damn it,"

"You two can go around soft voices, but I've got to say the whole world can

ik." Lena turned away, and

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he swiftly thrust out his hand and caught her wrist.

"Don't give me that 'Oh, Rick,' either. Where it's at, where it's really at, is what you can't accept. Okay, don't accept it, but don't ask me to take everything the way you and Dad and the rest of the nice educated integrated Nee-Grows take it—a little more patience, a little more time, another three hundred years of slavery—"

"Did Peggy own slaves? Are you

hating her for a crime committed by her great-great-great-grandfather?" To her horror, she heard her voice shouting, felt sweeping within her a scorn for her son as acid as the scorn he had flung with every one of his words. Scorn that was almost hate.

Outside, a fierce clap of thunder and a jag of lightning suddenly tore the night. New torrents of rain slashed against the windows and walls. Before she could reach the door, there was a

commotion on the porch, a cry, and then a crashing of furniture, as if the whole glider had collapsed. The door flung inward, and in rushed Peggy, shuddering, hysterical, naked except for the tiny briefs she wore, her eyes wildly searching as she ran to Mrs. Oliver. Again she flung her arms around her, hiding her face against her waist, shaking with words that were unintelligible.

Ted Oliver said gruffly to (continued)

Rick, "You happy?" and slammed out of the house and into the rain.

Rick went to his room and banged his door shut.

Lena Oliver's arms tightened around the small, heaving shoulders. She said, "Look Peggy," as quietly as she could, and then stopped. Words now might be the wrong words.

"I heard what Rick said," Peggy sobbed. "I heard it. I heard it. He doesn't want custody, either."

"Custody?" Her voice deepened on the syllables, deepened with a sudden new emotion. Custody—that was Peggy's obsession, that nobody wanted her. And wasn't that, in a profound sense, what Rick was now saying in his own argot, not about his own mother, but about his motherland? Wasn't it what he was fighting against with his own methods, wise or unwise, his own concepts, his own principles?

Disagree or no, was she to turn from him now? Suddenly she saw two Ricks intertwined in time, the tall, lean youth near manhood and the Rick he had once been when he was Peggy's age, sobbing out his own agony, clutching at her in his own need.

Her heart filled. Custody was not only a legal thing, ordained by the courts. To love was to have custody forever. To love was to understand, to stand the gaff. A rush of willingness filled her for him as he was, as he might be.

"Peggy, listen," she said finally. "You have just helped me the most of any person I have ever known in my whole life."

Slowly Peggy looked up at her, her wet eyes filled with uncertainty.

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Peggy," Mrs. Oliver said more firmly. "You have done me the biggest favor, and I just want to thank you for it."

"Thank me?"

"You and nobody but you." She bent and kissed her. "Thank you, thank you. God bless you."

A look of pure joy started across Peggy's face, coming up slowly like the light on a hazy morning. "Then maybe —" She broke off and ran again to the oak chest, but this time she pulled open the top drawer and reached deep inside for something hidden away there. She brought it back and handed it to Mrs. Oliver. It was a letter. "Then maybe I could send it."

"Daer Daddy, I am having a fine time. I can swim better. Could you ask Mommy if I could live with Mrs. Oliver some more after the summer. I love her so, Peggy."

Again Lena Oliver felt her eyes sting, and this time she did not forbid the tears to form. Should she remind Peggy now that the whole arrangement was

just for four months, or should she let the child remember it herself as the summer went along and she grew stronger and happier? It probably didn't matter. What did matter was that this weekend Peggy had indeed had a "temporary setback," and that it did not make her want to hide, it did not make her want to run—any more than she, Lena Oliver, wanted to run from her hurt with Rick. All Peggy wanted was to mail her little letter.

COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

continued from page 79

at increasing communication between students and faculty members, between the campus and the surrounding community, and at influencing political campaigns.

Wilson (Wells)—Tranquility is dependent upon any number of factors, some of which are clearly beyond the control of the academic community.

indifferent to these important

Hayakawa (San Francisco S) Who knows? The radical movement not dead, but it does not attract following it used to. Moderate students and even radicals are not of violence-prone leaders.

Dixon (Antioch)—Everything last year or so suggests that and universities are "heating" getting more deeply engaged larger problems of society. . . .

ever it may be an . . . say that to be heated to be agitated and to educate. . . . If our experiences are any in college campuses very agitated in a violent sort of way and a tremendous amount of takes place.

What are the implications both for young people for their parents, in the present college turmoil?

Plimpton (Amherst) The implication for young is that they will probably getting a much better education than they had. It will be more of education and not learned by rote. . . . parents, the demand their understanding need for them to are going to be more gent than ever before be only the very good students who are going able to continue to dialogue when talking their children.

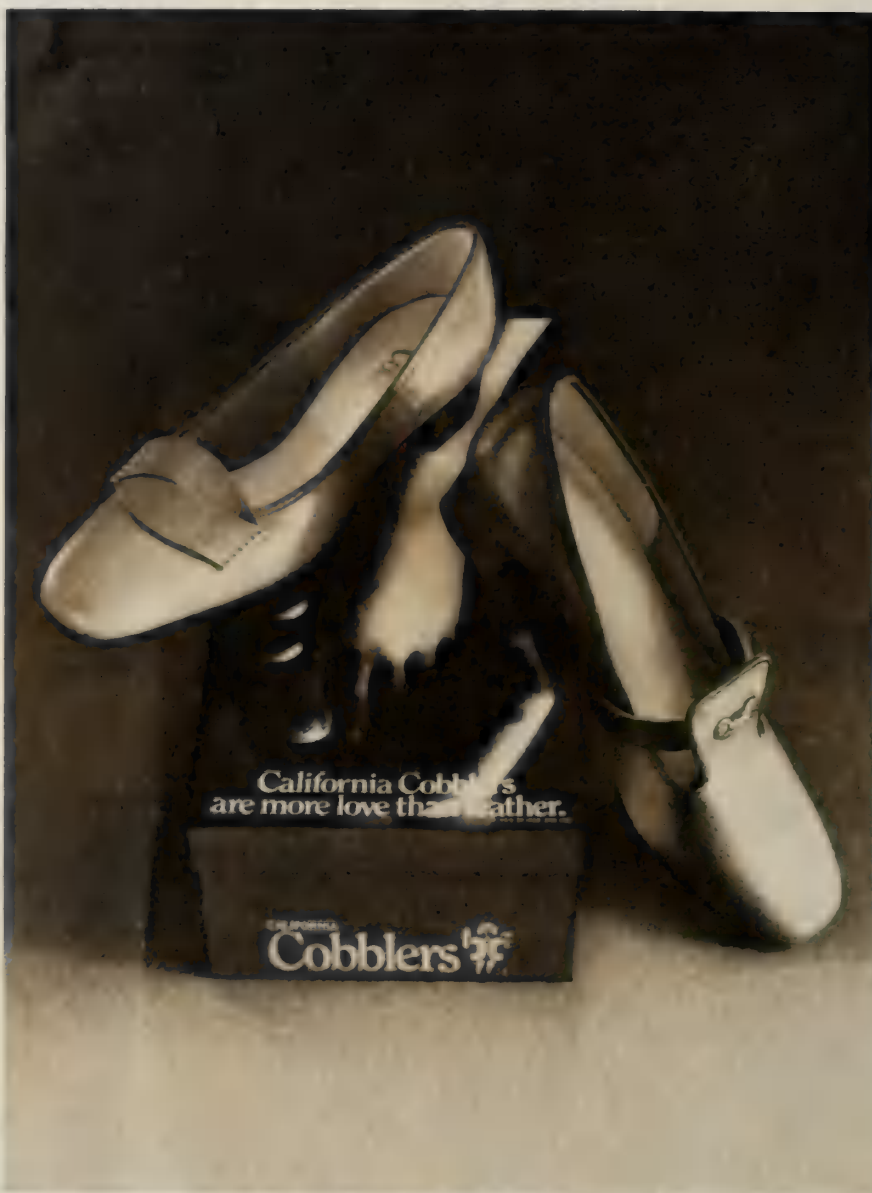
Hitch (California) The implications begin a but years ahead of that son or daughter forth for college. We students who have free of all restraints who rebel against and we receive students are for the first time the eye and ear of their experiments with freedom sometimes lead to successes in personal. Parents and young could well use microscopes on each themselves rather.

Harrington (Wisconsin) If violence continues there can be no further repressive . . . The implication for the young is that they may not have er they wish to their colleges and

ties, they do have the power them. For parents there is the of setting the sights of their on productive goals, and this very early. Colleges can change the direction set in the

McCall (Baylor)—We have a college education as the good life. . . . College turmoil has been caused by these expectations of what higher would accomplish. Parents students are due for more discontent and some agonizing

Hayakawa (San Francisco) Young men and women (of



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"You send your letter," she said at last, "and we'll stretch the summer out a week or two. But in the meantime, I feel as if you and I, both of us together, had just won some sort of great big lovely prize." **END**

~~~~~

#### LOVERS' LANE By Eleanor Graham Vance

*The path I choose is made for two,  
And much too dangerous for one.  
But I am sure of meeting you,  
And that is why I run.*

~~~~~

. . . If there are hopeful signs in these sectors, then I think the task of identifying the wreckers for what they are will be easier for the great majority of the deeply concerned young people on our campuses. Without such progress, the revolutionary rhetoric of the few will take on still more superficial plausibility and I greatly fear will increase the chances of further radicalization and disruption.

Walsh (Fordham)—I feel somewhat optimistic about the next year. . . . Confrontation politics is here to stay . . . but unfortunately the vast majority of the students are apathetic and

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should not go to college unless they know why they are going and what they want to study. Parents should not push their children into college just because they think it's the right thing to do or because the community expects it. Nothing so threatens academic life as purposelessness and boredom.

Binder (Whittier)—Colleges will continue to move slowly away from some of the traditional lines of instruction and more toward the so-called relevancy of political and social questions. . . . Parents and legislators will not be particularly enthusiastic about this, but, one may add parenthetically, a college is an educational institution. It is not a church, even if it is a church-related college, and redemption is not part of its business. Nor is it a parent. The moral training of the student is in the home and not on the campus. Students are to be treated, and should be treated, as mature individuals.

Is a "good college education," as part of the American dream, passing from the contemporary scene?

McCormack (Manhattanville)—The idea of a "good college education" is far from passing from the American scene. Many of us over thirty would like to believe that only a college education as we experienced it can be "quality" education. Surely we are wrong. The creative minds in higher education during the '70s will design a "good college education" appropriate for today. This will most likely be a radical departure from the 19th century curricula and traditional methods of teaching and learning.

Bunting (Radcliffe)—The magic ascribed to a "good college education" was naive and kept many students, parents and employers from examining the relevance of the education provided at any given college.

Bowker (CUNY)—College as a status symbol is becoming less important while college as a means of achieving both individual and societal economic advancement is growing in importance.

McCall (Baylor)—Belief in a "good college education" as a panacea for all personal and national problems is passing from the contemporary scene. We shall come more and more to realize that not everyone needs the traditional liberal arts education in college to be able to perform a significant and rewarding economic, social and political function in our society.

Hester (NYU)—A "college education" of some kind for virtually everyone who has the capacity for it is becoming part of the American expectation. . . . The task before us is to make different kinds of higher education acceptable to students and to their parents and future employers so that not everyone feels obligated to undertake a four-year liberal arts education.

Armerding (Wheaton)—A college education as it has been generally understood is not appropriate to all young people. To me it is regrettable that vocational training and skills have been relegated to an inferior status in our culture. . . . I trust that higher education will continue to be available to all who are intellectually and temperamentally disposed to seek it. . . . Yet this kind of education will prevail only as long as the people of our nation recognize its value and significance. The excesses of the past few months certainly have contributed to interject uncertainty into the minds of some on this matter.

Hesburgh (Notre Dame)—A lot depends on what is meant by a "good college education." I believe, more than anything else, it involves the ability to think clearly, to express one's self with conviction and sometimes passion, to be concerned about real problems and one's involvement in seeking real solutions, and a maturing as a concerned American citizen rather than an apathetic bystander. I can't think of any time in the history of American education when all of these things were more possible.

Wilkinson (Brigham Young)—I do not believe that a "good college education" needs to pass from the contemporary scene. Simply because we are under attack in many areas does not mean that we should capitulate to those who promote destruction. If we will be sensitive to current needs and adjust our programs to fill those needs, and, at the same time, insist upon responsible action from our students and faculties, then our universities will become even more vital in the decade ahead, because we will be the instruments for serving society and not destroying it.

Binder (Whittier)—I think that the college education our students are experiencing today is far superior to the college education which their parents received 20 or 25 years ago.

What can be told to a student who wants to drop out of college today for a "more relevant experience"?

Hayakawa (San Francisco State)—By all means encourage the student out in order to experience adult responsibilities in the world out of school. He returns to college, two or three or twenty years later, he comes back with a real desire for education and a real purpose. Many of our best students at San Francisco State are 35 or older.

Armerding (Wheaton)—I believe a student should be permitted to drop out of college if he desires a more relevant experience. The obligation of the community is simply to point out what the alternatives are so that the student hopefully will make an informed decision.

Wilson (Wells)—It is too much to suppose that all of our young people have developed at eighteen the temperament or capacity to apprentice themselves to the scholarly virtues for four years. We should try very hard to make a "year of absence" from formal study a less traumatic experience. After all there are many useful things to be done in the world, and self-discovery does not necessarily (or exclusively) take place within the walls of the academy.

Hitch (California)—There are indeed for some students at some times more relevant experiences than college. I would not discourage a youngster of making travel, volunteer work, the Peace Corps, or certain vocational experiences a bridge between high school and college, or even during college work. I hope college would be attractive enough—and relevant enough—to return to.

Sparks (Murray State)—I'm a great believer in a "good college education"—working part-time. In co-op schools there is no "drop out" difficulty because students are so caught up in the jobs they perform.

Hesburgh (Notre Dame)—This is indeed a temptation to many students, but I think they must learn quickly that they have no control over the world to make, either today or, especially, tomorrow. They must learn to make the best of what they achieve a measure of competence. There is nothing more relevant than the headlines, but also nothing more irrelevant than the same headlines next week.

Sitterson (North Carolina)—There is an unfortunate stigma attached to the "drop out." There may be good reasons for dropping out. . . . The main caution is not to be idle. Idleness is not good for anybody.

What do you predict for American higher education ten years from now?

Sitterson (North Carolina)—Ten years from now American higher education will be equal to, if not better than, the highest and achievements of today and of the past. There will be more, not less, variety in educational programs. . . .

Sparks (Murray State)—Higher education will mature. There will be greater emphasis on graduate schools. Junior colleges will lose the place of the first two years of our education. I think dissent will greatly evaporate as students are given the opportunity to take control of themselves.

McCall (Baylor)—Ten years from now higher education will be a more realistic view as to what a good educational system can and should be. It will no longer be the sole gate to personal and success or the answer to all problems of society. . . . The university will be a political action society or an instrument for immediate social or economic reform. It will be more exclusively an educational institution.

Harrington (Wisconsin)—The prestige of a college degree will continue to attract a growing percentage of college-age young people. The greatest increase will be handled in public institutions, as it has been in the past decade. . . . Contrary to the opinion of many of my colleagues, I feel that higher education will be increasingly action oriented. Our students and professors will be more and more involved in off-campus programs to help solve problems, to end pollution, to solve the problems of race, poverty, and strife.

Armerding (Wheaton)—There is a possibility that higher education as we now know it may not be in vogue ten years from now. It will prevail only if the public believes that the distinctiveness is worth preserving. . . . Colleges and universities will be much more involved in an on-going educational program for adults. Both increased leisure time and the rapid expansion of knowledge will make this highly desirable. Although I am not as confident now as I once was, I am hopeful that colleges and universities will continue to have a degree of autonomy that will permit their being centers for investigation, criticism and discussion rather than dominated by technical or economic world.



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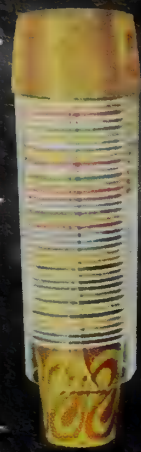
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brutal war that destroys the men
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The Lion in the Lei Shop

MARTY:

"I don't want to hear about my father!" I said. "I don't want to hear about him! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT HIM!"

I was shouting at my mother. We were sitting by the swimming pool in the spring sunset, and everything had been relaxed and pleasant until my mother mentioned my father.

"You're getting to look like him," she said as she watched me splashing my feet in the pool.

That's when I did the shouting. It surprised both of us.

"What's wrong with you, Marty? Why don't you want to hear about your father?"

"Shut up about my father!" I said. I knew I was being heartless as well as rude, but I said it anyhow. "I hate my father! I'll always hate him!"

"It isn't your father you'll always hate," my mother said. "It's the war." She gazed at the sun slipping like a shiny penny into a slot between the mountains. "Try to be fair. Think back. Can't you remember how your father used to laugh when you were a little girl? Can't you remember about his Spring Song? Can't you remember how he used to build you castles in the sand?"

"No, I can't remember," I said.

"I didn't think you'd ever forget," she said, and her old sorrow began making its

wall between us.

I must have been nine years old then, no, ten. I don't know. All I know is I dreamed again that night.

Mother was standing by the bed when I opened my eyes. "You were screaming," she said. "Would you like a glass of warm milk?"

"No," I said. "I'm sorry I woke you up."

"I was awake anyway." She flipped her hair out from under her bathrobe collar. "What were you screaming about?"

"I had that dream again," I said.

"Dreams don't mean anything," she said. "Don't worry. Everything's going to be all right."

"That's what Father used to say." I wished I hadn't spoken, but I couldn't take back the words.

Mother was silent a minute. "We won't discuss your father," she said. "We won't ever discuss your father after this unless you say so." She bent and kissed me. "Try to go back to sleep now."

My mother loved me, but she couldn't help me. I had to sort out the past and present and future. I had to sort out my relationship with my father, in my own time, in my own way.

I seldom dream about the war any more; but when I was a child I used to dream

about it at least once or twice a year. The dreams varied at first, then became distilled into one recurring nightmare: I was standing with my mother on the deck of a ship. I was dressed in a yellow pinafore and I was crying. Far below the deck, at the bottom of some steps that slanted outward, a man was smiling up at me, and I knew he was my father. My mother was waving and calling, and Aunt Liz and all the rest of the women were waving and calling too. I saw my father and I saw the steps. I kept pulling at my mother's dress, trying to tell her that the steps were moving away.

Then the dream changed, and I found myself running toward a blue emptiness that might have been ocean and might have been sky. As I ran, the deck swayed under me, and I reached for the handrail. But when I tried to steady myself the rail turned into a strand of barbed wire, and I clamped my lips together so I wouldn't scream. Because I knew where I was! I was outside the little locked house where the lion lived.

"No, no!" I cried in the dream. "No-no-no-no-no!" And I would wake up sobbing.

It's hard to know what you remember from early childhood and what you only think you remember. I was five years old the morning the Japanese planes roared over our rooftop in Hawaii. As the months and years passed, I heard that day (and the days

Now, I can picture the lei shop the way it really was, the way it used to be before the lion moved in, before the air raid. I could look through the back window of my bedroom to the road that led away from Schofield Barracks and see the Hawaiian women sitting in front of the lei shop, stringing blossoms into necklaces.

"He likes girls about your size," said Willard, a glint in his marble eyes. "Girls with curly red hair, like yours."

This story really began on December seventh, nineteen forty-one, a rainy Sunday. When I woke the mynah birds were quarreling in the avocado trees. The sky was gray but I wasn't worried about the weather. I was going to the beach with my parents later, and I knew the day would be golden and warm on the other side of the island.

He picked me up quickly and told me to block my ears if the noise was too loud. He kissed the top of my head as he carried me down the shuddering hallway into the linen closet, where my mother was crouched on the floor.

"My April and my Spring Song," he said.
April was my mother's name, and by Spring Song he meant me.

Louder explosions rocked the closet. The door swung open, and I saw my father headed for the stairs with his khaki uniform still unbuttoned.

"The planes aren't at Wheeler now," she said. "They're here!"

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"Where's Father gone?" I asked.

"Why is he going to the company? He never goes to the company on Sunday."

I don't know how long we stayed in the closet, but at some point I became aware of a great stillness. Mother opened the door and ran down the hall to the bathroom, where I could hear her being sick. Probably because of the baby. When she reappeared she told me to get into my shoes and coat. "Hurry, Marty," she said.

"What are these men doing?" I asked.

Mother stopped to speak to Mrs. Workman.
"Going somewhere, Jean?" she asked.

"Where do you plan to go?"

"Kole Kole's closed," Mother said. "And you can't get over the mountains. I wouldn't go there if I were you."

Elaine was rereading her balloon string

"Hi, Marty." Elaine didn't seem perturbed by anything that had happened. "See, I still got my blue balloon."

Elaine climbed into the car, and Raico moved the balloon so it wouldn't get caught. Then she closed the door and started toward the back seat.

"Not you, Rajco!"

"You damn two-faced Japs trying to kill us all!" Mrs. Workman gunned her motor.

"Are the Japs trying to kill us all?" I asked.

We reached Aunt Liz's house in record time.

APRIL:

I've never been sure how Lang knew there

Lang looked upward, narrowing his eyes and listening. Then he said for me to get in the closet. It seemed an odd remark for him to

"Why?" I asked.

"What's all the smoke off toward Hon-

"I don't know," Lang glanced out the window, while he was running to get Marty. "It's be Hickam. It sounds like they're bombing out of Wheeler now, and unless we're lucky

I missed the rest of what he said, because I disappeared into Marty's room, and besides, there was too much racket. He brought Marty to the closet and then he left us. I didn't think I should leave, but he did. I should have realized, I suppose, that he was a soldier as well as a husband. I'd really never thought about it till the

We were in the closet quite a long time. At least it seemed long, and Marty kept shouting. After the bombs stopped falling, I decided to go to Marty and go to my sister Liz's.

There was a big hassle when we arrived and Bert didn't believe a war was going on or we were mainly annoyed because the electric was off. Joey, my nephew, was complaining there was no breakfast, and Bert was toying with the idea of building a fire in the fireplace to make the coffee. I had a hard time getting my mother and brother-in-law to come to their senses. I finally managed to get through to them and they went rushing off to the hospital.

We watched the second covey of planes fall window. We could see the Japs in the throwing back their heads and laughing. I moved into the living room when a spate lets broke the window on the stair landing us. And then she got sick, which worried cause she'd had a second miscarriage the before and wasn't meant to have any exci

I don't know when we decided to pack an Liz's; possibly after the sentry began around with printed bulletins telling us v do and what not to do. We were told to communal living—two families to a house we chose my house because I had a well-refrigerator and reserve cupboard.

Liz and the kids and I made up beds on the floor of the living room and put a flashlight on each reach, looking ahead to the hours of darkness. Marty and Joey entertained themselves jumping up and down on the beds. I could have sworn I saw them, but the jumping kept them busy.

The trench diggers came around noon. There were eight of them, and a young bachelor tenant named Dawson was in charge.

Marty waved to him. "Hi, Sharkbait," said.

"That's Lieutenant Dawson," I corrected. "Don't be impolite, Marty."

"Don't fret, Mrs. Langsmith," Lie Dawson smiled. "I've been called a lot worse by bigger people." He winked at Marty. "You get me a glass of water, pretty little lad."

When Marty brought the water, Lie Dawson reached in the door and took the glass.

"Gee, aren't you scared of being poisoned?" Joev asked. "I heard the Japs poisoned the

"Sharkbait's never scared," Marty caught her eye. "Are you, Lieutenant Dawson?" she asked hastily.

"I don't figure there's anything to be scared of," he said. He smiled another of his reassuring smiles and drained the glass.

"See, I knew he wasn't scared." Mary was anxious to have us admire her judgment like Father. He isn't scared of anything."

I didn't want to talk in front of the class, but I was desperate for information, so I went out and joined him in the rain.

"Do you know what's happening anyv

"I mean, how bad the situation really is?" Lieutenant Dawson said, "It's bad. All our planes are gone, and most of the fleet." "One said there were enemy parachutists in the hills. Is that true?"

"That I know of. And I'm pretty sure I'd see them there were. You'd better go inside," he said.

"Enemy parachutists in the hills, I thought. No Air Force, but thank God no enemy troops in the hills. No troopships gritting the beach, no ruthless yellow men leaping the troopships into the shallow water. None of these things yet."

"I gripped me and I felt a deep and unending hatred for the rain."

"It was the sound of a door opening on the neighboring lanai, and Dawson grinned a grin as the sun came out."

"Sharon, O thou most beautiful," he said, and took off his hat and bowed.

"It was a house guest of the Bendels'. She was a Bendel's nineteen-year-old sister, gold-framed, fragile and lovely."

"Adam," she said. "Seems as if I went and left the boat again."

"It was always missing boats. She kept on leaving, ostensibly because she loved the boats, but really because she loved Lieutenant."

"In my mind." The tenderness in Lieutenant's voice made me ache for Lang. "If you missed the boat, I'd have missed you. I'll all work out."

"I tried to weep, but I didn't. I wanted to run out and get in it and drive wherever Lang was. I was crying 'Lang, Lang . . . ' until I found him."

"It was all so awful." Sharon's voice was full of grief and fear. Mostly fear. "They say if they take the land and capture the women, we'll all be dead. Adam, say you won't leave me!"

"It was leading saddened and irked me. Without Sharon, I could see the look of fright, the look for protection, in her gentian eyes. I was the woman who wasn't yet a woman. I was going to stay cocooned in a yesterday world. I didn't know any better? I thought."

"Lieutenant Dawson disciplined whatever dreads I had. For the first time he felt out of his face and voice. 'I'm going now,' he said to Sharon. 'You'll be with Dora.'"

"I'll be all here," he said to his men.

"Without looking back, he walked ahead of the other diggers into the next yard."

"Bendel came out onto her steps. 'Anything wrong?' she asked."

"There's nothing wrong." I felt better at Dora. She was a good friend and neighbor. "Don't you come over for tea?" she said. "I and I have asked a few people to come and see Liz and the kids."

"Liz is sleeping, but you can count on the rest of the family, Dora."

"It might have been any afternoon at the Bendel's except for the mattresses on the floor. Dora was going, and Sharon was passing sand-Jean Workman, back from a futile trip to the Pass, was pouring tea. Anna Lee Seyas was cutting cake and singing "Lovely Hula"

"I thought. She's old dependable Dora, I thought. She's gone, gone occupied. Temporarily, anyhow."

"The doorbell rang, and a sentry handed in the bulletin. Jean Workman read it and ex-

"I never know what they want us to do." I studied the sheet furiously. "First, they tell us to ring our mattresses downstairs where it's safe and get in the trenches if the planes come and now this."

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Sharon began to cry. "It gets scarier and scarier," she said.

"No, it doesn't." Dora stacked cups and saucers on a tin tray. "Just more and more practical."

MARTY:

It was the trucks. We didn't know they were trucks in the beginning, because all we could make out was a long line of dim lights moving and stopping, moving and stopping. Eventually the line drew up opposite us.

A flashlight finally approached us, and a voice above the flashlight said: "I've come to guide you two by two."

"Father," I called. "Oh, Father!" but Sharon called "Adam!" and when the flashlight man spoke again he said, "Sharon, my lovely Sharon," and I knew Father would never have said that. The light went up and down the Bendels' walk before it came to ours.

"Hi, Mrs. Langsmith, Mrs. Snyder." Shark-bait's ghostly grin came out of the night. "Hi, kids. Who's next?"

"You and Marty, Liz," decided Mother, and my aunt and I went off, one on each side of Sharkbait, and after that so did Mother and Joey. "Shouldn't we have left a note for Father?" I touched Mother's arm. "He won't know where we're going."

"Neither will the rest of us till we get there." The words—Mrs. Workman's—came from deep in the truck.

I was already tired of the trip. It hadn't begun, and there was nothing to look at through the door but the headlights on the next truck.

"Are you here, Elaine?" I turned around, but I couldn't see her or anyone.

"Yup," Elaine sounded sleepy. "I'd like to go to bed, but I can't. I wish we'd go somewhere."

We rode on and on through the blackness. I grew drowsy and put my head against Mother's shoulder. The next thing I knew we were going over a hill and I could see a great brightness.

"Has the day come?" I asked Mother, but just then the wind got under the lacings of the truck cover so it tore loose and bounced away into the cane fields.

As I sat there with the other women and children, exposed to the wind and rain, Mother didn't tell me whether the day had come or not; she didn't need to tell me. I could see the high round oil tanks that meant we were above Pearl Harbor, and beyond them the whole wide sea and sky were alight. But it wasn't the light of a new morning. It was the fleet burning.

The first sound came from Mother. She sat stiffly, weeping and saying something to my aunt. A minute later Aunt Liz doubled over. She put both hands on her stomach and rocked backward and forward on the bench.

"April!" she cried. "It's the baby. Help me!"

"Oh, no," Mother said. "I mean, yes," said Mother. "How?" She gazed wildly at the burning ships, away from the ships, around her at the speechless passengers. But Mrs. Bendel was already on her feet, flagging down a motorcycle man, who signaled the line to halt and made everyone get out of the truck except my aunt and Mrs. Bendel.

"Drive as fast as you can to the hospital at Shafter," the motorcycle man told our driver.

I don't know why Joey wasn't scared, but he didn't seem to be. He looked more confused than worried when we were all on the highway, standing in little clumps under the fiery sky.

"Where's Mom going?" He watched the truck veer out of the line and speed away. "I thought she only had to throw up. She always throws up."

"She's gone to get some rest," said Mother.

The rest of us crowded into other trucks—with Mother and Sharon and Joey and me in the last

one. I don't remember whether we drove past houses or through pineapple fields or up hills, and just when I was wondering if we'd go on riding forever, we slowed up and stopped.

The motorcycle man rode up and down the line of trucks.

"You can get out now," he told us. "This is your home for the night."

It wasn't much of a home, just a lot of one-story buildings that turned out to be locked schoolrooms with porches.

"You're to sleep on the porches next to the inner walls," he said. "We brought some blankets and there's a washroom open in the first building, and there'll be a sentry on for your protection."

APRIL:

It was a long, bad night, and when a new and rainless day dawned, most of us continued to lie where we were, reluctant to shake off whatever degree of inertia kept our fears peripheral.

"You look like you got measles," Marty viewed Joey's mosquito bites while she scratched her own.

"So do you." Joey clawed at his ankles. "I wonder how Mom is."

I'd been wondering the same thing.

"Get up and take care of the kids, Sharon." I ran after the motorcycle driver as he walked toward one of the far buildings and told him what was on my mind.

"There's a phone in the principal's office," he said. "I used it to call the radio station requesting volunteer housing for all you evacuees."

"Any results?"

"Yes, plenty of results. Nearly five hundred families have offered to open their homes. The radio people sent me this list of names and addresses about an hour ago. Help yourself to the phone." He sat down and lit a cigar.

I managed to reach Dora at the hospital. She said Liz was all right and Bert was with her.

"That's good news." I was limp with relief. "Then she didn't lose the baby?"

"I'm afraid the news isn't all good. She lost the baby. A little girl."

"Oh, poor Liz! She wanted a girl."

Dora struggled to put a lift in her tone. "Liz is in good hands, so try not to worry."

"Give Liz my love and tell her we're going to be farmed out around Honolulu for a while. I'll let you know where the four of us go." I glanced at the sergeant's list and saw a familiar name. "Hey, here's a Mrs. Fineberg up on Mount Tantalus, with Langsmith and Snyder and Workman written beside it. What does that mean, Sergeant?"

"It means Mrs. Fineberg must have suggested those three parties as possible house guests," he answered.

"Who on earth are you talking to, April? And what are you talking about?" Dora asked.

I explained that Rebecca Fineberg, who'd grown up with me in Boston, had offered to take in Liz and Jean Workman and the kids and me.

"Though I don't know why she included that miserable Jean," I said. "They only met once, at a small dinner party I gave last month."

"Rebecca probably thought the two of you were friends. Don't forget Jean was agreeable enough until yesterday. We all were, back in the days when there was no war going on and there were men in our lives to keep us on an even keel."

"Oh, not Joseph!" I exclaimed.

"Now, what are you talking about, April? I'm having a little trouble keeping up with your non sequiturs."

"Rebecca's husband. He's a lieutenant commander in the Navy. You don't suppose he was on his ship, do you?"

"Try not to consider that sort of thing," Dora advised. "Remember, only part of the fleet was destroyed, and your friend Joseph may have been home yesterday. I have to leave now. Call me again when you get where you're going."

Our trucks moved out of the schoolyard around two o'clock. We made a number of stops in and around Honolulu, letting passengers off. I don't recall much about the passengers, but I remem-

ber Sharon braiding Elaine's hair as we rode to the top of Tantalus.

Rebecca ran from her house to meet us, followed by her six-year-old son, Fritz.

"How l-l-lovely of you to come." She kissed me warmly but not effusively, and there was sincerity and warmth in her inclusive welcome.

"It's a joy to be here." I introduced Sharon, as Fritz led the other children inside. "And you know Jean Workman," I said.

"But of c-c-course." Rebecca's stutter was the one outward manifestation of an excruciating shyness. "I'm so pleased to see you again, Jean."

"Thank you." Jean, still nursing her preposterous suspicions of the world and everyone in it, unbent a little, but not much.

"Where's L-L-Liz?" Rebecca seemed unaware of Jean's cool appraisal.

"She went to the hospital last night. A miscarriage. I'll tell you about it later. Is Joseph all right?"

"Yes. F-f-fortunately he was home when the bombing started but he drove to his ship right afterward. And my brother David has the other car, which presents a slight problem because there isn't much food in the house." She held open the door. "I tried to get a cab and go shopping this morning, but no luck. I guess we'll just have to manage on short rations."

I forget whether it was that night or a later one when we heard President Roosevelt's unmistakable voice telling us we were at war with Japan. The air raid sirens sounded eerily in the city as he spoke, and Rebecca and I were about to rouse the household when an announcer cut into the broadcast to say the warning was a false alarm.

"You don't mean we're really at war," I said to Roosevelt as he and a few of the outlying sirens went on and on.

But the President didn't answer me. He didn't see me sitting, tired and cynical, in the lightless room of the lightless house on the lightless island.

The next few days had no hour-to-hour continuity, so what I recall as happening Tuesday may really have happened Wednesday, or vice versa. Jean howled like a banshee when she found the cigarette butts in the cups Tuesday morning, but, since she did the same thing Wednesday, the details of her dissertations are lost. The children, with Sharon overseeing their activities, played happily together. Rebecca tried phoning the Red Cross on and off without success, and as the food got lower she and I went in for economic measures like stretching a can of tunafish into a passable casserole by adding mushroom soup and cornflakes. The leftovers quickly disappeared; and when the eggs and milk were gone, we leaned pretty heavily on oatmeal and Wheatena for sustenance.

When a list of our addresses and phone numbers appeared in the newspaper, Lang called, and eventually so did Adam Dawson and Major Workman and Bert.

"Are you all right?" I asked Lang. I pressed him for details, but he hadn't many to give.

"I didn't see your sister's name in the paper, though I saw Joey's," he said. "Was it an omission or what?"

"No." I brought him up to date on Liz. "I talked to her and Dora about an hour ago. Liz is getting around some now, and they're planning to leave the hospital and go back to Schofield when the rest of us go."

"That ought to be by Friday or Saturday. Whenever our fighter planes arrive. Are you and Marty all right?"

"Yes, we're all right." I wished I'd never learned the phrase "all right." I'd said it too often lately. I'd heard it too often.

Rebecca's husband phoned Wednesday evening after supper. I remember it was Wednesday because of what came later. I was stirring a stew made from the tag ends of everything in the pantry when Rebecca went to the phone.

"Oh, Joseph. I'm so glad to hear from you!" Rebecca told him what was going on in the house, tactfully omitting the worsening food situation, then listened to what he had to say. Afterwards,

she walked to the open door and stood there looking over the treetops.

"Is Joseph all right?" Much as I hated the words, I heard myself saying them.

"Yes, Joseph is s-s-safe." Rebecca lowered herself into a chair and sat there bent over like an old woman. "But my brother is dead," she said. "He died in the smoke below decks trying to save one of his men. They just identified him."

I could see David seven years earlier walking past our house in Boston, a leggy, bright-eyed high school boy with a sensitive face and hair like a bear. Whistling. He always whistled. I got the sherry and some glasses.

"Would a drink help?" I poured us each one.

"It might." She gave a last shuddery breath. "I wish the wind would stop blowing. David loved the wind." She drank half her sherry. "He liked the wind," she explained, "because it made his kites fly, and it made his toy sailboats sail. And, well, he just liked it. I wish that wind would stop."

"I think it's letting up now," I said.

"I plan to walk down the mountain," Rebecca said at breakfast. "We've got to get food."

Sharon and I offered to make the trip with her. "No, not you, April. You might do what L-L-Liz did. But you can come, Sharon, and so can you, Jean."

"Well?" I said to Jean.

"Well what?" Her temper was up. "Do you think I intend to get myself bombed strolling down some lonely country road in broad daylight? What if the Japs attack again?"

"Oh, for God's sake, you could hide in the trees." My temper was up, too.

"And what about Honolulu proper?" Her voice climbed the scale and broke. "Do you think I'm crazy?"

I almost said yes, partly because I was angry and partly because her eyes were wild. I had a faint glimmering of the fact that she was ill, that she had reached a breaking point.

Rebecca asked if I'd like to add anything to the grocery list, and I read it without reading it, like a newspaper headline, and said no.

"Then we might as well be off." She and Sharon began their long trek down the mountain. The children went outdoors to play, and I carried my coffee into the living room. Jean tagged along.

"It's all talk, you know." She plunked herself onto a loveseat and hung her slipperless feet over the side. "All talk," she went on in the voice I'd grown to hate, "this business of not having enough food in the house. You and I certainly keep enough food in the house, so why doesn't Rebecca? I'll tell you why. Because she's Jewish, and that's how Jews are. Frugal. I don't trust Jews."

I dug my fingernails into my palms. *You don't trust Jews, I thought. You don't trust Japs. You don't trust airlines. You don't trust men. You don't trust women. You don't trust . . .*

"And I don't trust stutterers." She finished my unarticulated sentence. "Why does your friend Rebecca stutter?"

It was all I could do to let her live.

"Because of people like you!" I screamed as I stamped out of the room.

I was shaking pretty badly, but I made the beds and was going back through the living room to the kitchen when Jean announced that our fighters had landed.

"I just heard it on the radio." She spoke as though the information would solve our differences.

"Good." I collected the dirty ashtrays.

"Well, you're not saying much." She seemed more critical than conciliatory.

"No, but I'm about to." Though I kept my voice under control, she took one look at me and started to get out of her chair.

"Stay where you are." I pushed her down. "My friend Rebecca took you into her house through the goodness of her heart. She put up with your rudeness, your hysteria, your selfishness. Her brother died Sunday and she was up all last night when she heard about it, but today she walked down the mountain. *You* didn't

walk down the mountain. *She* did. None of us may interest you, but I'm not through."

Jean edged forward. "I don't have to do with this," she said.

"Right now you do. Just the way I have up with you so long as you're in this house we leave here I don't give a hoot in hell you go or what you do, because I never v lay eyes on you again. From now on you behave, do I make myself clear?" I handed the dirty ashtrays. "And you might be dumping these and doing the dishes. I've neatened the bedrooms and bathrooms and now I need some fresh air."

I stayed in the sun an hour gathering up and when I went through the kitchen at the dishes were done.

Rebecca and Sharon were lucky enough a cab back up the mountain, and they re around four, just as someone phoned to truck would take us home in the morning.

"Will Mom be there?" Joey opened a cookies while I relayed the news.

"Yes, I think so." I didn't want to tell him Liz losing the baby, but I told him.

"Oh, that's okay," said Joey. "Mom loves every once in a while. What's for supper?"

Rebecca had shopped wisely. "Everything," she said, and later we had tails in the blacked-out kitchen before we We lingered over coffee, stretching the out, and even Jean was temporarily caught in the gaiety. The food was in, the fight in, and God was back in his heaven.

MARTY:

I didn't want to leave the mountain. The beds were in the bedrooms instead of living room floor, and none of the windows had bullet holes in them. I missed Father, but he phoned he said he wouldn't be seeing a while. "I have to stay here at the beach with other men," he said.

"Maybe after we're home, Mother and I get in the car and come visit you," I said. "er could fix a picnic."

Mother was waiting for the phone. "Dis ridiculous, Marty," she said. "Your father where he can have visitors. They only let trucks go. Say goodbye now."

So I said goodbye and never mentioned Father again, though I thought of it quit and wished I were a man in a truck. And I found it hard getting to sleep at night, I'd imagine how to get to Father because I knew lion would never dare go where he was. I thought and thought about going, and finally I figured a way. What I did was pretend to take the off an old angel costume I'd worn once in school and pin them to the shoulders of my gown and then I'd fly like a bird over the tains till I found the place where Father was say, "Boo!" When I did that, Father would hug me, saying, "Marty, Marty, Marty."

"You were smart to think of the angel's v he'd say admiringly. "What's going on at h

"There's a green-lion-with-a-terrible-teeth-living-in-the-lei-shop-and-I-promised-tell." I'd try to get the worst of it out qu

"Don't worry, Marty." Father wasn't of lions; I knew he wouldn't be. "If the lion you any trouble, just come here. What's going on at the house?"

"Raico's working for us now," I'd say, if after Raico came; and if it was before Christmas I'd ask: "Are you coming home for Christmas?"

"Yes, but don't let anyone know. It's a secret." It was strange getting back to Schofield Fritz's. The earth had hardened into little beside the trenches in the house yards, and was twined in metal coils around the lei shop.

Willard was standing beside his trench, a yellow cat ran from wall to wall trying out. He dropped a stick on the cat's head and cat thrashed and mewed.

"That's mean, Willard," I said. "Let it out. Isn't that the cat that sits with the le women? They'll wonder where it is."

them." Willard made me carefully as if I were a turkey. "The fact is, the women are gone and I'll be back." "Did the women go?" I asked, and that's how Willard explained how a lion had eaten the lion was living in the lei shop and I went through a crack in the wall as he held his hairy, maned head in the windowless darkness. I knew how to open the door with his paw and was waiting there with his eye to the ready to spring through the door and over the wall and catch anyone who happened to be there. Especially little girls.

Christmas was a makeshift affair with the potatoes filling in as a Christmas tree. After we gave our presents, we went to Sharon's wedding. I married Sharkbait in the chapel, and I was the girl. I wore a flower headband and a velvet dress of Mother's that Mrs. Bendel had given me. Sharon looked pretty and I said I looked pretty, too, so I kept my head down after the wedding to show Father when he came home.

And I were playing Parcheesi on the living room floor as the clock struck twelve. "You suppose Father will be here soon?" I asked Mother, who was having a predinner drink at Liz and Uncle Bert.

"Do you mean?" There were new little wrinkles between her eyebrows. "Your father's not coming today. He can't. He's having turkey in his house with the other men."

"Move," said Joey. "He promised to come." I spun the Parcheesi pawns without really seeing it. "That I ever heard about, and I've spotted him nearly every night."

"I had to put his oar in."

"Lang was dopey to be a soldier," he said. "He was a doctor like Dad, then he'd be a doctor isn't dopey." I wanted to say Uncle Bert was dopey, just to get back at Joey, but I didn't in front of everybody.

"Patient, Marty," Uncle Bert said. "Your father is to wait his turn to leave the beach, but he's coming to see you soon."

"Move," said Joey. "Today!" I didn't care about Parcheesi any more. "Father's coming today!"

"What makes you think so?" Joey didn't like me making up the game.

"Use his told me! He said it was a secret, that he was coming home for Christmas!" "That's enough, Marty. Lower your voice." Mother was always disturbed when I didn't act properly. "Your father never said any such thing." "Coming today." I raised my voice in defiance, lowering it. "He is." I raised it even higher. "He is, he is, HE IS!" And when Joey said, "I'll bet he isn't," I hauled back my fist and slapped him across the mouth.

"That was a second of quiet before Joey let out when he really bellowed."

"You're right," I said, and Uncle Bert said, "That's the thing, but Mother told me to go to my room."

I took a towel over the window facing the lei shop and lay down on my bed with my back to the wall. I knew I was crushing my flowered shirt, but it didn't matter because Father was coming to see it. Father wasn't coming.

Someone else was coming. Someone or someone. Something I didn't expect. The green light had gotten sick of waiting in the lei shop and was waiting with his eye to the crack in the door. I had broken out through the door. I saw him walking softly across the field. I was walking, walking.

"No!" I cried. "No-no-no-no!" And I put my hands on the angel's wings as fast as I could and barely held the ground in time. The wings kept coming and I held them on with my hands, and I saw the trees and mountains and cane fields and the place where the stripey, flipping fishes used to be but no one was there, at least no one I knew. I could hear men's voices, though,

coming from a row of tents, and I could smell turkey cooking.

"Wake up, Marty." Uncle Bert's words came through the laughter. "Dinner's ready, and we're all waiting for you. I saved you a drumstick." He sounded concerned, like Father. "Haven't you got that towel on the wrong window?"

"The sun got in my eyes." I didn't like to lie, but I couldn't tell him the truth. "I'll be down in a minute."

"Good." He smiled the tired smile he'd been smiling lately. "We miss you, and your mother always feels unhappy when you're unhappy."

"I'm all right now." There was no use being angry any more. It didn't help me, and if it upset Mother, what was the point? Mother wasn't like Father; she didn't understand me the way he did, but until Father came home she was all I had.

"I don't know why you didn't figure things out a little better," I said to Father, wherever he was, because it seemed to me he had slipped up somewhere. I knew he was the best father and the strongest swimmer and the smartest sandcastle builder. I knew he was kind and gentle and handsome and wise and good and brave and always kept his promises, or always had in the past. But though something in the back of my mind kept trying to tell me he hadn't actually said he'd be home, I didn't want to listen. I didn't want to do any more sorting out.

APRIL:

Lang got a couple of daytime passes during the next two weeks, but Marty wouldn't let him out of her sight, so we were never alone. The first overnight pass he got was on January ninth, which is an easy date to recall because we left Schofield January tenth, Liz and the kids and I, going out of the house for the last time bound for the ship that would take us back to the States. While Lang was starting the car, Raico—who had gone to work for the Bendels—came outside and stood on the walk crying, and so did Dora and Sharon.

"Aren't you coming with us?" Marty asked.

"No. This boat is only for women like your mother, who expect to have babies," Dora answered. "And women like your Aunt Liz, who needs a good doctor."

The water in the harbor was calm and blue when we reached Honolulu and I went with the others to the pier, doing my best to survive the goodbye by ignoring the future and pushing away the past, especially the recent past—the previous night with Lang. For even though in the following months I was able to hold onto the memory, I couldn't hold onto it walking up the gangplank away from him. If I had held onto it then, I couldn't have walked.

A goodbye time is a nowhere time, I thought. There have been nights behind, I thought, and there will be nights ahead, but now we are hung in nothingness.

Lang and I had spent our last hours together at the Bendels', alone in a house that was silent except for our lovemaking. We lay in the double bed and went to the moon and back. And when Lang fell asleep, I tried to memorize his face, his hands, his body, everything about him, as he slept and I sat up beside him with the cold tears running down between my breasts.

"Sleep well, my love," I whispered, and kissed him. And he woke up reaching, reaching and finding, and the moon grew nearer again, nearer and nearer in a great blaze of light that blinded us both and shut away the stars (if a place as high as that has stars) and we went up and over and past the moon—crying, clutching, sobbing—before we tumbled downward once more through space, downward out of the blaze and back to the world we'd come from, and were still.

MARTY:

Though Father didn't come home for Christmas, he came a couple of times before we left Hawaii: once around New Year's, and once the day before we went to the boat. I wanted to tell him about the lion in the lei shop, but I was

afraid that, if I tattled, the lion might hear my words and eat me as soon as father left.

Father and Uncle Bert took us to the ship. For some reason I thought Father was going to Boston with us, though he could not have said so. He parked the car near the dock and carried me in his arms to the ship.

"Aren't you going on the ship with us?" I asked, and Father said yes, of course he was going on the ship; he could hardly wait to look it over. But an old, baldheaded sailor with black teeth was standing at the top of the steps and wouldn't let him on board, so I had another bad moment until the sailor explained.

"We won't be sailing today. So why don't you and the other men come back tomorrow?" And Father and the other men said they would, which seemed all right, even though Aunt Liz acted kind of peculiar, holding onto Uncle Bert as if she thought she'd never see him again.

"Take care of yourself," she kept saying. "Take care of yourself, Bert." And she kept on saying it when she was leaning over the rail and Uncle Bert was on shore.

"I will," Uncle Bert answered, "and you do the same, Liz. Go lie down now." But Aunt Liz was stubborn; she just stayed where she was, telling Uncle Bert to take care of himself, until Father interrupted.

"I'll take care of him, Liz," he called up to her. "I'll take care of Bert. That's a promise. We're going now, but do as he says and we'll see you tomorrow."

That night I lay and thought of tomorrow coming and Father coming until I fell asleep. And sure enough after the long night, tomorrow came and so did Father. But Father was too late.

I cried when I saw him. I stood on the main deck wearing my yellow pinafore and I cried and cried. Mother was waving and calling, and Aunt Liz and all the rest of the women were waving and calling, too. I kept pulling at my mother's dress, trying to tell her about the steps, but she wouldn't listen. She just stood calling and waving and didn't notice the steps moving away.

APRIL:

The trip home from Hawaii wasn't like the trip west a year and a half before. The small, stripped-down transport ship had no recreational facilities—and it was winter, so there were no languorous days, no easy evenings of laughter under the stars, no men except for the minimal staff and crew who ran a lottery on which women among us would give birth before we reached San Francisco. We moved in a convoy of eleven ships, an unlikely fleet, with its strange cargo of fruit and oil and wounded men and pregnant women.

We stayed in the harbor two or three days before we sailed. Visitors came and went, including Rebecca. She stood at the top of the gangplank, and the darkness under her eyes was the only reminder of her continuing grief.

"I'll be joining you in Boston soon," she said, "so this isn't good-bye."

"I'm glad of that." I made a silent vow never to say good-bye again, and I didn't say it for a long while. I didn't say it when Lang appeared with Bert the day we sailed.

Instead I said things like, "Don't forget to put gas in the car," and, "Be sure and write," and, "Promise me you won't be a hero" . . . all useless admonitions. Lang never forgot to put gas in the car, I didn't need to remind him to write, and I already knew, in my limited fashion, that the road to heroism isn't always a rejectable road with available detours.

I don't like to remember the afternoon of January twelfth, though I remember it well: the stone in the chest, the vise around the throat, the needles behind the eyes, the swordthrust of conjectured finality in the mind, and the Honolulu sky as blue as ever above the latticed rail of the moving ship. I remember Liz—in a red plaid skirt that had come unpleated in the rear from being sat on so much—saying she never expected to see Bert again; and I remember Bert's and Lang's backs as they turned away.

Boston wasn't exactly exciting but at least it was bearable during the winter. Joey and I played games or built snowmen in the back garden, and Mother and Aunt Liz had each other for company. But when Aunt Liz finally got well, she took Joey and moved to New York. And though my grandparents didn't go on their yearly spring trip to Aiken until later, they were always running off to parties or the theater, so I didn't see them much.

"You're going to have a baby brother in a few months," they used to tell me, "so don't ask your mother to take you to the park. Make her lie down. She won't mind us." Everyone depended on me to help, and my grandparents were no exception. "We know you'll look out for things," they'd say, and off they'd go again, leaving me to talk to Fay, the maid.

Mother kept getting tired and tired. When my grandparents went to Aiken, taking the servants with them, she could hardly stay out of bed long enough to cook the meals, which meant we didn't eat very well until the rest of the household got back.

"I can't seem to ever get enough sleep," Mother kept saying, and she'd doze off again.

She didn't even read to me at bedtime any more because it was too much trouble. I don't mean that she neglected me or that my grandparents did. They bought me new dresses and patent-leather shoes and a gold locket to keep my father's picture in, and they took me to church with them on Sunday. And once my grandfather took me to the zoo.

"That's a lion," he explained, stopping outside a place with high curved bars where a yellow lion was pacing, pacing.

"I don't care much for lions," I said, "even yellow ones."

"Why not?" My grandfather let me tug him off toward the part of the zoo where the birds were. "A lion in a cage can't hurt you."

Or a lion in a lei shop, I thought. So long as he stays in the lei shop.

For that's where the green lion was again. He had left Boston before the snows left Boston, and the last time I'd dreamed of him he was back in his little locked house on the faraway island where the barbed wire was and Father was and the war was.

It was a good thing Mrs. Fineberg arrived in town when she did, because I didn't feel too happy when Fay, the maid, wasn't around.

"Grandfather said to call Fay if I needed anything," I told Mrs. Fineberg when she first came to see us. "Only how can I call her if she's never here?"

"You can't and you don't have to," Mrs. Fineberg walked quickly up the front staircase, followed by Fritz and me, and shook Mother awake.

"You can't let this kind of thing go on, April," Mrs. Fineberg hugged Mother, but she didn't waste much time on hellos. "This relying on a child while Fay's off making aprons for the Eskimos or whatever."

"It's underwear for Africans," I bounced the ball Fritz had brought me. "Here, catch," I said.

Mother was glad to see Mrs. Fineberg, but she yawned and didn't get up. I guess it was too much effort.

"Is your suitcase packed?" Though Mrs. Fineberg looked as fragile as a doll, she wasn't.

"Yes." Mother stretched and her dressing gown came apart over her stomach. "Marty and I packed it. Marty, mostly. And I told her how to call the ambulance."

"Now listen, April," Mrs. Fineberg's voice was firmer than I'd ever heard it. "I want you to get out of that bed and put on something halfway decent while I go home after Fritz's and my clothes, because we're moving in."

When Jill started to get born, Mrs. Fineberg didn't want to leave Fritz and me home alone, so we all rode to the hospital in the taxi. I didn't like the way Mother looked or the way she cried out every few minutes. And though Mrs. Fineberg said not to worry, everything was going to be all

right, I'd heard people say that before and a lot of times everything hadn't been all right.

"Be sure and take special care of your mother while I'm gone," my father had written, and I'd tried to, but how could I take care of Mother now when a nurse had wheeled her away somewhere, leaving Mrs. Fineberg and Fritz and me with nothing to do except look at a bunch of old magazines?

After a long time, the nurse came back.

"It's a girl," she said. "Where's the father?"

"He's overseas and couldn't come," Mrs. Fineberg answered.

"My father never does come," I told Fritz as we looked into the glass room where my new sister lay shrieking and jerking her arms. "No matter what happens, he never, never comes."

"But, Marty, he can't," Fritz said what I was supposed to know, but that night I didn't believe it and I don't think Mother did.

"Your new daughter's beautiful, April," Mrs. Fineberg let us peek through Mother's door.

"Yes, she is, though somehow I expected a boy," Mother tried to smile at us. "Rebecca, will you cable Lang and ask him what to name her?" She brushed at her matted bangs with the back of her hand. "Tell him we're both fine," she said. "Tell him . . . Oh, Rebecca, it isn't right for Lang not to be here. Why isn't he here when I need him more than I've ever needed him?"

My grandfather made a quick trip back from Bar Harbor to see the baby, but my grandmother didn't. She told me over the phone she couldn't leave something she called her bridge tournament. "Anyway, you don't really need me with Fay and Mrs. Fineberg there," she said.

"And I have to get back in time for my Wednesday golf game," my grandfather said as he finished his Sunday morning coffee. "A pity the baby wasn't a boy, but I don't suppose it can be helped now." He glanced at the nursery book I was showing to Fritz. "What are you planning to name your new sister?"

"Me? Why should I name her?" I studied the pictures as I turned the pages.

"Well, someone has to, and your mother can't make up her mind. What's more, we haven't gotten any help from your father, which I must say I find rather surprising."

I couldn't see what was so surprising about it. "Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water . . ." I wanted to show Fritz how well I'd memorized the verses.

"A name." My grandfather drummed his fingers against his chest. "It's only decent for the child to have a name."

"And Jill came tumbling after." I waited for my grandfather to move, but he didn't, so I said: "Jill's a nice name. Why don't we name the baby Jill?"

"By heaven, that's not half bad," my grandfather said. "Especially under the circumstances: Jill came tumbling after. Not bad at all."

And later that day when Mother called from the hospital, she said: "Yes, Marty. You're perfectly right. We'll name her Jill." So that's what we did. And when Jill was two months old, Mother bought an old farmhouse in New Hampshire, and the three of us moved away from Boston.

APRIL

I liked New Hampshire and found a therapy in work and in the changing house and seasons, each of them changing slowly and almost imperceptibly until one day a dark room became a bright room, one day the late summer became autumn, the autumn winter, and the winter spring and then summer.

My mother visited Marty and me toward the end of the first fall.

"April, you're no peasant," she said. "Can't you find someone to help around the place?"

"Only the outside carpenters and painters, and the plasterers," I said. "And Mrs. Patterson from next door, who won't do anything but a little baking and light cleaning. Everything else is man's work, according to her."

"Well, I must say you're a sight." Mother didn't bother to hide her wondering dis- nor did Liz when she and Joey came New Year's.

"What's that lumberman's costume wearing, dear?" Liz asked, shucking minks. "I thought Halloween was over."

She was either tired from her trip or something else on her mind. I suspected she showed her around the house and she Jill, whom she'd seen only once before over weekend in Boston.

"So pretty," she said, "and such a lovely hair." She watched Marty curl the hair baby brush. "I wish I could say the same. I'm getting grayer by the minute. May come as a shock to Bert."

"Does it matter? Bert would love your hair turned white or even pink."

"How do you know?" She followed me to the kitchen, where I started supper. "I believe you're desirable with no one to you are." She made a martini and stood out at the snowy twilight. "What happened to the kids?"

"They're bathing Jill." I was surprised hadn't heard Marty ask permission to worry. "I poured a glass of sherry and in the green wicker rocker by the stove. amazingly responsible for a six-year-old."

"Is that how old she is?" Liz knew Mother as well as I did. "She seems a lot older, and helpful for a child."

"She enjoys taking care of Jill and wants to approve of her when he returns." Marty's soberness troubled me. I could tell the pained expression that came and went whenever her father's name was mentioned. His absence hadn't gotten any easier for it had for me.

" . . . not that you or I are getting any older or gayer," I heard my sister saying. She looking out the window and sat down. "She stirred her martini with her thumb. than two weeks it'll be a year since we got damn ship. Do you realize?"

I realized.

"I bought another dress for when he's home," she said. "Sort of a pearl-color with a hat to match. And red shoes." She the olive out of her glass and ate it. She her martini. "Want me to set the table?"

"I'll set it." Marty appeared with Jill carried Jill to her playpen.

"Why don't we get a baby, Mom?" Joe a stuffed Teddy bear through the bars of

"We'll discuss babies another time." Liz want to explain, so Marty tried.

"You can't have a baby now, Joey," taking the bottle I'd warmed. "You have to father first, one living right here. Not that kind of father."

That night, when I heard Marty's prayer, I tried not to be distressed by the tone or the way in which she asked God to bring her home safe and soon. I wanted to tell her how much she missed him; I wanted to tell her how much she missed him. But something—possibly a shut expression on her face—kept me from it. When I rejoined Liz in the kitchen, she very talkative.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A man," she said. "And, believe it or not, has nothing to do with Bert."

I guess I looked shocked.

"Well, a year's a year." Her tone was de- "And I got so fed up with women, so fed up with a neuter life."

"You mean you're having an affair?"

"You could call it that. I mean, I've slept with this man once, and I can't make up my mind to do. God knows Bert's the only man I loved. I don't give a damn about this guy, person, but—it's complicated."

New Year's, I thought. And this is how year ends.

"It's not just sex," she went on. "It's the

loneliness, and my hair turning gray, and guarantee of anything getting better, only. She twisted a button on her sweater. "Should I do?"

things." Even if I'd approved of her action, which I didn't, I could see she wasn't. "First, quit seeing the man. And second, tell anyone else what you've told me, and I'll lude Bert."

right." Little by little, Liz relaxed, and as of us talked of other things, I tried to tell her transgression had been a minor and pardonable one. Still, it took some of the heat out of our New Year's toasts to Bert and to Dora and Sharkbait and the others. I rattled her ice cubes.

ever ago. Forever and ever." A couple of minutes slipped into her glass. "Oh, April! Do you think they'll ever be back?"

"They'll be back," I answered, because at the time I believed they would.

Belief died slowly, but it died.

Bert began to die when Major Workman, ex-scholar, moved out of his Guadalcanal room too soon and never made sense after the removal of the steel plate in his head. It went on when Dora's Jack lost both legs and Anna's husband sat for days with his head in his hands before he was psychoed home.

"Luck's running out," Liz said when she came for Thanksgiving. "It isn't fair for a handful of us to go on fighting and fighting forever. Two years." Liz was always counting. "I gave up the man I told you about. It's good." I didn't want to know any more. "I still go out occasionally," she told me. "I have something to do and somewhere to go for clothes I keep buying. But I may give up other men, too. I tell my escorts I'm true, red, white and blue, but some of the guys are bastards. 'Look, love,' they say, 'if you want that handsome, sex-starved husband of mine sitting around twiddling his thumbs between battles in the Pacific, you must be more than I thought.'"

I did not to hear her. Lang had lost three hundred thirty pounds in the Solomons and was on leave in New Zealand. "What do you do about men?" she asked.

"I don't do anything." I thought about a widower I met at a Grange meeting. Gentleman, over draft age. A nice man. I went for on his terrace and there were fireflies in the grass. I wanted him to be my friend. I wanted to hold him, to hold his hand, to kiss him, but I couldn't. When his arm brushed mine, I jumped, and when the meal was over, I drank my coffee at home.

"I mean you never go out at all?" Liz asked. "Do you get rid of the evenings?" "I just keep working on the house." Didn't the house show it? Wasn't my work a worthwhile contribution of the empty present into the full and distant future?

For six weeks after Liz returned to New Zealand another year began, the third year. January and so did February. I particularly remembered February, because one night in the middle of the month when I'd finished my usual letter to her by phone rang.

"Hello," said Liz. "Is that you, April?" "For heaven's sake, Liz, who else would it be? You have a bad connection or what?"

"No bad connection." My sister sounded as if she'd just gotten out of bed, though it was

"You sick, Liz?" I asked, and she hiccupped and answered no.

"It was a short silence, and I thought she'd

"Are you still there?" I asked, and she said, "I'm dead," and clicked down the receiver. I called the cab and bus and plane reservations and the phone. Patterson to spend the night.

"What's wrong?" Marty came into the room and was packing.

"It's your Uncle Bert." I couldn't see any point in lying to her. "He's been killed."

"I might have known." It was a peculiar remark for her to make. "What about Father?" Marty called after me as I left. "Where was he?"

"In New Zealand," I called back. "Don't worry about your father. He's perfectly safe."

I brought Liz and Joey back with me, and they lived out the third year with us, though Liz had stopped counting the years by then. She didn't even count the hours as she sat day after day in her bedroom with the shades drawn, wearing an old satin wrapper.

I was nearly out of my mind worrying about her, worrying about when Lang would be going to the Philippines, worrying about Joey's alternating withdrawal and misbehavior, worrying about Marty's worrying over Joey, worrying about Marty's worrying over Lang and Liz and me, worrying about whether Jill would get neglected and lost in the shuffle of worries.

It was the Grange widower who finally got Liz moving. He stopped by one evening when the power was off, to see if he could help with anything.

"I wish you could." I was so upset that I told him about Liz, and when I'd finished he asked me to take him upstairs.

"My name is Frank," he said, going over to the pink chair where my sister sat like a ghost in the candlelight. "I understand your name is Liz." He held out his hand.

"How do you do." Liz pulled her soiled wrapper closer around her. She didn't shake hands, but she knew he was there.

"Get up," he ordered quietly, but she only stared at him with her lusterless eyes. And when he said, "Get up," again and she still didn't move, he pulled her up. Gently, but he pulled her up.

"People with one leg walk," he said. "The dying walk," he said. "Only the dead don't walk, and you're not dead."

By the time Liz married Frank, I was drained of everything except a love that no longer supported me. My belief was gone, my hope was gone, and my strength was gone. Only the loneliness remained, only the weariness, only the cold and constant apprehension. Only the waiting remained, taking me into my fourth year of waiting.

Lang will be back; he'll be back, my mind kept saying. But my heart no longer heard. I used to think, *The years will never end; the years will never end*. But, of course the years had to end and they ended.

They ended with a telegram from the Secretary of War. They ended on a day in early May when the leaves were barely out. The next time I saw anything, the leaves were fully out as if summer had been forever. Lang was dead, but the leaves were out. It was somebody else's summer, but it was summer.

I didn't go back to Boston to my parents. I stayed in New Hampshire that summer and passed the days as any grieving person passes the days: by getting up each morning and putting one foot in front of the other until night. Fortunately for me, Liz and Frank were always at hand . . . mainly because Liz didn't care to travel during the early stages of her pregnancy. And when she decided to go to Boston on a shopping trip in late October, she talked me into leaving Marty and Jill with her housekeeper and accompanying her.

The trip didn't mean much to me, except that while I was in Boston I met Jason—another visitor from out of town—and three months later I married Jason.

It wasn't as simple as that, of course. I didn't want to go to the cocktail party where I met him. And after I met him I didn't want him to take me home from the party, but he insisted, just as he insisted on spending every weekend with me in New Hampshire. And when he asked me to marry him a while later, I couldn't think what to answer, much as I was growing to depend on him, much as I enjoyed having him around.

"Do you love me?" he asked, and I told him I wasn't sure.

"Let me know when you decide," he said, and when I decided, I didn't let him know, but he knew anyway. He also knew I was troubled about how Marty would react to a marriage that had now become a possibility. I wasn't troubled about Jill; she could hardly wait for Jason's visits and clung to him whenever he appeared, but Marty was less demonstrative.

"It seems to me the two of you had better discuss this soon and openly," Jason said. But when I took Marty aside I couldn't make up my mind where to start. Knowing how she felt about Lang, I was afraid the idea of my remarrying might seem so callous and irrevocable a disloyalty that the resultant damage would permanently estrange us. Still, I had myself to consider, and I'd lived alone too long.

"I'm sorry, Marty," I said, "but I want to marry Jason."

"Why be sorry?" She used her Little Old Lady voice. "He's a good man, isn't he?"

"Yes, very good. Different from your father but not too different."

"Will he be for all of us or only for you?"

"For all of us." I tried to present the separate relationships in a way she'd find acceptable. "A husband for me, a father for Jill, who's never had a father, and a friend for you."

"Oh." Marty didn't look at me. "You mean he won't be my father, then?"

"It's not necessary." I didn't want her to feel Jason was trying to usurp Lang's place. "You certainly don't need two fathers."

"No," said Marty. "Just one. I'd like just one."

"Then we'll leave it at that. Lang for your father and Jason for your friend," I told her, and that's how we left it. And when we returned to the room where Jason was sitting with one arm around Jill, Marty went over and leaned against his other arm, accepting him on approval, perhaps, but accepting him.

Jason tightened his arms around her and Jill. "These are my girls," he said to me, "and we're going to live in Connecticut. We hope you'll join us."

The late sun sloped across Jason's forehead, making a triangle of light on one temple. His eyes smiled but they were serious.

"The war is over, Penelope," he said. "Ulysses didn't come back, but the war is over."

"Go run the tub, Marty." I stood up straight and didn't move. "You and Jill can take a bath together."

And when the children had gone upstairs, Jason said: "Come here." He said, "Come here," and I ran to him.

MARTY:

I didn't know I hated my father until Uncle Bert was killed. I knew my father acted badly enough before that—always worrying Mother and leaving all the work and responsibility to her and me, and never taking care of any of us. But Uncle Bert's death was the last straw.

I remembered the day we boarded the ship in Honolulu. I remembered my father calling to my aunt from the shore. "I'll take care of him, Liz. I'll take care of Bert. That's a promise."

And what happened to the promise? Father went off to a place called New Zealand, and that was the end of Uncle Bert. Aside from the damage it did to Mother, I can't honestly say I was upset by my father's death. I mean he was my father and Jill's father, but by then he didn't matter any more to me than he did to Jill.

"Father," she used to say when she first learned the word. "Father," she'd say, following any man anywhere. "Is that my father?"

It was embarrassing. Right before Father's death, I tried to tell her about him, hoping she'd hush up.

"He's this man," I said, "this soldier who's married to Mother." I wondered how to tell her what a soldier was. "This man," I said, "who keeps going on and on across the sea, which worries Mother because people shoot at him all the

time. "That's why she has those lines in her face and she stays up half the night."

"She didn't always look like that," I said. "She used to be pretty once." And Jill repeated "Pretty Mommy" as though the fact were still true, because she was little and didn't know any better.

"Father," Jill said the first time Jason came, and I slapped her.

"That's Jason," I said. "He likes Mother."

"He likes me, too," said Jill, with the easy trust of her three-and-a-half years. "I think he might get to be my father," she said one day. "That would be a nice thing."

"Why?" I enjoyed Jason as much as she did, but I was more cautious about trust.

"It's those songs he sings to me in bed," she answered. "And those gumdrops he always brings. Who else brings gumdrops?"

I couldn't think of anyone.

"And he isn't a soldier," Jill, a listener, never forgot anything. "He isn't always away somewhere like that father you used to have."

"My father!" I said. "He was *your* father, too."

"Not mine. I never saw him." Jill's logic wasn't adult logic, or even my logic, but it was reasonable.

"I like someone who stays around," she said, as if I didn't feel the same way.

Jill and I stayed with Joey and Aunt Liz and Uncle Frank and their new baby while Jason and Mother went on their honeymoon.

"Is a honeymoon where you get honey?" Jill asked Jason.

"I'll let you know when I get back," he answered, and when he came back he brought two jars of honey, one for me and one for Jill.

After Jill ate hers, she used to carry the empty jar around with her, even when we moved to Connecticut.

"Father's honey," she'd say, and I'd tell her, "No; Jason's honey," because hearing her call Jason "Father" was getting on my nerves.

It got on my nerves the most the day I left her alone in the bird's nest. There was a crab apple tree in our yard, and Jill was always climbing onto the lower branches, pretending she was a baby bird, so I finally made her a nest out of an old inner tube. Sometimes, to please her, I'd get into the nest with her and sit there while she flapped her arms and said "cheep, cheep," the way a baby bird does.

I got pretty tired of it, hearing her say "cheep, cheep" hour after hour, especially that one afternoon when she kept calling Jason "Father" every two minutes along with everything else. So when Jason came home from his law office I jumped down and ran to meet him, forgetting all about Jill, and she climbed out of her nest and fell into the swimming pool. Jason heard the splash and rescued her almost as soon as she fell, but Mother had a fit.

"My God, Marty," Mother was shaking. "How could you have been so careless with Jill?"

I'd had enough of Jill.

"She's *your* child, not mine!" I said. "*She's* the one who always wants to be a baby bird. *I* don't." I was shaking, too. "*She's* the one who has a father," I said. "*I* don't." I was pretty mad.

Jason handed Jill to mother.

"Marty and I are going for a walk," he said. "We'll be back." And we walked in some nearby little woods that seemed big then. We didn't talk much, though once or twice Jason pointed out things in or under trees.

"I'm meant to be a big girl," I said.

"You're a little girl," he answered. "Jill's littler, but you're a little girl."

"Am I?" Suddenly I was young as my friends were young, free as my friends were free.

"Yes, you're a little girl," said Jason, "and it's all right."

"I've been trying to figure out that remark you made about not having a father." Mother waited a few weeks before she brought the subject up. "You know you have a father. He may be dead, but he's still your father."

We were sitting by the swimming pool in the

spring sunset and everything about the evening had been relaxed and pleasant until then.

"You're getting to look like him," she said. She watched me splashing my feet in the pool.

"I don't want to hear about my father!" I said.

"I don't want to hear about him! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT HIM!"

The shouting surprised both of us.

"What's wrong with you, Marty? Why don't you want to hear about your father?"

"Shut up about my father!" I said. I knew I was being heartless as well as rude, but I said it anyhow. "I hate my father! I'll always hate him!"

"It isn't your father you'll always hate," she said. "It's the war." Mother gazed at the sun slipping like a shiny penny into a slot between the mountains. "Try to be fair," she said. "Think back. Can't you remember how your father used to laugh with you when you were a little girl? Can't you remember about his Spring Song? Can't you remember how he used to build you castles in the sand?"

"No, I can't remember," I said.

"I didn't think you'd ever forget," she said and her old sorrow began making its wall between us.

I must have been nine years old then. No, ten. I don't know. All I know is I dreamed about the lion again that night. I dreamed about him off and on for another year or two.

The next to the last time was when I'd gotten a prize at school for an essay on war, and though I should have been happy about the prize, that night I dreamed and screamed again. Once more I was on the deck of a ship, and, as usual, I was crying. Far below the deck, at the bottom of some steps that slanted outward from where I was standing, a man was smiling up at me, and I knew he was my father.

My mother was waving and calling and Aunt Liz and all the other women were waving and calling, too.

"Bert," Aunt Liz called. "Take care of yourself, Bert."

In the thicket of calling, waving women, I was a dwarf but I saw my father and I saw the steps. And the steps were moving away.

"Oh, you mean the gangplank," said Mother. "Those aren't steps."

As she spoke, the dream changed, and I found myself running, running, toward a blue emptiness that might have been ocean and might have been a sky. As I ran, the deck swayed under me, and I stopped and reached for the handrail. But when I tried to steady myself, the rail turned into a strand of barbed wire, and I clamped my lips together so I wouldn't scream. Because I knew where I was. I was outside the little locked house where the lion lived.

"No, no!" I cried in the dream. "No-no-no-no!" and I was still crying the word aloud when I woke up sobbing.

My mother wasn't standing by my bed. Jason was.

"Hush, Marty." He sat down beside me and held my hands. He held onto them a long time. Then he said: "Why all these nightmares?" and I told him about the bombs and the barbed wire and the trenches and the ship.

"But the war's over," said Jason. "The ship is just an ordinary ship again, and the trenches are gone and so is the barbed wire."

"But the lion hasn't gone!" For the first time I grew reckless. "The lion won't ever go! He's still waiting in the lei shop. He'll always be waiting in the lei shop, waiting there to spring out and catch anyone who happens by."

"What lion?" Jason asked, and I answered, "The same lion. The green one."

Jason was silent awhile. Then he said: "Suppose you tell me about the lion. Suppose you tell me about everything."

"But it's a secret. Even the part about my father is a secret." I don't know why I thought of that.

"Sometimes a secret can be too much for one person to handle." Jason turned my pillow over. "You can trust me," he said.

So I told him everything. I told him although it

took me until dawn to do it. And when through I knew he hadn't missed a word.

"I think we'd better discuss these things a time," he said. "First, *there isn't any*. There never was a lion."

"But Willard said . . ."

"And who was Willard?" Jason did his best to be fair. "An unloved child with no heart and much imagination, who confused a helpless girl by putting an improbable animal in an empty, harmless building meant for flowers."

"And what about my father? Why, when him so much, does he always have to be dreams?"

"I was coming to that." Jason went on to me what a fine man my father had been, how many people he had cared for, how many he'd won because of the caring.

"But he didn't care for us or Uncle Bert." Mother put the medals away in a drawer she'd seen her do it.

"That's because she didn't need the medals to know what kind of man your father was," Mother explained why my father was in New Zealand. Uncle Bert died, how he wanted to help even but couldn't.

"Including you," said Jason. "Do you stand what I'm saying, Marty?"

"Not entirely," I answered, "but I believe in Father."

"Good." When he tiptoed out of the room in the growing light, the birds weren't just missing; they were wide awake and singing in the trees. And seeing the light and hearing the birds, I could suddenly remember how it all was beginning, how it all was when the sky was wide and untroubled over the white beach. I remember how my mother used to lie curled on her straw mat while my father rode the blue breakers together and after built castles in the sand. I could even remember the lei shop the way it was before the air raid—with the new day—the little, locked building came a flower shop again, and the two big, Hawaiian women went back to their workbenches and began stringing blossoms into leis once more in the morning sun.

I'm not positive when I had the last dream about the lion. It may have been a week. It may have been a month. I dreamed the lion stretched out on the lawn near our swimming pool, where my new father and Jill were sitting, that he was lying there with his green eyes on the green grass and his green eyes half-closed. And when I walked up to him and said "don't exist," he opened his green mouth and yawned.

My first father was standing beside the lion and I recognized his face.

"Do you mind about my new father?" I asked him.

"No, I don't mind. That's the way things are to be." He leaned over and scratched the lion's head. "You're very lucky to have a father like that. How's school?"

"Fine." I told him about the prize I'd gotten for my essay.

"I'm not surprised." He watched Jill sitting on the lawn. "That's a nice little sister you have. I'd known her."

"Yes, she's okay now that she's not a baby any more. I got sick of her when she was a bird all the time."

"Baby bird," my father said and laughed. "Baby bird," he said and vanished. I say vanished. Actually he only vanished for a moment then came back.

"I forgot the lion," he said, and the lion nodded and nuzzled his leg.

And my father put a rope around the lion's neck, although I don't believe he needed it. The two of them went off together, with my father striding his usual unstriding stride into the distance, while the lion ambled along beside him gracefully, politely, docilely . . . growing smaller and smaller until he wasn't even the size of a cat.

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APPLES ARE IN SEASON

From the Journal Kitchens

Each variety of apples has its own special use. Here are some examples: The Delicious, red or yellow, so good raw, has little flavor cooked. Use them as dessert apples with cheese, in salads, or just eat them out of hand. Rome Beauties are the best to bake. Newtons excel

in pies, as do Yellow Transparents from your own tree. Then there are Winesaps, Jonathans, and Macintoshes—good all-around apples.

APPLE CHEESE TWISTS

Crumble 1 stick pie crust mix into a

bow. Mix in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated processed American cheese. Make pastry according to pkg. directions. Refrigerate while preparing apples. Peel 3 firm, medium-size all-purpose apples. Core and cut in eighths. Brush with 1 or 2 tablespoons lemon juice to prevent browning.

Preheat oven to 400°. Line a 13x9x2-inch baking pan with foil. Butter foil.

On lightly floured pastry cloth or board roll out pastry to about 13x7 inches. Trim to a 12x6-inch rectangle.

Divide in half to make 2 (6-inch) squares. Cut each square into 12 (1/2-inch) strips. Wrap a strip around a piece of apple. Place in prepared pan.

In small saucepan beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 teaspoon ground allspice, until butter is melted. Brush mixture evenly on both sides of apple strips. Bake at 400° for 25 to 30 minutes or until pastry is golden and apples are soft. Serve warm or cold. Serves 6.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

2 lbs. eating apples
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 tsp. almond extract
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ground allspice

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup apricot preserves
1 (12-oz.) frozen pound cake, thawed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry

Peel, core and chop 2 lbs. eating apples (6 cups chopped). In saucepan over medium heat, sauté apples in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine, stirring frequently, until apples are soft. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon almond extract and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground allspice. Cook 15 minutes longer, stirring occasionally, until mixture is thickened. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup apricot preserves. Let cool. Preheat oven to 350°.

Butter a 6-cup Charlotte mold. Line bottom and side of mold with slices, cutting to fit, if necessary. Brush cake with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of the dry sherry. Spoon apple mixture into mold. Cover top with cake slices. Brush with sherry.

Bake at 300° for 30 minutes. Cool in mold, on wire rack. Refrigerate 4 hours, until chilled. Unmold. Decorate with whipped topping. Serves 6 to 8.

APPLE CRÊPES FLAMBÉ

Crêpes:

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
2 Tbs. confectioners' sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
2 eggs
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
1 to 2 Tbs. salad oil

Apple Filling:

1 all-purpose apple
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup applejack
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 (8-oz.) carton apple yogurt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup applejack (for flaming)

To Make Crêpes: Sift into a bowl 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour, 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. In small bowl beat 2 eggs until light. Beat in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Stir in oil. Mix ingredients until completely mixed.

Heat an 8-inch crêpe pan on medium heat. Brush lightly with oil. Pour about 3 tablespoons batter, rotating pan quickly to spread batter completely over bottom. When small bubbles appear on surface, turn crêpe and lightly brown other side. Keep warm, stacked with waxed paper between each crêpe as crêpes are cooked. (Makes 12.)

To Make Filling: Peel, core and chop 1 all-purpose apple. Combine in saucepan with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup applejack and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cook, covered, 10 minutes or until apple is tender. Remove from heat. Drain, reserving liquid. Cool.

When ready to fill crêpes beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream until stiff. Fold cooled apple into 1 (8-oz.) carton apple yogurt. Fold in whipped heavy cream. Fill each crêpe with about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mixture, then roll up. Place seam side down in shallow oven-proof baking or chafing dish.

Heat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup applejack, ignite with a match and pour over crêpes. When flame goes out, serve immediately. Heat the liquid drained from apples and serve as a sauce. Serves 6.

Best Foods helps you serve a meal-in-a-bun that's easy to eat

Wrap 'N Roll-Ups



Let guests select their favorite and pop it in a bun. Or eat it just as is. Either way, it's easy to serve, easy to eat. Best Foods is so creamy, it makes the coleslaw filling juicy but never runny. That's real mayonnaise. Whole-egg Best Foods.

WRAP 'N ROLL-UPS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
6 cups finely chopped cabbage
2 carrots, shredded

Combine ingredients. For each Roll-Up, overlap 2 slices of ham, bologna, salami, roast beef or Swiss cheese. Place about $\frac{1}{3}$ cup coleslaw on one end and roll up. Serve with frankfurter rolls and Real Mayonnaise. Makes about 14 Roll-Ups. Note: For variety, add celery seed, mustard, finely chopped onion, or diced green pepper.



BRING OUT THE BEST FOODS AND BRING OUT THE BEST

There's a lot to look for when you're buying a chicken. In fact you could read a whole book on the subject. They'd tell you first of all to look for a rich golden color. That means the chicken's corn-fed and just bursting with flavors. Then you'll want to make sure your chicken's plump enough to cook up moist and succulent. Look for a robust, extra-meaty bird with just the right amount of fat. No more, no less. You can spend a lot of time at the market, choosing the finest chicken. Or, you can just pick up any Foster Farms fryer and know you're getting the best. Because we've been raising poultry for years and years, here in the Valley. And we've learned how to make certain that every Foster Farms fryer has all those qualities you're looking for when you buy a chicken.

When you've
tasted one
Foster Farms
fryer,

So look for the
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tag. It's a sure
sign you're getting a
wonderfully tasty
bird. Every time.

Foster Farms
Livingston, California.

you've tasted
them
all.



Some women can get away with only one bra.



If you only wore one style of dress, you'd need only one style of bra.

But nowadays there are a lot of different looks and styles all in fashion at the same time. And you need a "bra wardrobe" to match.

The latest vogue is the bra-less look. It's great with those sleek new clingy knits. A marvelous combination of sexy and innocent. But it's not as simple as shedding your

bra. That's why Bali has several new bras, all designed to give you that soft, natural look.

Your heavier winter clothes shouldn't be worn with a bra-less style. The weight of your clothes will naturally tend to soften and flatten the bust. So don't start soft or you'll end up flat. You'll need a bra that gives you more shaping. Many women find a Bali® underwire is the most comfortable solution.

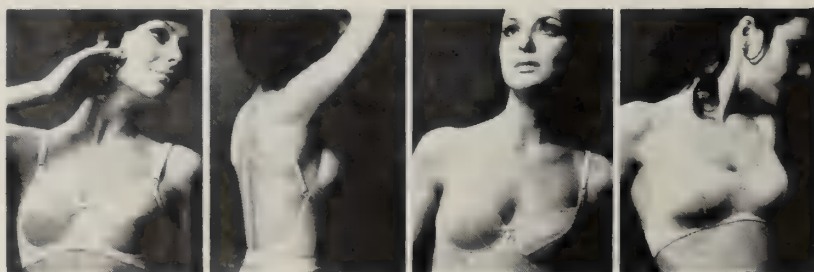
If you're wild about that little dress that leaves very little to the imagination, then you need a bra to go with it. Perhaps the Bali Backdown™. Its straps fasten in umpteen different ways to hide under the most revealing outfit.

Naturally, you'll want a choice of colors. Some are just for fun and others are absolutely necessary. (You can't wear a white bra under a dark voile shirt!)

Bali also has bras to solve any specific figure problem you might have. Like our fiberfilled bras to repropotion your bust and relate it to the rest of your figure.

Bali has every bra you'll ever need to look and feel beautiful. No matter how large your wardrobe is. Or how small.

Bali 



Flower Bali® Underwire

Backdown™

Flower Bali-Lo®

Step-N-Stretch™

The Cup

Someone has finally invented something better for menstrual protection than merely a new improved napkin or tampon. It's called Tassaway®

Remember the flurry the tampon caused when it first came out to replace the napkin?

Now, get ready for an idea that will replace both the napkin and the tampon.

It's a whole new way of *menstrual protection*.

We call it the Tassaway method. But the thousands of women who have used it have already started referring to it as the Cup.

And we predict it will change your way of handling your periods as nothing before has.

You can tell by looking at it: this is not just a "new improved" napkin or tampon.

Women call it the Cup because that's just what it is. A soft, pliable, *flushable* little plastic cup that fits inside your body to *collect* menstrual flow (rather than absorbing it the way everything else has tried to do before).



We tested the Cup in five cities. And the girls flipped over it. These are just a few of their comments:

"I no longer look forward to that time of month as a problem to be suffered through. Now I have the comfort, protection and security I

needed and didn't think possible."

"One Tassaway lasts so much longer than the others."

"Once you get the 'feel' of it you can't go wrong."

"How wonderful to have something that does not smell, leak, bulge, chafe, or slip out."



"I have wondered for a long time why a product like Tassaway wasn't invented."

"I was so impressed by your product that I have recommended it to several of my friends."

"Wonderful for water skiing and swimming even if you've never been able to wear a tampon."

What has the Cup got, to get that kind of reaction? Let's start with security. Once the Cup is inside your body, body warmth causes it to conform completely to the contour of your vaginal wall. So it can't slip. And won't spill. Even if the cup is full, the space between the cup opening and your uterus keeps the menses safe until you change Cups.

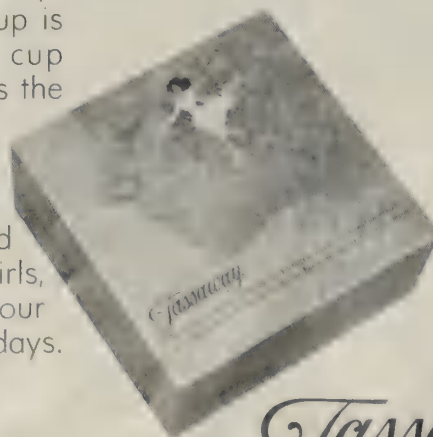
More security: you don't have to change as often as you would a napkin or tampon. For most girls, one Tassaway equals three or four tampons. Even on your heaviest days.

How come there's no odor? Very simple. Odor is caused by oxidation. The Cup keeps air out, so there's no oxidation. No problem.

How do I know when it's time for a change, and what do I do about it?

At first, you'll probably be changing more often than you have to. (Force of old habits, left over from napkin and tampon days.) But, by your second or third period with the Cup, you'll probably be changing Cups only once or twice a day. And it's so easy. You simply pull the little plastic tab and flush it. Then insert another Cup. There's no string to collect germs, so you don't have to change every time you go to the ladies' room. Or bathe. Or swim.

Use the Tassaway "Cup" during your next period. Once you try it, you'll realize that every solution to your monthly problem up to now has been a compromise. Buy a box before you need it. Tassaway is available at all leading supermarket, drug and discount stores.



Tassaway®

Tassette, Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif.

WINE, WOMEN AND SO ON

Beaujolais: Universal Red

A year ago, I found myself for the first time in my life in the most beautiful, the Frenchiest of Paris restaurants, Ledoyen—once the hunting lodge of a French nobleman. Still in a green and flowering setting, though close to the busy part of the city, this

restaurant has maintained its reputation for luxury as well as food. What food, what wine, I wondered, would benefit such an atmosphere? What exotic sauces, what vintages? A shock came quickly. My two escorts—both important Parisian businessmen—scarcely

glanced at the elaborate, lengthy bill of fare. Both ordered a "chateau bleu," not a blue castle but "blue steak" cooked so rare it was practically bleeding. The waiter suggested as an accompaniment a bottle of new Beaujolais that was less than two months old.

I tell this story because it illustrates dramatically a trend prevalent in many parts of the world . . . a kind of reverse snobbism among wine drinkers. Beaujolais, the most abundant of all Bur-

gundian wines, made from the gamay grape, has become wildly popular day-to-day drinking.

There is no doubt that Beaujolais became the fad wine of the decade. It is a bright, fruity, refreshingly listed among the Burgundies and bottled in the Burgundy type bottle with sloping shoulders. Grown originally in the southern area of the Burgundy section of France, in the picturesque, rolling countryside of Lyons, it has always been considered "gusting" rather than a "sipping" wine. Generally it is served at "cellar" temperature, about 55 degrees. It is even cooler, particularly when the weather is warm.

Dozens of gradations exist in Beaujolais although all are made essentially from the Gamay grape. Most Beaujolais wine is red, although some is pink. A smaller amount, prized by connoisseurs, is white. Although there are hundreds of names and at least a dozen well-known shippers of this widely consumed red wine in the United States, certain of the French wines have gained universal renown. Amongst the most famous are Brouilly, Chenas, Morgon and Moulin a Vent "the windmill," which comes from an area famous for its windmills. There is also a wine known as Beaujolais Villages. According to French law, all of these couple the names of their town with the name of the wine.

Being a hardy type, the gamay grape has been most successful when introduced upon American roots in California, where, because of its youth and vigor, it is often quite similar to its French cousins. One importer has wryly noted that the California red and the Gamay Beaujolais are not far apart in appeal to the "Parisian taste." California wines usually contain 12 percent alcohol, which is more than the classic type.

Because of the immense popularity of Beaujolais, practically all the known, nationally distributed California growers are now producing Gamays or Gamay Beaujolais. Those grown in the more northern counties around San Francisco are often considered superior because gamay grapes produce less quantity but more quality in the cooler climate.

After a recent visit to the California wine country and a considerable amount of tasting there and in New York City, we have compiled a list of our favorites. They include: Charles Krug Gamay Beaujolais; Inglenook Gamay Beaujolais; Napa Valley Gamay; Krug Gamay; Paul Masson Gamay Beaujolais; Mirassou Gamay Beaujolais; Wente Bros. California Beaujolais from Livermore; Seibel; Louis Martini; Robert Mondavi and Christian Brothers. Charles Krug, Inglenook and Wente Bros. are all dated or vintage wines. Dating is a help, because in the case of Beaujolais you want to be sure your wines are not too old, rather too young. Incidentally and perhaps because they have a slightly higher amount of alcohol, the California Beaujolais wines of '66 still taste delightfully fresh in flavor.

About prices—it is interesting to note that in New York City all of the Beaujolais wines that we liked best (California and French) were priced about the same, between two and three dollars a bottle.

—POPPY



The hot tomato. Bright new accent for savory roast lamb or pork. Zippy and mellow with the mayonnaise lovers' mayonnaise. Velvety smooth Kraft Mayonnaise. Rich with eggs and extra egg yolks. ∞ Cut 3 large tomatoes in half, crosswise. Bake at 350° for 20 minutes. Combine 1/2 cup Kraft Mayonnaise, 2 T. sliced ripe olives and 1/2 t. curry powder. Spoon onto halves. Bake 5 minutes longer or until lightly browned. 6 servings. Or, try 1/2 c. Kraft Mayonnaise blended with 1/4 c. Kraft Shredded Parmesan and 1/2 t. oregano.



KRAFT

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The Mayonnaise Lovers' Mayonnaise



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SACRAMENTO Inn
 The Way In The Capital City

CALIFORNIA BEEF SALAD BOWL

For the management of Chuck [illegible], the Sacramento Inn ranks [illegible] in food volume of all North California dining out establishments. More than 300 pounds of beef are used daily for roasts, [illegible], special entrees and salads, [illegible] the talents of a full time [illegible].

1 cooked California roast
 1 beef strips
 1 French Dressing
 1 small head romaine
 1 cup cherry tomatoes
 1 small cauliflower
 1/2 cup and freshly ground black pepper

1 roast beef into large julienne strips. Mix lightly with 1/3 cup French Dressing. Marinate several hours or overnight. Cut romaine into 1-inch lengths. Cut large tomatoes into halves leaving small whole. Separate cauliflower into 2 cups flowerettes. Combine vegetables and marinated beef. Toss with remaining French Dressing, adding salt and pepper to taste. Makes 4 large servings.

FRENCH DRESSING: Combine 1/2 cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoon cider vinegar, 1/8 teaspoon garlic powder, 1/2 teaspoon each salt and black pepper juice, and 1/4 teaspoon sugar and white pepper.

California, the greatest agricultural state of all, shows off her [illegible] in the new State Fairgrounds in Sacramento, August 1 to September 9th. Cattle and [illegible] retain the lead as the top commodity producing over 18 percent of all agricultural wealth in the state.

California Beef is Best

For More Beef Recipes Write to:
 CALIFORNIA BEEF COUNCIL
 1000 Newster Ave., Redwood City, Calif. 94063

BEAUTY SIGNALS

As the pace begins to quicken for the autumn months ahead, it's time to renew the beauty routines you may have neglected during the summer. Here are some of the newest beauty products to help.

Vaseline has been a basic in medicine chests for over 100 years, but new this fall is Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion. Intensive Care is a lightly scented, rich moisturizer that helps heal dry, chapped skin with all the effectiveness of Vaseline but without the greasy film. 10 ounces, \$1.19.

Shaving isn't new, but the equipment is. Until quite recently shavers were heavy, awkward and designed for a man's needs. With the introduction of Gillette's Techmatic Razor, women now have the luxury of a graceful, lightweight shaver all their own. The enclosed razor band gives a close or not-so-close shave; it adjusts to one's personal needs and eliminates the handling of blades by the flick of a switch. Watch for often missed areas: the back of the leg, the ankle and the above-knee area. P.S.: Shaving often does not make hair grow faster or coarser. The Techmatic, \$2.29.

If summer sun has lightened your hair and you want to keep it looking that way, try lightening hair in lightning time with Clairol's Lemon Go Lightly. Spray on, comb through and sit in the sun or under the hair dryer. Hair lightens as it dries. 4.7 ounces, \$2.25.

Flawless makeup means careful application with the aid of a good mirror. The Beauty Maker is a large optical lens that attaches by suction cups to any mirror and transforms the mirror into a super magnifier for close-up inspection of the finer details of makeup. \$10.

The point of false eyelashes is that they don't look false. Try Kenneth's "Forty Lashes," 10 inches of individual lashes to be snipped off in clumps of two or three and applied to upper and lower lashes. \$15 for the strip.

Eyeliner is on the wane, yet some women need the eye definition it gives. Solution: try the pastel liquid eyeliners from Christian Dior. A thin line drawn close to the eyelid in Bleu Pastel for blue eyes or Brun for brown. \$5 per bottle.

Black and brown mascara have been with us forever, but now mascara comes in lash-lengthening shades of plum, blueberry and cool green. Polly Bergen's Black Raspberry Lashcare-Matic is subtle and sophisticated on light lashes. \$3.50. For dark lashes, Ultima's Wintergreen mascara creates a veil of soft green. \$3.75.

If you love the look of shiny, glossy lips, but have hesitated to change your favorite lipstick shade, try using Yardley's Clear Pot o' Gloss. Applied both before and after applying your favorite lipstick, it leaves a glossy top coat. \$2 a pot in six shades and clear gloss. See us on... —Kitty Blake

New.

You're looking at our new Mushroom & Onions rice mix. A gourmet rice mix that's crammed with delicious ingredients, fragrant herbs and spices. It includes fluffy long grain rice, button mushrooms, onions, bell peppers, vegetables, sweet whey and flavorings. It makes a better meal a better meal. And it's quick 'n easy to make in one pot. (MJB's new Mushroom & Onions is one of our four new rice mixes. Enjoy Mushroom & Sour Cream, White & Wild and Brown & Wild too.) Serve MJB's new gourmet rice mixes. And enjoy the applause.



Put it down and watch it push back the walls.

While it pulls the whole room together. In fact, you'll admire Bright Morning for all its contradictory ways. It stretches space but doesn't strain budgets. Richly patterned, subtly sculptured, it looks as if luxury

were its sole reason for being.

S. But the way it cleans and wears proves it's wonderfully practical too.

We credit the Kodel polyester fiber for its extra lush weight and hand. And take the rest of the credit for our care with the colors, the construction, and the little extra things we do with carpet, nobody's done before.

Carpet by Roxbury

Framingham, Massachusetts



KODEL
MONTY CARMEL
 THE WIND

NEVER WAS A GIRL COULD THROW A BALL LIKE KATE"

By Jeanmarie Coogan

all my life, I've only been to one at wasn't Irish, and, you know, at a bit of fun." If this observa- de by a great-aunt of mine and ently enjoyed and passed down our family, strikes you as im- when you cannot understand the ul. To our way of thinking, the rial milestones of life—christen- onfirmations, weddings and seem but identical links in the e chain by which we are all ound to one another. One pays to the person for whom the y is held. Custom calls for a clan gathering with reminiscing newal of ties with relatives, rs and friends. The weddings, se, are the great fun, but, with- r a hint of disrespect, even the re lively, and laughter a natu- of them.

is with this background that I o the night of my own mother's his, and a great feeling of thanks- because my young and vital had been incurably ill and her ath was the greatest blessing. first to come were my mother's s and sisters. They knelt at my 's side for a few minutes; then, to mask their struggle for self- they came and sat with me.

a while, Uncle Tim, his voice n a reverie, asked, "Remember e hated the Salvation Army?" ers smiled and nodded encour- t. He turned to me. "For years other used to follow the Salva- rmy Band—for miles. When vere slow, one of the ladies used your mother try the trumpet. linnertime, Mom would count nd Kate would be missing. Then s would be told to scatter; we get any dinner until Kate was t home. Mom never sent the cause Kate could outrun any of Boy, many a good crack I gave the way home. But she'd never e was a real little scrapper."

mother's childhood had been ■ one—not easy, she had started t before finishing eighth grade— had suited her, and her grand r the future had been to mother y much like her own.

n't think she ever became recon- o the fact that I was the only e was ever to have. And what My mother naturally expected e a carefree, athletic, plucky girl; I was fussy, studious and I suppose the blackest mark my could give anyone came for g—in our family, it was called eing"—and our early relation- rned out to be one long tearful rstanding, during which, from bths of her despair, my mother reprimand the Almighty: "God ven, what could You have been g of, sending me a whinger?"

that I was backward with reprimyself. Small as I was, I was al- eady to correct and advise my t. One of the things I set out to e, for example, was my mother's hout of a laugh. It often caused 's heads to turn. When I would in to my mother, she would sigh

and say, "Take the bitter with the bet- ter." Whether she meant it as counsel for me or comfort for herself, I don't know. I do know the day finally dawned when I noticed that people's faces, as they turned at my mother's laugh, in- variably wore warm, expectant expres- sions as though something nice had just happened to them. And eventually the same magic took hold of me, and I came to love my mother's laugh. And little by little all of our differences—without ever changing—began to mesh so that by the time I was a young woman, we were mother and daughter—and friends.

A young man, obviously among strangers, touched my arm. "I'm Jack Sullivan. My mother's an invalid, so she asked me to come." I nodded and thanked him, but I really didn't know who he was, so he said, "Your mother was very good to our Dannyboy."

Dannyboy, Sullivan? I don't think we had ever known his last name. We had never met his family, but for a few years this little retarded boy had taken a great fancy to my mother. He came in and out of our house as though it were his own, and his greeting was always the same. He would walk over to my mother, whom he called "Tate" because he couldn't pronounce "K," pat her hand, pat mine, then walk over to the mantel and stick his tongue out at a picture of me. We finally decided that he was really jealous of my place with "Tate."

And in came Henty, our family's butcher from Grandmother's time. A little uncertain on the outside but the same old Henty at heart: cocksure, al- ways ready to comment on anything; always wrong. Once during a World Series he had posted an inning-by-in- ning score on his window—continually crediting the wrong team. A rare trea- sure trove of misinformation. Henty was neighborhood legend, and our fam- ily collected Henty stories the way a schoolboy collects baseball cards. Hen- ty peered into my face. "Kiddie" (he could never remember anybody's name), "Kiddie, your mother was a prince." Good old Henty!

Still others came: a big, broad wo- man with an old faded hat plunked down on the middle of her head, iron- gray hair sticking out from under it and a wild, bony hawk face with slant- ing black eyes darting this way and that. Grudgingly, she said, "Well, I'll say this much for your mother. She had a good word for everybody. I'm Bessie Lonergan. I worked with your mother at the bindery. I'll bet she never said a bad word about me."

The stories I had heard about Bessie —troublemaker of the world! Today she'd be recognized ■ paranoid; then she was considered just plain ornery, and when a work order called for teams, nobody would pair with her. My mother drew the assignment more often than the others because sometimes she could jolly Bessie out of her moods, but necessarily she failed more often than she succeeded, and on those nights she would come home sputtering and buffaloe by such ■ personality.

And my mother's friends came. "I'm Nan Beaton. I use I to be Nan Corkery

and your mother and I used to go dancing when we were kids, but we were never allowed to let boys walk us home. Your mother was a swell dancer, and one night she and this boy won ten dollars in a 'spot' contest—you know, 'spotting' like spinning? I guess they don't do it anymore. Well, it's Sunday night and no place open to get the money changed and that lad's not about to let his five dollars out of his sight so he insists on walking us home. About a block from home, Kate spots your grandfather coming down the street! She knew she'd catch it if he saw us with a boy so she shoved the bill into the boy's hand, took like a quick scis- sors step and went up and over this high fence we were passing. The boy just stood there dumbfounded. Then he gave me the money and told me to give it to Kate because it was worth ten dollars to see someone clear a five- foot fence from a standing start." We laughed, then tears started in her eyes and she turned quickly.

I continued nodding and murmuring and shaking hands, but one part of my mind started thinking of how I would tell the stories of Bessie Lonergan and Henty and the sad-eyed lady to my mother and how she would laugh.

And it was there, for the very first time, I knew. My mother would not laugh. No face in this room would ever turn again, eyes aglow, to greet that irresistible shout of ■ laugh. The unreal figure in the coffin was my mother. My mother was dead. Gone. Forever.

Then from some unknown place within me there arose a wail with the force of an Arctic wind, and my hands and knees started to shake with the effort of holding on, holding down that terrible cry. And it suddenly seemed I had always known the keening of the ancients and the timeless customs of the wake, which at last I understood. And I clung to these customs, now when I needed them, and continued shaking hands and smiling and thank- ing people for coming. And I was led to meet this one and that, and I said, "Oh yes, I agree; he favors his mother's side with that curly hair and all"; and I said, "Of course I remember you. Didn't you used to bring a guitar to parties at our house?" and people took my hand and said to me, "Jeanmarie, did I ever tell you about the time your mother and I—of course, we were just kids ourselves then . . ." And I felt all the love and kindness these people had felt for my mother surround me and support me and I knew then why we had come together there that night.

The next morning, a few minutes be- fore we closed the coffin, a man came in. He was ■ short, stocky man still in his workclothes from a night shift some- where. I didn't know him; I don't think he knew me. He stood looking down at my mother for a few minutes; then, slowly shaking his head, he said so wist- fully, "Kate Dennehey. Never was a girl could throw a ball like Kate."

And all that day that phrase kept coming back to me. "Never was ■ girl . . . never was a girl . . . never was ■ girl like Kate." Ah, Kate. O Mother. Good-bye.

END

Recipe says
1 cup
dry white wine.

Do you open
a fresh bottle?



You don't have to. Not if your husband has Martini & Rossi Extra Dry Vermouth in the liquor cabinet. M&R gives food all the full flavor of fine white wine. Plus a subtle hint of herbs that nothing else can duplicate. Next time try M&R. And see how much bet- ter good can be.

CHICKEN BASQUE

2 2½ to 3 pound fryers, cut-up
½ cup flour
⅓ cup butter or salad oil
¾ cup chopped onion
1 clove garlic, mashed
½ pound sliced mushrooms
1 can (1 lb. 12 oz.) tomatoes, broken up
1 cup Martini & Rossi Extra Dry Vermouth
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 crumbled bay leaf
½ teaspoon each basil and thyme

Coat chicken with flour; brown in but- ter, remove. Brown onions, garlic, and mushrooms in drippings. Replace chicken, add tomatoes, vermouth, salt, pepper and herbs. Cover and sim- mer 1 hour until tender. Thicken sauce if desired. Serves 6.

Rule of thumb:
In any recipe that calls for dry white wine use M&R Extra Dry Vermouth.

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Most other feminine sprays are made like an underarm deodorant, with just one deodorizer — hexachlorophene.

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EASY DAY . . . the one with the extra ingredient.





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e it's durable and hard-wearing.
e it's Saga Mink—
s too short and winter too long
without it.

nk is Saga.

est mink from Scandinavia
winters are six months long.



YOU AND YOUR SLEEP

By Bob Gaines

Sex: On a bookshelf is a vaguely abstracted sculpture of a couple embracing—the only sign that the office might be in any way different. I'm talking with Dr. William Masters, co-author of *Human Sexual Response* (Little, Brown) and the country's leading sex researcher, in his office in St. Louis. A blunt, austere looking man with piercing eyes, Dr. Masters leans back at his desk and speaks about the relation between sleep inadequacy and sexual inadequacy.

"One of the first questions we ask patients who come here is about their sleep patterns," he says. "Insomnia is often a reflection of some deeper problem—and frequently one that is either connected with sex or is exerting some influence on the patient's sex life."

Nighttime fatigue, he says, plays an important part in many couples' marital failings. Exhausted from work, the husband goes to bed too tired for lovemaking. "This condition is much more common with men who work with their minds than those who work with their backs. The tensions of the day are too much for them. All they want is to go to sleep—and sometimes they can't even do that."

What does Dr. Masters suggest to couples who come to him with this problem? "Some men find that if they can get a bit of rest, they wake later in the night feeling refreshed and a bit more lively. Other couples manage to set aside time in the morning when they awaken.

"More often than not, this nighttime fatigue and tension last until the weekend. Then the job pressure on the husband eases and the couple can engage in their normal sexual function."

Morning: My neighbor Steven is up by 7:30 A.M. and usually chipper and full of jokes. His wife Barbara gropes her way to the breakfast table about 8:30 and sits bleary-eyed sipping hot coffee and somehow furious over Steve's good mood.

"The funny thing is that Barbara's morning blues don't depress me," says Steve. "Just the opposite. They make me want to laugh, maybe pat her on the head, and then head off for the office. I confess—somehow they put me in a good mood."

A strange perversion? A puzzling marital quirk? "Not a bit. It's probably quite common among morning people, the larks, who marry evening people, the owls," says Dr. Mary Jane Sherfey, a New York psychiatrist. "The characteristics of one person seem to set off those of the other. The larks become more cheerful, the owls become grumpier."

"First, it may be that the person who feels good is genuinely trying to cheer up the other. In some cases, the bad humor of the wife may contribute to the husband's feeling of superiority and self-satisfaction. 'Look how cheerful and good I am in the morning,' he's saying.

"The real point is that the way you awaken is a fundamental sleep pattern. Few of us are about to give it up. The presence of another pattern in a mate only increases our determina-

tion to remain the way we are. That's part of our identity, and we'll be like cats and dogs to maintain it."

Can a morning husband ever r this incompatibility with his evening wife? "Heavens, just leave her in the morning," says Dr. Sherfey.

Sleep Learning: A recorded gently whispers into the ear of a sleeping student, repeating the lessons. Does it have any effect? Asian scientists say yes. Most American sleep researchers think not. According to C. Michael Levy, a psychologist at the University of Florida (Gainesville), the contradiction may reflect the fact that American researchers don't understand how to use sleep learning.

"Our investigators run their experiments for one or two nights and then draw their conclusions from that. In the Soviet Union, a typical research project may go on for weeks and months," says Levy.

He notes that Soviet scientists usually screen their sleep learners and choose only those who have no suggestion to learn and are susceptible to mild hypnotic suggestion. "The Russians encourage their students to believe the program will help. Then, to them, the technique has been successfully used to teach everything from foreign languages to military strategy. With this sort of encouragement, Russians say, students can get through a foreign language program or sleep learning in half the usual time."

Mr. Levy recently ran several learning studies of his own. His conclusion: "It looks like they (the subjects) did learn something."

Alarms: The first alarm clock. Some historians trace it back to the day when an ancient Chinese, using a long joss stick between his toes, would then doze until the slow-burning stick burned down to his toes.

Man has devised a variety of techniques over the years to jangle himself awake. In the ruins of Pompeii, archaeologists uncovered an hourglass-like device that slowly filled with water until it slipped from its notch and tumbled onto a sheet of tin. The tin then built an alarm that exploded when morning sunlight focused through a magnifying glass on gunpowder. In the mid-19th century, a German inventor devised an alarm bell that emitted two loud wake-up clatters. If the slumberer didn't respond, the device tumbled him onto the floor and, if necessary, lit a small stove for his morning coffee.

Thomas Edison sometimes called his "ping-pong alarm." He would doze off holding a ping-pong ball. When his fingers relaxed, the clatter of the ball would awaken him. Edison figured out he only needed a few minutes' nap to refresh himself.

London newspapers report a surprising young man who now works as a professional waker-upper. He travels through his neighborhood in the morning tapping on the windows of mill workers. He'll tap steadily until the light goes on in the house.

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME

"KAKES AND KOOKIES FOR KOLLEGE KIDS"

Mrs. James N. Thomasson, 24-year-old mother of two young children, has a thriving business baking cakes and other homemade goodies for college students in Nashville, Tenn. It began last year when Ednearl Thomasson, remembering how much she enjoyed getting pastry from her mother when she was away at college, baked a cake for her off-at-school mother-in-law. "I baked a beautiful cake," she recalls, "bought a tin to put it in, and took it to the post office. Then I had a shock: it cost three dollars to mail the cake—more than it cost to make it—and I couldn't be sure that it would arrive fresh or in one piece. It was then that I hit on a great idea that might just be profitable as well as fun." The idea was to be a surrogate mother of sorts; Ednearl would bake birthday cakes and other things for out-of-town students in Nashville. She figured she could bake the cakes and deliver them herself for the same amount of money, if not less, than it would cost most mothers to send them; she could guarantee that her pastries would be fresh and intact. The business was called "Kakes and Kookies for Kollege Kids." Ednearl went to Vanderbilt and a number of the other smaller schools in Nashville and asked for student directories, which listed home addresses of students. She then sent out 100 letters to some parents who lived far enough away to find it difficult to send packages to their children. "In my letter," Ednearl explains, "I told them I had thought of the idea, listed prices and put an order blank at the end that could be cut out and returned. I didn't want to be bothered sending out bills, so I explained I charged a 15 percent service charge if I had to bill later. That way, I thought people would send checks with their orders. Three days later, I had a long-distance call from a mother in Hawaii who wanted a birthday cake for her son the next day. After that, orders started pouring in." Customers have a choice of cakes, brownies, cookies or sweet rolls. Ednearl charges \$4 for a cake, \$5 for a decorated birthday cake; brownies and sweet rolls are \$1.50 a dozen, and cookies are 75¢ a dozen. The minimum order for cookies and rolls is two dozen. The flavor of the cake depends on what supplies Ednearl has in stock. "Most people like chocolate," she says. "I ask the parents to specify if their child is allergic or isn't supposed to eat chocolate." She's had enough re-orders to be assured that her baking is ap-

preciated as much as "mother's own." The first letters went out near the end of February last year (right after Ednearl had her brainstorm), therefore she had only three months before school was out. During that short period, she grossed \$600; out-of-pocket expenses ran to about \$100. Now that schools are back in session, Ednearl plans to send out 1,200 letters, and the business will be open the full nine months.

An added feature this year will be the "Pastry of the Month." For a total of \$12, a parent can arrange to have a box of cookies, brownies or rolls delivered to her child once a month for eight months, and Ednearl will send a free birthday cake at the right time.

Ednearl is saving her profits to buy a larger stove and to make some changes in her kitchen so she can turn out even more sweets. Meanwhile, her two children are helping out in their

own way. Six-year-old Tracey enjoys sprinkling nuts on the brownies, and two-year-old Nelson licks the pans clean.—JOYCE KUH

Are you a housewife who started a profitable business in your spare time? If you are, or know a woman who has, we would like to know about it. Write to: Spare-Time Moneymakers, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10022.



And wouldn't the requirements involving lifting collie dogs and other heavy creatures rule out women for such a profession?

A: Veterinary medicine still is performed largely by men. But there is no good reason why a woman shouldn't enter this field today. As for the "lifting problem," women lift babies who are heavier than collie dogs.

Job labeling is a key reason why women in this country now hold a dwindling proportion of professional and technical jobs—37 percent of such jobs versus 46 percent in 1945. We simply cannot afford to discriminate so blatantly against women by just the sort of job labeling you are helping to perpetuate. Your daughter well may be a great veterinarian. Encourage her. **END**

Following morning to spin all the details ("Jackie wore a black pants suit; so did Bunny Mellon, the first time she'd ever worn a pants suit!").

"I don't have to peep through keyholes to get my scoops," she says. "I don't pry or solicit information. I seem to be everywhere, but I'm not always. That's where my friends come in." She has had many front-page stories and scoops (the Fords can't seem to get married and divorced without her)—the latest being Dr. Jonas Salk's marriage to Picasso's ex-mistress, Françoise Gilot, a story that somehow eluded everyone else's attention. Another aid that stands Suzy in good stead is her photographic memory. She almost never takes notes, which has led to unfounded rumors (continued)

Sometimes I think I could be twice as happy with half as much entertainment.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

HEADACHES

continued from page 60

Here, warning signs of any kind are rare. These headaches are not single, long-lasting aches; they occur in closely spaced (in time) groups or clusters. There may be two or three, or even five or six, separate headaches within a 24-hour span, each beginning abruptly and ending equally abruptly 20 to 90 minutes later. Like the classic type,

they affect one side of the head only. With cluster migraine, the symptoms and discomforts usually occur on the same side as the headache itself. These may include red, tearing eyes, stuffy or running nose on the affected side, and sometimes drooping eyelid and pupil contraction; occasionally there is sweating on one or both sides of the body. Once the series or cluster has run its course, there is often a headache-free period of months, or even years.

How is migraine treated? Each case is different, of course, but Dr. Friedman generalizes the physician's approach this way: "We approach the migraine victim's problem through two avenues. One is *symptomatic treatment*—treatment designed to halt the headache as quickly as possible. The second is *prophylactic treatment*—an effort to prevent, or at least render milder and less frequent, future attacks. In both, we find it vital, as in muscle-contraction

headaches, to treat the *whole* rather than simply an isolated symptom. "Though it cannot be said at any time that any medication is wholly consistently effective," Dr. Friedman continues, "there are a number of we have found useful for relief. The main weapon is a substance called ergotamine tartrate. For reasons yet completely understood, this substance reduces the distension and constriction of blood vessels, thus attacking an important part of migraine's mechanism.

"Frequently, we find it helpful to combine or follow these agents with others that work to raise the tolerance threshold and to relieve the patient's anxiety. These may include common analgesics sold over the counter; stronger pain-relievers, such as codeine, if they are needed; and sedative and tranquilizing drugs.

"Prevention of migraine," Dr. Friedman says, "is less predictable and more complex. Here, a broad spectrum of medications have been tried, and have been found effective to varying degrees; all, however, have drawbacks. For now, however, the 'ideal' drug continues to elude us.

"Assuming far more important than any of these is successful coping with the emotional factors that are the frequent triggers of migraine. The goal is to relieve and release emotional tension—in some instances, actually changing stress-producing situations in the patient's environment; in others, by the patient's adoption of new views of, and responses to, the circumstances with which he must deal. In still others, by a combination of these."

You and your headache

A headache may signal a serious condition or one of little concern, a rare illness or the start of a continuing problem—and the intensity of the pain is not necessarily a dependable guide.

It is important, if you suffer from a headache of unknown cause, that you consult your doctor without delay. Particularly urgent that you do so if your headache is sudden and severe; follows a blow to the head; is persistent even though mild; is accompanied by fever, convulsion, dizziness or a loss of consciousness; occurs simultaneously with pain in some other specific part of the body; or interferes with your daily life.

Once your headache's cause has been diagnosed by a physician, follow his instructions to the letter. If he has prescribed a particular medication, take it, and none other. Should you experience any unexpected symptoms or side effects, stop taking the medication and consult your doctor.

Following these basic rules is part of the important doctor-patient relationship. As Dr. Friedman points out:

"The key to successful treatment of a headache, as of any other illness, is a genuine, productive relationship between the patient and his or her doctor. In this relationship, the physician bears a great portion of the responsibility, the patient a significant obligation. Trust your doctor. Confide in him; sympathize with him, whether physical or psychic, though it may seem trivial to you may well mean a great deal to him. Above all, follow his advice—concerning medication, other measures, the scheduling of future consultations, whatever. In short, help your doctor help you."

Love your hair



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WELLA
KOLESTRAL

people, the larks, who are people, the owls," says Jane Sherfey, a New York trist. "The characteristics of person seem to set off those of The larks become more cheerful, the owls become grumpier.

"First, it may be that a person who feels good is genuinely cheer up the other. In some bad humor of the wife may to the husband's feeling of and self-satisfaction. 'Look, I'm good and good I am in the he's saying.

"The real point is that to awaken is a fundamental term. Few of us are about to. The presence of another person only increases our

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ARGUE WITH MOTHERS

ued from page 30

ughter up right than on finding with the way the daughter does. The grandmother reacts to the ter's wish to do a better job with children than her mother did with each accuses the other of doing, ing done, a poor job of raising n. And since the situation is not at can be discussed, the tension in some fashion transmitted to children.

en the mothers asked what they do to avoid this vicious circle of l recrimination, which made ody involved unhappy, I could ggest a change in inner attitude, on such recognition. Instead of rirg the grandparental criticism,

"You are making mistakes in raising your children," with the inner attitude, "You raised me wrong, and I am raising my child the right way," mothers could better counter with a more temperate point of view, expressed or unexpressed. For example: "Look, you made quite a few mistakes in bringing me up, and so will I with my children. But I can do as a mother only what you did—raise my child to the best of my ability, and in line with my convictions. You did not raise me according to your mother's convictions, but according to your own. I must do the same." To be able to make such a statement, even to herself, requires first that a mother accept with tranquility the realization that we cannot help making mistakes in rearing our children, and neither could our parents.

END



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SPENDING YOUR MONEY

continued from page 40

deal. Borrow the lowest amount possible and plan to repay the loan as quickly as possible. Then, watch the Federal subsidized student loan picture closely and switch over to it the first chance you get.

The interest rates charged on regular loans will surely be hard for you to take, but ponder this single point: the average difference in total expected lifetime earnings of an individual who has completed college and one who has only finished high school is \$200,000!

Q: Our 17-year-old daughter has wanted to become a veterinarian since she was in kindergarten and we got a dog to guard her when she was not in school. Isn't this strictly a man's world? And wouldn't the requirements involving lifting collie dogs and other heavy creatures rule out women for such a profession?

A: Veterinary medicine still is performed largely by men. But there is no good reason why a woman shouldn't enter this field today. As for the "lifting problem," women lift babies who are heavier than collie dogs.

Job labeling is a key reason why women in this country now hold a dwindling proportion of professional and technical jobs—37 percent of such jobs versus 46 percent in 1945. We simply cannot afford to discriminate so blatantly against women by just the sort of job labeling you are helping to perpetuate. Your daughter well may be a great veterinarian. Encourage her.

END

SUZY

continued from page 81

for a one-week cruise aboard the yacht *Christina* along with three astronauts and their families, Cary Grant, and a few hand-picked guests. The cruise was put off because one of the astronauts couldn't make it, and the postponement fanned divorce rumors about the Onassises. Suzy picked up the phone and received an official denial from Ari. Indeed, he informed her that he would sue anyone perpetuating this canard. The cruise was rescheduled for late summer or fall.

Presumably, Jackie Onassis concurred in the invitation. This, despite the fact that every time the O's throw one of their infrequent little dinner parties in New York or elsewhere, at least two intimates call Suzy the following morning to spill all the details ("Jackie wore a black pants suit; so did Bunny Mellon, the first time she'd ever worn a pants suit!").

"I don't have to peep through keyholes to get my scoops," she says. "I don't pry or solicit information. I seem to be everywhere, but I'm not always. That's where my friends come in." She has had many front-page stories and scoops (the Fords can't seem to get married and divorced without her)—the latest being Dr. Jonas Salk's marriage to Picasso's ex-mistress, Françoise Gilot, a story that somehow eluded everyone else's attention. Another aid that stands Suzy in good stead is her photographic memory. She almost never takes notes, which has led to unfounded rumors (continued)

that she conceals a recorder somewhere on her 5-foot, 3½-inch person.

She doesn't miss much. When dining one night at the Colony in New York with Onassis, she met Frank Sinatra. When Sinatra went to London last May for his packed-house charity concert at London's Festival Hall, who was on hand for the festivities? Suzy! There she was at the dinner given for Frank by American Ambassador Walter Annenberg, looking positively smashing in her black taffeta Oscar de la Renta, with its white petticoat and the bodice slit down to there for a dazzling display of that fantastic bosom.

Two can play the Suzy game. Any clever reader of Suzy's column can figure out where Suzy is practically all the time. You don't have to be a super-sleuth or to peep through keyholes to deduce that Suzy was part of the Sinatra yacht party that plied the Mediterranean in May, visited Princess Grace and Prince Rainier at the palace in Monte Carlo, and dined with Princess Alexandra, Queen Elizabeth's cousin, and her husband Angus Ogilvy at their house in Sardinia. Frank, who has a notorious aversion to newspaper people, seems to have overcome it in Suzy's case. She says, "I think Frank is brilliant, wildly funny and the most exciting man I know. It's also nice that he can sing." Sinatra has said—for publication—"I adore Aileen Mehle. She brings an ingredient to her reporting rarely found in a gossip column—humor. It's important to remember that a lady writer in her position has a great deal of power. Aileen wields that power with a feather duster." For Sinatra, that's most unusual.

But Suzy-Aileen is a most unusual woman.

Incredible cool

Born a Roman Catholic, she attends Mass regularly, and her mail indicates that some of her most avid readers are nuns. She is disciplined ("I'd better be"), hardly ever drinks and smokes only occasionally. She has never tried pot and couldn't care less. Social historian Stephen Birmingham, reading Suzy's fortune in the cards at a party at the Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's, saw in them a hyperpractical personality with an incredible cool. "He said the monumental cool was not innate, but had been built up," Suzy says. "Later on a palmist at the party told me the same thing. I hope they're right. There are days when I can use all the cool I can get."

Aileen was born in El Paso, Texas, the product of an aristocratic Spanish family tracing back to one Don Jacinto Ascarate, who received a land grant from the Spanish throne. (A large area of El Paso is still called Ascarate.) She

majoring in English at the University of California at Santa Barbara, which she left to marry Ensign Roger W. Mehle, USN, now an admiral. The marriage was not helped by war separation and they were divorced. Their son, Roger, Jr., an Annapolis graduate like his father, followed a Navy life for six years and is now a banker in New York.

Suzy the columnist was born in 1952, when the publisher of the Miami News

marble fireplace, vermeil bathroom fixtures, a canopied, queen-size bed and a kitchen "that has to be done soon or it will fall down on my head." Her closets are filled with clothes that range from \$14.95 to several thousand dollars. They are her "working clothes" and she deducts them from her income tax. She got the 200 pairs of shoes for nothing because she wears a sample size 4. Suzy accepts few gifts, however. Unlike many columnists of the past, she

each has a new filly, Lalellah (only name; she's a horse). Beverly Hills a new discotheque called Bumbles which the Burtons had a public fi

The menu gets richer when S moves into the international so Prince Charles is an item with daughter of the Chilean Ambassa to the Court of St. James. The Ba and Baroness Guy de Rothschild a garden party for 2,500 at their tea, Ferrières, outside of Paris,

everybody sat on white coverlets spread on grass, with little white pillows embroidered with "R." The Peter Petsch gave the big August party at Cap Ferrat, with 100 pink carnations and 20 linists at the dock to greet the arriving yachts. V are the Petscheks? For Suzy's column and you get to know them like b dies, the way you got know those other big p givers, the Patinos, Schlumbergers, and the on Alexis de Rede.

Tolerant to phonies

Suzy knows there plenty of phonies, but regards them with tolera There are climbers who to use people like the I and Duchess of Winds move into higher pl There are people who press agents: ambit mothers who want t daughters launched; la who desire to make the dressed lists; doers who the old blood-lines that once essential to lift yo the top in the big chari executives who know the little status helps profits.

"Today, getting into se ty means getting into Su column," says Clare Bo Luce, another of her mirers. Suzy insists she doesn't want power anyone, that she has n considered making or br ing anyone. But she rea that her column may get the kind of invita that are heaped on her. summer, for example, was invited by J. Paul G the richest man in the w to stay at his castle in Italy; Fernanda and Fra Kellogg wanted her to c to Kenya for safari. Etc

"I used to make tw three parties a night."

Suzy. "Now I settle for c

Suzy's popularity is not entirely to her column. She is genuinely, g ously and widely adored; her lac enemies, for a gossip columnist, i most a phenomenon. William F. B ley, Jr., the political conservative, has collected many an enemy him says, "Aileen is successful because has class. She sees through all of the pretense, the sham. One w think that would get her enemies body wants to make friends with X-ray machine. But everybody her." Cathy MacLean, Suzy's assis friend who helps her and shops for

(continued on page



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invited her to write a column. Preferring anonymity, Aileen used the name Suzy, which was also the name of her step-daughter-to-be. Shortly afterward, when she married Kenneth Frank, a property developer in Washington, D.C., she gave up the column. But when that marriage also ended in divorce and the New York Mirror asked her to resume a columnist's career, she accepted. When the Mirror and other papers folded, she joined the New York Daily News.

Suzy writes her column in her Park Avenue apartment surrounded by crystal chandeliers, smoked mirrors, a white

is known for never being "on the take."

What makes people read Suzy? She is, as Mrs. Bennett Cerf has said, a "Mother Goose for adults." A Suzy column is a self-contained fable, filled with Jacks and Jills running up diamanté status hills and little Miss Muffets on their tuffets in Acapulco, Palm Beach and the Costa del Sol.

Suzy keeps a Social Register at her side, but she does not ignore the fact that show folk are alluring. Many of her columns concentrate on movie star doings. Taste these tidbits of tattle: Michael Caine has a new Filipino girl friend, Minda Feliciano. Burt Bach-



The Short Drapery and how it grew to be beautiful and protective.

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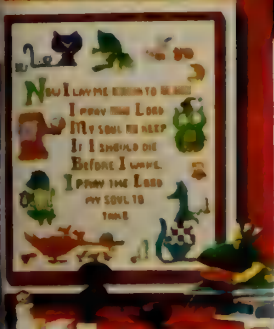


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DONALD DUCK Growing with Donald Duck: record the birth and watch the child grow. He (or she) will be delighted to be measured against this enchanting grow chart. Design is stamped on piqué-like washable fabric bound with a wonderful finish that will keep chart flat. Embroider, sew on tape and add hanger on top. For a child's delight order kit 61208 Donald Duck Grow Chart, \$3.00 each.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH BIRTH RECORD

Copied from rare old Pennsylvania Dutch "fraktur", this birth record is sure to become a family heirloom. Design stamped on 100% pure white linen to fit a frame 14 by 16 inches. Birth record kit 61211, just \$2.50 each. Frame also available, hand-rubbed maple, \$2.98 each. Order frame 61224. A birth record such as this for each child is a wonderful decorating idea.



CHILD'S PRAYER

This is a most popular nursery item. Mother animals and their young second only to bedtime prayer. Easy-to-do embroidery mostly cross stitch. 14x17" Kit 61015 \$2. Frame 61135 for kit \$3.00.

THE GREAT SEAL "LIBERTY BELL"

These kits include 13" round "Seal of the United States" and eagle motif dating back to the Symbol in American Independence. The "Liberty Bell" is also a "heirloom". Kits include finished frame stamped pictures, wool crewel yarn, needle and instructions. "Seal" #66003 or "Liberty Bell" #66002 & Frame, just each.



NEEDLEPOINT RUG KIT

the easiest and quickest form of rug making and think thrill in saying: "I MADE IT MYSELF!" Complete kit in painted design on imported rug canvas, all yarn needed complete design, background & fringe, rug needle, easy to instructions. When completed you will have a large 24 inch rug with fringe. Flower design rug is extremely and will last for years. It will look lovely in parlor, room; anyplace where you wish to have the decor en- 1. Order #66001 Needlepoint Rug Kit, just \$12.98



CROSS-STITCH OUR LOVELY WILD STRAWBERRIES

Our crisp, delicate strawberry tea cloth and place mats were inspired by a historic restoration now going on in Portsmouth, N.H. When early settlers arrived at this port, they found the riverbank covered with wild strawberries. Design stamped on heavy, cream white, 100% pure linen. 48-inch-square cloth and mats already bound in moss green "beauty edge" that insures flat edge. #61079 Four Strawberry Place Mats with napkins, \$4.99 per set. #61080 Strawberry Tea Cloth, with four napkins, \$7.99 per set.



MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

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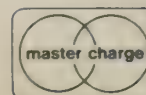
Fill out coupon and enclose check or money order. Florida residents please add 4% sales tax. Allow 4 weeks for handling and mailing. Sorry we are unable to handle foreign or Canadian orders.

QUANTITY	KIT #	NAME	PRICE

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$2 good-will deposit and will pay postman balance plus all postal charges.

(Please add 25¢ postage for each kit)
Enclosed check or m.o. for—TOTAL

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



To Charge Order to Your Master Charge Please Print Number



Now you can buy your boy
one pair of pants
with Fabrilock knees.

Or lots of pairs of pants without them.
It's your money.

Pants with Fabrilock knees wear 2½ to 9 times longer than pants without them. A fact. Proved in wear tests and lab tests. So don't throw away good money on not-so-good-wearing pants. Get the ones reinforced with Fabrilock polymer film by B.F. Goodrich. Fabrilock is heat-sealed inside the knee to form an invisible knee patch. That wears. And wears. For nearest store, dial free any time: 800-243-6000; in Conn., 800-942-0655. It pays to look for Fabrilock protected pants. The B.F. Goodrich Co., Dept. F-120; Akron, Ohio 44318



SUZY continued

declares, "She has a luminescent quality. She's also the most honest woman I know. There's no baloney about her."

Suzy also agrees that new winds are sweeping across the social scene. Recognizing the shaky advent of "radical chic" or the tendency of a few liberal celebrities to throw parties for the benefit of grape pickers, Black Panthers, etc., she says, "Some of these party givers are sincere, but some of them are 'cause phonies.'" Suzy doesn't see many blacks at parties—"except for Dr. Ralph Bunche and Bobby Short from time to time."

But she also makes a point of the many real philanthropies of the Beautiful People. There are the monumental good works and the foundations of such families as the Fords and the Rockefellers, of course. There are the personal activities of such Ladies Bountiful as Mary Lasker, Brooke Astor, Marietta Tree and Mary Warburg, and the charities—both visible and unknown—of the whole show business world. "Giving goes far beyond the charity balls," says Suzy. "As a matter of fact, the charity balls are getting to be a big fat cliché."

She also says she's bored to death at other standardized functions. The big hotel dinners are huge affairs with bad food and too many conversational lev-

els. "Banquet-sized rectangular tables should be hacked to bits. Cocktail parties are anathema," she says. "The best entertaining is a dinner for eight or ten at a round table in your own house or apartment, beautifully laid on."

"And your perfect guest list?"

She wanted to think about that. So we gave her a couple of other lists to make up, and here they are... Suzy's Secret Lists.—By LENORE HERSHEY

Suzy's Dazzling Dozen—the World's Most Beautiful Women

1. Mrs. Patrick (Dolores) Guinness, and her mother...
2. Mrs. Loel (Gloria) Guinness
3. Princess Salima, the former Sally Croker-Poole, now the Aga Khan's wife
4. Brigitte Bardot
5. Pilar Crespi, daughter of the Count and Countess Rudolfo Crespi of Rome
6. Jean Shrimpton, the model and actress
7. Mme. Ahmed Benhima, wife of the Moroccan Ambassador to the U.N.
8. Raquel Welch
9. Allegra Caracciolo, a gazelle-like Italian aristocrat
10. Britt Ekland, Peter Sellers' ex-wife
11. Mrs. Carter (Amanda) Burden and her mother...
12. Mrs. William S. (Babe) Paley, one of the famous Cushing sisters

Suzy's Perfect Little Dinner for Ten

1. Pierre Trudeau, Prime Minister of Canada, because he's one of the most fascinating, powerful and eligible bachelors in the world.
2. Loel Guinness, because he's charming, rich, marvelous with women, and the complete gentleman.
3. Howard Hughes, because I haven't seen him in a long time—and he has all that money!
4. William F. Buckley, Jr., because he's fun, speaks Spanish and says outrageous things *entre nous*.
5. Frank Sinatra, because he's Frank Sinatra.
6. Burt Bacharach, the composer, because he's young and cute and super talented.
7. Paul Newman, because of those blue eyes (and because he might take his shirt off after dinner).
8. Joe Namath (but he has to get a haircut first).
9. Truman Capote, because we can dish, dish, dish!
10. ME!!!!

Suzy's Beautiful People Restaurants

New York: La Seine, Lafayette, La Grenouille, La Cote Basque, Le Madrigal, Elaine's, Le Pavillon.

Los Angeles: Le Bistro, Chasen's, La Scala, Matteo's.

San Francisco: Señor Pico, The Blue Fox, The Magic Pan, L'Etoile.

Suzy's List of Plastic Surgeons to the Beautiful People

1. Dr. David Ju (New York)
2. Dr. Thomas Rees (New York)
3. Dr. John Converse (New York)
4. Dr. Franklin Ashley (Beverly Hills)
5. Dr. Ralph Millard (Miami)
6. Dr. Ivo Pitanguy (Rio de Janeiro)
7. Dr. Robin Beare (London)
8. Dr. Jean Lintilhac (Paris)

Suzy's List of the Most Fashionable (and Exclusive) Resorts

1. Dark Harbor, Maine
2. Las Cruces, Baja California
3. Marbella, Spain
4. Majorca
5. St. Moritz, Switzerland (winter)
6. Fisher's Island, off New London, Connecticut
7. Palm Springs, California
8. Vouliagmeni, Greece (when the right Greeks are there)
9. The world's biggest yacht
10. Anywhere with the man you love

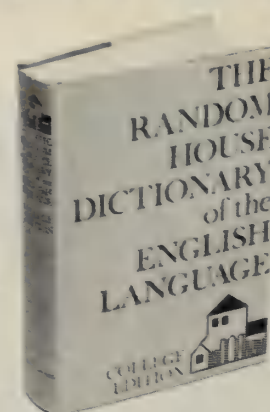
Suzy's Snob Test

(If you know who or what more five of these are, you're In.)

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. A parure | 8. The Antique |
| 2. Toile de jouy | 9. Vermeil |
| 3. Raffles | 10. Moulin de la |
| 4. Minaudière | Tuileries |
| 5. Boiserie | 11. People |
| 6. K.J.L. | 12. Silver Cloud |
| 7. The Frog | 13. Fuiggi |
| | 14. "Billy B" |

Answers below opposite page.

Presenting the James Michener Dictionary.



James Michener is a writer. A great writer. (*Hawaii, The Source, and Iberia*, to name only three of his many best-sellers.) He's probably written over a million words in his life. As a matter of fact, words are his life.

The dictionary James Michener uses is the Random House College Dictionary. He uses it because it's a great desk dictionary. And those are not just words.

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Shrimpton Princess Salima

ers to Snob Test
parure is a matched set of jew-
usually necklace, earrings, brooch,
times tiara. 2. *Toile de jouty* is an
sive type of printed fabric show-
ral scenes on cotton, usually used
ench Provincial rooms. 3. Raffles
private club in New York. 4. A
dière is a small, rigid evening
usually made of precious metal. 5.
rie is elegant hand-carved wood-
6. K.J.L. is Kenneth J. Lane, who

Playtex[®] watched a flower bloom, and saw a way to make a better protecting tampon.



The Self-Adjusting Tampon.

There's nothing like it. A tampon that flowers out, self-adjusts within you, to make mishaps practically impossible. It takes on your inner shape, protects every inside inch of you, like no other tampon can.

A More Absorbent Tampon.

Because of the unusual way it's made, the Playtex self-adjusting Tampon is more absorbent than others. Laboratory tests proved it. Actually 45% more absorbent on the average than the leading tampon. This means extra protection for you, more than you ever got from a tampon before.

Unique Applicator Makes Insertion Easy.

The applicator is all flexible plastic. Soft and gentle. And its smooth, satin finish acts like a self-lubricator. It even lets you adjust the tampon inside the applicator. So it's easy for you to insert it properly. And especially comfortable.

A remarkable idea—a tampon that automatically adjusts to fit you. And is more absorbent and easier to use. Try it. You can depend on it.



Playtex Tampons
The self-adjusting ones.

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makes costume jewelry some rich people like better than the real stuff. 7. The Frog is La Grenouille, a top New York restaurant. (That's what it means in French.) 8. The Antique Gang is an uncaught group of burglars in Southampton who only steal the finest stuff. 9. *Vermeil* is gold plate on silver, or what the upper classes use instead of kitchen ware. 10. Moulin de la Tuilerie is the country house of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. 11. People is a

brand new chic restaurant in Rome. 12. A Silver Cloud is a Rolls Royce. 13. Fuiggi is a bottled Italian water from the Fuiggi springs. 14. "Billy B" is Billy Baldwin, an exclusive decorator whose clients have included Mrs. Aristotle Onassis both when she was Mrs. John F. Kennedy and right now.

Our Own List: How to Read Suzy's Column

1. Regularly.

2. With a grain of salt.
3. With the knowledge that behind it is a remarkable woman who is possibly the most Beautiful Person of All.

END

I don't care what Women's Liberation says, I'd still rather be married to a King than be Queen in my own right.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

Glamour Wigs

IN A CHOICE OF BEAUTIFUL
Colors and Styles



109

**Selection
of 4 Styles
and
9 Attractive
Colors**

**Match
Any Outfit
or for
Any Occasion**

\$6⁹⁵
ONLY **Worth
Much
More**
Inventory Clearance Sale
for a Limited Time Only

**Makes a Big Hit at
Parties, Dances, Anywhere**

- Black
- Off Black
- Dark Brown
- Brown
- Light Blonde
- Auburn
- Platinum
- Mixed Grey
- Dark Blonde

**A Perfect Cover-Up
After Swimming, Setting or Washing Your Own Hair—
Soft and Lovely As a Movie Star's Hair-Do**

Be bewitching, daring, winsome, demure! Make this split-second change to a new personality. You'll find surprising new adventures, be the life of the party. This new crowning glory wins admiring glances from both guys and gals anywhere you go. It's the fashion rage.

A very pretty cover-up after swimming or washing or setting your own hair (instead of unsightly kerchiefs), smooth, non-flammable

Celanese acetate looks like real hair, feels luxuriously soft and lovely.

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108



112



114

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Rush my Glamour Wig in the style and color checked below. I enclose \$1 deposit and will pay postman on delivery \$5.95 plus postage. I must be absolutely satisfied or I can return the wig within 10 days and my money will be refunded.

Check Box of Style Number Desired

☐ 108 ☐ 109 ☐ 112 ☐ 114

Check Box of Color Desired

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Light Blonde
☐ Off Black ☐ Dark Blonde ☐ Auburn
☐ Dark Brown ☐ Mixed Grey ☐ Platinum

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

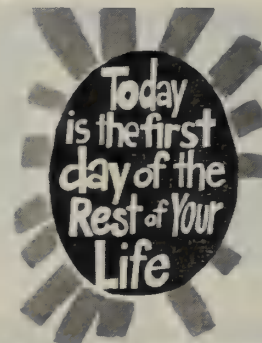
☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by sending only \$6.95 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!



LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR

Sunny thought on canvas

Since the beginning started with a word, what better way to start the day than a happy reminder that life begins anew each day. "Today is the first day of the Rest of Your Life" becomes even more meaningful in sunlight reds, orange and yellow. Silk-screened on artist canvas. 22x32 in. \$5.95 plus 45¢ postage. Lambert, Dept. LH-8, 910 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.



Ceramic candle holders

These old-fashioned "Blue Onion" candle holders were originally designed to light the way through dark and drafty hallways. Today, they make delightful decorations for your fireplace, mantel, or dining table. Each is 5 in. high. This matched pair in ceramic adds charm to any room. \$2.98 plus 25¢ postage. Colonial Studios, Dept. BOE-19, 20 Bank St., White Plains, N.Y. 10606.



Travel in a big way

A large travel bag for big men is perfect to keep his coats, jackets and slacks neat while traveling. In tough, black vinyl trimmed in gold. 45x27x 4 1/2 in. Accommodates several garments, and sports a zippered pouch for shirts, shoes, etc. With zipper and snap-top to hold hangers in place. \$4.95 plus 50¢ postage. Free color catalogue. King-Size, 2810 King-Size Bldg., Brockton, Mass. 02402.



Santa's on his way

And you'll be on the way to adding extra jingle to the family jeans by selling distinctive Christmas cards in your spare time. Also, there's an excellent line of exclusively designed personalized cards with name imprinted free. It's profitable fun to be Santa's Helper; you'll both arrive tinkling. For all you need, write to Sunshine Art Studios, Dept. LHJ-9, Springfield, Mass. 01101.



Silver brandy snifters

With an elegant touch of mid-17th century Spain, these hand-crafted mini-snifters enhance any liqueur or wine. Small and graceful, they feature sterling silver bowls intricately designed with graceful hand-fluted stems and bases. A gift to please the most discerning eye. \$4.95 each; set of 4, \$14.95. Add 45¢ shipping. Palm Co., 7274 Greenland Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33054.



W THERE IS A FANTASTICALLY FAST AND SURE HIP, THIGH & WAISTLINE REDUCER!

The Miraculous New...

SAUNA SHORTS

**GUARANTEED TO TAKE 3 TO 6 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS, THIGHS
WAISTLINE IN JUST ONE WEEK OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.**

It is: The Brand New "Inches-off" discovery which is proving
doubt that you can take inches off your hips, thighs and
waistline in just days—without dieting. Men and women alike
experiencing amazingly fast results with this
inches-removing method. Read what they say:

Montreal, Canada
"I lost 6½" in just 7 days with my fabulous new Sauna
Shorts. Two inches from my waist, two inches from my
hips and 2" inches from my hips! I didn't believe it
possible, but the tape measure doesn't lie!"

G.: Burbank, California
"I wore my Sauna Shorts one day to mow the lawn,
and when I was done, I found I had lost 2 inches the
first day! No more pleated pants for me. I look
in the new styles, if I do say so myself."

J. S.: Miami, Florida
"I should see me doing the housework in my
Sauna Shorts. I've had such great
results, it almost makes cleaning house
a breeze. Three inches gone in a week—
more to go!"

Paris, Texas
"I went down to a size 9 pants from a size 11 and I
lost it all to Sauna Shorts. All my clothes look
better on me now, and I feel great. I just
wear my Sauna Shorts every two weeks or so now
and I'm in good shape (Literally!). Thanks for devel-
oping such an easy way to slim down."

DO SAUNA SHORTS WORK?

The incredible new Sauna Shorts are made of a
"bee hive" of air pockets that combine the
benefits of your own personal Swedish Sauna with an
easy simple exercise plan—all designed to work
on your unwanted inches. Just slip into your Sauna
Shorts as you would any shorts, and inflate them with the
portable, detachable air pump we provide you with (at
no charge). Immediately, you'll feel a gentle mas-
sage, a comforting warmth and unique support.
Feel these hundreds of tiny air pockets—each with
an individual pressure point—snuggling up to you,
making you feel tighter. When you feel the resistance is appro-
priate, shut off the air pump and feel the comforting
heat and support these tiny air pockets bring.
Isn't something that's working off inches feel so good?
Most cheating!

So send along instructions for three simple
exercises you will perform in order to pinpoint inches-
loss from your hips, thighs or waist—or all three at
once. The exercises take just a few minutes. Then, you'll
wear your Sauna Shorts on while you relax or go about
your regular routine. They're not heavy like many so-called
sauna devices. Sauna Shorts work on the principle of
resistance to natural movement—somewhat like
aerobic exercises—except that you don't have to do the
exercises. Sauna Shorts are designed to make your every
movement (even breathing) an exercise for dissolving
fat. After you remove your Sauna Shorts, you'll feel

slimmer, firmer—even after just one wearing. Many people
report a loss of inches the very first day!

WEAR YOUR SAUNA SHORTS FOR 1 WEEK!

Provided you actually have excess inches which you
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Sauna Shorts for about half an hour or so every day.
Many persons have lost as much as 4 inches from
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may use your Sauna Shorts with the single exercise
plan on a regular basis. You'll be able to maintain a
firm, trim and youthful figure. The results obtained,
this first week, will differ among individuals
depending upon physical factors. But from the
amazingly effective results users are now
experiencing, we're prepared to make you this
outstanding money-back guarantee: Wear your
Sauna Shorts for 1 week. If you are not com-
pletely satisfied and/or if you have not lost from
3 to 6 inches, you may return them for a 100%
prompt refund.

TWO DIFFERENT TYPES TO CHOOSE FROM... BOTH INCREDIBLE BARGAINS!

Choose the regular Sauna Shorts for reducing
hips and thighs—just \$9.95. For hips, thighs
and waistline reduction, select the long-line
Sauna Shorts...only \$14.95. And
remember, these Sauna Shorts are not
sold in any store. They are not avail-
able elsewhere—at any price! They
are available exclusively from SAUNA
SHORTS, INC. in an attractive floral
print pattern for ladies and in
handsome navy blue for men.



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

So thoroughly convinced are we that you will
consider Sauna Shorts the most convenient,
rapid and amazingly effective reducer for
the hips, thighs (and waistline), we are
offering you this unconditional money back
guarantee:

Man or woman, if your total inches-loss does
not equal or exceed 3 to 6 inches in just one
week, you may return your Sauna Shorts for
a prompt, total refund—no questions asked.
So, if you want a slimmer, trimmer, more
youthfully sleek look now, order your amaz-
ing new Sauna Shorts today! You have
nothing to lose but inches! There is nothing
like Sauna Shorts anywhere!

SAUNA SHORTS, INC. Dept. SH-93
P.O. Box 1
San Fernando, California 91341

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easy to understand instructions and quick exercise
plans. I understand that if I don't lose a total of 3 to 6
inches (hips, thighs, waist) in just one week, I can
return the sauna shorts and air pump for a full refund.

- ☐ Mens { I am enclosing \$9.95 for each
☐ Ladies { regular-line Sauna Shorts.
☐ Mens { I am enclosing \$14.95 for each
☐ Ladies { long-line Sauna Shorts.

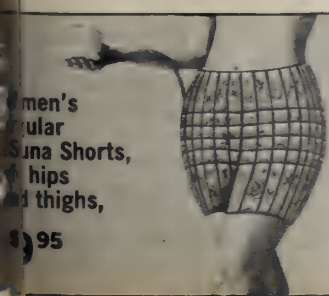
Woman: Waist size _____ Man: Waist size _____
☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (no C.O.D.'s)

Name _____

Address _____

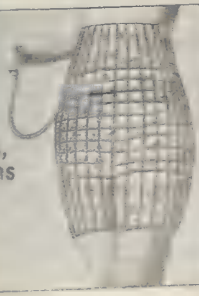
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

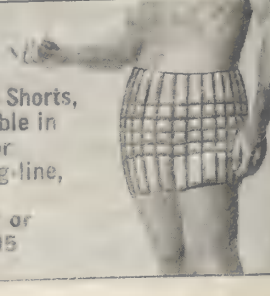


Men's
Sauna Shorts,
hips
and thighs,
\$9.95

Women's
long-line
Sauna Shorts,
for hips, thighs
and waist,
\$14.95



Men's
Sauna Shorts,
available in
regular
or long-line,
\$9.95 or
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WORLD FAMOUS Pilot's Chronograph \$12⁹⁵

COMPLETE WITH
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A gem, first made famous by World War II pilots who found it not only an absolutely accurate timepiece, but a piece of equipment more valuable than a boxful of instruments. Whether you like to fly, or drive sports cars, record your average speed per mile, or time the number of beers consumed in an hour, this will do the job. All 5 hands machine-calibrated in Switzerland where the complete works are neatly turned out in two different factories, then assembled in a third. It is shock-resistant, anti-magnetic, has unbreakable mainspring, big sweep second hand, luminous dial and hands, golden-finished die-cast case, and a leather strap. A big hunk of watch for only \$12.95. Guaranteed for 1 year!

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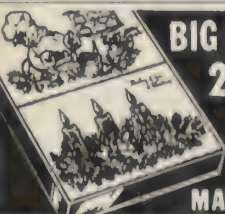
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Send for \$2.00 Box
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1400 State Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45214

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With Ball Fringe on Unbleached Muslin

20", 25" 30", 36" 40" long	4.00 pr.
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Matching Valance 9"x80"	1.75
Please add 50¢ to each order for handling	

Order these UNBLEACHED MUSLIN curtains with all the original New England simplicity, warmth and handmade look for every room in the house. Practical, long-wearing, these off-white muslin curtains will retain their crisp appearance with a minimum of care. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check on money order. No COD's please. Write for brochure showing full line of curtains in many styles and fabrics.

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Phone (if none, write none).....Active Workers.....

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Authorized to order.....Title.....

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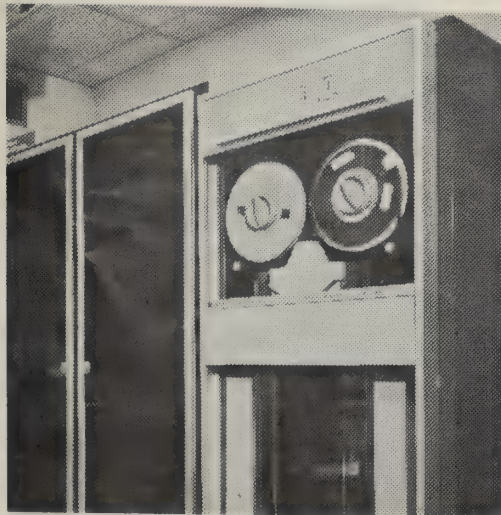
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This Diagem Is Not A Diamond!



Imagine paying under \$125 for a perfect two-carat ring . . . Under \$125 for fabulous one-carat earrings . . . \$60 for a full carat tie-tac

(A 69.2 carat DIAMOND costs \$1,000,000. A 69.2 carat Diagem costs \$2,500.)

Impossible?

Since diamond prices are so closely controlled by the international cartels, of course that likelihood is extremely remote, but now thanks to an incredible space-age breakthrough, you can do practically the same thing!

Now, for a fraction of what you would pay for a genuine diamond, you can purchase a man-made stone so perfect even an expert using a powerful magnifying glass can't tell it from the real thing for sure without actually subjecting it to scientific testing!

Imagine! Magnificent man-made diamonds so perfect that experts can barely tell them apart positively. . . So beautiful that jewelers — and even pawnbrokers — are fooled! . . . So flawless that few genuine diamonds can match their perfection . . . and for less than one twentieth the cost!

These magnificent stones are called Diagems. They are identical to diamonds in every respect except one!

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE

Genuine diamonds are produced by tremendous heat and pressure. So are Diagems! Genuine diamonds have a cubic molecular structure. So do Diagems! Genuine diamonds have a fire and brilliance measured on the refractory scale as 2.4. So do Diagems! Genuine diamonds are cut by expert diamond cutters. So are Diagems!

What is the difference then? Simply this . . . A diamond, which is the hardest substance in the world, is harder than a Diagem. A Diagem is almost as hard as an emerald, but it isn't as hard as a diamond. This is the only basic difference between a genuine diamond and a Diagem, and that difference is of no practical consequence.

The woman who wears a Diagem will never be aware of the minute difference — nor will anyone else — unless you tell them! Diagems pass for real diamonds anywhere, under close examination, and in the most knowledgeable and most sophisticated company!

100 years ago, 50 years ago, even 20 years ago, there was no substitute for diamonds. There were paste, zircons, and a few laboratory-made stones of uncertain quality, but nothing that could actually pass as a genuine diamond. Now that situation has changed dramatically! Just as the cultured pearl can't be told from the genuine pearl, so the Diagem can't be told from the diamond, and knowledgeable people everywhere are taking advantage of that fact! Those magnificent diamond earrings your friend's wife was wearing the other day may actually have been Diagems! That beautiful ring your best friend was wearing may have been a Diagem as well! More people — especially among the wealthy — are wearing Diagems than you would begin to suspect, but they're not telling, and unless they do, there is no way you could possibly know.

WHY NOT YOU?

Unless you are buying purely for investment, Diagems make perfect sense because: 1. They cost only a fraction of what diamonds cost, yet they are just as beautiful and often more so. 2. They pose no expensive insurance problems. If one should be lost, strayed or stolen, the event is not the calamity it might otherwise be. 3. No one can tell them from the real thing for sure without subjecting them to a hardness test.

Don't Compare

these stones with zircons, white sapphires, paste — any of the "synthetic diamonds" you may have seen, heard — read about. Diagems are different! The product of years of research and development, they are virtually identical to and indistinguishable from genuine diamonds in important respects. . . Same basic cubic molecular structure, same light refractive index (2.4), same clarity and brilliance! Like a diamond, Diagems, too are forever.

If you are wondering what kind of gift to get for that special occasion . . . why not a Diagem? If you have an anniversary coming up, what better way to go all out than with a gift like this? If you are about to purchase an engagement ring, how much more sense to invest in a Diagem! You get a bigger (and since diamonds are judged by size), a far more lovely and impressive ring for a fraction of what you would expect to pay, and the huge savings can go towards furnishing the house or towards the new car.

Or, if you are simply trying to impress or win over a friend, what better way than this? If diamonds are a girl's best friend, so are Diagems because she'll never tell them apart!

No matter what kind of gift, no matter what the occasion, certainly Diagems make good sense, and if you have any doubts, you can actually see for yourself without risk. We are so confident you will be impressed with Diagems once you actually examine one, that we make this

FREE EXAMINATION OFFER

Diagems are available only in a few smart outlets in several of our larger cities and nowhere else. Now for the first time, they are being offered by mail!

We are a highly reputable and well-financed organization. You may deal with us with complete confidence. No one will ever know you are our customer. If Diagems sound intriguing to you, simply indicate your choice below. When your Diagem arrives, look it over for 10 full days at our risk. Have it examined by whomever you like. If, at the end of that time, you are not completely satisfied in every way, return for an immediate refund, no questions asked! Your friends must be convinced you are wearing a magnificent genuine diamond, or you pay nothing!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

When your Diagem arrives, examine it for 10 days at our risk. If you aren't convinced it is everything we claim, indistinguishable from a genuine diamond except by hardness test, don't keep it. Simply return for full and immediate refund, no questions asked!

PAWNBROKERS BEWARE (TWO TRUE STORIES)

When Diagems were first introduced, a man we know approached a pawnbroker with a one carat Diagem ring. The broker examined it through his glass and said, "\$750." Look again, smiled our friend expecting the pawnbroker to recognize his error. "O.K.," \$800," he replied, "but no higher."

The prospective mother-in-law was unimpressed by her daughter's choice of a beau. When the young couple showed her the magnificent engagement ring, Momma softened a bit. After all, anyone who could afford an \$1800 ring couldn't be all bad. The actual cost of that ring? Less than \$80, but to this day Momma hasn't the slightest inkling!

Diagems simply cannot be told from real diamonds by visual inspection alone!

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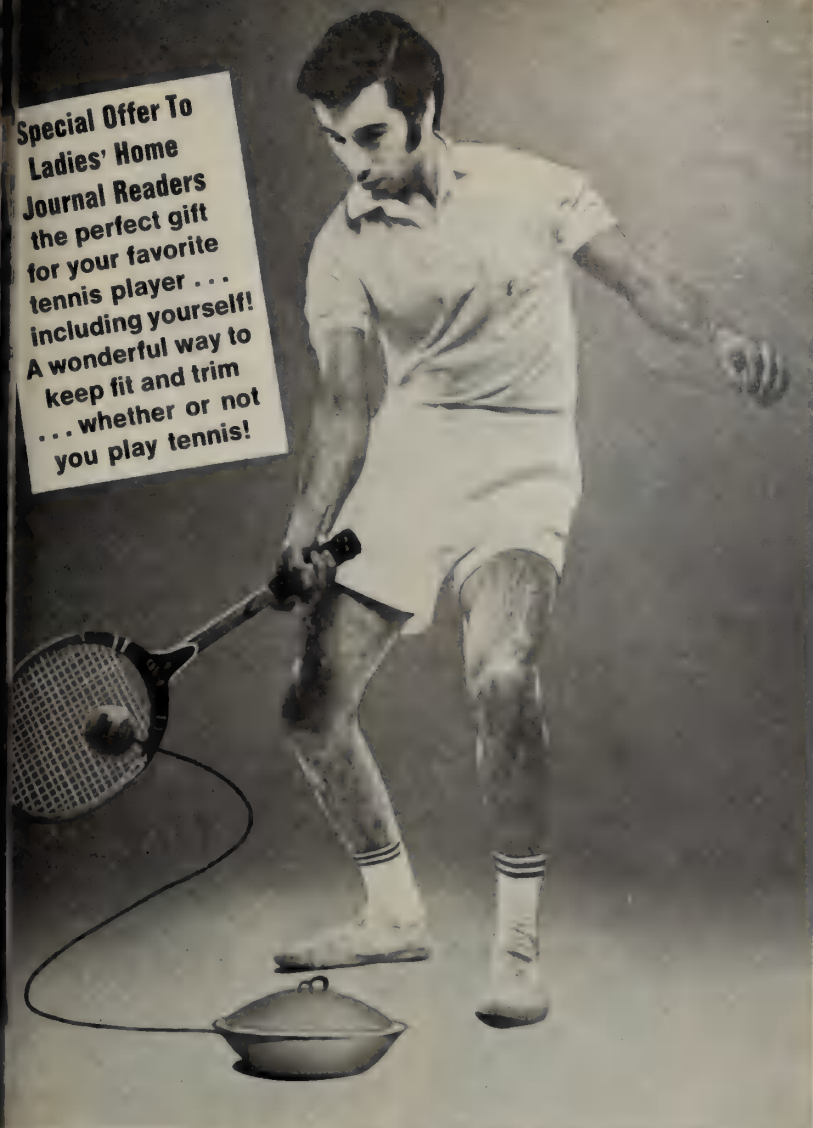
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Tear out this message as a reminder. Decide now to regain the trim, attractive figure of your youth, while enjoying hearty breakfasts, lunches and dinners.

American songbird pri
Six beautiful reproductions of original paintings by Philip Gonne include the cardinal, goldfinch, robin, bluebird, and more songbirds from North America. In color, each 9x12 in. Suitable for framing, perfect gifts for nature-lovers. 6, \$1.98; 2 sets, \$2.98 ppd. Colonial Studios, Dept. B, 20 Bank St., White Plains, N.Y. 10606.



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OFF YOUR THIGHS IN JUST 3 DAYS OR
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The amazing SAUNA BELT Waistline Reducer has been producing fantastic results in reducing the waistline... now the new SAUNA BELT Hip and Thigh Slimmer is introduced to give equally sensational and rapid results in trimming, firming and shaping the hips and thighs.



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THE PRICE IS ONLY \$11.95 WITH A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. We are so convinced that the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is the fastest, easiest, most convenient, most comfortable, most sensationally effective thigh and hip reducer ever discovered that we offer this unconditional Money Back Guarantee: **If your hips are not 1 to 3 inches smaller, if your thighs are not 1 to 3 inches smaller after using the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer and program for only 3 days you may simply return the slimmer to us and your money will be refunded promptly and without question.** So if you want trimmer, slimmer, shapelier hips and thighs—and you want them now—send for your Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers today. This could be the best investment in your appearance you will ever make.

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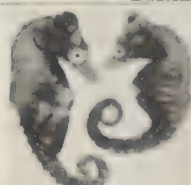
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Results of this "half-woman" test showed that skin lines on the hormone side clearly, visibly reduced. Many fine lines disappeared altogether, while even deep lines showed dramatic improvement.

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THIS MARRIAGE continued

sympathy. My father set me out on the porch, told me to go beat up the other kid and locked the door. I must have followed directions because I dimly recall his unlocking the door for me.

"After he died, I more or less raised myself. On my first day in kindergarten I remember I went alone to the school to enroll, the only kid in our small town without an adult in tow. I carried the papers home for my mother to sign.

"In those years my mother was either busy on her job or else busy with a boyfriend—and the same was true of my three sisters. Frequently all four of them went with their boyfriends for a weekend at the lake. As a rule I was too much of a nuisance to take along. Once when I was eight or nine I was left alone two weeks and Mother was called on the carpet by the juvenile authorities.

"I don't recall that I felt lonesome or neglected; indeed I enjoyed the freedom of shifting for myself. Most of the other kids were envious of me, or so they said, because I could watch all the TV programs I wanted, eat what I liked from the refrigerator and freezer, go to bed when I chose. I bought my own alarm clock at the drug store to be on time at school. I liked school, was never tardy and always got high grades. I didn't intend to be poor all my life.

"Oddly enough, although I didn't miss the company of my mother and sisters, I did miss having a father. I latched on to four or five male teachers in succession but they either got tired of my hanging around and my incessant talking, or I got sore at them for something or other and told them off.

"In junior high school I got into trouble with the law, mostly out of a desire to show off and be a leader. By then the nicer kids were avoiding me under their mothers' orders. As a result I cultivated a bunch of tough, older kids—I was far and away the smartest of the lot—and we started stealing stuff from construction sites. I arranged for us to sell the stuff to an accommodating junk dealer.

"I didn't need to steal; I had a well-paying newspaper route and I wasn't required to contribute anything at home. The four other kids in my gang blew the proceeds of our loot on girls and slot machines. I invested in a color TV set; I've sometimes wondered where my mother thought I got it.

"Of course the inevitable happened. One night we were caught. The other four kids were paroled to relatives but when the police took me to our house it was empty. So they deposited me for safekeeping at Juvenile Hall, a huge barracks. It was the closest I had ever been to prison—I was twelve years old—and I was scared. I couldn't sleep. The room had one of those white acoustical ceilings made of asbestos squares punctured with holes that look like dots. I began counting the dots and got wider and wider awake. Hours later I finished the count and arrived at the total. At that point—and this is weird—I suddenly decided that my life was going to amount to more than figuring out the number of dots on a ceiling. I made up my mind I would never get in trouble with the police again—and I stuck by my vow.

"I like money. I enjoy the things money will buy in a way Susie can't or won't understand. (continued)

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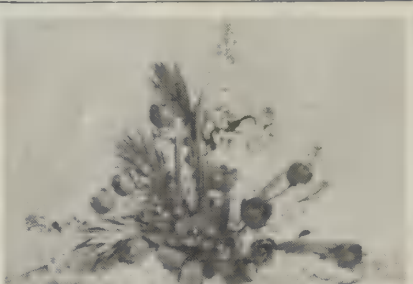
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THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

The stinginess of Oklahoma millionaires is every bit as baffling to me.

"After Susie's father assured himself that I was politically reliable, I thought he would look on me as a son. Frankly, when Susie and I married, I thought he would foot our bills until I got my doctorate. I had a rude awakening on my wedding day. Although Susie and I spared him the expense of a big wedding, with the understanding that his gift would be a honeymoon trip, the check he handed me after the ceremony was for \$100. I had told all my fraternity brothers, including my best man, that we were flying to Paris. We had to settle for Bermuda.

"Susie has repeatedly told me I'm a poor lover, which may be true, but it's hard to feel loving toward a wife who often acts more like someone on the opposite side of a debating team. I don't mind a good argument—my philosophy is that life is likely to be a contest of egos—but we have too many arguments without enough variety.

"Susie constantly bugs me about my boat. I bought it two years ago at her instigation, actually. She said I was out of condition and overweight and needed exercise. I decided to see to it that she took sailing lessons and conquered her idiotic fear of the water. Up to date, though, she hasn't put foot on deck.

"Although she won't go sailing she thinks I ought to learn to ride. She has a trunk full of ribbons and cups she won at horse shows in boarding school. I've never been on a horse in my life. I have plenty of troubles now without nursing saddle sores or maybe winding up at the hospital in traction.

"I need to keep my eye on my job every minute. At the moment I'm the company's fair-haired boy, but I suspect that one of the senior partners, a fluttery old fuddy-duddy, is out to get me. I have no contract and can be dropped any time with two weeks' notice. The possibility may be remote but it's often on my mind. I keep my worries from Susie. I wouldn't want her to think I was counting on her old man to rush to the rescue. I'm glad now that I don't owe him a nickel and made it to an upper bracket income on my own.

"Taking everything into account, don't think Susie and I have done too badly in our marriage. Other couples have done worse, I am sure. So long as I am willing to put up with Susie I think she should be willing to put up with me."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"I had numerous interviews with Susie and Mark before their marriage was salvaged," the counselor said. "Their basic problem was easy to diagnose but difficult to cure. Susie and

Mark were afflicted with ■ marital malaise sometimes described as the 'sandpile-squabble syndrome.' Most of us have watched a pair of screaming toddlers tussle for a beach pail and seen the winner immediately throw aside the pail. He didn't want the pail; he wanted trouble.

"Susie and Mark resembled these screaming three-year-olds. Way above average intellectually, they were completely infantile on an emotional level.

her father as the enemy-in-chief. Convinced that he had rejected her, she made up her mind that she would never submit to defeat like the mother she pitied but whose weakness she secretly despised.

"It is significant that Susie first felt 'destined' to marry Mark when he was in the midst of an argument with her father. Hating her father, she nevertheless borrowed his fighting technique, emulated him, modeled her personality

resentful. At any rate he grew up to be a woman-hater in the classic, often unreasoned sense, gibing at every minor shortcoming that caught his fancy. And Susie was the classic womanish, old ladyish, typically resentful. And Susie was the classic woman-hater.

"In the personality tests we administered at the Institute, both Mark and Susie ranked at the top of the scale for aggressiveness and hostility. And both plunged to the bottom of the scale for the qualities we deem essential for a successful marriage: 'self-discipline' and 'emotional maturity.' When I interpreted the tests to them, Susie burst into a dispute with me over the flattering results, stating that there must be some error in an analysis that soothed them to be quarrelsome, unsympathetic, unfriendly, and undisciplined. When I began to laugh they got the wrong idea. The argument subsided.

"In assisting Susie and Mark to improve their marriage and themselves, I worked with them on a confrontation basis. While I thought the two talked as calmly as possible; they took turns listening to each other, gradually, painfully learning to communicate. Slowly they began to share each other's anxieties, fears, insecurities.

"They agreed to stop quarreling over Mark's riding, Susie's horse, the comparative virtues of French and Italian cooking, etc. They agreed they have stuck by their agreement reasonably. As soon as they learned to shrug off trivialities, they were able to concentrate on important issues.

"When Mark stemmed the torrent of instructions, demands and criticisms, Susie has been offering at home. Susie quickly responded. He became more tactful and understanding. As Susie and Mark became happier together, their sexual relationship improved. And when they began to spend more time together, each other they required a circle of friends.

"Recently Susie and Mark's apartment lease expired and they decided to build up an equity in a new estate. They bought a house a few miles from town where Mark docks his boat. Nowadays, after lapsing into the complications of sunburn, Susie goes sailing with Mark whenever he invites her. He is now taking riding lessons, but a few years ago he helped a local carpenter build a stable on their one-acre estate. And just the other day Susie told Mark that she had thrown away her birth control pills. At the same time, she told me that Mark now insisted she do the job the minute she becomes pregnant.

Information about marriage counseling services available in your area can be obtained by writing to the American Institute of Family Relations, 5287 Sunset Boulevard, Berkeley, Calif. 90027.



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They battled as fiercely over a triviality as over the important questions of whether to buy a house and have a family. The two were locked in an all-encompassing power struggle that began when they met and had raged for seven years.

"From the beginning it was almost inevitable that Susie and Mark would run into difficulties. Even as a young boy Mark saw life as a 'contest of egos,' a philosophy unlikely to lead to harmony in marriage or to a relaxed outlook in business. As a young girl Susie suffered middle-child trouble; she saw her position in the family as unfair and

upon his. It is quite possible that her anti-Daddy bias strengthened the bond between her and Mark. She was determined to prove that she wouldn't fail at marriage.

"I believe that Mark, too, was greatly influenced by his father—even though he lost his at a very early age. His hazy childish recollections certainly indicated that the father was like the son—a fighter. What Mark did not realize was the influence his neglectful mother and sisters exercised on his behavior and attitudes. I am sure Mark felt more lost and lonesome in childhood than he fancied in later years—and far more

whenever he invites her. He is now taking riding lessons, but a few years ago he helped a local carpenter build a stable on their one-acre estate. And just the other day Susie told Mark that she had thrown away her birth control pills. At the same time, she told me that Mark now insisted she do the job the minute she becomes pregnant.

JOURNAL

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New! Noodle Roni Romanoff

A Czar's delight! Tender egg noodles complete with a regal sauce of sour

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ARTS & KRAFT



Salad Firenze. Colorful Florentine art. Kraft Italian Dressing, pure Italian art. Fresh robust taste. Tender garlic, tiny bits of red peppers and onion. Golden oil, mellow vinegars. Made in America but it tastes like it never left Italy. ∞ Marinate a cup of diced soft salami or summer sausage, a cup of raw broccoli flowerettes, 1/4 pound sliced fresh mushrooms and a small red onion, thinly sliced and separated into rings,

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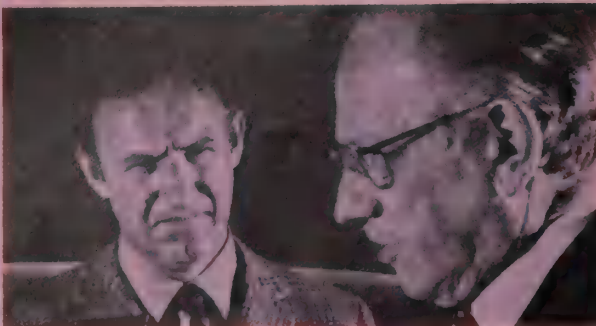
If he has
any doubts
about himself,
give him
something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé.

WHAT'S HAPPENING BY GENE SHAW

THE JOURNAL CHEERS



Gene Hackman, left, and "Father," Melvyn Douglas

I Never Sang for My Father is a notable film, made grand by Melvyn Douglas' first significant role in 10 years. As an 80-year-old father faced with—with what?—at the death of his wife, Douglas is defiant, piteous, dogmatic, still gripped by his past and brave in the aging face of the future. We hear the story from his son, through whose memory we know father, mother and married (and banished from the family for it) sister. It is a quiet picture, but played with passion. The father, ■■■ and daughter are gathered for the mother's funeral—estranged, yet aching to reach out, almost touching. A painful and beautiful family portrait, eloquently written by Robert Anderson. The JOURNAL cheers *I Never Sang for My Father*, for its exceptional acting by Gene Hackman and Estelle Parsons, and for ■■■ triumphant performance by Melvyn Douglas. . . . Two years ago there was *Isabel*, ■■■ film, an ornament, but the public took no notice and it drifted away. Its star was ■■■ young Canadian actress named Genevieve Bujold, and its director ■■■

Paul Almond, her husband. Bujold won an Academy Award nomination last year for *Anne of the Thousand Days* with Richard Burton, and now she has made another film with her husband: *The Act of the Heart*. The JOURNAL cheers this story of ■■■ young country girl from the north of Canada who ■■■ to Montreal ■■■ the live-in tutor of ■■■ 10-year-old boy. His mother, ■■■ concert violinist, is a young widow. The girl is obsessed with religion and with her own deeply felt specialness. She sings in the church choir and is chosen for ■■■ solo at an important local concert conducted by an Augustinian monk who befriends her. Miss Bujold portrays the girl, Donald Sutherland is the monk, and Monique Leyrac the boy's mother. Their performances are superlative, ■■■ is Almond's direction in this film of love and tragedy. *The Act of the Heart* and *I Never Sang for My Father*—when have we last had two such films so close together? They give me ■■■ great feeling of what movies can be if only they are made by people with talent and taste. I hope you will see them both.



Donald Sutherland and Genevieve Bujold: "Of the Heart"

OF PUMAS AND PAAR

Let's take a trip to zoos and views around the world. A pair of television specials this month are set to present lighthearted tours for the whole family. *Zoos of the World* (CBS-TV, Oct. 13) features animals filmed all over the earth, from Tokyo's Tama Zoo to London's Regent Park Zoo—in fact, practically everywhere but Michigan's Kalamazoo (I borrowed that remark from ■■■ laughing hyena). More than the beasts themselves: how they're captured, cared for, coped with. . . . Meanwhile, in the human zoo, Jack Paar takes you to Europe via NBC-TV Oct. 5, tripping through Holland without showing you

BARBARA WALTERS TALKS, EILEEN FORD MODELS . . . AND LIBERACE COOKS!

After seven years of interviewing on the Today program, it is understandable that Barbara Walters, one of television's best-known women, should be in ■■■ position (in front of her typewriter) to produce ■■■ book called *How to Talk with Practically Anybody About Practically Anything*, swarming with famous names and published by Doubleday. It begins: "A few years ago I found myself at lunch with Aristotle Onassis. . . ." Well, what do you say to ■■■ man like that—I mean after you've asked him if lunch is Dutch? What do you say to anybody you suddenly meet—at ■■■ party, at a dinner, on ■■■ plane? Miss Walters is gifted at gambits and gives good advice. This wonder-

left, the doctor looked at the lawyer in exasperation. "I think I should send her a bill, don't you?" he asked, and the lawyer replied, "Yes, you should." The next day the doctor sent the woman a bill and the lawyer sent the doctor ■■■ bill."

Eileen Ford's *Secrets of the Model's World* (Trident) is for girls who dream of leaving home for a model life—and for their worried mothers. Mr. Ford poses questions and supplies the answers: what 20 basics must be in your wardrobe where can you live safely. New York (America's principal model city), how much can you earn as ■■■ high-fashion photographer's model or on TV commercials. Just as important, s



Liberace with Editor Carol Truax

fully womanly book is ■■■ how-to-have-a-conversation manual. She is against good listeners. Talk, and don't worry how "important" the other person may be—movie star or your husband's boss. Barbara keeps in mind the advice of Mrs. Eugene McCarthy, who got over her nervousness by deciding: "I am the way I am; I look the way I look; I act my age." A tactless maneuver at a party is to spot a doctor and ask for free advice under the guise of conversation. Barbara passes on this story told by Hugh Downs: "A woman interrupted ■■■ doctor and ■■■ lawyer who were chatting at a party to ask the doctor what she should do about ■■■ sore knee. He told her in some detail about hot compresses, keeping the knee elevated, and some pain-killing tablets. After the woman

reveals the rackets, from exploiters of children to sly-night model schools. And not just in New York—Eileen Ford faces facts in London, Paris, Chicago, Los Angeles and across the globe. You'll discover that a model's life is all champagne and good looking men. Oh sure, the men are looking, but they're not necessarily good.

In *Liberace Cooks: Recipes from His Seven Dining Rooms*, the sequined one roams all over his California kitchen, with the accent on kitsch. The Liberace color pictures and 350 recipes have been assembled by Carol Truax, who also did the *Ladies Home Journal Cookbook*. Liberace wanted to call this *Oh But Mother, I'd Rather Do Myself*, but his choice was panned, beaten and roasted.

a windmill or a single tulip field. Paar snaps his fingers (but never his camera) at travel clichés. What you will see in Holland is ■■■ school where drivers learn not to skid (50 cars a year splash into canals). In Rome, there's ■■■ coffee machine that brews confusion: eight choices and ■■■ stirring mix of combinations. Paar interviews two girls trying to make up their minds funny because they don't know beans about coffee. And in Germany, you'll meet a self-styled artist who encased his car in tons of cement, sculpted the car's outline, and left it all in the middle of a Cologne street. To discover the surprise ending you'll have to ■■■ *The Jack Paar Diary* for yourself.



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THE EDITOR'S DIARY

EDITOR'S DIARY

PARTY OF THE YEAR When the JOURNAL does a party feature, it likes a Big Idea. This year's party section (pages 87-97) started with Home Management Editor Margaret Davidson and her dream kitchen in a house in the gracious "new town" community of Panther Valley, near Hackettstown, New Jersey. When Interior Design Director Nathan Mandelbaum saw the house, he said, "You could give a party in practically every room." There was the Big Idea. Like magic, it took shape, and Nathan began to decorate. The Panther Valley community and the people behind it all presented an extremely creative atmosphere for our work. It's a "new town" project of uncommon style and beauty, a rare example of gracious living.

Once we'd decided to go ahead, there wasn't much rest. We selected and placed the furnishings for the house, planned our parties, cast various staff members in party situations, and then, for the climax, spent 10 days in the house cooking and taking pictures. During that time regular office routine went out the window, as each day several editors made the two-hour drive out to do their thing. Then on the final day, the whole staff went out to the house for a final celebration and cocktail party, all riding out in a bus equipped with lavish box lunches from the Brasserie. Everyone but the Editor, that is. I had a party of my own—flying out and back by helicopter, a commuting service available to Panther Valley residents. Talk about gracious living: it really is the wave of the future when you can fly in 20 minutes what is for others a two-hour drive.

Before setting down gently on the fairway of the Panther Valley golf course, we took full advantage of the helicopter to sweep back and forth over the rugged natural terrain of the valley, one of the most picturesque settings imaginable for homes. Panther Valley is not just another housing development; it's an exciting and ambitious attempt to design a way of living that combines privacy with recreation, natural beauty with fine homes. Architects and designers were turned loose to make a reality of a dream.

Were all the complex logistics worth the effort? We believe so, because we think our Big Idea is full of small, practical ideas for modern entertaining, so that you can have as much fun at your party as we did at ours.

THE POWER OF A WOMAN Every once in a while, when that word "relevance" is mentioned, we sit back and take a small moment of satisfaction in some of the reader reactions our "Power of a Woman" page is stirring up these days. For example, returns are still coming in on our

18-year-old-vote questionnaire more than 15,000 so far.

As for the offer of the "T. Stamford Curriculum" for distance education, which is being sent by radio station WTIC in Hartford, Conn., to those people who wrote the JOURNAL on school agency letterheads, that, too, hit a high note of involvement. More than a thousand requests from school boards, school districts, mental health organizations, church groups, etc., have come in, including a request from Grace M. McCarthy, Minister without Portfolio from British Columbia, who saw an item on the page ("I am a constant JOURNAL reader—feel media could provide more education and responsibility aimed at our young generation").

All requests are being filled quickly as possible. I might add that in Bronxville, N.Y., where I live, schools will also have new drug education programs this year, at least partly because of the involvement of the I.S.R.C. who serves as my home editorial board. As for mail that is coming in on "New Feminism" section next month, after catching my breath, Managing Editor Leah Hershey will do a separate report on that.

All in all, as we said, there's plenty of reassuring evidence of action and interaction to prove we are encouraging women to use their powers positively.

MAILBAG: Two letters we received this month particularly pleased us because of the difference between their writers. One was from Nancy Horton Griffin, Ga., who wrote, "We select JOURNALS by the millisecond and my mother and I are long-time fans. I am 8; my mother is 31." Mrs. Emma Rogers of South Lake Tahoe, Ca., wrote, "I have been taking JOURNAL since 1896. I remember my first JOURNAL showed two ladies at a tree, dressed in bustles, and I thought I would like to have a dress like I am now 93½." We're to have you all as readers, and hope you'll stay around awhile.

Jane



All set to take off from Panther Valley. See above.



New from 'Moon Drops': air-conditioned makeup!

So microfine it blends down to a new kind of soft-matte finish. Like a silky, sexy 'second skin.' Billions of bursty little bubbles of cream that come on cool. Clean. Light-as-a-cloud. Pouffed from an elegant aerosol flacon, for the evenest spread of color—and the smoothest cover—ever slipped over your skin. No other makeup gives you this young soft-as-suede look. Cool. Calm. Ladylike (but not too!)



'MOON DROPS' Airfoam Demi Makeup by Revlon

Sparkling Christmas Kits

BY DOROTHY LAMBERT BRIGHTBILL

It's as easy to make these sparkling, translucent "crystal" wreaths and decorative trees as to bake prepared cookies, but there's less mess!

It's a very simple process: aluminum forms like cookie molds hold the "crystal" beads in position while they bake in the oven. It's quick and clean and there's no cleanup afterwards.

The wreaths are 12 inches in diameter. The tree is 16 inches high and 7½ inches across the base. Translucent tree panels can be used separately and hung to sparkle in a window. The tree and wreaths would make a beautiful mantle decoration, and because they have the advantage of being practically unbreakable and long lasting, they could become a family tradition to be enjoyed year after year. Save by ordering combination of 2 wreaths and one tree, Kit 61261.

To continue our sparkle theme, below is a dashing reindeer runner for table or buffet (or hang as a banner with gold cord and tassels).

Felt appliqué on felt means the least amount of sewing. There are no raw edges to turn under. Tack on gold cord then embroider the delicate golden antlers with sequin highlights. Kit 61277.



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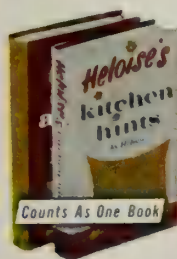
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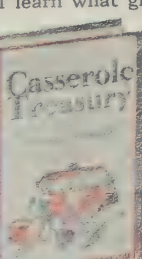
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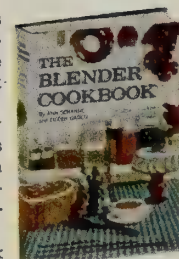
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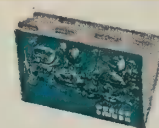
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DIALOGUE WITH MOTHERS

WHAT ADOPTION MEANS TO A CHILD BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

"We adopted our child when he was four months old," said one concerned mother. "He's always known that he was adopted, but he's only three and a half now, so I'm not sure what that knowledge means to him. He's very curious about where babies come from; we've talked about this a lot and I've shown him pictures. He's fascinated with pregnant women—'big tummies' he calls them. In the museum he saw a plastic woman with a baby in the womb; I couldn't get him away—he wanted to touch the baby and pat the stomach. I think he wants me to assure him that he grew in me, and naturally I can't tell him that. What should I tell him?"

This woman and her husband adopted the child because they were unable to conceive. The boy's natural mother was a high school girl who did not want to keep him because she was too young.

I asked the adoptive mother what she thought it meant to her son to be told he was adopted. "I think it means we love him very much," she answered. "We drive past the adoption agency, and I tell him this is where we got him. He enjoys this, the way I used to like hearing from my mother where I was born and how she took me home. I tell him how we went to the agency and told them we wanted a child, and how they found one for us. Right now, he has no idea that there was another mother involved."

I suggested that maybe she told him about the agency because it helped her feel that he was truly her child and had been from the very beginning. But in order to decide whether this explanation is helpful to him, we should analyze what it means to the child.

On the one hand, the mother says her son thinks he is greatly loved because he is adopted, and she has shown him the place where he came from. On the other hand, she thinks he does not know he grew in another woman's womb. True, at three and a half he is not yet clear about details, but at this age he already comprehends quite a bit about the crucial facts of his life. If the mother thinks he cannot yet understand that he was born to another woman, then "being adopted" cannot make any sense to him. So why tell him?

The mother thought the issue would come up eventually, and so she started to talk about it from the beginning, even though right now "adoption" is only a word without any real meaning for the boy. But eventually she would add more details and he would understand.

I agree that the mother did the right thing by telling him that he was adopted. Where she was wrong was in assuming that he did not know that there was

something unusual about his relationship to his parents. Being adopted means nothing unless means that he is different from other children, and so the issue for him is what this difference consists of. The difference, obviously, is that he was born to a mother who could not and would not keep him.

We cannot be sure whether at the age of three and a half the boy's interest in pregnant women is part of a normal curiosity about how babies are born or whether it shows that he is already speculating about the peculiarity of his own origin. His adoptive mother then remembered that the boy had been watching pregnant mothers and talked about wanting to hit them in the tummy. He hit her in the abdomen, and she told him there was no baby there. When questioned, the mother said she did not know why her child wanted to hit pregnant women in the stomach.

A mother deeply involved in wishing her child not to be adopted about his adoption may be able to see that this creates culties for him and for her. The adoptive mother, happy to have her child, happy to have adopted him, wants to believe adoption is no problem to the child. The wish is understandable, but of little benefit to the boy. Out of her desire to believe that the adoption poses no problem to him, the mother fails to recognize how unusual it is for a three-and-a-half-year-old child to hit pregnant women in their abdomens. At this age an interest in pregnancy is normal, wanting to hit pregnant women is not.

So strong was this mother's wish that adoption be no problem to her boy that she had been unable to realize from his behavior that he must have some idea of what adoption meant. Talking to him about adoption the way she got him made it clear to the boy that this was different from the way all his friends' mothers got their babies. Telling him study the baby in the womb in the museum rubbed it in all the more.

Now the mother began to think that adoption could be a problem to him. What she still did not accept was the possibility of his being angry that he had grown inside her. His hitting her in the abdomen, she insists, could be due only to his fear of jealousy of a possible mother. Soon, however, she realized that her greatest fear had been that her child would feel rejected when he learned that he actually had been born to a mother who did not want to keep him.

We all experience rejection many times, but it is not always the same thing. What counts is the specific nature of the experience. Asked how her son might feel, (continued on page 19)



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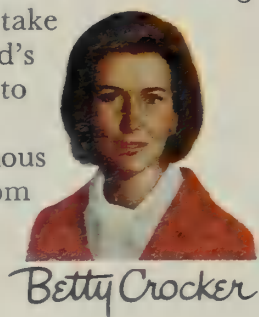
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Specifically, about being rejected by his natural mother, the mother answered, "Mad—hurt, because the mother in whose tummy he grew would not keep him." And then she recalled: Last summer he had one of the happiest days of his life. We had gone to a restaurant in the country; he was happy, we were happy. It was a marvelous day. Going home in the car he had his head in my lap and his feet in his father's lap. As he lay there, I was vicariously enjoying his bliss. But he suddenly said, 'Don't send me away.' I said of course we wouldn't. He said, 'Don't put me in prison.' This worry, I decided, came from a story in which a naughty monkey is finally put in prison, though I had not read that book to him in months. But apparently it had been bothering him—the idea that we were going to send him away, put him in prison, whatever that meant. We were really shaken."

She said she had not thought much about it then, but now she realized that he must have deep fears she knew nothing about. I suggested that she did not know about them because she did not look at adoption through the eyes of the child. She saw how lovely it was to have this adopted child, but not how difficult it was for the child to be adopted. The mother knew it was much better for him to be adopted by her than to live in foster homes, but the boy really knew was that he was given up by his mother while all her children he knew had been kept with theirs.

"Don't send me away"

With that in mind we have to ask ourselves: Why would he say, "Don't send me away"? The mother suggested, "If he came from a mommy, as all babies do, then his mommy gave him away. Now I'm his mommy; maybe he's afraid I might give him away."

Possibly. But more important, the knowledge of his original mother's rejection made him feel he was not good enough to be kept by his real mother, that this had been his fault. This is one of the greatest difficulties with adopted children.

What is the solution? Maybe there is none. Maybe there are only problems that we must face without substitutes. But we must try to understand whatever we tell the child in terms of what it means to him. When we tell him that his original mother did not take care of him, what does that mean to him about the kind of mother she was? It means that she was incompetent or a bad mother. Because all other mothers keep their children, then one who does not is defective, no matter what the reason.

Along the adoptive mother had thought that when her child got older he would ask, "Why couldn't my mother keep me?" she would tell him that she had been a wonderful girl, but just too young to get married, too young to keep the child—and this would settle the matter.

But the boy would wonder why such a wonderful girl didn't keep her child. After all, an unmarried mother can keep her child if she wants to. Although we are sure the boy is indeed better off with his adoptive parents than he would have been with his natural mother, this can be true only if

she was not such a wonderful person after all. If she was all that great, the boy would have been better off with her than in his adopted home. The mother saw this was so, and also that this approach would make her seem to be a secondhand mother who took the boy from this marvelous first mother.

"I had a bad mother"

I now returned to the difficult issue of the child's anxiety, his feeling that he had been given up because he was a bad child. What hurts in any rejection is not the other person's inability to appreciate our good qualities, but our wondering if we don't really deserve to be rejected. This applies even to a child. For him it is easier to live with the thought, "I had a bad original mother," than "I was a bad child." Unfortunately, this is hardly ever discussed. Nobody wants to give an adopted child the feeling that he was born to a bad mother. But there are only two possibilities for the child: either he was bad or his natural mother was. And the adoptive parent must decide which is easier for the child to take. If he is asked to believe both, he can believe neither.

Adoption works best when the adoptive parents are good to the child and downplay the circumstances of adoption. The idea is to give him as much chance as possible to forget that he is adopted—for instance, don't rub it in by showing him the building where he was gotten. There is no getting around telling him that his real mother just didn't appreciate him enough, which is a fact. And it is a fact that the adoptive parents appreciate him much more and can offer him much better conditions to grow up in. This leads us to the one good thing we can tell him about his natural mother—that she hoped adoption would provide a better home for him than she could provide. So his natural mother was at least concerned about his future. With such an explanation, his natural mother seems neither all good nor all bad.

At the end of our meeting I reminded the mother of her boy's fascination with the transparent woman and with pregnancies, which suggested that he was worried about all this. Out of her own anxiety about the adoption and her need to feel that it is all lovely, she has pushed him into feelings he cannot easily deal with—namely, how wonderful it is to grow in a mother's womb. Therefore it might be best to play down the baby's growing in the womb. Out of her own need, the mother had romanticized this, and with it made adoption more difficult for the child. It would be easier if she de-emphasized the importance of growing in the womb. Then he might not want to hit the tummies of pregnant women.

What the boy needed he had suggested by his behavior in the car. At that moment he had felt he could ask for the reassurance he wanted most: "Are you going to send me away as my original mother did? Or are you going to keep me even if I am sometimes as naughty as the monkey in the story?" The needed reassurance will come not from what the mother tells him, but only from the good feelings that pass between them. Never mind what happened in the past; what counts now and in the future are the good feelings the boy and his parents share today.

END

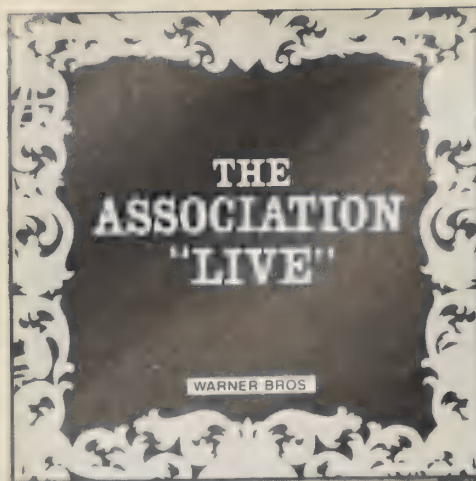


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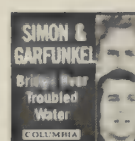
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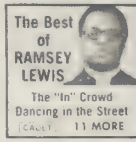
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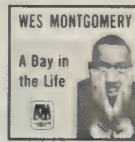
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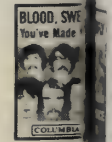
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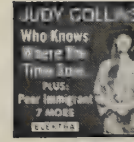
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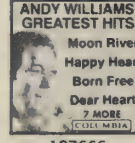
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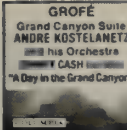
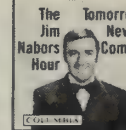
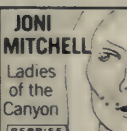
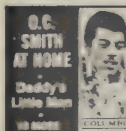
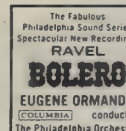
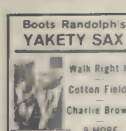
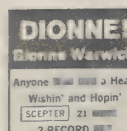
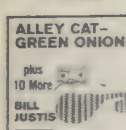
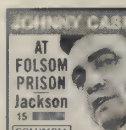
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 187708	 191189	 173740	 183160	 187088	 183707	 187542	 176511	 186353	 187930
 187690	 112102	 118984	 181289	 153023	 176628	 169037	 171140	 187112	
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

PROBLEM PARENTS • BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

When a child has a "problem," it's often easy to explain it by saying "Just look at the parents!" I don't mean to swallow whole the old belief that there are no bad children—only bad parents. Everyone knows that there are also bad neighbors, bad teachers, bad friends, bad relatives, and so on. But the "cure," as in the case described here, often starts with finding out what's the matter with Dad and Mom. Their relationship with each other is often more significant than their relationship with their children. Sociologists Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, who for 40 years have studied juvenile delinquents and the endless failures of traditional methods of dealing with them, assert that "it is almost futile to treat the child apart from the parents who contribute so much to make him what he is. Without concentration on improvement of family life, dollars spent on housing projects, massive welfare services, recreation activities, and other well-intentioned services, though contributing to the solution of other societal problems, will not play a definitive role in sweeping back the mounting tide of youthful maladjustment and delinquency."—The counselor in this case was Roy Chubb.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.
Founder and President
American Institute of
Family Relations

JAN TALKS FIRST

"Alan treats our 11-year-old daughter Christine so badly I can hardly stand it," said 32-year-old Janice, a small-boned, gray-eyed brunette scarcely five feet tall but firm of jaw and voice. "All my friends have commented on his partiality to our 7-year-old son Billy, who is spoiled, lazy and a wretched student."

"Last semester Christine scored at a high school level in math and reading. She rushed home to her Daddy with the news, hoping for praise. Alan kept on fixing Billy's bicycle and just mumbled, 'Well, that's nice.' When Billy flashed a smug smile, Chrissy kicked him in the shins—I didn't blame her—but Billy howled as though he'd been murdered. Alan then sent Chrissy, already crushed and tearful, to her room."

"I found her sobbing on the bed. Later she refused to come to supper. Alan dragged her to the table and demanded that she eat. She choked down the food but soon afterward was sick. At least once a week, invariably after Alan chews her out, she gets sick. Then she stuffs herself with snacks. As a result she is overweight and Alan makes fun of her, comparing her pudginess with Billy's string-bean figure."

"Several months ago, Chrissy's school counselor told me my

daughter was an overachiever. She was pushing herself too hard and had become a disciplinary problem. She talked in class, boasted, fought with the other children and sassed the teachers for correcting her.

"Christine hardly dares to open her mouth at home. It would break your heart to see how hard she works to win a smile from Alan, a pat on the shoulder. But if she sidles up to his chair braced to touch him or ask a question, he scowls and growls at her to run along; he says he's busy reading the paper or watching TV."

"When Alan and I bought our house from his parents seven years ago, Billy got the room next door to ours. Chrissy got the attic room a floor away from the rest of us. From the first she felt left out, isolated, jealous."

"Several Fridays ago, after the lights were out, she sneaked down the stairs with her pillow, intending to sleep on the floor in Billy's room. Unfortunately, Alan heard her tiptoeing down and charged into the hall. He caught Chrissy on the stairs. Terrified, she stumbled and fell down a couple of steps, cutting her forehead. By the time I rushed out the cut was bleeding profusely. I shrieked at Alan, he yelled at me, and Chrissy had hysterics. When I tried to put iodine on her cut, she hit me and knocked the bottle to the floor. Alan then threatened to lock her in the bathroom, although it was clear that she was too hysterical to know what she was doing. I lost my temper, pushed Alan outside and locked the door on him. Eventually I quieted Chrissy, led her back to her own bed, put a cool cloth on her forehead and stayed there until I was sure she was asleep."

"When I returned to bed Alan wanted to forget the scene and calm his nerves by having intercourse. Without a word of sweetness or apology, he made a grab at me. I turned my back and told him to let me alone or I'd leave and crawl in with Chrissy. He persisted. So I spent the remainder of the night upstairs. It wasn't the first time, either."

"Alan thinks I'm overconscientious with Christine. If so I can't help it. As a little girl I decided that if I ever had a daughter I would be kind and loving to her—and I hoped her father would be kind and loving, too. My mother was intolerably selfish and hateful, my father not much better."

"My mother was far more concerned with having fun than looking after me, and I often heard my Daddy tell people he was by no means sure he was my father. The remark was probably intended as a joke, since I was his spittin' image, but it always hurt me. I was wild for his approval, but I seldom got it."

"During the school months I

usually lived with my grandparents on their Iowa farm, my real home, while my parents tumbled in a trailer from one construction site to another so my father could work and my mother appease her appetite for excitement. For two years, when my father was in uniform overseas, I lived in the trailer with my mother. We kited around the country at her whim. No roots, no friends for me, no Sunday school, no religion. I sadly missed my grandparents—and my father, too, although in two years he didn't send me a single postcard. He wrote Mother every day."

"Mother professed to love father, but many nights she brought men to the trailer and would hear them giggle and whisper when they thought I was asleep. I was just a kid, but I smothered noises made me sick and afraid; I would wonder there was some way I could let father know what was happening and get him to come back to me."

"My mother couldn't bear him to show me the slightest of affection. Once I sat on his lap and she got so jealous she pushed me off on the floor. He laughed at her rage and my tears. He thought her jealousy was funny. The only time I can recall mother kissing me was at the altar on my wedding day."

"My great wish for affection may have hurried my marriage to Alan. I was working my way through college the night we met at a USO dance—Alan was in the Army then. I had plenty of friends, but I had met all of them in my church. (In college I joined a very strict church entirely of my own—my parents had no religious beliefs—partly because I was shy and fearful, partly because I wanted standards and rules to live by.)"

"I was charmed on sight by Alan's good looks and popularity. Half a dozen girls were cooing over him. Six weeks later he proposed and I accepted with delight. I thought he was the acme of sophistication—poised, knowledgeable, completely sure of himself. Once we were married I quickly learned that his confident air was a facade."

"I was a virgin. I don't know exactly what I expected of sex on my honeymoon—too much, perhaps. Alan had made no reservations for our first night. Although he had a healthy Army separation paycheck, we rode around for hours before he located a motel with rates he considered cheap enough."

"When he finally registered at the fifth motel we stopped and led me in, I was shaking with nerves and flaming with embarrassment. Maybe he was nervous, too. He scarcely gave me time to change to the pretty nightgown my parents (continues)

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the country. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic location and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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She Needs Your Love...

Little Rosetta doesn't know that her future hangs in the balance... her father has just been killed in an accident, her mother cannot earn enough to feed a large family.

Before long her big smile will be lost as she searches for food, shivers without warm clothing, unable to even write her own name, trapped for life in a crowded slum in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

We must enroll her in our Family Helper Project immediately, so she can stay with her mother, yet receive the assistance and education that will make her childhood happy—and her future hopeful.

How can you sponsor a child like Rosetta in countries around the world? Here are some answers to your questions:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies, homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____

☐ Please send me more information.

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THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

had bought for my trousseau. His love-making was rough and clumsy; he didn't hurt me, but I received no pleasure either. He made love as though it was illegal and the police might show up at any moment. Everything was over in fifteen minutes, perhaps less.

"Although I have no way of knowing what a climax really is, except from reading, I feel certain I've never had one. Alan seems to think our sexual relationship is quite okay—so long as I don't refuse him. He wants sex every other night at the same time, and under the same conditions. He doesn't put on fresh pajamas or shave, nor does he bother with preliminaries. In five minutes, and frequently less, he has his climax, his nerves unwind and he is calm, relaxed, ready for sleep. I have undergone such strain and tension from Alan's sexual style that I often wish I could be done with sex entirely. Many times after he has satisfied himself I have run to the bathroom, had a bad case of the shakes and then thrown up. Alan knows it, too. Yet he cannot understand why I should ever refuse him. Every time I do he flies into a rage, and then he takes out his rage on Christine.

"Although I wanted children, my first pregnancy could hardly have occurred under worse circumstances. Against my wishes, we were living with Alan's family, paying a higher rent than an apartment would have cost. My in-laws disapproved of my religion and said so. Alan's sisters, then unmarried and at home, disapproved of me and said so. Everybody disapproved of my early pregnancy, but at the same time they all, Alan included, said it was my duty to produce a boy. In other words, my poor little daughter was practically read out of the family before she was even born.

"Christine arrived nine months and two weeks after my wedding day. She was the first grandchild on both sides. My parents sent a telegram and flowers—no gift for the baby. Alan's mother and sisters didn't come to the hos-

pital to see us. Alan did bring father, who told me I had such a pretty, healthy baby it was a pity wasn't a boy. Alan smugly said he I would keep on trying.

"When Billy was born four years later—after three miscarriages—my laws paid daily visits to the hospital and brought their grandson nice gifts. At that time it was decided we ought to buy their house, that our baby deserved to live in a real home instead of the apartment we were occupying with our little daughter.

"Alan has always earned a good salary as an accountant—he now clears at least \$12,000 annually—and when Billy was born I would estimate had more than \$5,000 in savings. I won't tell me the exact amount of income or his savings since he's worried that I might spend too much. Except where his own wishes are involved, Alan is terribly stingy. When he thinks his parents need something I know he slips money to his father, though he denies it. I have to hold a part-time job to pay Chrissy's school tuition.

"Alan and I could easily have afforded to buy a modern house with modern conveniences. But he let father unload their old-fashioned place on us. To this day my in-laws act as though our home still belongs to them; they kept a key and would barge in on us with suggestions and advice whenever they choose.

"If I'd met Alan's parents before our wedding I doubt I would have married him. They are cold as they constantly criticize me, Christine, daughter and our religion, and use Alan to their advantage. His father influences him terribly. In fact, I blame my father-in-law almost as much for Chrissy's problems and unhappy marriage as I blame my husband."

ALAN'S TURN TO TALK

"My wife will take anything I want our daughter," said 37-year-old Alan, a tall, thin man in a conservative suit that was shiny with wear. He continued on page



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

I'd rather have something go wrong because of bad luck than blow up my own.

* * *

There aren't any unmentionables you can't mention anymore, are there?

* * *

The trouble with organizations that are trying to straighten things is they get just like the organizations they're trying to straighten out.

* * *

I don't mind someone who proves he's right as long as he doesn't have to prove I'm wrong at the same time.

* * *

Is it possible that teen-age boys are becoming more interested in clothes than they are in cars?

* * *

Maybe it's not logical, but I think of myself as a liberal with conservative opinions.

* * *

There's never a time when I don't have at least three dresses in my closet that are too good to throw away but not good enough to wear.



Anything a natural blonde can do, a Naturally Blonde can do.™

Even in Sweden. We know. We were there. With three American girls who didn't get their beautiful blonde hair from a long line of Swedish ancestors. They got it from Clairol's Naturally Blonde. And nobody knew the difference.

Because Naturally Blonde is the shampoo-in toner that works so well, it even works on your psyche. You feel natural being blonde. And the naturalness shows.

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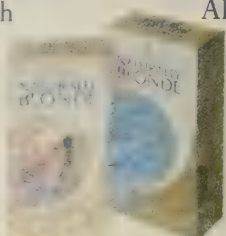
to worry your pretty blonde head about your pretty blonde head. The color you start with, stays. Your hair stays soft and shiny.

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Then you can do anything a natural blonde can do. Like our girls in Sweden.

Oh, yes. Which ones *are* the impostors?

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Beautyrest. The only mattress firm enough for Roman Gabriel

Roman Gabriel's big. He's the 6' 4", 225-lb. quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams. And when that much man hits the sack, it better be ready for him. Because Roman needs a good night's rest.

And his mattress must give every muscle of his body the proper, firm support it needs. Like his Beautyrest® does. It's made differently.

Beautyrest has unique pocketed coil construction, with twice the usual number of coils. Each coil works separately to firmly support whichever part of the body it's under. The coils under Roman's hips support his hips. Those under his shoulders support his shoulders. While others firm up under the small of his back. Result? Roman gets the firm, body-fitting support he needs.

But what about Suzanne Gabriel? She's just 5' 4"

and weighs only 115 lbs. She wants firmness and comfort, too. And Beautyrest gives her both. Separate Beautyrest coils give under her curvy contours, so that every part of her body gets a comfortable night's rest.

By conforming to Roman and Suzanne, Beautyrest doesn't have to be hard to be firm, or soft to be comfortable. They both get a better night's rest. She her coils. And he has his. No rolling together. So togetherness is optional.

You can't get more from a mattress unless it's more of a Beautyrest. The Gabriels enjoy the 50% more stretch-out space of a King size. But if you don't have room for a King size, and you're sleeping cramped and crowded on an old-fashioned double bed, how about the Queen size? It has 20% more sleeping space.



Roman Gabriel, Quarterback of the Los Angeles Rams. Winner of the 1969 NFL Player of the Year

comfortable enough for his wife.

and there's no need to buy new furniture because Simmons has Bed-stretcher rails to expand your present bed into Queen. Ask about them.

Simmons offers six Beautyrest mattresses, so no one has to compromise between firmness and comfort.

For those of you who want normal firmness, there's the Supreme, Elegance or the new exquisite. Each with a different degree of luxurious comfort. If you need extra-firm support, there are three Beautyrest Back Care

models, each with a different degree of firmness. And most are treated with Scotchgard® Fabric Protector to resist spots and stains.

You can own a Beautyrest for as little as \$89.95*. And you'll be getting the best rest a body ever had.



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It gives every part of your body a good night's rest.



Do you know
what your douche
is doing to you?

Your douche may make you smell nice. But, do you know what it's doing to you, inside?

A homemade vinegar solution can eliminate odor-causing bacteria. But because its sole quality is acidity, it's not always as sensitive as you'd like it to be.

Then, of course, there are the douches you buy in a store.

Some are too gentle. Others are too strong. And, if you aren't careful about dissolving powders, they don't do as good a job as they might be able to do.

And so, with these things in mind, we made a douche without all these disadvantages. We made a douche that would be medically safe all the time. It's called Jeneen.[®]

Like a good douche should be in the first place, Jeneen is gentle, while it helps clean away stubborn odor-causing bacteria. More than that, it gets at elusive odor-causing bacteria other douches might miss.

Which means, when you feel very very clean and very very pretty, after douching with Jeneen, you really are.

Oh, there are other things you'll like about Jeneen too. Jeneen comes pre-measured and is made to mix immediately with water. So you don't have to measure or stir.

It doesn't have a funny smell like vinegar or some of the other douches.

So, after douching with Jeneen, all you're left with is a soft, whispering, unmedicinal scent.

Now that you know what Jeneen does and doesn't do inside of you, try Jeneen.

And be nice, not only on the outside.

To: Mrs. Virginia Drake, R.N., Dept. LR010
The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y. 13815
Please send me my introductory package of new Jeneen, the first pre-measured liquid douche. I am enclosing 25¢ to cover the cost of mailing and handling.

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Jeneen

At drug counters everywhere.

EATING PEANUTS can pose a health hazard to small children, according to a New York pediatrician, Dr. Rustin McIntosh, who retired recently after working many years at Babies Hospital. Explains Dr. McIntosh: "If a child eating a peanut happens to inhale it, it is just the right size to slip past the vocal cords and into the bronchial tubes. It may be coughed up. But if the first cough fails, it will slip further and further down. If not removed by bronchoscopy [using a long examining light and a grabbing device], it can be fatal."

Dr. McIntosh explains that while orange seeds, pieces of grass and nutshells can also get sucked into the bronchial tubes, the peanut decomposes to produce acids that destroy body tissue the nut is lodged against. This can lead to infection, pneumonia and sometimes death.

Because bronchoscopy can be painful and sometimes injurious to the patient, and since some hospitals do not have trained bronchoscopists, Dr. McIntosh counsels prevention: "I always made it a practice to tell mothers not to let a child have a nut until he is five years old—and then, only if he eats it while sitting down."

THE MOST popular flavor for the sugar coating on medicinal pills is orange, according to pharmaceutical chemist Dr. Louis Schroeter in his book *Ingredient X*. Other popular flavors are peppermint, anise and raspberry.

WRITING TO A BLIND PERSON is impossible for sighted individuals who know no braille. Moreover, many blind persons do not know braille, either.

A new invention may solve this communications dilemma: it is a specially made polyethylene writing paper that will rise up under the point of a ballpoint pen or heavy pencil. The result is instantaneous, do-it-yourself embossing with ordinary letters, words and figures.

The writing stands .016 inch high. St. Louis occupational therapist Mrs. Ruth Barr, who developed the technique, found that almost all of 50 blind or blindfolded people could read these lines with their fingertips with only a few minutes' practice. Blind people who knew the shape of Arabic letters could immediately write so that others, both blind and sighted, could read their messages. Using the new method, says Mrs. Barr, the sighted and nonsighted can readily communicate.

GONORRHEA IS dangerously on the upsurge. But finding it remains a problem. Initially, the disease may produce few symptoms, especially in women. The

only way some cases can be diagnosed is by culturing a sample of vaginal fluid until numbers of the microbes cause the disease can be detected.

Few doctors are equipped to grow these cultures, however, and the microbe dies too quickly for specimens to be sent to a central venereal disease laboratory. For this reason, few physicians do routine gonorrhea tests.

Now, however, VD researchers at the U.S. Center for Disease Control in Atlanta have invented a liquid in which microbes thrive. A doctor can put vaginal fluid in a bottle of this liquid, seal the bottle, mail it to a lab. Upon arrival, the bacteria are alive and ready for study.

WHAT WILL relieve gum pain from teething? Rubbing with a rabbit's brain—probably won't. A pediatric dental researcher, Dr. Margaret Seward, recommends more scientific remedies: two preparations: one containing menthol, honey, acid and alcohol; the other the same ingredients plus lidocaine, a pain-killer. She found one or the other to be more effective than the lignocaine provided in highly effective relief. The preparation lacking the pain-killer was less effective.

IS OUR EARTH running out of oxygen for people to breathe? No, says Dr. Lester Macdonald, an air chemist at the Federal Resources laboratory in Springfield, Md. He measured samples taken over centuries of empty ocean and air samples taken from a nearby rural Maryland area compared the samples' oxygen content with that of samples studied in 1910. Samples, oxygen made up 20.9 percent of the volume of air. Says Dr. Macdonald: "The oxygen in atmospheric oxygen in 1910 has been either very close to or zero."

INGROWN TOENAIL is intensely painful, often prevents normal walking and is not the nail that impregnates the skin, but rather a nail that grows in, but rather a nail that grows under the skin. The area of the underlying nail bed that grows out where the nail has been cut or broken or too vigorously trimmed. Chicago surgeon Dr. Gustav Zechel found that the corners of big-toe-nails frequently cause trouble for nail. Too-close trimming dissects the side groove of the nail, depriving it of the nail which it needs; easily soft tissue fills the area. In other hand, some people the (continued on page 34)





1. Headache



2. Minor Arthritic pain



3. Toothache



4. Backache



5. Muscular aches



6. Pain that disturbs sleep



7. Pains of cold & flu



8. Sore throat of a cold



9. Fever of a cold

and...

- 10. Morning headache
- 11. Pain of Neuritis
- 12. Menstrual pain
- 13. Neuralgia
- 14. Pain following tooth extraction

And temporary relief from minor pain of:

- 15. Arthritis
- 16. Lumbago
- 17. Sciatica

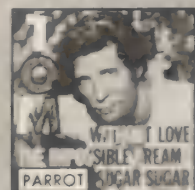


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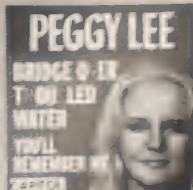
Pure aspirin, not part aspirin...Bayer works wonders.

*Electronically re-channelled to simulate stereo

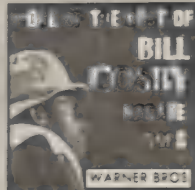
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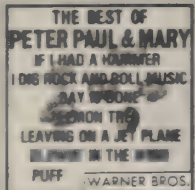
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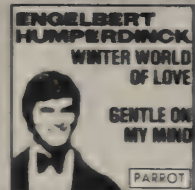
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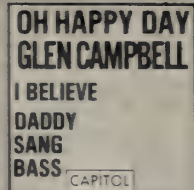
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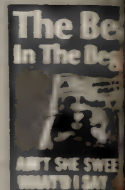
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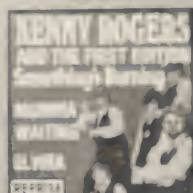
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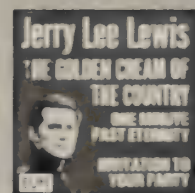
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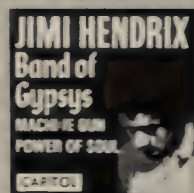
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By Dorothy Lambert Brightbill

Here is a mélange of lovely gift items you can make for a loved one—or yourself. Clockwise from left: Love and Peace (size 12 by 16 inches) is really an embroidery lesson. You learn to do six basic stitches. Instructions and a stitch chart included in the kit will show you how. The design is stamped on cotton homespun to be embroidered with wool yarn, also included. Peace and Plenty sampler (size 9½ by 14 inches) is stamped on 100 percent linen to be cross-stitched. Frames for both items are available.

The sea-urchin pillow is stamped on linen. It is a beautiful contemporary design that goes surprisingly well with traditional interiors. And nesting in a basket are two of our best bargains—the needlepoint eyeglass case and a charming pincushion, embellished with fresh violets.

A truly rare buy is the needlepoint strawberry bookend/doorstop concealing an ordinary brick weight. For a departure from needlework, the beaded lilies of the valley and pensive pansies (center) provide a pleasant change. If you are planning to raise funds for a good cause, this charming collection would be sure to make it a smashing success.

The Creative Woman

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PET NEWS

PET NEWS

TEACH-A-PET is a new device that can help you teach your pet how to perform such tricks as rolling over, begging, lying down and jumping through a hoop. Teach-a-Pet isn't intended for dogs, however; it's for hamsters, guinea pigs, white mice and rabbits!

Developed by Animal Technology, Inc., a company involved in projects dealing with animal behavior and psychology, the gadget has been tested and used in elementary schools in New England and is now generally available to the public for \$18.95 plus 55 cents handling charge.

The aluminum unit is designed to hang in a cage and to be operated by children from age six to 12, but we suspect Teach-a-Pet has something in common with the electric train—a lot of older children (including parents) are likely to be fascinated by its possibilities.

Briefly, here's how it works: You fill the box with bits of lettuce or whatever happens to be the favorite food of your small animal. (Most animals do not have to be deprived of food in order to be interested in a reward, which means gerbils are not ideally suited to the training method because they do have to be deprived for 48 hours before they will respond.) When you pull a chain on the box, the door to the food tray will open, dispensing a reward. Now if you want to teach George the guinea pig to "chase his tail" counterclockwise, you pull the chain whenever he makes a slight move in the right direction. Pretty soon, George will get the idea and start moving in order to get his treat. The box also comes with two lights and batteries. Once George is well on his way to being trained, you can teach him to respond with his best tricks only to the light.

Animal Technology, Inc., points out that in addition to teaching cute tricks to small animals, the unit teaches the child something about animal behavior and how learning takes place without punishment. It also teaches something about patience, since some animals will be slower learners than others. For a free brochure describing Teach-a-Pet, write to Animal Technology, Inc., 8 Beck Road, Arlington, Mass. 02174.

HERE'S SOMETHING for all the dog owners we know who taught Rover to fetch the morning paper and now regret it as they read through the shredded news: *Doggy News* ("All the news that's fit to chew") is a rolled-up vinyl chew toy (Superior Pet Products, about \$1) that looks like a newspaper. Moreover, it whistles whenever it is squeezed or dropped. Rover should enjoy this paper even more than Daddy's.

WONDERFUL STORIES a cats by Damon Runyon, M Twain, Margery Sharp, P Wodehouse and many others have been collected by Br writer John Montgomery called *The World's Best Stories* (McGraw-Hill, \$5). Some of the cats are real; are fictitious. There are cats do very unusual things (such drink whiskey) and one very interesting cat carved out of thyst. This is a good collection of short stories even if you not a cat lover, and if you cat lover, don't miss it.

CAN THIS ANIMAL SAVED? Dwindling swam and illegal poaching have endangered the American alligator. This living fossil that overpopulated Southern marshes and from the Grande Valley to Florida only two homes left: Okeechiee Swamp, and the Everglades where the count of blunt, every noses shows a 90 percent drop since 1947. The unloved reptile is a necessary member of the marsh community. His habits keep the place and the holes he digs provide food for smaller animals. When alligators first fell prey to the fashion industry, the few protecting them were not forced. Poachers gladly took the slim chance of arrest against huge nightly profits. A federal law now bans interstate sale of poached hides; New York's new Mason's ending all sale of certain animal skins and products, hits the illegal markets. If sanctuaries are undisturbed, the reptile should multiply. To find out what you can do to help the alligator survive, write: Friends of the Earth, 30 East 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10017.—JOYCE

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



Miss Marguerite Flood of Boston, Massachusetts, caught her niece's pet raccoon, Baby, because he was bottle fed, and is now keeping the world from a continued birdhouse. Baby is house-trained and grapes are his favorite.

(Do you have a favorite pet picture? Write it to Pet News Editor, Ladies Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Pictures will be returned to you enclose a self-addressed envelope.)



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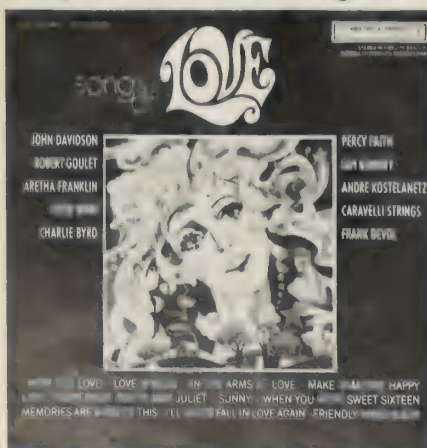


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DOCTOR RUBIN

WHAT SPENDING MONEY REVEALS ABOUT YOU
BY THEODORE ISAAC RUBIN, M.D.

Some people say—and believe—that “money is the root of all evil.” That just isn’t so. Money doesn’t make people sick or corrupt. Sick people make sick or corrupt use of money, just as they do with other things in life.

Money represents time and energy. It is a medium of exchange and, as such, it offers the possibility of enhancing human relations and communications. Unfortunately, as in other areas of human endeavor, constructive possibilities for using money can be displaced by destructive ones. So money has come to represent more than it should. To too many people, money has become highly symbolic. Everyday we hear expressions like: “I feel like two cents. . . . I feel like a million dollars. . . . Sound as a dollar. . . . Phony as a three-dollar bill.”

In these expressions, the symbolic meanings attributed to money are clear. Sometimes, however, the meaning a person actually assigns to money exists on an unconscious level and the person is unaware of it.

How you feel about money, spend it, use it, etc., tells much about you. This is particularly true in marriage. Often the way a couple acts together in money situations reveals how they feel and relate to each other generally—a good deal of which they may not be aware of at all. Attitudes regarding money are very similar to those about sex, inasmuch as both usually reflect a great deal about how we relate to ourselves and to other people.

Let me describe the most common symbolic meaning of money. Bear in mind that these symbols can overlap: money can symbolize many things to the same person at the same time. Even more peculiarly, money can symbolize opposite values to the same person. Here, then, are some symbolic meanings of money that I have come across in clinical practice.

1. Money is all that is evil, dirty, mysterious—even death itself—while poverty represents all that is good, clean, light and alive. I knew a man who felt this way but who, at the same time, also felt that money meant respectability and acceptability, while poverty stood for rejection and self-hate. He was in constant conflict about money. Without knowing why, such a person can fluctuate between great efforts to accumulate money and equally great efforts to fail financially in order to divest himself of every cent he worked hard to make.

2. Money is knowledge, culture and expertise. People who believe this will repeatedly ask the richest man or woman they know for all kinds of advice on any subject, simply because they believe that to be rich is to be all-knowing. They will also strive for money of their own so that they, too, can acquire the instant wisdom that comes with money.

3. Money is an antidote to self-

hate, self-rejection and depression. Some people believe that money will give them self-esteem as well as an ability to relate successfully to others. Here money symbolizes the end of misery and the beginning of happiness. When it brings neither, the believer sometimes feels that he or she simply must get more money. When more money still doesn’t solve the problem, the feeling of emptiness deepens. I have seen great depression ensue when people realize that money does not “bring” or “buy” what it is supposed to.

4. Money means friendships with important people. Those who feel this way will display their money in expensive dress and possessions (such as jewelry, high-priced cars, furniture, etc.) in an attempt to impress and to attract the “right kind” of “important” people.

5. Money is power, prestige and status. Here, too, ostentation with the aim of impressing others is often an attempt to hide underlying feelings of worthlessness. Some people will throw money around by over tipping or overspending just to show themselves and others that they “have arrived.” But it doesn’t work! These people are often shocked when they realize that money, however much they acquire, does not really change basic feelings of unworthiness, nor does it confer real self-confidence.

6. Money is blood. As a result, spending money is like hemorrhaging or giving away vital pieces of one’s self. People who feel this way are stingy people. They can’t spend money unless they are convinced they are getting the best deal possible. “Being taken,” or getting the worst end of a bargain, can bring on terrible feelings of despair, even an urge to commit suicide. Usually people who can’t spend money (assuming they have it to spend) can’t spend emotions, either. They are very detached and constipated emotionally—as well as financially.

7. Money is mastery, a manipulative tool that procures love or control over people. I have known parents who can’t understand why their children do not love them even though they have given their children so much money. For these parents money equals love; they feel that the money-love they have given is as good as emotional love. Some women, to whom money equals love, will see their husbands’ failure to earn a lot of money as his failure to love his family enough. In effect, these women are saying to their husbands, “If you loved me you would go out and earn more money for me.”

8. Money is the medium of exchange in a game called “Papa and the Little Girl.” The husband gives his wife a weekly allowance. She is Little Girl, he is Papa. This stems from and enhances a de-

pendency relationship in which he needs mastery and she needs to feel weak and protected. The husband may complain that his wife refuses to learn how to care for money, and the wife may complain that her husband won’t treat her like an adult, but neither will take responsibility for changing until they examine and change their emotional outlook toward themselves and each other.

9. Money is an emotional compartment. People who believe they never really share money, nor do they share emotions. They are married and maintain separate bank accounts—and usually separate emotional accounts, too.

10. Money represents health and longevity. You hear people who believe this say, “Money buys the best medicine, the best doctors! . . . Imagine, John Smith died and he was actually a millionaire!” The belief behind the words is that money magically buys life and a way to cheat death.

11. Money is nobility and entree into a special circle of perhumans who live in a heaven on earth. It is often a big shock to people who believe this that human functions, limitations and problems exist and continue to exist no matter how much money they accumulate.

12. Money is things—innumerable things, such as cars, cloth appliances, houses, lawns—things that, if possessed, will replace a missing self and a missing sense of belonging.

13. Money is a plaything, a child’s toy. “I just love to handle money. I like the feel of it in my hand. I just like to jingle coins in my pocket. I just like to collect money.” Some thieves have a very childish feeling about money. They’ll steal it to play with without actually valuing its buying power.

14. Money is freedom. Money makes work unnecessary and permits its possessor to spend time as he wishes. This view of money may or may not be coupled with the belief that money equals longevity.



As a regular feature Dr. Rubin will answer questions about your personal life, marriage, family emotional problems. The doctor is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York and is the author of *LISA DAVID and The Thin Book of the Formerly Fat Psychiatrist*, a new best-seller. Forever T offers a psychological approach to permanent weight control. You have questions for Dr. Rubin? To answer in his column, please address them to him in care of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.



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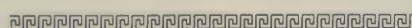


Sarah Coventry, Inc.

15. Money is legitimacy. Some people believe that nothing really counts unless money is involved. A contract, for example, means nothing if money doesn't pass hands. A man who associates money with legitimacy may say that his son has accomplished nothing because he hasn't brought dollars into the home. Money becomes the symbol of accomplishment, and sometimes very great accomplishments are not recognized because they did not involve money.

16. Money is rebirth. This attitude characterizes a person who feels that money is necessary before life can really start. A specific amount of money is usually meant, and at the moment that amount is possessed life is supposed to really begin. Needless to say, it seldom does.

Those are some of the most common values that money symbolizes. Sometimes, because of underlying emotional and personality problems, people are trapped by the symbolic use they make of money. Such people suffer from avarice, prostitution of self for money, spendthriftiness, chronic, sadistic exploitation of others, chronic indebtedness, gambling, economic failure, etc., and they need more than financial help. Psychoanalytic help is almost always necessary to get to the roots of their money problems.



LOVE

By Patricia Livingston

*Ensnare the hand
and entertain the tongue,
Tangle the heart,
the bramble and the rose.
Love is not blind,
but seeing as the sun,
Which knows not even
how to shield its eye.
Love is not kind,
but like some maddening thought,
It is a song
wherein your feet are caught.*

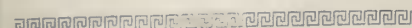


WHERE WILL YOU BE

By John Davenport Womack

*Where will you be when you shall read
this rhyme?
Pursuing, perhaps, a routine occupation,
Or dressing then, and glancing at the
time.
Or in the midst of earnest conversation
And thinking of me little, if at all.
It well may be that you no longer love
me
And miles beyond my eager reach and
call
When you will find this small memento
of me.*

*What will you do, I wonder? Will you
glance
It quickly over, and toss it then away
As something of but small significance
Having but little bearing on your day?
Or will you, Love, be pleased no matter
where
To find this memento telling you I care?*



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Sweden is ski country, so naturally internally worn Tampax tampons are important to active young women. Tampax tampons can't show, even with snug ski pants.

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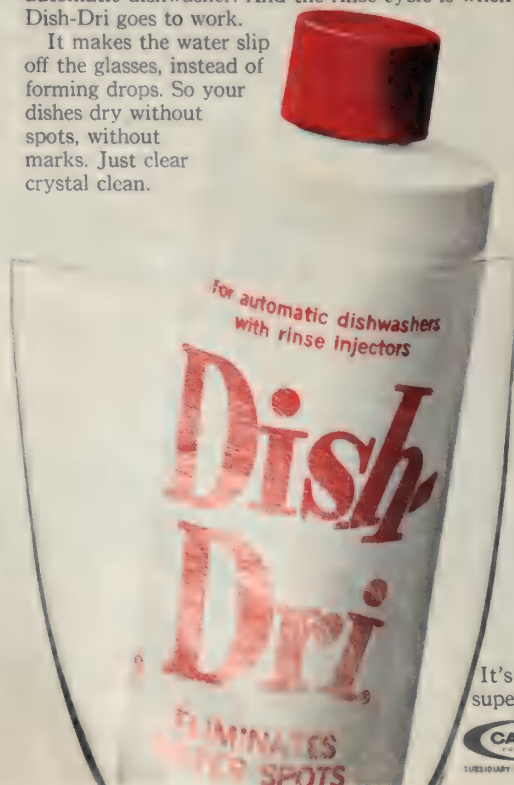
Now there are two Duo Eyelash Adhesives. New Dark-Tone Duo to blend with black or brown lashes. And the original Clear White Duo that dries invisibly.

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It's in your supermarket now.



SPENDING YOUR MONEY

SPENDING YOUR MONEY • BY SYLVIA PORTE

Q: Where are people putting the money that they were pouring into the stock market before the break of 1969 and 1970?

A: A lot of it has gone into the bond market—into marketable U.S. Treasury securities, tax-exempt municipal obligations and high-grade corporation bonds returning more than 9 percent a year. These annual rates of return on corporate bonds rival the returns on stocks over the long term and put bonds in the category of growth securities by any definition.

Q: We are trying to locate a good nursing home for my father. But we haven't much money and we don't know where to turn. Can you help?

A: Here's a partial list of sources that can give you guidance: the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, 645 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; The American Hospital Association, 840 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60611; the National Council on the Aging, 315 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010; the American Nursing Home Association, 1025 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; your local Protestant or Catholic welfare organization or Jewish Federation; your local Social Security office or welfare department. But heed the Nursing Home Association's own warning: "Good nursing-home care isn't cheap."

Q: A group in our bridge club went into a deal to buy some beef wholesale. We got a good price, I think, but I ended up with a lot more stew meat than I had expected. How do you avoid this when you buy beef from a wholesaler?

A: It is scarcely sound money management to pay for pounds of hamburger and stew meat when what you really want is steak. Before you enter this sort of deal again, know precisely what cuts of meat, and how much, you will get in your delivered package. If you think the dealer has misrepresented meat

prices or proportions, complain to him. And if this doesn't work, complain to your local or state consumer-protection agencies.

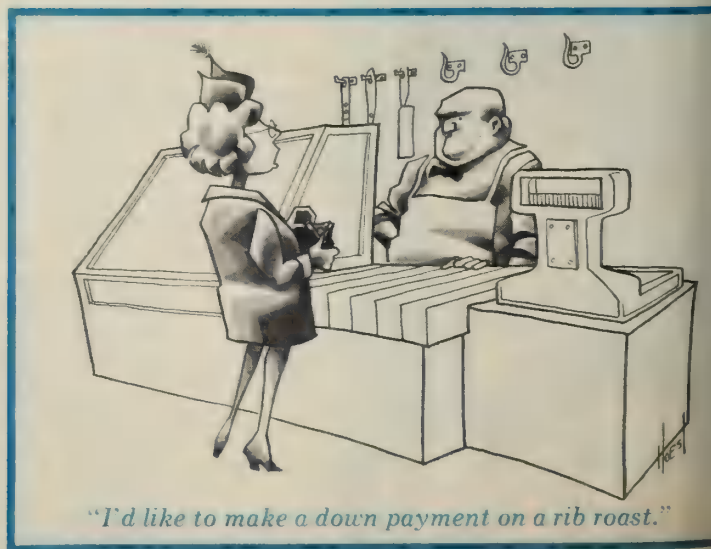
Q: My husband and I are bending under the burden of sending our two boys to college. Sure something is being done to stop these ever-rising costs?

A: No, as of this writing, no relief is in sight. Big pay raises are being won by college professors and instructors. Costs of constructing new college buildings are still skyrocketing. And with mounting numbers of students from lower-income families absorbing available scholarships and loan money, students from middle-income families such as yours are carrying a heavier share of the costs in the form of higher tuitions. Private donations are not rising fast enough to provide major relief; the colleges cannot possibly absorb more of the costs than they already do absorb, and the Federal government is actually reducing its funding of several scholarship-loan programs.

It's a bitter fact but you must face it. I assume, though, that your college-age boys are heading to the maximum extent they can by getting loans and by taking on part-time and vacation jobs. The best of American youngsters are doing just that.

Q: My husband is a struggling young artist trying to support me and my two infants. He manages to earn about \$8,000 a year but since he's self-employed, he has to pay the maximum \$538.20 in Social Security tax. Why should he pay so much more than the company executive with a six-figure salary, who pays only \$374.40 a year for the same benefits.

A: I certainly sympathize with you, but, says the Social Security Administration, it's actually the employed executive who pays a higher Social Security tax, since the company employing him must match his Social Security contribution—for a total maximum tax (continued)



"I'd like to make a down payment on a rib roast."

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SPENDING YOUR MONEY *continued*

of \$748.80, or more than \$200 over the amount of your Social Security taxes. In fact, for every complaint that the self-employed person pays a disproportionate tax, there's a complaint that the employer and employee are the ones getting a raw deal.

Q: I am in the process of getting a divorce and am going back to work. We have only one car and I must have it to get to my job. Who usually gets the car in divorce cases?

A: The wife does. If you had two cars, you would each take one.

Q: My husband withdrew almost all of our savings and put the money into U.S. Treasury bills about nine months ago. He's been buying them over and over and he says he's way ahead. But I haven't seen any interest being paid. Can you help?

A: What your husband has been buying are the U.S. Treasury bills, which are issued each week with maturities of three months. (Their early maturity explains why he has been "buying them over and over.") The bills don't pay a stated amount of interest; instead, they are sold at a discount from face value (\$10,000). The difference between his purchase price and the maturity value, \$10,000, represents the interest he is getting. Or if he sells the bills in the open market before their maturity, his interest return is the difference between his purchase price and the sale price.

Don't worry: the U.S. Government I.O.U.'s that your husband is buying are the best in the world and they're the virtual equivalent of cash.

Q: We've been married four years and I am about to have our first baby. I have been hoping to have at least three, but I don't know how we'll manage to bring up even one on my husband's pay in this inflationary era—much less three! Are other young wives saying the same thing?

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A: I'm beginning to suspect that high cost of merely feeding children today's economy may be a prime factor in the downward trend in family size. (Not to mention the high cost of housing them, transporting them, keeping them healthy, educating them.) I expect that the cost-of-living factor will be a much more powerful force working for population control than most people think. I wonder how many readers realize that the lowest birth rates in U.S. history occurred during the Depression of the 1930s—long, before the pill!

Q: Our daughter, a college freshman, worked this past summer as secretary to my husband, a psychiatrist, which he paid her a total of \$800 a two-month period. (His regular salary was on maternity leave.) Can my husband deduct the \$800 on his 1970 return as a business expense as well as claim the regular \$625 deduction for her as a dependent?

A: Yes, if she either does not turn 19 before the end of this year or is a full-time student, and assuming her work was legitimate. Of course, your daughter can take a \$625 exemption, too, so she will pay no income tax because of her low-income allowance.

Q: I want to sell some stocks on which I have some big losses, take the loss on my income tax and buy the stocks back immediately so I can ride the market up again. My broker says I can't do that. Is he right?

A: Yes. You cannot buy back the identical securities on which you had a loss within 30 days before or after the loss sale—for that's called a "wash sale" and under the rules, a wash sale denies you any loss deduction. What you can do is replace your securities with similar stocks. Then you have your losses for tax purposes, and also have stocks that should move along with your original stocks.

You can, though, sell stock which you have long-term gains and repurchase these identical stocks immediately, for the wash-sale rule does not apply to gains. When you do this, you establish a higher price base, which significantly improves your tax position for the future. The key here, of course, is that you take enough losses to offset the taxes you otherwise would owe on those long-term capital gains.

Q: We're terribly tempted to use our bank credit card for a quick loan to buy some new furniture for our living room. What will this loan cost us?

A: You'll pay 12 to 24 percent interest on "instant cash" loan on your bank credit card. And the typical annual interest rate on bills you charge to a bank credit card but which are not paid after 25 to 30 days is 18 percent.

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.





**"I want that blue-green color
the sea gets
just before a rain."**

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We also have the blue of those wild flowers that bloom along the Pennsylvania roadside in June. And we have the delicate colorless color that rises from a farmhouse chimney on a still winter day.

In fact, at this moment we have 49 current colors, which isn't unusual for us. You see, we make our own colors (just as we weave our own fabrics), and we're rather noted for what we do with color.

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MRS. SUCCESS

What's it like to be married to a man at the top? Are you really a woman—or just a gold-plated accessory to your husband, like the key to the executive washroom? Here, the wives of successful men discuss their marriages, children, rewards and frustrations. By Lois Wyse

Mrs. Success is the wife of Mr. Success. And Mr. Success is the man who has reached the top. Wealth and fame are what Mr. Success pursues. Mr. Success is what Mrs. Success pursues, and this is a documented study of how Mrs. Success builds and evaluates her life both because of and in spite of her husband's wealth and fame.

Mrs. Success is the wife who started out with two rooms and ended up with two homes. Is she satisfied? Is a closet full of clothes worth a husband who is seldom home? Does she miss having a husband who wants supper on the table at six o'clock? Is Mrs. Success really a woman? Or is she, like the key to the executive washroom, simply a gold-plated accessory for her husband?

These are questions that have registered at the back of my mind for the past few years. So I arranged to meet and talk with a variety of Mrs. Successes and tried to arrive at the answers.

In addition I consulted Dr. Robert C. Sorensen, a sociologist and director of the Living Patterns Research Institute. Together we prepared a 15-page questionnaire to be sent to 400 Mrs. Successes—all wives of men whose names have appeared in the financial pages of major U.S. newspapers at some time during the past two years. Most of these men earn at least \$100,000 a year. For the most part these Mr. Successes are heads of corporations, although the pot has been seasoned with some attorneys and doctors.

Throughout you will find analyses of the wives' answers, for this is not a statistical report. One may know every fact about a person and still not understand her, and I wrote this because I wanted to understand Mrs. Success.

In addition to surveying and interviewing many Mrs. Successes, I talked to psychologists, pediatricians, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Success, single women, ex-Mrs. Successes, maids, and an occasional Mr. Success.

Rich men's wives are loyal. Ask a question about the state of a rich woman's marriage, and you will find that *her* marriage is excellent, *her* marriage is happy, but Mary-at-the-Club really has marital problems.

The most frequently mentioned problem is the husband's absence from home. Every Mrs. Success is on intimate terms with the long, lonely night. When the children fight, Mr. Success is in California. Parents' Night at school, and he is in London. Their anniversary, and he cables from Hong Kong.

Even though loneliness is the number one problem, it is not the only complaint. Take the case of Fanny and Chalmers Chase. (Note: All names used are fictitious, but the case histories are real.)

After 20-some years of marriage and three children, Fanny today is earthy in philosophy, healthy in looks, and as outspoken as a four-year-old. One of her favorite subjects is her husband.

"Chalmers is a man's man. He doesn't try to win people's favor. He is what he is, and you have to accept him for that. He's very conservative, likes to be with people he knows. Why did he marry me? Well, after all, I was a singer with a band, and he knew I was a party girl. I had met a lot of men. I was in my midtwenties when Chalmers married me, and when I stop to wonder why we got married, I guess the reason is he asked me. Before Chalmers nobody asked me to get married.

"The toughest job I have with Chalmers," Fanny laughed, "is getting him to laugh. I mean just get away from business and relate to fun things in life. I think he really takes his business responsibilities seriously."

Fanny considers her marriage almost perfect. She is confident that there is nothing that anyone ever thought about doing or did in a bedroom that she and Chalmers have not done. "I know my man better than anybody," she says.

"Only once in 21 years have I had an affair," Fanny reports. "I had it because there was a man who needed me. He really did. He was a friend of my husband's and mine, although we couldn't stand his wife. Well, it turns out he couldn't stand her either, and he was going to leave her and their children. I spent a little time with him . . . two times to be exact and both times out of St.

Paul . . . and I talked him into going back to his wife. I really helped him. I convinced him that he would be prouder of himself if he went back to her than if he stayed with me. That was six years ago, and we still see each other at parties, but we have never been alone since he made that determination to stay at home. Now I consider that a constructive affair."

Would Fanny ever have another affair?

Her unlined forehead became furrowed, and she thought a long minute, "Probably. Probably if I thought I could help someone. But what I'd really like to do," and her eyes twinkled, "is have a fling with my husband. If I could just get him to get a bigger kick out of dumb old me. Well, maybe he will. I hear that around the late fifties, that's what happens with a lot of men."

The Affairs of Mrs. Success

Significantly, no woman was asked directly if she had had a love affair, only if she had ever considered having one. Only 2 percent refused to answer the question. Seventy-five percent of the women interviewed reported that they never have considered having an affair. But some Mrs. Successes are restless; 23 percent admit that they have thought about a romantic episode or involvement with a man other than their husbands. (Of this 23 percent, the greatest number had been married more than 17 years.)

Women said that if they were to have an affair, some justifications would be emotional boredom, falling in love with another man, frequent separations, sexual boredom and sexual frustration. Interestingly, only 2 percent consider a husband's unfaithfulness a reason for having an affair of their own. This shows the independence of Mrs. Success. She is not solely interested in retaliatory measures; she thinks in terms of a life of her own. She is action-oriented, not reaction-oriented.

A marriage counselor I talked with told me he was now married to his second wife. "The breakup of my first marriage was my fault," he admits. "My first wife came from my town, was two years younger than (continued on page 156)



de Hobson wouldn't change her special special eyes for all the baby blues the world. Or her special special fragrance either.



s like Barbara Alexander used to rush for the nearest plastic surgeon. Not more. As far as Barbara's concerned, her nose is the first most interesting thing about her. And her fragrance, the second.

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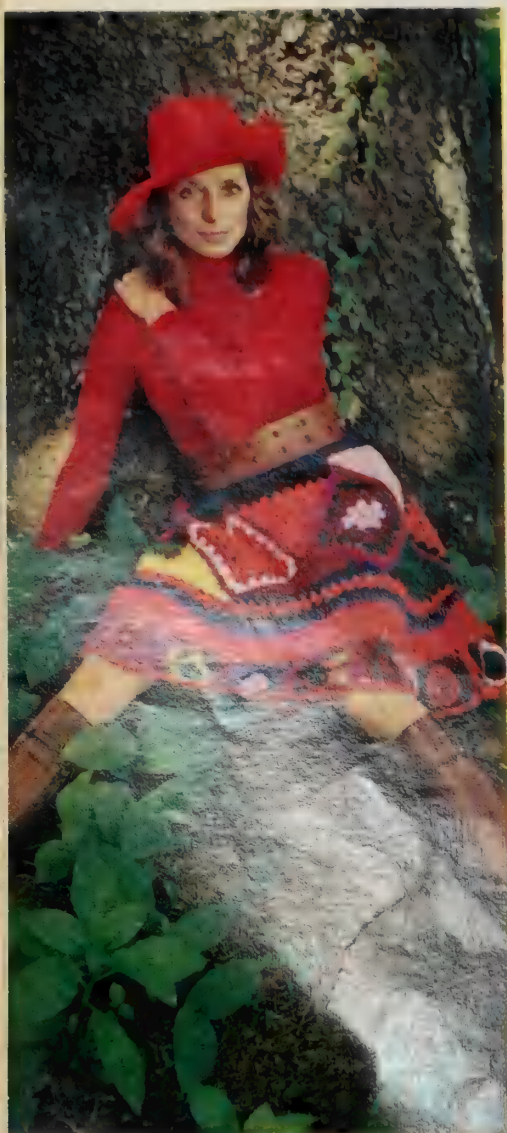
We know you don't want to look like the next girl. Maybe you don't want your fragrance to be like the next girl's either. Well now, it needn't be. Because now, we've created a new kind of fragrance called Cachet. Every girl on this page can wear it and it'll be something a little different and special on every single one. It'll be something a little different and special on you too. Because, besides being fresh and fascinating, Cachet was designed to pick up and play up every girl's own very special chemistry. Maybe you should try it? Maybe it isn't you. But then again, maybe it's the first perfume that really is. Cachet by Prince Matchabelli.

THE PONCHO/SKIRT

Two for the Price of One

Is it a poncho? Is it a skirt? It's both. Two of fall's newest loves, the poncho and the midi skirt, team up in one clever crocheting venture. Slip one of these crochets over the head and around your shoulders, pull the drawstring, and you're enveloped in a colorful cloak. Or let it lope down to the waist, then tie, and you're wearing a handmade midi. Designed in inventive crazy-quilt and in lacy solid patterns, these two-way crochets cost \$10 or less to make. They are at home in the Great Outdoors or in the Big City. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor

Patchwork crochet in country colors. On the right it's a poncho worn over pants. Below, it's a midi worn with a sweater, a leather belt and boots. The gaucho hat is by Lin Mac; pants by Mr. Pants, Crazy Horse sweater, Elegant belt, Golo boots.



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LYSOL Spray does lots more than clean the air.

THE PONCHO/SKIRT

Two for the Price of One

The poncho-skirt, lacy and fringed. As a poncho, left, it can be worn over a leotard like this harlequin one. As a soft, swingy midi, add a wide, laced-up belt. McCallum leotard, Sandler of Boston boots.

All yarns, Coats and Clark Knitting Worsteds. To order knitting instructions, send a stamped, self-addressed business-size envelope with 25¢ in coin to: Coats & Clark, Inc., Box 495, Dept. LHJ 10-7 Fair Lawn, New Jersey 07410.



**How come the rooms you have in your head
are never the rooms you have in your home?**



You've probably furnished your home by going from store to store. Picking out a sofa here, a rug there, a chair somewhere else.

They looked great by themselves. But now that you've got them home, do they make your rooms look like you thought they would?

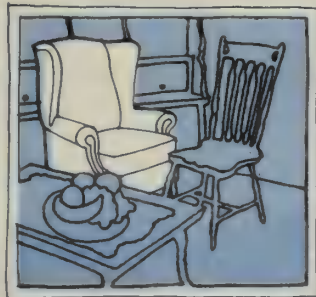
Or, since your furniture is supposed to be a way to express yourself, is it expressing you sort of tongue-tied?

The next time you have a chance to do some decorating, visit an Ethan Allen Gallery. We can help you have a home that can pronounce you correctly.

To begin with, instead of acres of sofas or beds or tables, all our furniture is displayed in room settings.

Sofas are surrounded by living rooms, beds by bedrooms and dining room tables by dining rooms.

All complete down to the last lamp, chandelier, clock, mirror, rug, tv set, painting, sculpture and wall papered wall.



It looked great in the store.

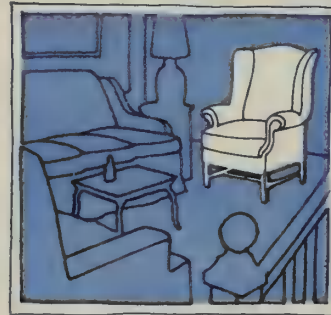
So you can see how all the things we make can go together.

And so, by talking with us, you can get ideas of how our things can be mixed and matched to go with the things you already have. To make rooms that are yours and nobody else's.

Walk around the gallery with one of our people and let him ask you about your home, your family and your style of life.

How big is, say, your living room?

What do you already have in it? How do people come and go through it? What do you use the room for? Does your husband sprawl out on the sofa after



We show you how it'll look at home.

dinner? What about your kids? How do you entertain? Are you formal? Informal? What are your tastes? Your likes? Your dislikes?

What exactly are those rooms you have in your head and how can Ethan Allen help get them from your head into your home?

Or, if you're not in a talking mood, pin on one of our buttons that says "Just Browsing" and walk around alone. And maybe sit down in a room setting and think things over.

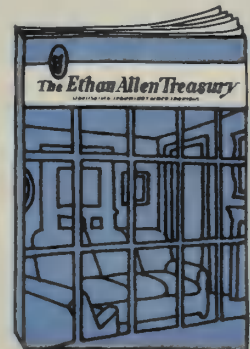
Whatever surroundings you build for yourself, you're going to have to live with them for a long time.

And we want them to be right for you.

Drop in soon. And when you do, pick up a free copy (it's worth \$5.00) of our new, 358-page "Treasury of American Traditional Interiors."

It has ideas to help you move furniture around in your head long after you leave us.

To find the Ethan Allen Gallery nearest you, see the listing on the following right hand page.



Here's where to find it.

 *Ethan Allen Galleries*
We care about your home...almost as much as you do.



You know, it's funny...
When I tell people they can dial Long Distance calls themselves,
they probably think I'm trying to save myself work.
Actually I'm trying to save them money.

Like on the weekends, for example—all day Saturday and Sunday till 5 p.m. That's when a coast-to-coast call costs as little as 70 cents, plus tax—if people dial it themselves without operator assistance.

That's 40 cents less than if I handled the call.

So remember—whenever you make a Long Distance call, dial it yourself. On most out-of-state calls, you'll save.



BACHELOR'S INVITATION

A male friend of my sister has invited her to visit him in Mexico City, and he has offered to pay her plane fare. She would stay with his sister and brother-in-law. My sister is a mature 19 years old, an honor student at college, and an excellent Spanish student. Because my parents cannot afford to send her just now, they have said no. I hate to see her miss this opportunity to see some of Mexico with a native. Would it really be improper for her to accept this invitation?

I have thought carefully about your letter. I think your sister could accept the invitation if the boy's mother writes her and if his parents pay her fare (whether or not, technically, it is the boy who actually does so). This would have social acceptance, and I'm sure would make her and your parents feel more comfortable. College boys and girls today do travel together all over the world.

I hope that the boy will be able to arrange this matter with his parents and that your sister is allowed to go. I should warn you, however, that many old Mexican families are still very formal, and it is possible that they may consider that your sister, in accepting the invitation, is more or less committing herself to an engagement.

PLACE SETTINGS

I have just been married and don't yet own any silverware. There are so many patterns I like, I find it hard to choose one favorite. Would it be proper to set a table with complete place settings of a variety of patterns?

I can't recommend this. I think it would look very "busy" and that you would eventually tire of it. Silver is a lifetime investment and should be chosen with great care.

GIVING GIFTS

A girl whom I taught in Sunday School graduated from high school but didn't send me an invitation. As I was fond of her, and since her mother was a good friend, I sent her a gift—and then an invitation arrived. Subsequently she was married. Although there were many pre-nuptial parties and showers, I was invited to none. The wedding itself was small, just for the family, so I didn't expect to be invited to it. Before the wedding I sent her a gift, and soon after I received an invitation to a shower. Was it wrong for me to have sent gifts even though I hadn't been invited to the celebrations?

There is nothing wrong in your sending gifts in both cases. Obviously, you did not send them in an effort to elicit invitations. You were free to accept the shower invitation or not as you pleased. Showers and the parties that precede the wedding are usually for the young friends of the couple;

therefore you should not have felt hurt because you weren't initially invited to these parties.

FRIENDLY MINISTER

We have a new young minister who calls people of all ages by their given names. I can't get used to this. What do you say about it?

Young ministers, trying to attract a following, often make this error. They should proceed with caution in calling any of their parishioners by their first names.

DIVORCEE'S RINGS

I am in my middle years, divorced for two years, with grown children. I have a beautiful set of rings that I haven't worn since we were separated, but I like them and miss wearing them. Would it be proper and in good taste for me to wear the rings on the right hand? My ex-husband is married now, but I still have hope we might be together again later.

Let me take your last sentence first. Many divorced women have the fantasy that they will remarry their former husbands, especially when the divorce has taken place late in life. Unfortunately, it is mostly fantasy. Many psychiatrists will often counsel a divorced woman not to wear her wedding ring, even on her right hand. Have the stones re-set if you want to. Don't wear your rings as a constant reminder of a sad fact that you must accept.

NEEDLESS TIPPING

My dentist's hygienist has cleaned my teeth twice a year for many years. She is very good, her work excellent. I have never given her a tip but wonder if I should.

Don't tip her. She is doing a good job and it is expected of her. But you may certainly praise her work.

PICKING UP THE NAPKIN

You wrote recently, "Wait until the hostess has picked up her napkin before touching yours." What if you are in a restaurant and there is no hostess to wait for?

You pick up the napkin as soon as you sit down. If there are gentlemen at the table, they wait until at least one lady has picked up her napkin.

VERY SMART

I am a girl of thirteen with above average intelligence. I'm not brilliant, just smart. My problem is that people are always telling me how smart I am (friends and adults), which makes me feel uncomfortable. What should I say to them?

There is no point in trying to deny your intelligence; accept your in-

heritance with gratitude and modesty. Say "thank you" and try to live up to the praise.

NICKNAME

I am a middle-aged woman and known to friends and family as "Mickey." I would dearly like to be called "Marian," which is my true name. I myself shortened it to "Mickey" when I was a young girl. How can I now get people to call me "Marian"?

Start with your husband by asking him to call you "Marian" and let your friends know that you prefer this name. The old nickname will stick for a while, but in time I'm sure the change can be effected.

LATE HUSBAND

Is it in poor taste to keep a small, framed photograph of my deceased husband in my living room? My family doesn't approve.

If you were happily married I think it would be very sad not to have a photograph of your late husband around. I can't think why it should embarrass the rest of the family.

DINING OUT

When wearing a coat and dress ensemble with a boa to a banquet or dining out, is it proper to leave your coat on until you begin to eat and then put it on the back of your chair?

At a banquet facilities are usually available so that guests may check their coats. You may want to keep the boa, especially if you are going to be in an air-conditioned room.

In a restaurant you would remove your coat upon sitting down. Place it over the back of your chair or, if there is an extra chair, let the waiter or your escort fold it and put it there. If you are stopping first at the bar, you might just open your coat and leave on your boa if there are no checkroom facilities for women.

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Parties" (open house, anniversaries, housewarmings, showers). Also "Letter Writing," "Teen Manners," "Office Etiquette," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette" and "Table Manners." Send 50c in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.



ETHAN ALLEN GALLERIES

Check list below for the Ethan Allen Gallery nearest you

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield . . . Summer's Maple Shop
Belmont . . . Biagi's Carriage House
Los Angeles (Santa Ana) Georgetown Manor
Los Angeles (Torrance) Carriage House
Los Angeles . . . Steins Furniture
Mountain View . . Carriage House
Redding The Manor House
Sacramento Kincaid Home Furnishings
San Bernardino Red Coach Maple Shop
Santa Maria Fletcher's
Santa Rosa Yeager's Carriage House
Whittier Hinshaw's

COLORADO

Boulder . . . Homestead House Inc.
Colorado Springs Home Furniture Co.
Denver . . . Homestead House Inc.
Denver (Lakewood) . . Homestead House Inc.
Ft. Collins . . . Bowling Furn. Co.
Littleton . . . Homestead House Inc.

MONTANA

Missoula Lucys Inc.

OREGON

Portland Georgetown Manor

UTAH

Salt Lake City . . . Carriage House

WASHINGTON

Dishman . . . Tradition House Inc.
Oak Harbor . . . Haddon Furniture
Spokane . . . Tradition House Inc.
Tacoma Lincoln Furniture

For a Gallery near you, if not listed above, write Ethan Allen, Dept. LH-1070 Box 288, Murray Hill Station, New York, New York

He was a pest,
a nut about odd facts,
the kind of guy
everyone gave the skip to.
But even he, Wilbur,
even he found a loving girl
By LEO ROSTEN



wilbur

I've known Wilbur since he was knee-high to a *Romalea microptera*—and the fact that I write "*Romalea microptera*" instead of "grasshopper" shows you the peculiar influence Wilbur has had on my life.

I first began to wonder whether Wilbur was some kind of nut when we were in high school in Chicago. We were walking along Douglas Boulevard one afternoon, Wilbur munching on a cube of yeast to improve his complexion, when without warning he announced: "Schatzki's ring is a constriction of the lower esophagus."

I stopped. "Is anything wrong with your esophagus?"

"No," said Wilbur.

"Then why did you tell me that?"

"I don't know," he said. "I thought it would interest you."

Or take the time we were all hanging around the corner, discussing you-know-what, and Wilbur, who seemed devoid of normal adolescent hankerings, suddenly declared, in his warm, adenoidal voice, "A conger eel can lay fifteen million eggs a season."

The incredulity that froze our band was cracked by Zack Pichnik's deadly "Four Eyes, you are the type who one of these days they are gonna throw a net over his head. . . . Eels! For cryin' out loud, why eels?"

Wilbur flushed. "I—thought it would interest you. . . . I mean, you were all

talking about sex. I mean, that many eggs, Zack!"

Or take the sweltering August afternoon Wilbur and I were pitching pennies and he went into a fit, shouting: "Yes, sir! Yes, siree! Carpathian peasants trim their bunions only under a new moon. How about that, Zoltan? Huh? Wow!"

After I sobered him down, I asked, "Is that true, Wil?"

"Sure it's true. It's five hundred and fifty percent true!" shouted Wilbur. "I will give you book, author and page. I never make things up. I only deal in facts!"

I have never forgotten that. First of all, my name never was Zoltan. Second, I checked the source Wilbur gave me, and he was absolutely right: certain Carpathian peasants would rather be boiled in yogurt than trim their bunions at any time except a lunar-crescent night. Third, here is a striking, solid piece of information that will never be dislodged from my mind. Only Wilbur could have put it there. Just as he did with, say, kuru, which is the name of a laughing disease that is 100 percent fatal. Fortunately, it afflicts only the Fore tribe in eastern New Guinea.

I often wondered what quirk in Wilbur's nature made him store up such odds and ends. And after deep analysis I concluded that Wilbur must have discovered, early in life, that ideas con-

fused him—so he began to collect information. There's nothing wrong in that, mind you: some boys collect stamps or coins or empty matchbooks; well, Wilbur collected trivia. In that way, he could substitute facts for conversation.

Whenever any of us asked Wilbur what impelled him to announce out of the blue that Trinidad produces asphalt of surprisingly high quality, or that Descartes said monkeys could talk if they wanted to—they just act nonverbal so they won't be put to work—Wilbur would reply, "I—just thought it would interest you."

Notice, he did not say "I thought it was interesting," which was true, but "I thought it would interest you." Wilbur desperately wanted to be liked, and he gave you the only treasures he had.

As Wilbur grew older, which he did, he became plumper and perspired a great deal, but he stammered less. This was a good thing, because in all other respects Wilbur remained a shlemiel—well meaning, generous, and hopelessly inept. When you took a walk with Wilbur, for instance, you found yourself bumping into him, even though you were both in the normal, side-by-side arrangement for walking. Or when you introduced Wilbur to someone, he would pump the other person's hand as if there were a water shortage.

After high (continued on page 62)

Our stainless, we make it as if it were our sterling.

New Nordic Crown.



A creation in Oneidacraft® Deluxe Stainless. Dinner for eight, \$39.95 ©1970 Oneida Ltd.

At fine jewelry and department stores.

school. Wilbur enrolled in the Henrietta Knippel Business College, where he studied ledger entries, categories for filing, changing typewriter ribbons, and so on. Immediately upon receiving his certificate, he went to work for Wieboldt's Department Store, in basement curtain rods. I never really saw Wilbur as the curtain-rod kind, but inside of two months, his zeal, honesty, and erudition gave Mr. Gensen, the basement manager, a complete nervous breakdown. The department supervisor, Mr. Bosey, now asked Wilbur to replace Mr. Gensen temporarily. And within nine days, I think it was, Wilbur made such a powerful impression on Mr. Bosey that he was fired.

Now Wilbur started door-to-door selling. He had progressed from ironing board covers to cemetery plots when I left Chicago for Washington, then Hollywood. After some years in the citric paradise I moved to New York, and though eight years elapsed I had not heard a word from or about Wilbur.

One morning, my phone rang and I heard that unmistakable, warm, adenoidal voice. "I now live in Queens!" the voice shouted. "My uncle has a Tastee-Freezie franchise and he put me in charge of one of his stations! I can't wait to see you."

We lunched at a dairy restaurant Wilbur recommended. All of its waiters looked pessimistic. As for Wilbur, he had not changed. "Say, it will be great, living just across the river," he burred. "We can catch up on a million things. Did you know I had geographic tongue?"

"What?"

"Geographic tongue," said Wilbur. "That's when your tongue has entire areas or blotches that differ in color, like a map."

"How did you get it?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Wilbur. He plopped sour cream into his borscht and stuck his tongue out. "Look! No one knows what causes it or makes it disappear." I had never realized what a long tongue Wilbur had, but it looked perfectly normal: pink, moist and in no way like a map.

"Your tongue looks perfectly normal," I said. "pink, moist and in no way like a map."

"That's because it disappeared," said Wilbur. "It just went away. It was a benign, migratory glossitis!"

I ate my blintzes thoughtfully.

"Thank God it wasn't the rhomboid type!" he said. "How about you?"

"I'm glad it wasn't, too," I said.

"No, no. I mean have you had any unusual ailments since we last met?"

I felt a genuine twinge of regret. "I'm afraid not, Wil."

A week later Wilbur telephoned again. "My uncle—well, more my aunt is the reader—is a great fan of yours, and when she heard you are my best friend she said she is dying to meet you. So I can pick you up in their car and drive you to Kew Gardens, where we'll have supper with them, and—"

"I'm going to San Diego!" I cried.

"So? A few days won't matter."

"—then Hong Kong—"

"Hong Kong!" echoed Wilbur, in

"Any time you're free. They're very flexible people. I'll keep calling—"

"No—no, Wil. Let me call you."

His euphoria caressed my ears. "It will mean a lot to me. Career-wise. I told them how you are my best and oldest friend."

I was in Kew Gardens on Sunday.

There were ten for "supper" and Wilbur's aunt's cooking made a lasting impression on me. I think she had attended the Cordon Noir. It began with

Wilbur's uncle had barely finished describing the fascinating thermostats and valves that control the temperature on his Tastee-Freezie machine when Wilbur leaned forward and claimed, "In Blowing Rock, North Carolina, snow falls upside down!"

I was pretty sure someone would pick up the ball and respond. "What? A Mrs. Alvin Nussbaum. I believe so. To my relief and surprise Wilbur responded in a manly, knowledgeable way: "The snow falls

side down in Blowing Rock, North Carolina, because the wind sweeps up through the rocky flume below, in the immense cliff that overhangs a gorge in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Thus," Wilbur rushed on, "if you stand on the edge of the cliff and throw down an empty piece of tissue paper, a ticket or something like that, it is returned to you by the powerful updraft."

Mrs. Nussbaum narrowed her eyes to maximize her attitude and spaced her words to stress her skepticism. "Did you stand on the edge and throw an empty bag of tissue paper or a ticket or piece of tissue paper off the cliff only to have it returned to you by that powerful updraft?"

"N-no," said Wilbur, with a hurt expression.

"I thought so!" Mrs. Nussbaum snapped. "Then how can you be sure the updraft is that powerful?"

"I r-read it," sputtered Wilbur. "in a—"

"So do you believe in a stupid thing you read? It could just as well be propaganda! You should go see a psychiatrist, that's what you should do, young man, to cure your naïve way of accepting things!"

Mrs. Nussbaum was a nice lady, even though Wilbur later told me her husband had deserted her for a beautician from Park.

I spent the summer of my loveliest of summers—in the rope and returned to New York on September 18 with a fine tan, a brisk gait, and notes for a book. On September 19, Wilbur appeared in my office. A Band-Aid drew attention to the left corner of his upper lip. "I need a confidant in someone," he said.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "look green."

It seemed that Wilbur's uncle had given him a heart-to-heart talk, and Wilbur, with his uncanny talent for data retrieval, repeated word for word. "Willy," his uncle had said, "you are an unusual type young man who I see a great future in for, but I have to tell you I do not see you in Tastee-Freezes or similar enterprises that involve direct relations with the public. You should go into something more on the inhuman—like warehouses, or stock inventories."

(continued on page 62)



There are many ways to touch a woman.
L'Aimant is one of them.

L'Aimant Parfium by Coty.

rapture. "My uncle and aunt were just there. They can give you some wonderful tips—"

"But Wil, I'm swamped—"

"You'll love them. I know."

"—I can't promise—"

"I bet you even get an idea for a story out of it."

"—God knows when I'll have a free evening."

"So make it a Sunday brunch. That would be even better. Sunday brunch or even supper is a weekly feature, my aunt being such a versatile cook."

"Maybe after Christmas—" A child was using my lips.

an aperitif of rum and cocoanut milk, and hors d'oeuvres such as pistachio nuts, sunflower seeds and tiny "pigs in a blanket," and went on to pastrami, ham, tongue, chopped liver served in flaky pastry shells, and a salad called Green Goddess.

Apart from the cuisine, that was an evening that will long live in my memory, because every time Wilbur said something, the guests reached for their beer glasses and took very slow, long swigs. During these moments, Wilbur's uncle and aunt kept exchanging a look that I find hard to describe.

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BY SAM LEVENSON

Remember the old-fashioned family doctor? Here, a superb storyteller awakens medical memories that are good for what ails you. Just open your mouth and say, "Aaaahhh. . ."

Of all the men in our family's life the doctor was the most memorable, since his presence in our home was always associated with some crisis in our lives. He knew us not only by our names but by our ailments. "How is Sammy's diarrhea, Mrs. Levenson?" His visit was as much a social visit as a professional one. He had to taste Mama's liver before she would let him examine Papa's. It was not unusual for the doctor to get sick at our house. Mama fixed him up with a little bicarbonate and a glass of tea and he was as good as new.

He was expected to handle heartaches as well as bellyaches. "Talk to my husband, doctor. You he'll listen to. And Sammy doesn't want to practice. Tell him to practice and not to pick his nose till it bleeds."

Dr. Vogel, our doctor, was an austere, laconic Teutonic man with a Van Dyke beard. We were afraid of him. Mama knew it and used him as a threat. "If you don't

take a bath I'll call Dr. Vogel."

Although Mama warned us not to bother him when he came to our house, the whole family trailed after Dr. Vogel to the patient of the day. If it was too dark in the sick room he carried the afflicted one to the dining room table and stretched him out under the gaslight. We all stood around like medical students in an amphitheater watching the doctor squeeze here and press there. "Breathe," he would say, and you could hear us all breathing in unison with the patient. "Stick out your tongue." And we would look at each other's tongues. If we got in his way the doctor would grab one of us. "You! Come here." He would shove the handle of a soup spoon into your mouth and say, "Stick out your tongue, more, more. . . You don't look good to me!" The rest of us would get scared and disperse. If you got caught, Mama would ask the doctor to "Take a look already. Since you're here already you can kill already two birds with one stone." Then, turning to me, the day I got caught: "Pull down your pants and show the doctor your behind. You don't have to be ashamed. That's his bread and butter."

If it turned out that one of us had the measles or some other communicable disease, Mama

shoved us all into bed with the victim. "You're gonna get it anyhow. Hurry up, get it now or don't get it at all. I'm not calling the doctor again."

Papa got into the scene, too. "Doctor, while you're here already my foot is killing me."

"Get undressed."

"What for do I have to get undressed? It's over here by the ankle. . ."

"Get undressed."

Papa got undressed down to his underwear right in front of all of us.

Dr. Vogel placed his stethoscope on Papa's chest and said: "Hm! Cough!" He always hummed while examining.

Papa coughed and continued explaining: "I bumped it against the table. . ."

"Hm! Cough!" And he placed the stethoscope against Papa's shoulder blades.

"At night it beats like a drum. . ."

"Hm! Cough!" as the stethoscope traveled all round Papa, an inch at a time.

"Hm! Cough!"

"I tried cold bandages. . ."

"Hm! Cough!"

"So ('Hm! Cough!') I tried ('Hm! Cough!') hot bandages ('Hm! Cough!')."

Dr. Vogel finally returned his stethoscope to his bag, put on his glasses (continued on page 14)

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*Offer Expires 12/31/70.

Was Sirhan "Programmed" to Kill Robert Kennedy?



R.F.K.'s friends struggle to subdue Sirhan. Later, the killer was unbelievably calm.

Was Sirhan a computerized assassin? In this preview of a book Sirhan tried to stop, the reporter who knew him best offers a chilling theory.

By Robert Blair Kaiser



In court, on trial for his life, Sirhan Bishara Sirhan said he first made up his mind to kill Robert F. Kennedy when he saw a film biography of Senator Kennedy that was shown for the first time in Los Angeles on May 20, 1968. No one then asked Sirhan how it happened that he scribbled "R.F.K. must die" in his diary two days before that—on May 18. Sirhan's lawyers and the prosecuting attorneys apparently decided to accept the assassin's story that he was an "Arab hero" who had acted alone to kill Robert Kennedy because Kennedy favored selling U.S. jet fighters to Israel.

For two years now we have accepted the official verdict that there was no conspiracy to assassinate Bob Kennedy. I disagree. I did not believe Sirhan's story then—and I still don't.

When I think of Sirhan Sirhan, I think of a blank slate upon which ideas could be imposed with ease—or, better, a piece of videotape on which certain images could be electronically imprinted and sounds electronically etched. He was erasable and replayable. Through long

conversations with Sirhan while he was in jail, I watched him shape and rehearse his Arab hero story. I was more inclined to judge that he was the tool of someone else, that he was kind of an automatic assassin, programmed like a computer, perhaps, to kill Kennedy—but almost certainly switched on by others.

It is my judgment, as the only outsider who has had access both to Sirhan and to the official records, that neither the FBI nor the Los Angeles police nor the prosecuting attorneys nor the defense attorneys probed deeply enough into the conspiracy question. I don't know why the FBI didn't. I think I do know why the others didn't. Questions about a conspiracy would only complicate their lives. The police couldn't admit the possibility of co-conspirators without producing some co-conspirators. Otherwise they'd look inept and their mayor, Sam Yorty, who was running for reelection, wouldn't look very good, either. The District Attorney's office was under public pressure to give Sirhan swift justice. The defense attorneys may have relied too heavily on the police, and I believe they were simply baffled by Sirhan.

In my estimation, there is considerable evidence to indicate that Sirhan appeared to be in a trance the night of June 4-5, 1968, when he shot Kennedy in the crowded pantry of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

Shortly before the crime, a teletype operator at the Ambassador noted that Sirhan stared fixedly at

her machine and wouldn't respond when she spoke to him. And moments after the shooting there was only one person in the chaos: the pantry who was "peaceful": the assassin. Then, when the policemen came and took the killer away, they shone a flashlight into his eyes. They found his pupils dilated—evidence that he was under some influence: drugs, alcohol, who knew what. And Sirhan was believably detached when the police took him through an overnight interrogation, most unusual attitude for a young man who had just gunned down a man whom he said was "a good man."

How did Sirhan come to be in such an unusual mental state on the night he killed R.F.K.?

As late as May 1970, several days

after a Los Angeles jury condemned him to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin, Sirhan compared himself to the original "assassins" *hashsashin*, members of a secret Hammedan cult who drugged themselves before they committed appointed murders. "It must have been something like that with me," he said.

I believe him. I had sat in on some of the hypnotic sessions Sirhan had undergone with a psychiatrist, Bernard L. Diamond, dean of the School of Criminology at the University of California at Berkeley. Those sessions produced far less information than Dr. Diamond hoped they would, but they convinced me that, while Sirhan could tell the whole truth under hypnosis, he was not faking when he said he couldn't remember the details of the assassination.

But why couldn't he?

Dr. Diamond believed that Sirhan had unconsciously "programmed" himself exactly as a computer is programmed by its magnetic tape for the coming assassination. The night he had then gone into a trance under the influence of some bright lights, some music and a little liquor, and finally proceeded to the crime itself.

But if that were true, Sirhan should have had some recollection of the killing, at least of the programming process. He didn't remember that, either.

Was it possible that someone had programmed Sirhan, possibly without his full knowledge? Sirhan didn't like (continued on page 67)



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The Ashes & The Gold

BY HERMAN WOUK

As the Jewish New Year and Day of Atonement approach, a celebrated novelist writes of Israel—and "We Jews."

Ten years ago a book appeared from my pen, very different from the broad-canvas novels my readers have come to expect: a short book called *This Is My God*, about the Jewish faith. For an anniversary edition, I have written "The Ashes and the Gold" as an epilogue. To say all that is in my heart about Israel would take another book. One day I hope to write it. Meanwhile here are these few words.



We Jews are living our most momentous century since the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70. In the past 10 years a remarkable—some would say miraculous—deliverance occurred: the Six-Day War. We live in the precarious aftermath of that famous victory. No man knows yet what the outcome will be. But the effect on world Jewry has already been radical.

Down the centuries we survived exile from our homeland, and the scattering of our people, through the unique folk treasure which is the theme of *This Is My God*: our faith. From the fall of Jerusalem to the French Revolution, a stretch of 1,700 years, we were united by loyalty to the God of our fathers, and to a strong cultural structure centered on the Mosaic Law. That structure, detailed in the Talmud, was a world consensus of scattered Israel. It kept us alive and together, though separated by seas and continents. (continued)



At the emotional zenith of the Six-Day War in 1967, an Israeli soldier kisses Jerusalem's "Wailing Wall," a Jewish shrine long under Arab control.



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Since the French Revolution, a progressive weakening and breakdown of old institutions has corroded men's faiths. Judaism has not escaped. In the 19th century, the consensus that welded and preserved our dispersed nation collapsed. For almost 200 years our people has been seeking the way to go on living, while bereft of its old basis for existence.

I think we have found it. After a quarter-century of quaking instability, caused by the German murders, the center of gravity of the Jewish people has come to rest in Israel. As I see it, Jewry has by instinct reached a new consensus that Israel has become our heart, and that Israel must live. In this national resolve, after two centuries of divided counsel and disarray which in part led to our catastrophe, Jewry is one again.

The Germans struck our unique, dispersed nation to the heart, by destroying the Jews of Europe. The Diaspora might have withered and died in two or three generations; but now it will not. Providence has given us a new heart, transplanted back where history first placed it. The thunder of the Six-Day War was the heartbeat of old Jewry, starting up again after the paralytic shock of the holocaust.

Not all Jews feel that heartbeat. The indifferent ones and the determined assimilators keep dropping out of ranks, now as in former days. On our right, anti-Zionists so fear the charge of double loyalty that they still repudiate Israel, and proclaim themselves pure Frenchmen, pure Americans, or pure Australians of the Hebrew persuasion. On our left, a loud few condemn Israel as a militarist "aggressor"; they remain pathologically deaf to the public Arab vows, repeated for 20 years and still blaring, to reduce the Jewish homeland to ashes. These two minorities flee the living center of our folk in opposite directions. Their sound exceeds their weight.

The implications of the new consensus, for the rest of us, go to the root of our lives. When I wrote *This Is My God*, the Jewish people still groped in the modern blackout of religious belief, still staggered from the German bloodletting. Now we are not in the dark, and we do not stagger. We know how matters stand, and we are braced. We look to our brothers in Israel for heart and hope, and most of us look to God—in our different ways—for His continued grace to Israel, the Third Jewish Commonwealth on holy soil.

In this sense Zionism, once a party cry in Jewry, has in the past 10 years taken the central ground. Not the Zionism of Herzl, which called for a transplanting of all the world's Jews to Palestine; that is still doctrinaire Zionism, but the emerging folk consensus is something else. Seventy years ago, Herzl's great opponent, Ahad Ha'am, foresaw the new Jewish State as the spiritual center of a regenerated Diaspora. For this moderate aim he was attacked and scorned by the all-out Zionists. Now he appears to have been a prophet. The return of all Jewry to the Holy Land remains a messianic vision, but Israel already exists as our new spiritual center. Since the Six-Day War, migration there has increased; from America, the number has risen from 1,000 to 4,000 a year. The young, the adventurous, the inspired, find Jerusalem the Golden magnet. But so far, this is an elitist, not a mass, phenomenon.

Whatever the divergences in Zionism, the movement did grasp the modern Jewish problem. It foresaw catastrophe in Europe, and urged return to Palestine as the way out. International politics hobbled the desperate Zionist drive. As the sky blackened and the typhoon came on, inertia and complacency held all too many Jews on the European continent. A few went up to the Holy Land against all odds, and saved themselves; in effect, Israel is the Warsaw Ghetto that rose in time, and survived. Zionism created this new remnant, and therein lies its somber historic triumph.

But the dangers to our people remain so great that we are almost compelled—even the most secular among us—to hope for more miracles. Beleaguered Israel has won three armed

clashes against huge odds, but her enemies still rearm, still vow her swift, bloody end.

Soviet Jewry suffers under a cultural throttling, an attempt at a cool holocaust, in which bodies will survive but identity will gutter out. A strange, malign obsession compels the present leaders of the great Russian people to allow no monument over Babi Yar, no Hebrew schools or press to three million Jews; and yet to forbid emigration to those who wish to preserve their Jewishness. The imposing of this cruel dilemma, on a Jewry that suffered so much under the Germans, is a disgrace in the world's eyes, a stain on Russian honor. All men of good will look for this horrible aberration to pass. Meantime, the very existence of Israel is a steady beacon of hope to this mute, darkened Jewry.

In the haven of the greatest democratic power on earth, the American Jews are safe. But the tidal pressures of conformity slowly, constantly erode our heritage. For us, too, Israel is a providential new wellspring of culture, spirit and—to the faithful—faith.

Well, what of the faith? "Tell me," said the man on the Fire Island beach, meeting me after 10 years in which these dangers have all sharpened, the 10 years that have passed since I wrote this book, "are you still religious?"

I speak for myself when I say that I hold to our Law with love through all these giant changes in Jewish history, all these marvels and perils. I can see that our ways of life and worship are mutating; as they did when we passed from Egypt to the desert, from the desert to the judges' days, from the judges to the kings, from the First Temple to the Second Temple, from the Second Commonwealth to the long centuries of dispersion. Judaism is very stable, and very adaptable. What new forms and teachings will arise in the Third Commonwealth, what word of God will come forth from Jerusalem, I cannot foretell. I believe the Torah will be a pillar of our nation in this new era, as it has been in all other eras, some as irreligious as our own, some even more savage and dissolute.

Of one trend, I am sure: the new consensus is causing a cultural revival. The decline struck bottom some time ago. To learn Hebrew and even Yiddish is not, for the new generation, a burden and a bore, but a thing to do, if one has the wit. That is not a return to the religion, by any means. But once Hebrew comes back to life, in the Diaspora as it already has in Israel, our classics await, charged with godliness. I do not foresee a near-messianic era, though I can hope for it. But I see with my own eyes a shattered nation pulling itself together, taking stock of its resources. The final resource of the Jews is, and has always been, their heritage.

But the blocks to godliness, interposed by modern thought and some gruesome modern realities, are at least as formidable as those set forth in the Book of Job. I know that well. To some challenges, as in that immortal book, there will perhaps be no answer, ever, but broken Job's, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The great philosopher of history, Vico, saw the Jewish people as an exception to the law of the decay of nations. Their secret, in his view, was their possession of the true word of God, which gave them no relief from the accidents and horrors of history, but only a way to live through them. This is my God.

Israel was His dwelling place in ancient days. The faithful trust that the Redemption has started, and that however long the fulfillment will take, the mission of Jewry is no longer just to survive—as it was for almost 2,000 years—but to work as one at restoring Zion, the fit future dwelling place for the prince of peace.

The Jews are a curious sort of pilot-people. The whole world seems to approach a time of judgment, when mankind will emerge, perhaps in the lives of babies already born, into an age of gold or an age of ash. We Jews have had our age of ash, and we have survived; barely, but we have survived. With struggles and dangers that still mount, we have found our way to Jerusalem the Golden, and we are rebuilding it. From this wonder of history, all men can take hope. **END**
(Book bonus continues on page 74.)

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People Pollution...



HOW THE STRESS OF CITY LIFE SCARS OUR MINDS AND BODIES. BY GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR

In 1916 four or five Sika deer were released on James Island, in Chesapeake Bay, half a square mile of uninhabited territory less than



The deer . . . were not that crowded . . . and the food supply was perfectly adequate. Why, then, had 190 died?

a mile from the shore. In 1956, when John Christian, head of the Animal Laboratories of the Naval Research Institute at Bethesda, Md., moved in, the herd had increased to nearly 300. Christian believed that animal populations are regulated by mechanisms that respond to population density. He did not have long to wait. In the first three months of 1958, over half the deer died. The next year, deaths continued until the population leveled off at about 80. This is about normal for a population crash: it quickly reduces the original population by about two-thirds.

The first interesting point is that the deer, though crowded, were not *that* crowded: the population density was about one per acre and the food supply was perfectly adequate. Why, then, had 190 deer died?

When he arrived, Christian shot five deer and examined them thoroughly. In 1960 after the population crash, he examined more deer

and found that the adrenal glands were much enlarged by comparison with glands of the deer he shot in 1956. In immature deer the difference was strikingly greater: the adrenals were 81 percent heavier. Abnormal cell structure in the adrenals of these deer confirmed that they had died from stress, as Christian suspected because he knew that adrenal glands enlarge in response to continued stress.

The idea that stress might be a factor in regulating population first surfaced in World War II. As early as 1939 it was observed that some snowshoe hares were dying in convulsive seizures, while others were lethargic or comatose. When dissected, the hares were found to have hemorrhages of the adrenals, thyroid, brain and kidneys, with fatty degeneration of the liver. Strikingly enough, American prisoners in Korea also sometimes became lethargic or died from convulsive seizures; the disease was dubbed "give-up-itis."

The Rev. Thomas Malthus, the English economist who became a pioneer in the study of population, propounded the idea that populations expand until they outrun their food supply. His fears that population growth might lead to starvation in the near future proved wrong because—economists are fond of saying—the output of food was enormously increased by the development of fertile lands in the New World and Australia, coupled with the growth of industrialization and improved farming techniques.

But many observations suggest that, even in animals, starvation is not necessarily the population-limiting factor. Another factor is

predatory behavior; yet it has been noted that jackrabbits die off even where there is plenty of food and the number of predators is much larger than usual. Similarly, mice kept in cages at the University of Wisconsin fluctuated in numbers, although there were no predators and they had plenty of food.

Biologists have learned that animals have evolved many mechanisms for avoiding population increases that permit starvation to become a threat. For instance, flour beetles when crowded, produce a gas that is lethal to their larvae and also anaphrodisiac. Many species kill and even eat their young when conditions become crowded; infanticide was also practiced by primitive man. Dr. Hudson Hoagland of the Worcester Foundation declared, "In all species experimentally investigated the mortality is found to be dependent on population density and to cease below a certain critical population density."

The current view is that populations explode when methods of regulating them break down. Then starvation may become the regulator, unless the pressure can be relieved by migration. If, however, rapid population growth leads to serious crowding, stress may prove to be the limiting constraint. (continue)

Unless something quite unforeseen happens, we must assume that mankind is headed for a population crash.



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Man is in no way exempted from the laws of population growth. He has until now been able to expand into new territory, thus avoiding the buildup of stress. But now expansion is becoming very difficult, while his preference for living in ever-larger cities introduces a new element. Is it now likely that he will be constrained by stress more than by starvation? In either case, biology suggests that the population will not merely press against the limits, as Malthus supposed, but will decline catastrophically.

Fred Hoyle, Professor of Astronomy and



When the crash comes, world population will collapse to a mere 2 billion, and the cycle will repeat itself. . . .

Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge University, calculates that the crash is due in 2250, when, he thinks, world population will have reached 25 billion—but demographers expect this figure to be reached before 2070 at present rates of growth. When the crash comes, world population will collapse to a mere 2 billion, and the cycle will repeat itself every 300 years. [This means that the world population will increase by 22.5 billion in the next 100 years, and that 23 billion people will die during the crash.]

If mankind spread itself out as thinly as possible over the habitable land surface of the world, each man, woman or child would find himself about 150 yards from his nearest neighbor. By the year 2070, the distance will have shrunk to 60 yards. When the deer on James Island began to die of brain hemorrhages, they were about 80 yards apart.

But man does not spread out thus; he crowds into cities, complicating the question of stress. He is, in addition, unevenly distributed among different countries or areas. The United Kingdom (at 570 persons to the square mile) appears more densely populated than India (385 persons to the square mile), and very much more than the U.S. (58 persons to the square mile). But the United Kingdom includes mountainous Scotland and Wales, where only the valleys are habitable, and underpopulated Ireland. If we take England alone, the figure rises to 910 persons to the square mile, which handsomely exceeds India's Madras State (about the same area) and is probably the highest for any administrative unit of comparable size in the world.

The significance of such figures becomes clearer when we consider the growth of cities. Professor Kingsley Davis, head of the International Population and Urban Research Center at Berkeley, Calif., calculates that by 1990, more than half the world's population will be living in cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants. Between 1920 and 1960, the world's urban population trebled, while its nonurban population rose only by one-third. In developing countries cities are growing at a terrifying rate. The biggest spurts have been in South America, where 21 million now live in cities of one million or over; in 1920 there were no cities of one million. The doubling time is often about 15 years, sometimes less.

What conditions will prevail in such mushrooming cities? Are they likely to impose intolerable stress on the occupants?

In America and Britain, physical conditions

in cities are, in general, inferior to those in towns. Studies show that cities receive 15 percent less sunshine on horizontal surfaces (and 30 percent less ultraviolet in winter) and 10 percent more rain, hail and snow. There are 10 percent more cloudy days, 30 percent more fog in summer, 100 percent more fog in winter.

The incidence of many diseases is markedly higher in cities, and not simply infectious diseases. In cities of a million population or more, lung cancer is just about double the rural rate. The bronchitis rate is also much higher.

More significant are crime and mental sickness rates. A classic study was carried out in Chicago in the 1930s. The city was divided into 11 areas, and rates were established for each. In every case, the rates were high at the center and declined steadily as one moved away from it. Thus there were 362 cases of schizophrenia per 1,000 in the center, and 55.4 per 1,000 on the periphery. There were 240 cases of alcoholic psychosis per 1,000 in the center, and 60 at the periphery. Crime, suicide, drug-taking, all showed a similar pattern.

Even at the periphery the rates were higher than in small cities. Studies made in Providence, Rhode Island, showed schizophrenia ranging from 45 to 0 per 1,000, as against Chicago's 362 to 55 per 1,000. Closer study showed that the rates were linked with the level of social organization in the cities. Rapid growth, especially where there is movement in and out or between different areas in the city, seems to create high crime and mental sickness rates.

In short, it seems certain that the mushrooming cities of the immediate future will be plagued by crime and mental disturbance of various kinds. Unquestionably, these aberrations are evidence of severe stress. But cities exert stresses over and above social disorganization and greater risks of disease.

Among the stresses imposed by the city is noise—which we are ill equipped to regulate because its effects are hard to measure. But because humans interpret sounds in terms of their possible meaning, those that suggest danger cause alerting reactions, with adrenal discharges, and adrenal reactions are precisely what we are on the watch for. A loud noise is one of the three things that alarm a new-



Tranquilizers not only failed to block the effects of stress, but actually increased the death rate.

born baby still innocent of experience.

Professor Joseph P. Buckley of the University of Pittsburgh conducted experiments in which rats were subjected for several weeks to the sounds, on tape, of compressed air blasts, bells, buzzers, etc., at high intensity for half a minute every five minutes. Flashing lights and oscillation of the cage were also introduced, and the stress period continued for four hours a day. All rats developed hypertension within three months, and many had enlarged adrenals. Some died. Incidentally, tranquilizers not only failed to block the effects of stress, but actually increased the death rates.

Other experimental work by Dr. Lester Sontag at Yellow Springs, Ohio, showed that the fetus within a pregnant woman can perceive sounds and that its heart rate changes after exposure to sounds; it is also affected by changes that noise produces in the mother. Dr. Sontag concludes that we need to be con-

cerned about the possibility of fetal damage from such violent sounds as sonic booms. It seems not unlikely that adults are not alone in their objection to such noxious stress. The fetus, while he cannot speak for himself, may have equal or greater reason to object to them."

These recently uncovered facts demonstrate, once again, how calm we remain about the possible danger of insults to our system until the consequences can no longer be shrugged off.

I suspect that an even more important stress factor than noise is the mere presence of strangers. In many languages the word for stranger and the word for enemy are identical. For countless generations man has been conditioned to regard the stranger as a potential threat. In urban life, we encounter strangers continually every day. Some psychiatric evidence confirms the idea that every stranger arouses a degree of unconscious alarm, which we conceal, even from ourselves, by various social formulas. Every traveler knows how exhausting it is to meet strangers socially, after day, however friendly they may be. I suspect that research will show that people prefer to put limits upon the number of contacts with strangers, and that cities impose stresses by obliging their inhabitants to exceed these limits.

Lacking research in these areas, we are obliged to study the pathology of overcrowding in animals.

Crowded animals exhibit signs of adrenal stress accompanied by failure of maternal behavior. Litter size falls and embryos are sometimes resorbed (reassimilated by the mother's body). As maternal care diminishes, infant mortality rises. The newborn are underweight and their growth is stunted. Meanwhile males become more aggressive, sexually otherwise. At 50, or even 100, per acre, rabbits show few signs of stress. But at 200 per acre death rates rise dramatically.

John B. Calhoun, a Scot, carried out some famous experiments with mice and rats. He found that rats placed in a quarter-acre enclosure increased in number until, after a few months, there were 150 of them. The population then leveled off, because of high infant mortality.

Subsequently, Calhoun ran experiments in which the numbers of animals were kept constant at very high densities by removing young as they were born; he kept 80 rats in a cage 14 by 10 feet. These rats displayed usual male aggressiveness and inadequate maternal care that characterize overcrowded animals, but with some strange additional features. Bands of young males roved about, saulting the females, frequent homosexual behavior occurred among both males and females, and dominant males engaged in the biting of other males. Many people thought they saw similarities between such behavior and that of modern city-dwellers of the human kind.

Calhoun also observed what he calls "pathological togetherness." Rats would get so used to feeding when other rats were present that finally they would refuse to feed unless other rats were also feeding. When he provided intercommunicating pens, the rats crowded together in two of them, leaving the other largely unoccupied. This further disrupted maternal behavior, and infant mortality which had been around 80 percent, rose to 100 percent.

But the situation cannot be (continued)

EMBROIDER FAVORITE SAMPLERS

One of our readers' favorite samplers (top left) is copied from an old one in the Peter Cooper Museum collection. It dates back to the days when young girls demonstrated their skill as needlewomen by counting threads on a piece of linen from a chart for the design. You get similar results with less effort, for this design is stamped ready to cross-stitch. The pine-finished wood frame is 20 by 25 3/4 inches. Museum Sampler Kit 61004. Same Kit 61005.

Our home sampler is shown at top right. A delightful charmer stamped on white 100 percent linen, 20 by 26 inches, this was adapted from one in the famous Whitman collection. The frame is also available. It is hand-finished dull black wood copied from a typical 18th-century molding. All kits include thread and complete instructions. Home Sampler Kit 61006. Same Kit 61007.

Here's a real treasure from Williamsburg's distinctive needlework collection (bottom left), one of the most beautiful samplers we've ever offered. Its intricacy requires more time for embroidery than the others shown. Stamped on white 100 percent linen, size 14 by 24 1/2 inches. Frame is hand-finished dull black wood copied from an 18th-century molding. Chase Sampler Kit 61008.

Frame Kit 61009.

This collection would be complete without a child's sampler, so here (bottom right) is a most enchanting version of the familiar bedtime prayer, with mother animals and their young. Cross-stitch design stamped on creamy white 100 percent linen, 14 by 17 inches. Child's Prayer Sampler Kit 61015. Same, Orange Painted Wood Kit—61135. We mounted it on white plywood.



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understood unless we consider the social structure that prevails in any group of animals, even caged mice and rats. Much has been heard of the "pecking order," first observed in hens, in which a hierarchy is established—Hen A pecking B, but not being pecked, B pecking C, etc.

More recently it has been found that such hierarchies develop only where animals are crowded to some degree. The more normal pattern is for animals to claim territories and defend them. Battles are fought to determine territorial ownerships, the losers being driven to the less suitable margins of the desired areas, where they often perish. Established territory is protected, but in time neighbors grow more friendly and tolerate a certain amount of trespass, though they attack strangers at once.

Human beings behave in a similar manner. While there is always some risk in arguing from animals to man, Dr. Paul Leyhausen, a leading German ethologist, believes that a true homology exists between man and animal in this area. Certainly human beings have strong territorial instincts.

When animals that have no "pecking order"



By the year 2010, the New York metropolitan area will comprise 30 million people—at 24,000 to the square mile. . . .

are crowded together, a rigid hierarchy begins to develop and finally becomes so tyrannical that even the dominant animal at the top of the social tree is stressed by the repeated challenges from subordinate males. Calhoun's rats exhibited dominance and territoriality. At the bottom of the social scale were rats that withdrew from the struggle and avoided stress by never challenging superiors and going out to eat at times when the latter were asleep, in order to avoid trouble. (Human "night owls" are also known.) In the middle rank were males who constantly challenged the dominant males, in an attempt to obtain territory and females; these were the ones most likely to show physiological signs of stress.

So we may imagine that the class resentments of modern urban society present a parallel to the challenges of the pecking order in animals, and are most likely to develop where there is pressure on space. Human beings have a strong need to limit the number of social stimuli they receive, and they often retire to their "nests" or to uncrowded territory for this purpose.

Modern urban society may reasonably be suspected of imposing stresses similar to those that stressed Calhoun's rats, and the parallels in behavior are probably not coincidental. René Spitz has shown, for instance, that human mothers in crowded conditions exhibit poor maternal care; the "battered babies" that constitute one current social problem may be a consequence of living in crowded conditions.

Paul Leyhausen says: "I have no doubt whatever that a great number of neuroses and social maladjustments are, partially or totally, directly or indirectly, caused by overcrowding. What every normal man wants for himself and his family is a detached house in an adequate garden, with neighbors close enough to be found if needed or if one feels like a so-

cial call, yet far enough away to be avoided at other times."

Psychologists often talk of people adjusting, or failing to adjust, to modern life—as if man's power of adjustment were unlimited. But psychological requirements represent the result of millions of years of evolution, and adjustment can only occur within the limits set. It is true that children can be habituated to living in crowds, just as they can be habituated to particular foods, amusements, or sexual patterns. But a price is paid for addiction to crowds, just as for addiction to chocolate candy. Leyhausen thinks there is real danger that man may "exceed the limits of human tolerance towards the presence of other humans."

The test is not whether people feel safe in crowds, but whether bodily, mental and social health are preserved in such conditions. Leyhausen believes that people can only participate effectively in a democracy when they can withdraw to their own territory for relaxation and consideration. Calhoun makes a similar point when he says, "The process of identifying with values and goals beyond the bodily self requires periods of solitude and reflection." In the absence of this, man becomes "a hollow, sterile shell." In the quite different context of industrial psychology, it has been noted that employees make radical decisions, such as to leave their jobs, after vacations during which they have time to reflect. Crowded conditions thus favor a loss of social cohesion and responsibility. Calhoun even suggests that the attraction of psychedelic drugs is that they restore a sense of personal space to people who feel "hemmed in."

The weight of this evidence, then, supports the idea that urban society already shows signs of the effects of overcrowding but hasn't reached the point at which infant mortality rises so sharply as to limit the population. This is due partly to modern medicine and to government intervention when a mother ceases to care for her children, and partly also to the fact that population densities still fall short of those at which crisis behavior becomes general. Unlike the rats, man can get out of the city from time to time. At least some can. (It may be significant that the deer on James Island had their population crash during a winter in which ice floes prevented them from swimming to the mainland.)

The fact that so many people endure up to an hour of crowded travel twice a day in order to live out of the city though they work in it provides some indication of how reluctant they are to live in the center. The man with a family, especially, feels that his wife and children benefit from the more spacious and natural surroundings at the periphery. Those who do not commute maintain, if they can afford it, a weekend cottage or perhaps a boat, and annual vacations are usually taken "away from it all."

Because of this reluctance to live in the city, around every city there grows up a ring of lower-density housing that we call "suburbia," and outside this a ring of what is technically country, inhabited predominantly by weekenders and wealthier commuters, for which the name "exurbia" has been coined. Suburbia has the advantage of providing access to the city on one hand and to the country on the other.

The trouble starts when the exurbia of one city coalesces with the exurbia of another. This is what is happening in the New York-

Washington strip, with Baltimore fringing on Washington to the south and on Wilming- ton, which adjoins Philadelphia, to the north while Trenton and other suburbs fill the space between Philadelphia and New York. It is calculated that by the year 2000, the entire 50-mile strip between Boston and Washington will be suburbanized. By the year 2010, the New York metropolitan area will comprise 30 million people at a density of 24,000 to the square mile, though the urban core will include only 8 million. Similar fusions are occurring in California, where the San Francisco-San Diego strip is already partly exurbanized, and south of the Great Lakes.

At the same time, as the central area grows, routes become more congested and the distance to the countryside grows longer. Escapes become harder.

As a result of the disagreeable features of urban life, there is an increasing tendency for the countryside to be regarded primarily as a resort area for the refreshment of city dwellers. The policy of treating the country as a resort area for the towns will destroy its rural character, as has already happened in exurbia.

But it is not the fate of the countryside that concerns us here so much as the question how long the countryside will remain adequate to provide the townsman with the relief that preserves his sanity. In the United States, the National Park system is already hopelessly overburdened. One must book months ahead to get into Yosemite and other parks. There were more than 100 million park visitors in 1960 compared with 3 million in 1948. More and more trails have to be covered with blacktop because they cannot stand up to the pedestrian traffic.

As work weeks get shorter, vacations longer and car ownership even more general, the wilderness will come under ever greater pressure. By 2000 there will be few corners of the U.S. where nature can be enjoyed undisturbed. This deprivation will be especially severe in the San Francisco region, where population is expected to grow 900 percent by the year 2000. This means nine times as much litter on the trails of Yosemite and nine times as long a wait to get in.

Do people need the wilderness? It is often asserted that they do. We must recognize that people prefer certain levels of stimulus, and this varies from time to time, as well as from person to person. In choosing a place for vacation, one person will say, "I want peace

"When we can treat all existing persons as human, it will be time enough to think about having more."



and quiet;" another, "I want life." People who have been overstimulated want understimulation, and conversely.

But if reduced stimulation were all that were required, a dark room would suffice. Besides, the man who enjoys the wilderness is not understimulated; his senses are alert to colors, sounds, shapes, odors, textures and other impressions. The appeal of nature has been succinctly expressed by such poets as Wordsworth, who stresses its moral and religious characters.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. (*continued*)

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When the British Institute for Biology called a conference on the Optimum Population for Great Britain in September 1969, almost everyone present agreed that the country was already overpopulated. The fact that almost every member of a well-informed audience of over 100 felt that Britain was not at its optimum population, but decidedly over it, suggests that it is possible to evolve a social policy.

To be sure, the optimum population of a country cannot be expressed merely as a fig-

ure; how the inhabitants are distributed is vitally important. Parts of the U. S. today are certainly underpopulated, just as parts are certainly overpopulated. What interests each of us is the area we normally move about in, say a radius of 50 to 100 miles from our home.

With this caveat, I believe we can detect three main kinds of criteria for defining an optimum population.

The commonest criterion is the economic, which tends to favor a relatively high density. A bigger population provides a bigger market, supports a richer social and cultural life, and so on. The economist recognizes a limit when pollution, traffic congestion and other economically measurable factors begin to undermine economic benefits.

At the opposite pole from the economic is the biological set of criteria, according to which the land should not carry more people than it can support without the consumption of irreplaceable resources such as fossil fuel.

Between the economic and the biological criteria lie the psychosocial criteria, which I

have attempted to discuss: the need to avoid loneliness on the one hand and feeling "hemmed in" on the other. These I think call for levels of population intermediate between those suggested by economic and biological criteria.

Taking an even longer view, the rate at which all irreplaceable resources are being consumed is a limiting factor. In this context, a special committee of the U. S. National Research Council has concluded that there are already too many people on earth. Irreplaceable natural resources are simply not sufficient to meet future demands.

Finally, let it be noted that even if we decide that the world, or any large part of it, has not yet reached an optimum population density, there is still the question of how rapidly it is sensible to move toward that level. Too rapid growth creates strains, as we have seen, and I conclude, with Professor Athelstan Spilhaus: "When we can treat all existing persons as human, it will be time enough to think about having more."



BY ERIC BERNE, M.D.

In a witty sequel to his best seller, *Games People Play*, a prominent U.S. psychiatrist analyzes the sexual rituals that ~~engage~~ men and women. This excerpt is from the last book Dr. Berne wrote before his death last July.

Sexual games are exercises in sexual attraction and exploitation. Nearly all two-handed games are variations of a game I call Rapo.

Rapo is played most often by women. It follows the formula $C + G = R \rightarrow S \rightarrow P$. The Con, C, is a seductive attitude, and the Gimmick, G, is a desire for sex or power. The woman's Con hooks into the man's Gimmick, and he gives the Response, R, which is to come on strong. The woman then pulls the Switch, S, by saying, "Yes, but," and after that they both get their Payoffs, P.

Rapo, like all games, is played in three degrees of hardness, each with its own type

of Switch and Payoff. First-degree Rapo a game called Flirtation, in which the Swit is "Yes, but we both know that's as far as goes—for now, at least." The Payoff is mutu good feelings, and possibly hope on one both sides. Second-degree Rapo is called Bu Off, Buster. The Switch is "Yes, but I'm n that kind of a girl even though I led y on." The Payoff for the woman is to grati her spite, and for the man it is to feel r jected and depressed. In this case (*continue*

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the man is playing the complementary game of Kick Me. Third-degree Rapo is a false cry of Rape. The Switch is "Yes, but I'm going to call it rape anyway." The woman's Payoff is justification as well as spite and the man has his whole life and career on the line waiting to be kicked.

The payoffs in any game are not only enjoyed or suffered at the moment, but are filed away for future use, very much like trading stamps. Every script has attached to it a trading-stamp book, and the script cannot be cashed in until the book is filled. Here is how it works in second-degree Rapo.

The "existential" object of this game is to prove that men are no good. What the woman is really saying is "Buzz off, Buster. (You're just like the rest of them—no good)." Her Payoff comes not only from seeing the man's discomfort but also from the fact that she can add the picture of another Nogoodnick to her collection. When her stamp book is full of such pictures, she can cash it in for a "Script Payoff." This may be a free suicide, a free homicide, or a license to be an alcoholic or a Lesbian—whatever her script calls for. Similarly, the man, who is playing Kick Me, can add another Hurt to his book of Hurts. When he fills the book, he can cash it in for his Script Payoff. This may, for example, be suicide, in accordance with his mother's instructions: "I love you, but some day you'll come to a bad end," which means in effect: "I love you, but drop dead."

More friendly games of Rapo may be played as See What You Made Me Do ("You made me lose my virginity," "You made me get pregnant," "I didn't want to, but you raped me"). These are useful in courtship or marriage for getting additional leverage over the man. Another form is Toy Gun, which is played by people who act grown-up but are really precocious children. Some of the slogans in this game are: "I can't really go through with it," "I didn't really mean it," "I wasn't really ready," and "You shouldn't have taken advantage of me." Toy Gun is diagnosed when the player says "not really," which means "You should have known it wasn't real." The original, nonsexual form of Toy Gun is played by amateur holdup men if they are captured. When they are confronted with the crime, they reply: "I'm not in the wrong; you're in the wrong for being stupid enough to think it was a real gun." This is a classical triangle switch: "I may look like the armed persecutor and you the victim, but in fact, I'm the victim of your stupidity."

Rapo can also be played by men, with slogans such as: "You took me away from my work," "You've worn me out," "I only did it because I was drunk," and "Why didn't you tell me you forgot to take your pill?"

All the above are Yes But games, since each of the slogans really contains a Yes But, whether it is said aloud or not. There are also If Only types of Rapo. Yes But games are played by tightening up. There is either a sexual refusal beforehand, an interruption during, or an argument afterward, in each case with the implication that the woman (or man) player is or was being unfairly seduced or raped and is uptight about it, which is usually literally true as far as the body muscles are concerned. In If Only games the player is not untight, but he or she still reserves the right to refuse, interrupt, or reproach passively. Thus Yes But games tend

to be belligerent and argumentative, while "If Onlys" are merely wistful, whiny, or reproachful.

Refrigerator Door and Note Book, the games of interrupted intercourse, can be played either Yes But or If Only. "Yes but I have to check the refrigerator, gas stove, dryer," or "If only my notes were finished, I could rape you with a clear conscience." Telephone Call is a passive form. "There goes the telephone! Now I can interrupt this to answer it." Telephone Call may also be either Yes But or If Only. "Yes but there goes the telephone," or "If only mother would call right now." (He: "How come your mother invariably knows the exact time to call?" She: "How come you invariably start something at the time my mother usually calls?")

Sex games are played by people who are afraid of intimacy, either in general or with each other. They are a way of getting close to others and having meaningful transactions without the surrender that intimacy requires. Thus sexual games may be either a barrier against love, or a step on the way to it, a sort of testing arena. With people who have abandoned hope of loving or being loved, they may become ends in themselves, for whatever advantages can be wrung out of them.

Third-degree Rapo is played for the most part by such hopeless people. It is really a three-handed game in which the object is to make the man sorry by telling a third party: mother, father, lawyer, doctor or police.

One of the most interesting forms of Rapo is called Sorry About That. It is also one of the most tragic, since it involves several people, often including broods of children. Here Right says to Left: "If you get a divorce, I'll marry you." So Left gets a divorce. Then Right says "Sorry, I've changed my mind," leaving Left stranded with no spouse and no lover. The converse is Not Ready Yet ("After the children are grown up I'll get a divorce. Meanwhile let's go ahead"). Actually, both Sorry About That and Not Ready Yet are three- or four-handed games, since the spouses of the players know very well what is going on. Here is an example.

Mr. Right, who was divorced, told Mrs. Left that he would marry her if she got a divorce. She did, and then he said Sorry About That, and soon after remarried his former wife. Meanwhile Mr. Left was free to marry his girlfriend of many years' standing, which he did. Mrs. Left, who didn't really like men anyway, was thus left free to lead her own life. But all four parties exploited the situation as much as they could: Mr. Left and his former wife with great lamentations about being wronged by each other and by Mr. Right, and Mr. and Mrs. Right with great apologies, embarrassments, and guilt feelings concealing their pleasure at the fast one they pulled on the Lefts. (Thus the Rights were playing a variant of FOOJY—Let's Pull a Fast One On Joey, Joey in this case being Mr. Left.)

The spouses also come through in Not Ready Yet. Mr. White promised to get a divorce and marry Mrs. Black as soon as his children were grown. She said she was ready to divorce her husband any time Mr. White gave the word. But when their last child left for college, Mrs. White came down with arthritis. Then, of course, Mr. White could not leave her, so the affair with Mrs. Black continued on the old basis. Mrs. White knew which side her bread was buttered on. Eventually, however, she was killed in an automo-

bile accident. Then Mr. White was ready to take advantage of his bargain with Mrs. Black. But the very next week, Mr. Black went for his first physical examination, five years and discovered that he had diabetes. So Mrs. Black could not conscientiously divorce him. She stayed with him, and broke off the affair with White.

Three-handed sex games usually follow the pattern of Let's Make Mother Sorry. In its more commonplace form, the daughter makes mother sorry by becoming promiscuous, getting pregnant, causing a neighborhood scandal and perhaps ending up in Juvenile Hall. The boy serves merely as an instrument, and the girl may never see him again once she has done the job on mother. If she cannot swing it on her own, the daughter may bring another party into the game, which is then called the Connection. He may simply pimp for her, or he may also get her hooked on drugs. Variations of this sex game are Let's Make Boyfriend (or Girlfriend) Sorry, or Let's Make Husband (or Wife) Sorry.

Making Someone Sorry (MSS) will only work if the Patsy, the one who is going to be sorry, is a person who plays I'm Only Trying to Help You, or After All I've Done for You. Then, the harder the MSS players play, the madder the Patsy gets, which is just what the MSS players want. The Patsy works under the illusion that the madder he gets, the more likely he is to break up the game, which exactly the opposite is usually true. The angrier he gets, the more fun it is for the MSS players. If the Patsy gets angry enough they may even feel entitled to shift into the third-degree game and call in a lawyer, which is more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Once the game gets legalized, however, much of the fun goes out of it, and the players settle down into dreary domesticity.



The Sandwich is a straight three-handed operation. It differs from other sex games in that everyone is supposed to have a good time—and nobody is supposed to be sorry.

For those who are unable for various reasons to find other players, any of these games may be played as solitaire in the form of skull games, or fantasies.

There are many three-handed games in which the third player remains under cover so that the victim thinks he is in a two-handed game. Prostitution is often of this nature, where the man believes he is dealing with the woman, whereas the show is really being run by the pimp, who, behind the scenes, has taught the woman the rules and sees that she enforces them. How Was It? is a similar game in which the husband is the hidden player. He sends his wife out to pick up a man and have intercourse with him, on condition that she tell him all the details afterward for his edification and entertainment. In its most repulsive form, she is instructed to find a male virgin. In That Was a Good One, the husband may actually withdraw from a place of concealment. Sometimes the game is reversed, and it is the wife who sends her husband out or panders for him with girlfriends or by picking up a girl in a restaurant. In the third degree of these games the hidden player suddenly appears on the scene. If he is a professional, he takes the Patsy's money by force or armed robbery, in the guise of (continued on page 19)



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Barbequed Oriental Chicken

Have a yen for something really different? Pull out the hibachi or grill and baste up this sweet and sassy Far Eastern delicacy. They'll all say "ah so," and more!



1 cup soy sauce
1/2 cup sake (rice wine) or
grapefruit juice
1/2 cup sugar
2 teaspoons grated fresh
ginger root or ground
ginger

one (2 1/2 to 3 1/2 lb.)
fryer, cut up or 8
drumsticks
1/4 cup Mazola Corn Oil or
Mazola Margarine (melted)

Mix together soy sauce, sake or grapefruit juice, sugar and ginger in a large shallow dish. Add chicken pieces, turning to coat both sides. Cover and marinate in refrigerator several hours or overnight, turning occasionally. Remove chicken from marinade and broil with corn oil or margarine. Grill or broil, about 6 inches from source of heat, brushing with marinade and turning frequently, until 60 minutes or until brown and tender. Makes 4 servings.



Buttermilk Pecan Chicken

This is the \$5,000 grand prize winner! (When you make it, you'll see why.) Everyone loves a winner, and that's how your family will feel about you!

1 cup buttermilk
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 cup flour
1 cup ground pecans
1/4 cup sesame seeds
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon paprika

1/8 teaspoon pepper
two (2 1/2 to 3 1/2 lb.)
fryers, cut up
1/2 cup Mazola Corn
Oil or Mazola
Margarine (melted)
1/4 cup pecan halves

Mix buttermilk with egg. Stir together flour, ground pecans, sesame seeds, salt, paprika and pepper. Dip chicken in buttermilk mixture, then in flour mixture. Place corn oil or margarine in large shallow roasting pan. Add chicken, skin side down, then turn pieces skin side up to coat with oil. Place pecan halves on each piece of chicken. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven 1-1 1/4 hours or until tender and golden brown. Makes 8 servings.

Tantalize their taste buds! Serve 'em golden-glazed chicken with crisp onions, tangy pineapple, and pungent green pepper — heaven on earth in one scrumptious dish!

Paradise Chicken



1 cup flour
2 teaspoons salt
two (2 1/2 to 3 1/2 lb.)
fryers, cut up or 8 legs
1/2 cup Mazola Corn Oil or
Mazola Margarine (melted)
1 green pepper, cut in strips
2 onions, cut in wedges

1 cup water
2 tablespoons vinegar
one (1 lb. 4 oz.) can
sliced pineapple, drained
(reserve juice)
3 tablespoons Argo corn
starch
1/2 cup almonds

Mix flour and salt. Coat chicken. Brown chicken on all sides in corn oil or margarine over medium heat. Remove to roasting pan. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven 20 minutes. Meanwhile, saute pepper and onion in remaining corn oil in skillet about 2 minutes or until tender but still crisp. Add water and vinegar. Cut sliced pineapple into quarters. Mix corn starch and 1/2 cup reserved juice; stir into vegetable mixture. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to boil and boils 1 minute. Stir in pineapple. Pour over chicken. If desired, sprinkle with almonds. Continue baking about 20 minutes or until chicken is tender. Makes 8 servings.

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Cascade eliminates drops that spot.

Ladies' Home Journal Open House

OCTOBER 1970

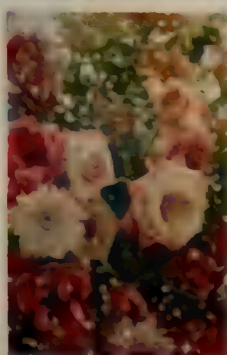
A house is for parties. Whenever and wherever you like. Entertaining in the Seventies moves around the house and around the clock. A party is a special



family birthday breakfast in the bedroom at nine. A black-tie soup-kitchen supper at midnight. It is any time and occasion



you choose to gather friends together. Entertaining no longer has to wait for dinner-at-eight and four to six courses. With the new parties—as you'll see on the next several pages—comes a new ease. Sometimes a party is serving just one course. Inviting everyone *after* dinner for desserts—two or three



magnificent ones you've taken the time to make yourself. (Less time than if you'd invited guests to a full-course dinner, more time and infinitely more special than simply making a trip to the local baker.) With it, flowers on the table. Pretty china. Maxi-

mum style, minimum fuss. A party is above all people who like each other. A congenial atmosphere...the new entertaining focuses on you, your house and its ambiance. On the next pages you'll see the JOURNAL staff's own ideas of the parties to keep you in good company throughout the day, throughout the house and throughout the season. The setting is Panther Valley, N.J., where we have decorated a brand-new house (shown top, left) to live in and to entertain in. We invite you to join us.



PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE NEXT TEN PAGES BY JERRY ABRAMOWITZ



A party is a pretty brunch...

Cool, lacquered white furniture plays against hot colors in this party-ready dining room. The chairs are covered in several different tropical colors. The total effect is cheerful, youthful.



Wendy and Nancy Smith, daughters of Patterns Editor Nora O'Leary, love to have parties—"small ones at home just for close friends," says Wendy, 18. One of their ideas for entertaining is a "ladies only" late-morning brunch set in the dining room (a party

they think is also an original solution for much younger girls, who are too old for pin-the-tail-on-the donkey and too young to invite boys).

Both Wendy and Nancy, 15, are sophisticated hostesses: Their table is set with a great-looking flower and fruit centerpiece and pretty cloth runners. The menu, one which they can prepare themselves, though younger girls might need a little help from mother on it, starts with a strawberry and orange fruit cup. The main course is individual small ham steaks with baked mushrooms.



Brunch starts with a refreshing fruit cup of sliced fresh strawberries and orange sections soaked in ginger ale and orange juice, then topped with a sprig of fresh mint.

RECIPES ON PAGE 116. Everfast fabrics, International silver, Lenox crystal, Spode china, Franken braid. Shopping information on page 140.



Opposite: Wendy (left) and Nancy (right) set table with colorful cotton runners, used instead of mats or a tablecloth. Runners are bordered in bright yarn trim, which is repeated in napkin holders. The girls' skirts are made by piecing together compatible unbrodered cotton tapes, following Simplicity pattern #8699.

always liked the peasant look," says Wendy, who says she likes to wear "something different" for a party. The peasant fashions, the menu, and the occasion, by the way, are full of the kinds of fruitful ideas that can be copied by mothers as well as daughters.

Above, left: individual ham steaks with baked mushrooms. Right: A proper café au lait is half hot milk, half coffee, poured simultaneously.



A party is a midnight soup supper...



Enjoying the festive soup supper are, from left, Margaret Happel, Managing Editor Dick Kaplan, Assistant Food Editor Joyce White and Art Director Herb Bleiweiss.

"I fell in love with the idea—spending a marvelous black tie evening at the theater and then coming back for a midnight soup in the kitchen," says Margaret Happel, JOURNAL Food Editor. "I got the notion from friends in London. The fun is partly in the unexpected contrast. You're all formal, then suddenly everyone relaxes and becomes informal. The



Served in a skillet: Scrambled eggs topped with sour cream and fresh black caviar.

star of the supper is a pistou, a traditional French peasant soup; I also serve scrambled eggs topped with sour cream and caviar and set everything on the kitchen counter, which is specially dressed up for the occasion. Drink vintage champagne. Classic ingredients very simply prepared and beautifully served—which is the basis of all good eating."

RECIPES ON PAGE 118. International Silver. Shopping information ■ page 140.

kitchen setting is
ful and countrified.
pistou (opposite),
with white beans and
tables, is set in a big
er pot surrounded
fferent breads. The
erpiece combines
anthemums and tiger
, and—unexpectedly
afy green cabbage.
cloth, an African
n print, covers
is actually
cher-block
en counter.



Bright, Matisse-like colors and a mixture of patterns set the tone in this congenial living room. Lots of plants, flowers and jewel-like Indian wall tiles add more color, pattern. Facing loveseats invite easy conversation. Overstuffed floor cushions provide extra seating.



A party is for a cause...

The table, too, is a mixture of patterns. Three different patterns of china, four different colors of napkins sit on this lucite and glass table. Although nothing is meant to match, everything goes together.



Opposite: Staff writer Geraldine Carro pours tea for Jackie Petersen and Managing Editor Lenore Hershey, seated on sofa (left and right). Other guests are, clockwise, the JOURNAL's Kitty Blake, Binnie Weissleder, Pat Rotter, Terry Schutz and Martha Petrash.

Right: Served along with coffee and tea are three homemade coffee cakes. The Open-Face Cherry Galette (center) is low-calorie, a realistic addition to any such occasion. The individual serving is from an Apricot Streusel. And on the footed cake plate, opposite, is a Viennese Stollen.

League one morning to talk about day care centers. Eight of us sat around this brightly patterned living room to talk. Day care is a subject of special concern to the JOURNAL's younger editors, some of whom are already married and one of whom—Binnie Weissleder of the art department—is expecting her first child soon. “More women are working today, most of them because they need the income—but the average working mother can’t earn enough to pay for good child care,” said Jackie. “There are a number of day care centers for the poor, and for the rich there are private nurseries and housekeepers. But there is almost nothing for the women in between.” Jackie thinks that if anything is to be done to resolve this dilemma, women themselves are going to have to take the initiative. “Adequate child care facilities,” she said, “will be a major goal of women in the Seventies.”



A party is after-dinner desserts...

Sally Obre, serving, is hostess at dessert party with guests, from left, Nathan Mandlebaum, the JOURNAL's Director of Interior Design; Mary Fiore, Articles Editor, and Managing Editor John Stevens. The setting Nathan created has a rich, almost Byzantine look, with patterns everywhere—on the paisleyed walls, the rug, the tablecloth.



Beauty Editor Sally Obre's idea of a glorious party is to serve nothing

but desserts. "They're gooey, they're frothy, they're romantic . . . in short, everything a person could ever want in life." She calls the after-dinner gathering her "Throw Caution to the Winds Party" (what a treat to be invited to indulge yourself without guilt occasionally in this calorie-counting age). Because the party is only a one-course affair and preparations are less time-consuming and less expensive than for a full dinner, Sally feels free to splurge on elaborate homemade desserts. A favorite device is to start with one basic recipe, like a French *pâte à chou*, to create three dif-



The desserts, all French and irresistible, start with a *chou* (cream puff) pastry. They are, from left, a Paris-Brest, a Religieuse and a Gâteau St. Honoré.

ferent and spectacular desserts (above). Sally serves them with coffee, which guests may flavor from a selection of tiny bottles of liqueur. The setting is the study of our party house, a small, very intimate room with walls and ceiling lined in a rich paisley fabric like the inside of a jewel box.

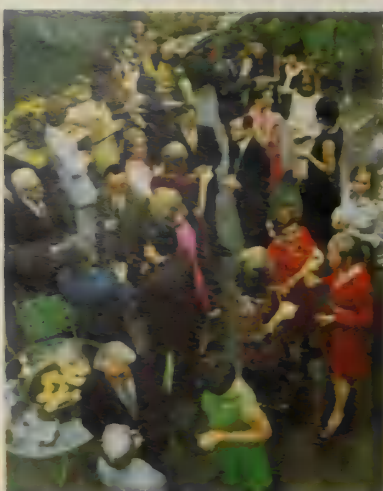
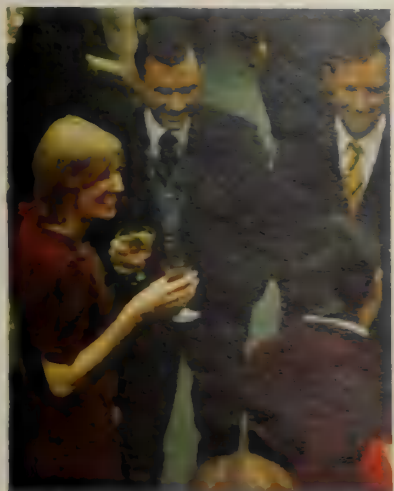


A selection of tiny liqueurs in a porcelain basket (left) lets everyone choose a flavoring for coffee. Opposite: A view of the party table—lots of flickering candles, a centerpiece of pears and grapes and rustic pottery cups.





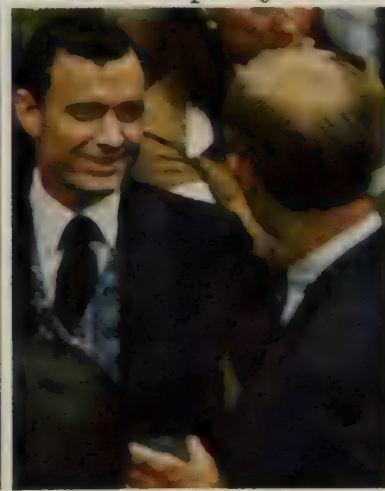
A party is cocktails in the garden—and lots of people...



Editor John Mack Carter (far left in blue vest), host at clan gathering. The topiary trees (near left), laden with mushrooms, tiny tomatoes and cauliflowerettes are an unusual way of serving hors d'oeuvres. Cover styrofoam balls with artificial greens, affix food with toothpicks.

A bonnie idea for a festive fall fling: robust food and mixed drinks, all with a Scottish flavor. That was the cocktail party Editor-in-Chief John Mack Carter—who can, incidentally, claim Scottish-American ancestry—threw for the JOURNAL staff on the patio of our party house.

Something Scottish drink, right: A Scotch Whisky, an Atholl Brose and a Scotch Sour (left to right). Using one liquor as a base for all drinks helps keep down costs by making it unnecessary to stock an entire bar.



The canapés: herring with mustard butter (right), salmon and cucumber bouchées (center).



Opposite: the party table—a butcher block with golden-colored ring pieces and a centerpiece of daisies and fall vegetables. The de résistance: a platter of mixed roasted ribs. Also notable, top left, a platter of lamb.



He was ready for his first day at school. "I'll walk there by myself," he said. "None of the mothers go along." Spoken like a man. But oh, he was so very small, so very easily hurt! A short short story by Lucinda Baker

Eileen woke that morning disoriented and frightened about the dream she had been having, though it had already begun to fade into the mists beyond her reach. She caught and held stubbornly to a fragment of it, needing to identify the thing that had upset her, and realized she must have been reliving not Jonathan's birth, but the hours just before she had gone into labor. She felt exactly as she had on that morning, and on the days Monica and Gaye had arrived, as well.

Still, having identified the dream, she could not free herself of the recollected secret terror, which had persisted and increased although everyone smiled and assured her, in effect, "You'll be fine. There's nothing to it! Especially with all the modern techniques. You've nothing to worry about."

They were lying. She had known that in her bones, and also because of things she had read and things she had heard and could not quite discount, though they were old wives' tales.

Actually, of course, giving birth had been perhaps not quite as bad as she had feared, even the first time, but it had not been easy. Not with Jonathan or Monica or even Gaye, when the doctor had insisted, "You're an old hand at this now." Old hand or not, she had still felt this peculiar fear.

There was, however, no reason for its existing today, no reason she should dream about it, or remember that each time she had had a baby, Timothy had brought her a single rose. The first time, they had just spent almost every penny they had, moving into the house on Hathaway Street, and it was two days until pay day. Tim had stolen the rose from the hospital garden. When Monica arrived, and then Gaye, a single rose had seemed like a logical precedent to follow, though he now bought them at the florist's, being in better financial condition.

Jonathan appeared in the doorway of the bedroom. Even in the shaded dimness she could see that he was already dressed. "I'm ready," he said, daring her to deny it. He was wearing one of the new outfits they had bought for school. Even though the jeans had been shortened, the shirt narrowed, they still looked too big, too rugged, emphasizing the fact that he was very small for six years.

Eileen sat on the edge of the bed and considered going to her son and hugging him, but thought better of it. Thin and bony as he was, he had recently perfected a wet-fish ease of escaping an embrace.

"I'm going to walk to school by myself," he reminded her. "You said I could. You promised. Anyway, you went with me on registration day. None of the mothers go on the first *real* day of school."

Later, of course, he had to be threatened into eating breakfast, into drinking all his milk.

"And I'll have to brush that hair!" Eileen told him.

"I'll do it." Fiercely, he eluded her.

Illustration by Joe Bowler



YOU PROMISED

Those three familiar words had been the first full sentence Jonathan had ever uttered, and he'd been repeating them ever since, upon every possible occasion. Even after he'd had pneumonia and was recovering but still weak, he hadn't let her feed him. "I'll do it," he'd insist, reaching out to grasp at the spoon with a hand thin as a sparrow's claw.

Out of the window over the sink Eileen saw Michael Lewis in the backyard next door. He was Jonathan's age, but much sturdier, taller, stronger. So many of the children she'd seen at school the day she took Jonathan to the doctor had been bigger than he was, more rugged.

Tim had come into the kitchen. How long had he been watching her staring at Mike? Long enough, apparently, to have guessed her thoughts, for which he had a talent. "I didn't start to beef up until I was ten," he informed her. "The Harker men may be skinny at first, but we make up for it later by adding impressive rippling muscle. You must have noticed how mine ripples."

Eileen poured his coffee, and realized as she did so that she was already late. Usually he left the house no later than eight-fifteen, and it was now almost eight-thirty. Apparently it had been one of the mornings when he could have been gently prodded, and she had failed to notice.

"So I'm late," Tim said. "I told Stu yesterday I might finish that I might finish up those reports before I went in." The reports had been ready since eight last night. Tim opened his newspaper.

It was beginning to rain. That could still stop by the time Jonathan would have to leave, Eileen reflected hopefully. This could be just a shower. But even in a shower, the drops were pelting down too hard, a child might not look far enough up the street before he crossed it.

She wished now that on registration day she had insisted on talking at greater length about Jonathan to Miss Wylie. There had been such a crowd of mothers and children that she had been hesitant to take too much of the teacher's time. If she had it to do over again, she wouldn't have been so reluctant. She would have said firmly, not asking whether or not people were impatient with her, that Jonathan might not answer questions quickly or easily at first because he was shy, not because he wouldn't know the answers. Also, she would have explained that too often he tried to keep up with bigger boys when he was playing, and got into situations too difficult for him. He was always scraping his knees, and he'd had several bad falls.

"Wait for me!" Jonathan said that almost as often as he said "I'll do it."

Breathless, now, he ran into the kitchen. "It's time for me to go, Mother."

The front of his hair, at least, was brushed. "I'll need my slicker."

"And your boots. I'll help you with them."

"I'll do it!"

By the time Eileen reached the front hall, he was sitting on the floor, ramming a foot into the wrong boot. He wriggled and kicked free of it and tried the other, his heavy new shoes clumsy at the ends of his very thin legs.

Booted at last, he dived into the new yellow slicker, the sou'wester hat. They looked even larger for him than his jeans and shirt. You couldn't make oilskin smaller.

"I'll see you," he said, outmaneuvering Eileen, of course, when she would have kissed him. Carrying the package with the pencils and crayons he had been instructed to buy, he darted out into the rain, slowing in trajectory to stamp once in a puddle. Then he headed for the street.

Look back at me just once, Eileen thought, willing him to hear her, to lift his face so she could see it under the hat's brim. He did not. He cut across the wet grass.

His smallness was a hurting thing, somehow, and she decided suddenly that she must, after all, walk the four blocks with him. It was only the first day. If she hurried, she could run and catch up with him, and she would warn him about trying to keep up with the bigger boys. She would insist, whether he liked it or not, "*Be careful!*"

She fumbled in the closet for her own ancient raincoat, and turned to discover Tim standing in the hall watching her, a grown-up edition of Jonathan but without the fierceness. Still groping to get into the coat, avoiding Tim's help because he might be too slow, she stepped out onto the little brick fan of terrace. Jonathan was already halfway down the block. Still, in the split second before she started to run after him, it was almost as if he were there facing her, in the yard. It was as if he had cried out, "You promised!"

She did not, after all, put on the coat, but stood holding it, knowing that even if she followed this one time, it wouldn't be enough. She would want to do it again tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. You couldn't run after a child through all the years, watching, crying out, *Oh, be careful, watch, look both ways! Let me help you!*

You had to let go. Not once, not simply a thousand times, but times uncountable, you would have to remember your promise. The hurt of it made her shiver, the knowing of all that future pain yet to be felt, though no one had ever told her about it in specific words. No one had ever said of it, "My dear, what I went through!"

Through the rain—it was a thin curtain between her and the child now—she saw him remember at the last instant to look before he crossed the street. (Even if she had called to him to be careful he probably would not have heard because he was too far away.) She watched until he was out of sight.

When she turned, Tim, his smile gentle, gave her a slightly bedraggled yellow rose from the garden. END

The American Tragedy of Allison Krause: Born, 195

When Death strikes down the innocent and young, we all die a little. Allison was the daughter of Doris and Arthur Krause of Pittsburgh. These photos from their family album show that she was a warm and happy child of America. To one of her high school teachers, "she symbolized the best in young people." Could Allison have been your daughter?



In her mother's arms



Allison at 1 1/2, Fall, 1952



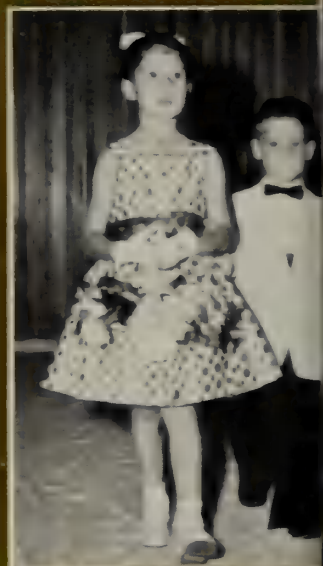
Her first visit with Dad



1955: a family portrait



4th of July bike parade, 1956



Uncle Jack's wedding



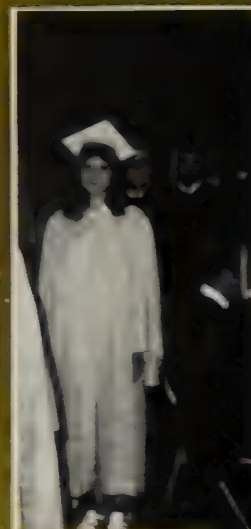
At 10, a child



At 15, a young woman



Her first prom



Graduation, 1973 Summer, 19



Killed, Kent State, 1970



1954: a new Chanukah doll



Allison at 8, with classmates



Kent State's last love

DEATH STORY

By Erich Segal

A young Yale professor, author of the No. 1 best seller, "Love Story," writes about that day at Kent State—and what we can learn from it.

On May 3, 1970, Allison Krause, a freshman at Kent State University in Ohio, telephoned her father and mother in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and reassured them that she was not involved in any of the radical activity that had disrupted her campus. In fact, though she disapproved of the Vietnam War, Allison strongly opposed any sort of violent protest. She concluded the conversation by telling her parents, "Everything's all right." Twenty-four hours later, she was shot to death by an Ohio National Guardsman.

By now this is ancient history. We've gone on to newer tragedies. Then why, with the fall semester upon us, when even those on campus seem to be looking forward and not back, do I once again bring up the name of Allison Krause?

Because too many have already forgotten. And too few really know why she died.

At the risk of being repetitious—and the greater risk of discussing things that most of us would just as soon forget—I would like to offer my own explanation of the meaning of Allison Krause's death. This is merely my opinion, of course, and everyone has a perfect right to disagree. But as an inducement for you to read on, I promise not to shout accusations at anyone. In fact, I promise not to shout.

Allison Krause lived in Pittsburgh with her father, a manager of material for a Westinghouse plant, her mother, a bookkeeper for a furniture store, and her 15-year-old sister Laurie. During one of her high school summers, Allison did volunteer work at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. At Kent State she was thinking about majoring in fine arts. She was a very gentle girl who would often walk around the campus with her pet kitten in her arms. During her freshman year at Kent, she fell in love. It had all the symptoms of the classic campus romance, but merely to see Allison at this time evoked something wonderful in her friends. Said a Kent junior, "Allison had a boyfriend, Barry, from New York and they were always together. I remember them one night in J.B.'s when the James Gang was still playing there. They were sitting on the floor holding hands, smiling at each other. They looked so happy."

I think Allison needs no more introduction than this. If I have made her sound like a nice, normal girl, it is because I think it is important to realize that she was just that. In all fairness, however, I should recount the now legendary "flower incident," which, beautiful gesture though it was, has been exploited and blown terribly out of proportion in order to make Allison something of a saint or a martyr, which she was not. She was just a victim.

It seems that during the last full day of her life, Allison walked up to one of the National Guardsmen who had been sent in to calm the Kent State campus. She placed a flower in the barrel of the soldier's rifle and said, "Flowers are better than bullets." It is not reported what the Guardsman answered.

What the Russian poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko said is reported. He published a poem in *Pravda* emphasizing the political lesson to be learned from Allison's death:

Don't give a gift of flowers to a state
where truth is punished.

The response of such a state is cynical and cruel.

But the poet himself was being rather cynical and cruel—and hypocritical. He exploited Allison's death to castigate our country for something of which his own is ten times more guilty: a systematic repression of dissent, which the Soviet novelist Solzhenitsyn has recently called "spiritual murder."

This is why I myself do not emphasize Allison's "flower gesture." The inherent drama in it distracts us from the true reason for her death, which has absolutely nothing to do with her objection to the war, or with her gentle and pacific statement to the Guardsman. And still less with the punishment of truth. Let me tell you in the simplest possible terms why Allison Krause was killed.

Allison Krause was killed because she happened to be in the line of fire when the National Guard began to shoot.

That is the real reason. And the only reason.

We must remember that all four students (continued on page 148)



HAIR: HOW IT SHAPES UP

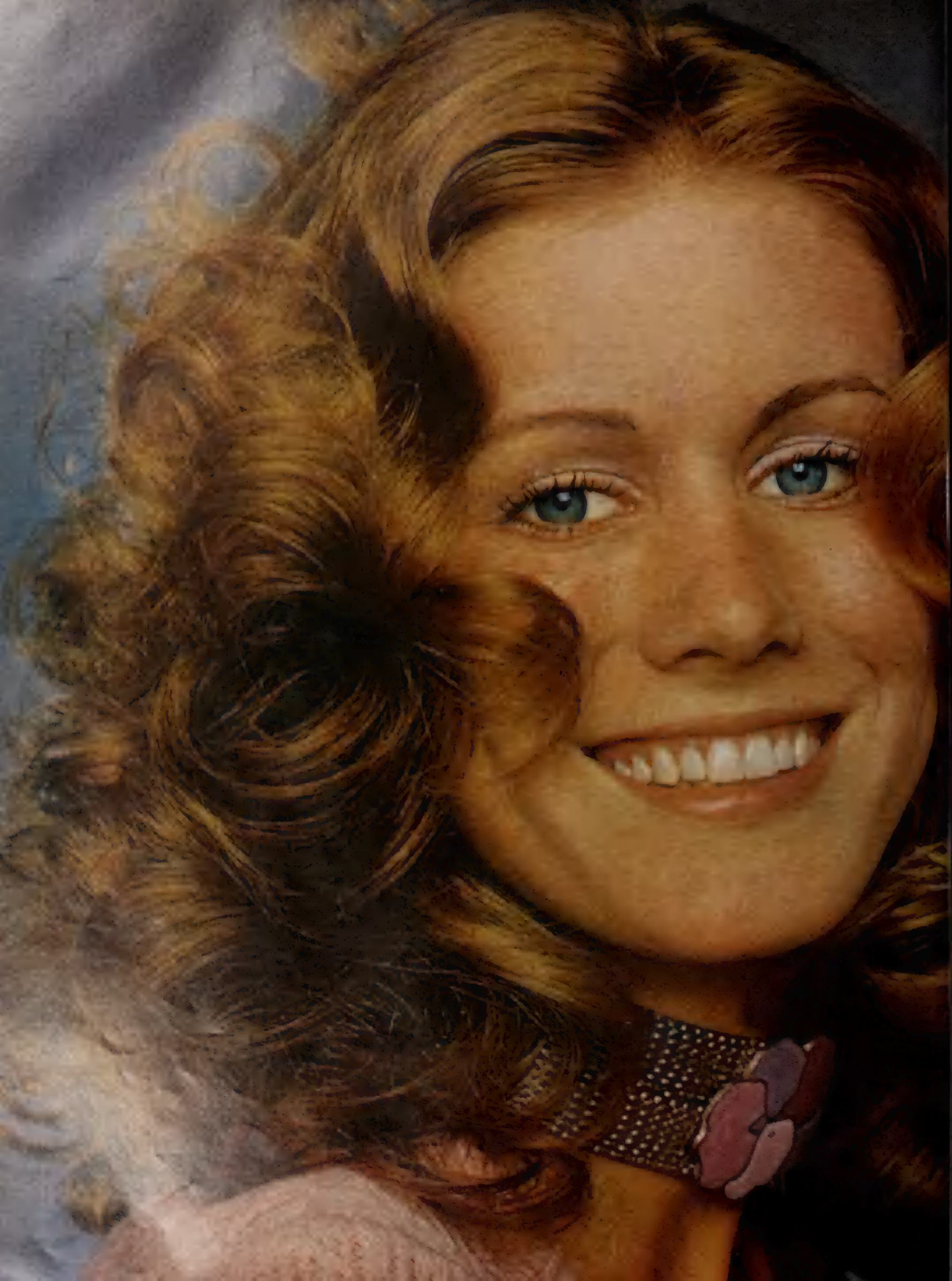


Above all there is Shape. The newest hair has its own layered way of shaping up, a way of clinging to the contours of the head. It has a softness missed in the severe, straight-edged cuts that are perceptibly fading from the scene. The key to the newness is the layered cut: hair held at right angles to the scalp and snipped off bluntly, section by section. Each layer is cut at a different length. The principle works beautifully on both long and short hair, with each cut yielding several different styles. Set in rollers for curls or simply blow into shape with a hand-held dryer. Many ways to shape a pretty head are shown and described here and on the next two pages. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor

The cropped short and layered look (left) depends on precise snipping. Hair parted in center and cut in sections, bluntly, working from back to front. Each section is cut at different length. The hair is brushed forward from crown to frame face. The "set" is blown dry: pick up hair with brush, blow with hand dryer. Styled by Robert Pearson for Canned Ego.

Long, shaped cut goes two different ways (below). Hair is cut in blunt layers starting from center part. Hair at crown and front is cut shortest. On left, styling starts with center part. Medium rollers are rolled under. Hair is combed out—first down, then forward. On right, hair is set with side part, combed out, clasped with barrette. Styled by Alan Lewis, Freelancers.





Long, airy and curled (left). The cut is a longer version of the one on the preceding page. The airy look derives from the snipping—which lightens weight of hair—and also from the set and combout. Use small rollers for set, always turning under. For styling, brush all hair forward, fling head back and let hair fall where it may. Brush over lightly and pull ends out in delicate wisps for more fluff. Styled by Alan Lewis, Freelancers.

HAIR: HOW IT SHAPES UP

Sleek or wispy. The styles at right come from the same layered cut, set differently. The cut starts from a center part. Hair is layered short in front, very long in back. The smooth look (top) is achieved by blowing dry with a hand dryer and brush. Barrettes clasp hair on either side. The full style (bottom) is achieved with small rollers, which are rolled up on either side of the head toward a center part. For styling, brush out hair in forward direction, part on the side and flip up wispy ends. Styled by Raymond Costantini.





A Slice of Snow



By JOAN WALSH ANGLUND

*What need we teach a child...
with our books and rules?*



*Let him walk among the hills and flowers,
let him gaze upon the waters,
let him look up to the stars...*

and he will have his wisdom.



If you love me,
you will remember.
If you do not,
it is better
that we both forget.



How easy the breath
that kills a flame.
How hard to kindle
that light again.
Cold words kill
and
kind words kindle.
By words withheld,
a dream may dwindle.



Be careful
which dream
you clutch...
for dreams come true!

What matters?
Very little.
Only...
the flicker of light... within the darkness,
the feeling of warmth... within the cold,
the knowledge of love
within the void.





THE KITCHEN WOMEN WANT

By Margaret Davidson, Home Management Editor

Kitchens, when you stop to think, haven't changed very much in the last 20 years. But the way we live has. High time, then, we feel, to face up to the challenge of designing a kitchen for today's needs—and who better to ask for advice than our readers. Four years ago we set out across the country to find out how women really feel about kitchens—complaints with ones they have and ideas for improvement that no one has even bothered to ask about. In a series of round table discussions, co-sponsored by local builders and utility companies, we talked, ultimately, with nearly 300 women, gathering in the process what seemed like tons of material. In several instances, we paused long enough to help build a house including a kitchen based on the consensus of one of our conferences.

Now as a wind-up, we have assimilated all those ideas into one kitchen, which we show here. It's a kitchen that we feel really matches our contemporary life style of cooking and liv- (continued)

Wood-top center island gives work space for two or more. Lighting is built into soffits behind shelves, in utensil rack and at all work centers. Window opens to outside counter for patio serving.

Below, left: Walk-in pantry is a popular solution to major storage problem. Two walls have shelves, the third a punch board to hang pots.

Below, right: Off to one side is a compact little desk with bulletin board, phone, shelves for cookbooks. Kitchen floor plan on page 136.

Bottom: Ingenious cabinet design spans the area from counter top to ceiling, has tall folding doors. This is the all-inclusive mixing center.



Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz. Architects—Herman H. York and Raymond E. Schenke; color coordinator—Edmund Motyka. General Electric appliances; Quaker Maid cabinets; Armstrong floors; Martin Senour paint; shantung shades by Breneman, Inc.; Founders furniture.





ing. It's been carefully designed to take best advantage of all the marvelous advances in appliances, both major and minor; it contains ample storage (always the most critical problem at our discussions) for the vastly increased variety of foods we now use; but most of all it is a kitchen that properly (we think) takes its place as an important center of family activity and routine. Gone, at last, is the notion that cooking is a solitary and isolated occupation.

This concept is best illustrated by the way the family room and kitchen all flow together in one expansive family area. Here in the heart of the house, in addition to the working kitchen, are space for informal family dining, an entertainment center with radio, TV and records, and a hobby and sewing center. And in keeping with the area's importance, it has been designed for maximum flexibility.

Of all the subjects discussed during our kitchen conferences, the one that always caused the most talk was storage. "Never (continued on page 136)

Family room, adjacent to kitchen, is decorated in same cheery pastels. Room has maximum flexibility: most furniture is on casters and easily moved.



Laundry is located just off kitchen. Sink, installed under see-through shelves, at left, has faucets that are accessible from either side.

Sewing center, first below, with its gayly colored folding doors swung open, is located along one wall of family room. Bottom: Entertainment center, to left of fireplace, houses TV, stereo and records, and assorted film and camera gear. Folding doors, again, can hide all from view.



Weather vanes, Stony Point (N.Y.) Folk Art Gallery

THINGS MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT YOU: ABOUT BRAISING

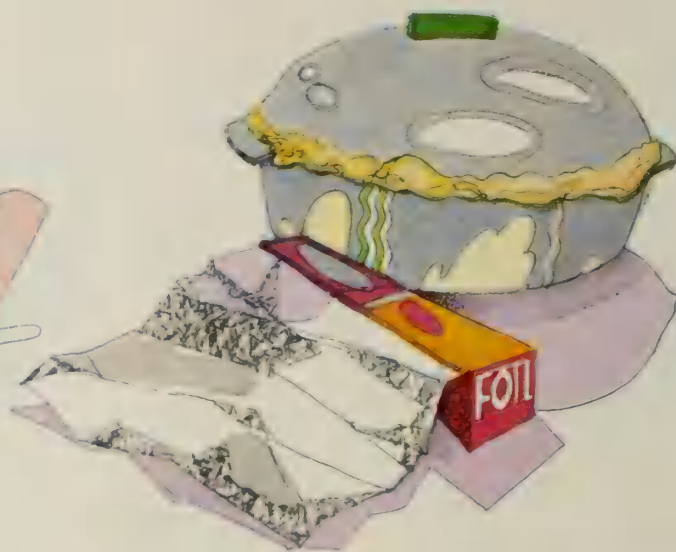
This sophisticated cooking method, which marries three other techniques—roasting, steaming and stewing—is one of the surest ways to guarantee eating a tender, juicy morsel of meat. The vegetables, sauce liquids, and meats are all cooked together in a slow oven. And although cooking time is relatively long, once the initial preparations have been made little further attention is demanded from the cook. Well-known braised dishes include pot au feu, beef burgundy and beef roulade. All generally call for "second-cuts" of beef, like top or bottom round, chuck, and top sirloin rump. Venison, lamb and veal are also braised. For the latter two, use a rolled and boned leg, the shoulder or the breast. Because all these dishes are cooked in liquid, reheating not only doesn't hurt, it helps develop the flavor.

THE MARINADE: To flavor and tenderize meat even before cooking process begins, marinate meat for 2-3 hours at room temperature in an acidulated liquid—a broth, for example, to which vinegar, lemon juice or wine has been added. Season with salt, pepper and herbs. For longer marinating, place meat and liquid in refrigerator overnight.

SEARING THE MEAT: Remove meat from marinade, reserving the liquid, and pat dry with paper towels. Brown meat in a large, deep casserole or Dutch oven in hot oil or bacon fat. The flame should be high. Turn meat regularly with wooden spoons to avoid piercing. When meat is seared, remove and set aside.

MAKING THE MIREPOIX: In braising, the meat cooks on a bed of mixed vegetables, called in culinary language a *mirepoix*. Prepare 6-8 cups of coarsely cubed vegetables—a mixture of onion or leek, carrots, celery and turnip in equal amounts so that no one flavor predominates. Add vegetables to remaining fat or oil in pan, increasing amount if low. The vegetables should cover pan to a depth of one inch. Over a medium-low heat, cook vegetables until tiny beads of "sweat" appear on their surface. Stir gently and do not allow to brown.

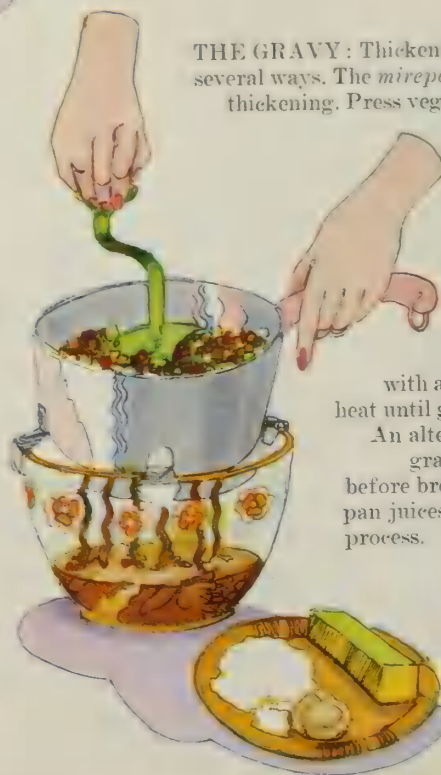
JOINING THE ELEMENTS: Place the browned meat in the pan on top of the *mirepoix*. The vegetable mixture not only adds flavor to meat, but elevates meat away from direct contact with the bottom of the pan, which would toughen it. Pour some of the reserved marinade around the meat so that it comes barely to the top of the vegetable layer. For extra flavor, add tomato juice or a little tomato purée to the liquid before it is poured over vegetables.



AIR-TIGHT COOKING: After addition of braising liquid and before further cooking, the pan must be tightly sealed to prevent moisture from escaping. A traditional French method of sealing lid to pan is to press a stiff flour and water paste to cover the joint. A simpler modern technique is to use foil: cover pan completely with a large sheet of foil, leaving extra long on sides. Place lid in position, crumple foil tightly over and up to cover joint between pan and lid. The meat is now ready for the long, slow cooking process. It can either be braised on top of the stove over a low heat or in a 325° oven. Time depends on weight and type of meat, but allowing 25-30 minutes per pound is a good rule of thumb. During this process the meat is part steamed and part stewed. The braising liquid turns into a steam, flows around meat and condenses on the pan lid. It is then deflected back as a liquid over the meat.

A VEGETABLE ACCOMPANIMENT: During the last hour of cooking, small whole vegetables can be placed on top of the *mirepoix* to be served later with the meat. Potatoes, onions, carrots, quartered turnips and celery hearts are all excellent. Reseal pan after adding vegetables.

THE GRAVY: Thickening the pan juices can be achieved several ways. The *mirepoix* can be discarded or used in the thickening. Press vegetables through a sieve, purée in a blender or pass through a *moulin* (a French vegetable mill). Add vegetable purée to pan and thicken as the French chefs do with a *beurre manié*. This is equal parts of soft butter or margarine and flour, rolled into small balls (1 Tb. per ball). Drop the balls (1 per cup liquid) into the hot gravy, stir briskly with a spoon or wire whisk over medium heat until gravy thickens and comes to a boil. An alternative method of obtaining good gravy is to roll meat in seasoned flour before browning. The flour will mingle with pan juices and thicken them during cooking process.





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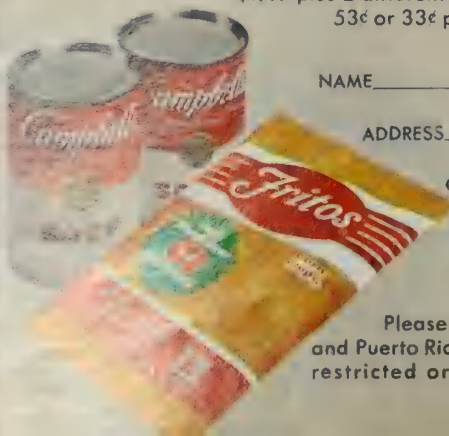
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See Kraft Music Hall, Wednesday nights, NBC-TV

A PARTY IS A PRETTY BRUNCH *continued from page 89*

Here are recipes for the menu pictured on page 89. Later, we offer an alternate menu and recipes that would be just as appropriate for the occasion.

STRAWBERRY CUP
INDIVIDUAL HAM STEAKS
STUFFED MUSHROOMS SAUCE SMITANE
TINY BRIOCHE GLAZED CROISSANTS
PALMIERS CAFE AU LAIT

STRAWBERRY CUP

Wash, hull and slice 1 pint of strawberries. Peel and section 2 oranges. Add to strawberries. Just before serving, add 1½ cups orange juice and 1 (14-oz.) bottle ginger ale to fruit. Mix gently. Ladle into 8 sherbet or champagne glasses. Slice another orange and set a slice on the rim of each glass; contents may be decorated with fresh mint, if desired.

INDIVIDUAL HAM STEAKS

Buy an 8-inch piece of boned and rolled ready-to-eat ham (about 5 lbs.). Slice it into 1-inch-thick slices. With 3-inch round cutter, cut center from each slice. (Save cuttings to grind for sandwich filling.) Wrap a partially boiled slice of bacon around edge of each ham circle; fasten with toothpicks. Broil 5 inches from heat for 3 minutes; then turn ham circles and broil 3 minutes longer.

To serve: Overlap broiled circles on heated serving platter. Surround the ham circles with Stuffed Mushrooms and Sauce Smitane (see below). Serves 8.

STUFFED MUSHROOMS

2 lbs. large mushrooms
2 cups soft bread crumbs (9 to 10 slices)
1 cup chopped parsley
6 cloves garlic, crushed
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. black pepper
1 (10½-oz.) can condensed chicken broth

Preheat oven to 350°. Wipe 2 lbs. large mushrooms. Remove stems; trim and chop stems to make 2 cups, adding some caps if needed. Combine chopped mushrooms, 3 cups soft bread crumbs, 1 cup chopped parsley, 6 cloves garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon black pepper. Place mushroom caps, rounded side down, in large, shallow baking pan that has been lightly greased. Fill caps with chopped mushroom mixture.

Dilute 1 (10½-oz.) can condensed chicken broth with 1 soup can of water. Pour around mushrooms in pan. Baste mushrooms. Cover pan with foil. Bake 1 hour, basting mushrooms once and removing foil for last 15 minutes. Remove to serving platter or set around Ham Steaks. Serves 8.

SAUCE SMITANE

½ cup finely chopped onion
1½ Tb. butter or margarine
½ cup dry white wine
1 cup dairy sour cream
1 tsp. lemon juice
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper

Sauté ½ cup finely chopped onion in 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine until golden. Stir in ½ cup dry white wine and simmer over low heat, stirring occasionally, for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in 1 cup dairy sour cream. Pour in blender or deep bowl. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon each salt and pepper.

When cool, blend or beat with electric beater until smooth. Serve in sauce boat. Yields 2 cups.

RICH HOT ROLL DOUGH

1 (13¾-oz.) pkg. hot roll mix
2 Tb. sugar
¾ cup lukewarm water
3 egg yolks
¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 Tb. flour

Sprinkle yeast from 1 (13¾-oz.) pkg. hot roll mix and 2 tablespoons sugar into ¾ cup warm (not hot) water. Stir until dissolved.

In large bowl, beat 3 egg yolks until well blended. Add yeast mixture; then beat in butter, a small amount at a time. With wooden spoon, beat in flour mixture from pkg. of hot roll mix. Beat 3 to 5 minutes until no butter or margarine shows.

Sprinkle 1 tablespoon flour on board. Turn out dough; knead 2 or 3 minutes. Return dough to bowl and cover with damp towel. Set in warm place (85°) free from drafts to rise for 45 minutes, or until doubled in bulk.

Shape and bake as Tiny Brioche, Glazed Croissants or Assorted Sweet Danish Pastries (next menu).

Ed. note: Margarine, if used, must be the regular margarine, not the whipped or diet margarines.

TINY BRIOCHE

Sprinkle 1 tablespoon flour on board. Turn out risen Rich Hot Roll Dough and knead for 2 or 3 minutes. Then shape into a roll about 16 inches long. Cut off one-eighth of dough and set aside, dividing remaining into 12 equal pieces. Shape each piece into a ball and place in lightly greased 2½-inch muffin

pan cups. With scissors, snip an X top of each.

Divide reserved one-eighth dough into 12 pieces and shape each into small ball. Dampen bottoms and set cuts of large balls. Cover with damp towel and set in warm place to rise until doubled in bulk. This takes about 30 minutes.

Preheat oven to 375°. Beat one egg yolk with 1 tablespoon water. Gently brush over tops of rolls. Bake at 375° for 15 to 18 minutes or until golden. Remove from pans and serve warm. Makes 12.

GLAZED CROISSANTS

Sprinkle 1 tablespoon flour on board. Turn out risen Rich Hot Roll Dough. Knead for 2 or 3 minutes and shape into a ball; divide in half.

With floured rolling pin, roll out into a 9-inch circle. Brush with 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine. Cut into 8 wedges and roll up each wedge from wide edge to point. Fold with point underneath, curving slightly, on greased cookie sheet. Repeat with remaining half of dough.

Cover with damp towel and set in warm place to rise until doubled in bulk, about 30 minutes. Preheat oven to 375°. Beat 1 egg yolk with 1 tablespoon water. Gently brush over tops of croissants. Bake at 375° for 15 minutes or until golden. Let cool before serving. Makes 16.

The better the letter, the harder it is to answer.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

Stouffer's could make beef pie with little bits of beef instead of big, juicy chunks.

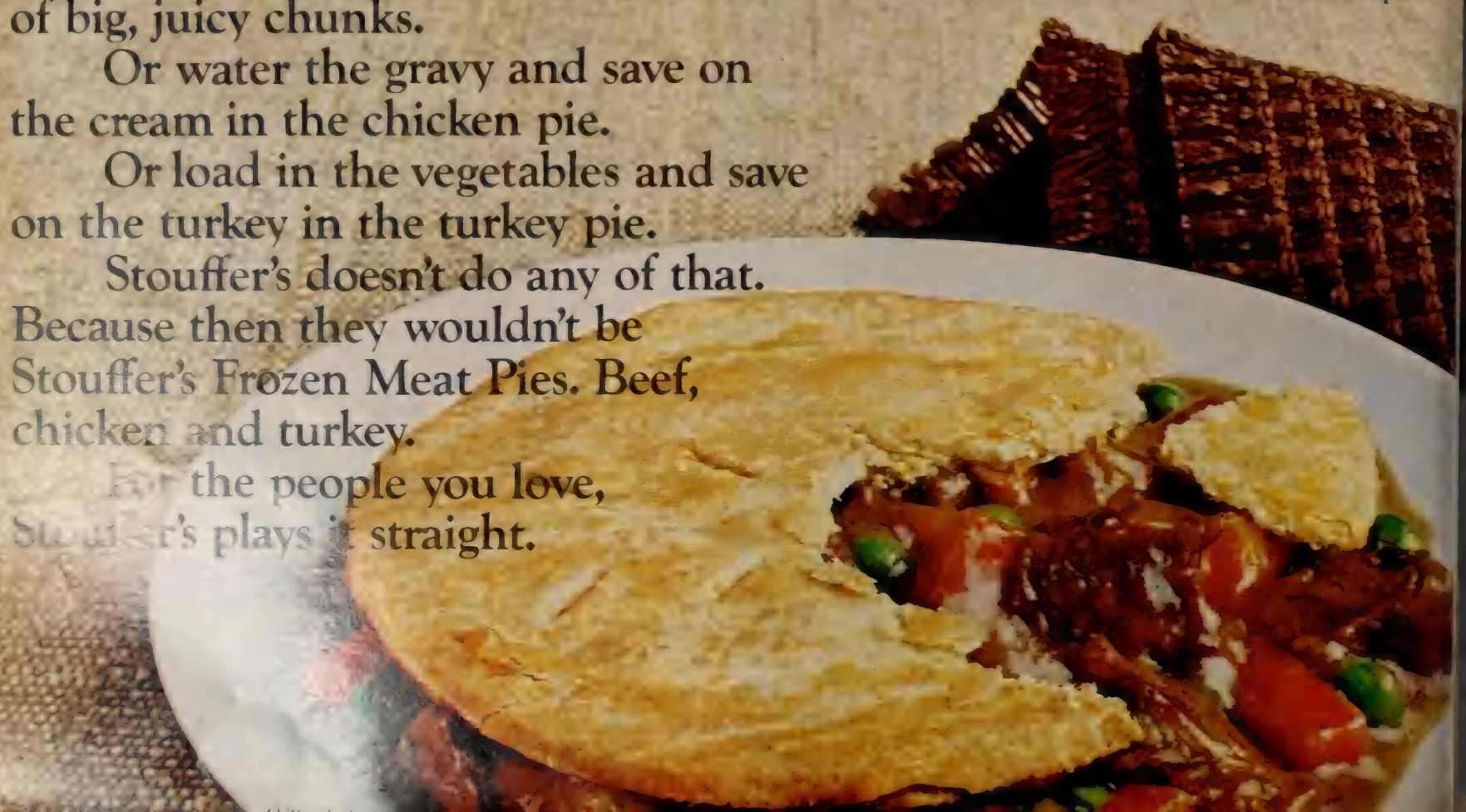
Or water the gravy and save on the cream in the chicken pie.

Or load in the vegetables and save on the turkey in the turkey pie.

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Remove 3 patty shells from 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen patty shells. Let stand at room temperature 1½ hours or until thawed. On lightly floured surface, arrange 3 shells, touching, in a row. Press edges together; then roll out to an 18x6-inch rectangle. Trim edges. Brush with slightly beaten egg white. Then sprinkle with ¼ cup sugar. Fold each 18-inch edge to center. Then fold in half lengthwise making pastry 18x ½ inches. Cut crosswise into ¼-inch-thick slices. Lay slices on lightly buttered cookie sheet and flatten gently. Bake at 350° for 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Sandwich together pairs using apricot preserves as filling. Makes 3 dozen.



PEACH SPRITZER
QUICHE LORRAINE
BROILED TOMATOES

ASSORTED SWEET DANISH PASTRIES
CAFÉ AU LAIT

CH SPRITZER

In an electric blender combine 1 (12-oz.) can peach nectar, 1 (12-oz.) can apricot nectar, ¼ cup lime or lemon juice, 2 tablespoons raspberry syrup. Blend 1 (10-oz.) pkg. quick-thaw frozen peach slices, partly thawed. Blend 1 minute. Pour into a 2-quart pitcher or glass. Just before serving, add 1 (14-oz.) bottle soda water. Mix. Pour into glasses. Decorate each glass with a slice of lime or lemon. Serves 6.

QUICHE LORRAINE

For the filling: 2 tsp. chopped parsley
1 ½ cups (or 11-oz.) pie crust mix
1 egg yolk
1 cup water
2 Tbsp. crumbled cooked bacon
¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese
For the crust: 2 cups light cream
2 Tbsp. chopped chives

Prepare 1 (9½- or 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix according to pkg. directions. Roll out to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut in plain 3-inch round cutter, cut out circles, rerolling cuttings. Use to line 18 lightly greased, shallow 2-inch pie pan cups. Preheat oven to 375°. Brush egg yolk with 1 tablespoon water. Brush over pastry.
For the filling: Beat 3 eggs slightly. In 1½ cups light cream, 2 teaspoons each chopped chives and parsley, ¼ teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon mace and cayenne.
Divide 2 tablespoons crumbled cooked bacon and ¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese evenly among pastry cups. Pour egg mixture over cheese, filling to top. Bake at 375° for 20 to 25 minutes or until filling is puffed and lightly golden. Serves 6.

BROILED TOMATOES

Broil 6 medium-size tomatoes in half. Place in shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon garlic salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Broil 5 inches from heat

3 minutes. Sprinkle with 1½ tablespoons sesame seeds. Broil 2 or 3 minutes longer or until tomatoes are tender and sesame seeds are toasted. Serves 6.

SWEET DANISH PASTRIES

From one recipe of the Rich Hot Roll Dough (recipe given in first menu) you can make four variations of Danish Pastries. Or you may bake all of the dough in just one shape. Assemble the

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ingredients for the variations of your choice while dough is rising the first time. When dough has risen, sprinkle 1 tablespoon flour on board. Turn out dough and knead 2 or 3 minutes. Shape into a roll and cut into 4 pieces. Make into the variations you wish, following directions given below.

Cover shaped pastries with waxed paper, then a damp towel. Set in warm place to rise until doubled in bulk, about 30 minutes. Preheat oven to

400°. Beat 1 egg white with a fork until foamy. Gently brush tops of risen pastries. Sprinkle with sugar and sliced almonds, if you wish. Bake at 400° for 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Makes 16 to 20 pastries.

To Shape Danish Pastries:

Apricot-Walnut Slips. With floured rolling pin, roll out one-quarter of dough to a 16x5-inch rectangle. Mark in half lengthwise.

(continued)



YOU'LL FIND QUALITY IN OUR CORNER



SPOON SIZE Shredded Wheat announces...

BRUNCH *continued*

Spread $\frac{1}{4}$ cup apricot preserves and 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts over one half; fold other half over lengthwise. Dampen and press edges together to seal. Cut crosswise into four $4 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips. Make a 3-inch slit lengthwise in center of each strip. Fold one end over and pull through slit. Place on greased cookie sheet. Press to flatten slightly. Let rise and bake as above. Makes 4.

Catherine Wheels. With floured rolling pin, roll out one-quarter of dough to a 16×4 -inch rectangle. Cut crosswise into four 4-inch squares. Slash each square diagonally from corners half way to center. Fold one point from each corner to center; press points together to seal. Tuck a few currants in folds of each square; sprinkle lightly with cinnamon sugar. Place a teaspoon of red currant jelly in centers. Place shaped pastries on lightly greased cookie sheet. Let rise and bake as above. Makes 4.

Envelopes. With floured rolling pin, roll out one-quarter of dough to a 16×4 -inch rectangle. Cut crosswise into four 4-inch squares. Place a teaspoon of almond paste in center of each square, fold corners to center. With thumb, press corners firmly together to seal. Fill thumb prints with red currant jelly. Place shaped pastries on greased cookie sheet. Let rise and bake as above. Makes 4.

Cockscombs. In custard cup, combine 2 tablespoons each dried currants and

orange juice. Let stand while dough is rising for first time. Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each chopped walnuts or pecans and sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon. Mix in drained currants. With floured rolling pin, roll out one quarter of dough into a 16×5 -inch rectangle. Sprinkle with nut mixture. Cover with waxed paper. Roll with rolling pin to press nut mixture into dough. (Dough will measure about 18×6 inches.) Remove paper. Starting from a long side, roll up dough into an 18-inch-long roll. Slash roll three quarters of the way through every $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Then cut through every third slash to make twelve $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch-long rolls. Spread rolls apart slightly at slashes. Place on greased cookie sheet. Let rise and bake as above. Makes 12.

Knots. With floured rolling pin, roll out one-quarter of dough to an 8-inch square. Press long, sharp knife down through dough to make sixteen $8 \times \frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips. Roll or pat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup almond paste into 4×3 -inch rectangle. Cut into sixteen $3 \times \frac{1}{4}$ -inch strips. Place $\frac{1}{2}$ strip of almond paste $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from one end and centered on a pastry strip. Fold other end over; press edges to seal. Tie strip in a knot. Place on greased cookie sheet. Make 16 knots. Let rise and bake as above. Makes 16.

Spirals. Roll out dough and cut into strips as for knots. Cut strips in half crosswise to make thirty-two $4 \times \frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips. Twist each strip into a spiral. Place on greased cookie sheet. After rising, brush spirals with egg white and sprinkle with sliced almonds. Bake as above. Makes 32.

END

A PARTY IS A MIDNIGHT SOUP SUPPER

continued from page 91

Our first menu is pictured on page 90. But read on for a second menu for more of the same late-night glamour.

PISTOU

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH BLACK CAVIAR
WHOLE-WHEAT TOAST
BUCKWHEAT PANCAKES
RYE BREAD/PUMPERNICKEL/
FRENCH BREAD/CHAMPAGNE

PISTOU

This hearty soup is so good and so easy, you'll want to serve it often.

- | | |
|---|--|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ -qt water | 2 onions, sliced |
| 1 cup dried white beans, marrow or great northern | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil or salad oil |
| 2 potatoes, pared and diced | 3 tomatoes, seeded and diced |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. green beans or 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen cut green beans | 2 zucchini, washed and diced |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped basil or $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dried basil leaves | 1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce |
| 5 cloves garlic, crushed | 2 Tb. salt |
| | 1 tsp. black pepper |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley |

In a large kettle, bring $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts water to a boil. Add 1 cup dried white beans (marrow or great northern); boil 2 minutes. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until beans are tender. Add 2 potatoes, pared and diced. Snip ends off $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. green beans and cut in 1-inch pieces. Add to soup with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped basil and 5 cloves garlic, crushed. Simmer 15 minutes longer.

Meanwhile sauté 2 onions, sliced, in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil until golden. Add to soup along with 3 tomatoes, seeded and

diced, 2 zucchini, washed and diced, 1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce, 2 tablespoons salt and 1 teaspoon black pepper. Simmer, covered, 15 to 20 minutes longer or until zucchini is tender.

Just before serving, sprinkle top with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley. Serve in tureen or ladle into bowls. Serves 6 to 8.

Ed Note: Or use 1 (16-oz.) can whole peeled tomatoes and juice in place of fresh tomatoes and tomato sauce.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH BLACK CAVIAR

Make two recipes Scrambled Eggs with Herbs (page 128), omitting the chives. Place in heated serving dish. Spoon 1 cup dairy sour cream over center. Then top cream with 1 (2-oz.) jar black caviar. Serves 6.

OYSTER BISQUE

CHICKEN-AND-HAM-STUFFED CREPES
SHERRY SAUCE
SALADE PROVENCALE
CÔTE DU RHONE

OYSTER BISQUE

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 cup chopped onion | 1 cup milk |
| 1 cup chopped celery | 1 cup light cream |
| 1 clove garlic | $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine | $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper |
| 3 (8-oz.) cans oysters | $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. nutmeg |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice |
| | 1 tsp. paprika |

In large saucepan, sauté 1 cup each chopped onion and celery and 1 clove garlic in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine until onion is golden.

Drain 3 (8-oz.) cans oysters, reserving liquid, or use fresh oysters if they are available. Chop oysters, add to onion mixture. Then stir in 1 cup reserved liquid, 1 cup milk, 1 cup light



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1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper and nutmeg. Heat over low until mixture just bubbles. Off remove clove of garlic. Stir in 1/4 cup chopped parsley then 1/4 cup lemon juice. Pour into soup tureen. Sprinkle with 1/2 teaspoon paprika. Serves 6.

PROVENCALE

and cut 4 medium tomatoes into quarters. Cut quarters in half crosswise. With a fork, score 2 washed, unpeeled cucumbers lengthwise, then diagonally. In bowl, combine tomato quarters, cucumber slices, and 1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil leaves or 1 1/2 cups dried basil leaves. Drizzle with bottled oil and vinegar dressing. Toss gently until vegetables are coated. Refrigerate 1 hour. To serve, spoon over a bed of washed, crisped lettuce. Serves 6.

CHICKEN-AND-HAM-STUFFED CREPES, SAUCE

1/4 tsp. pepper
2 cups milk
1/4 cup dry sherry
1 1/2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 1/2 cups diced cooked ham
1 tsp. dried tarragon leaves
1/2 tsp. dried thyme leaves
2 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese

Crêpes: Sift 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour with 1 tablespoon sugar and 1/2 teaspoon salt. In medium-size bowl, beat 3 eggs with 2 cups milk until frothy. Beat in flour mixture until smooth. Cover; refrigerate 2 hours. Heat a 6-inch crêpe pan on medium heat. Brush lightly with oil. Pour in 1/4 cup batter, rotating pan quickly to spread batter completely over bottom of pan. Cook until underside is lightly browned; turn and cook brown other side. Keep warm. Wrap with plastic wrap between batches, as crêpes are cooked.

Cherry Sauce and Filling: In medium-size saucepan, melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Stir in 3 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon pepper until smooth and thickened. Cook 1 or 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in 2 cups milk, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens and comes to a boil. Boil 1 minute. Stir in 1/4 cup dry sherry. Reduce heat and keep warm. To make filling, stir in 1 1/2 cups each diced cooked chicken and ham, 1 teaspoon dried tarragon leaves and 1/2 teaspoon dried thyme leaves. Heat over low heat until hot. Remove from heat.

Fill crêpes with mixture, dividing mixture about 3 tablespoons each; roll crêpes seam side down in shallow, greased baking dish. Pour remaining cup sauce over top. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Broil 6 inches from heat 3 to 4 minutes or until sauce bubbles and top is browned. Serves 6.

END

LESS BY HERSELF

by Anne Douglass

Here a woman who's never

enjoy with the coming of Sept. 2
I bet this remarkable creature
is other; she's a teacher!

A PARTY IS FOR A CAUSE

continued from page 93

Here are recipes for the kaffee klatsch pastries pictured on page 93. All recipes take advantage of the best in convenience foods.

APRICOT STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE

OLD VIENNESE STOLLEN

OPEN-FACED CHERRY GALETTE
COFFEE

APRICOT STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE

1 (13 3/4-oz.) pkg. hot roll mix
1/2 cup chopped dried apricots
1/4 cup chopped crystallized ginger
1 egg
Topping:
1/3 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
1/4 cup flour
1/4 cup chopped walnuts or pecans
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 Tb. butter or margarine, softened

Sprinkle yeast from a pkg. of hot roll mix over 1/4 cup warm (not hot) water. Stir until dissolved. In large

bowl, combine flour mixture from the hot roll mix, 1/2 cup chopped dried apricots and 1/4 cup chopped crystallized ginger. Mix until fruit is coated. Stir in dissolved yeast and 1 egg, beaten. With wooden spoon, beat 3 minutes. Cover bowl with damp towel. Set in warm place (85°) free from drafts. Let dough rise 45 minutes, or until double in bulk. Knead 2 or 3 minutes on lightly floured board. Shape into 8-inch round. (continued)

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PARTY FOR A CAUSE *continued*

Place in lightly greased 8-inch spring-form pan, cover with damp towel, set in warm place free from drafts, and let rise 45 minutes or until double in bulk. Preheat oven to 350°. Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each flour and chopped walnuts or pecans and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. With a fork, mix in 2 tablespoons softened butter or margarine, until blended.

Sprinkle mixture over dough. Bake 40 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from pan; cool on wire rack. Serve warm with butter or with apricot halves and green grapes. Serves 6-8.

OLD VIENNESE STOLLEN

1 (13 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz.) pkg. hot roll mix	1 egg
1 cup golden raisins	1 (8-oz.) can almond paste
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped mixed candied fruits	1 egg yolk
	1 Tb. milk

Sprinkle yeast from hot roll mix over $\frac{3}{4}$ cup warm (not hot) water. Stir until dissolved. In large bowl, combine flour mixture from hot roll mix, 1 cup golden raisins and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped mixed candied fruits. Mix until fruit is well coated. Stir in dissolved yeast. Beat 1 egg and add; then beat dough 2 or 3 minutes. Cover bowl with damp towel and set in warm place (85°) free from drafts. Let dough rise 45 minutes or until double in bulk. Shape $\frac{3}{4}$ (8-

oz.) can almond paste into a 12-inch-long rope. Set remaining almond paste aside. Turn out risen dough onto lightly floured cloth or board and knead 3 or 4 minutes. Then shape into a 12x4-inch rectangle. Place almond paste in center, bring edges together, pinch to seal. Place roll, seam side down, on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bring ends together to make a ring, pinching ends to join. Cover with waxed paper and damp towel and set in warm place to rise, until double in bulk, about 40 minutes. Preheat oven to 350°.

Bake roll at 350° for 30 minutes. While roll bakes, shape or cut reserved almond paste into small balls and leaves. Beat together 1 egg yolk and 1 tablespoon milk. Remove roll from oven and quickly brush surface with egg yolk mixture. Place almond paste leaves and balls to resemble clusters of grapes. Bake 10 minutes longer or until golden. Remove to wire rack to cool to warm before serving. Serves 6 to 8.

OPEN-FACED CHERRY GALETTE

Your guests will find it hard to believe that something so pretty—and delicious—can be so very low in calories.

1 (9 $\frac{1}{2}$ - or 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix	2 Tb. lemon juice
2 (16-oz.) cans unsweetened sour red cherries	2 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 env. unflavored gelatin	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. allspice
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup dark raisins
	1 env. diet whipped topping mix

Prepare 1 (9 $\frac{1}{2}$ - or 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix according to pkg. directions. Divide in half. On lightly floured cloth or board, roll out half into rectangle. Trim to 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Score 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in from all edges. Brush edge lightly with water. Turn up on scored lines. Fold over to make a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch edge. Crimp edge and pinch well all over bottom. Repeat with other half. Bake at 425° for 12 to 15 minutes or until golden brown.

Drain cherries, reserving liquid in small saucepan. Sprinkle 1 envelope unflavored gelatin over cherry liquid. Heat, stirring constantly until gelatin is dissolved and pour into a bowl. Stir in 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice. Refrigerate or set on ice until as thick as unbeaten egg whites. Stuff each cherry with a raisin. Place pastry shells on flat serving plates or trays. When gelatin is thick, arrange stuffed cherries in a single layer in shells. Carefully spoon gelatin over cherries and refrigerate 2 hours or until set.

Prepare 1 envelope diet whipped topping mix according to pkg. directions. Place in pastry bag with star tip. Decorate tarts as pictured. Cut each into 6 to 8 pieces to serve. Serves 12-16.

NOTATION

By Elizabeth Graham

*Once I freely gave my love,
Poured it willing as headlong rain
Into the heart of all creation.
And oh, the joy, and oh, the pain!*

*More frugal now, I dole love out:
A kissed bruise here,
a shared smile there;
And no one, to look at me, would guess
That all creation is in my care!*

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occasion" desserts—a request we frequently get from readers. Here are three—all pictured on page 94, and all based on the perennial favorite, cream puff pastry. Depending on the size of your party, any one or all three would make a hit.

CREAM PUFF DOUGH (Pâte à Chou)

In a medium saucepan, combine 1 cup water, ½ cup butter or margarine (not softened or diet) and ¼ teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Immediately, with wooden spoon beat in 1 cup sifted flour. Return to low heat; beat until mixture forms a ball that leaves sides of pan. Remove from heat.

Add 4 eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition until dough is smooth and shiny and breaks when pan is lifted. Use dough to make Gâteau St. Honoré, Paris-Brest and Religieuses.

TRY CREAM

4 egg yolks ¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar 1 cup milk
1 cup all-purpose flour ½ tsp. vanilla extract

Top of double boiler, combine 4 eggs and ½ cup sugar. With electric rotary beater, beat until blended. Set over gently bubbling water in bottom of double boiler. Beat in ¼ cup all-purpose flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Then beat until mixture is fluffy. Cook, stirring frequently, 5 minutes. Meanwhile in small saucepan, heat 1 cup milk until bubbles form around edges. Gradually add hot milk to egg mixture, beating constantly. Beat ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Cook, stirring once or twice, until mixture is thick and holds its shape. Remove from heat. Strain into a bowl and re-heat. Makes 1½ cups.

and Marnier Pastry Cream: Prepare Pastry Cream adding ¼ cup Marnier after the milk. Cook and refrigerate as directed. Just before making Gâteau St. Honoré, beat ½ cup Marnier cream until stiff. Fold into Pastry Cream mixture. Makes 2 cups.

Chai-Ginger Cream: Prepare 1 recipe Pastry Cream, adding ¼ cup dark rum (1-oz.) square semisweet chocolate, melted, and 1 tablespoon powdered instant coffee after the milk. Cook and refrigerate as directed. Just before filling the Paris-Brest, beat 2 cups heavy cream until stiff. Fold into Pastry Cream mixture with ¼ cup chopped crystallized ginger, folding only until mixture is marbled. Makes 4 cups.

Almond Cream: Prepare 1 recipe Pastry Cream. Refrigerate. Place 1 (6-oz.) pkg. (6) almond macaroons in single layer on cookie sheet. Toast in oven 5 to 7 minutes. Cool. Make crumbs in blender or roll between sheets of waxed paper (makes about ½ cup crumbs). Just before finishing Pastry Cream, beat 1 cup heavy cream until stiff; fold into chilled Pastry Cream. Fold in macaroon crumbs and ½ teaspoon almond extract. Makes 2 cups. (continued)

Whispering makes things sound more interesting than they really are.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

Presto colors won't really make you cook better. It'll just look that way.



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In all this romantic talk about beauty and the fry pan, let's not forget the hard facts about cooking and—yecch—cleanup. Presto didn't. Cleanup will never be fun; but Presto's hard surface Teflon makes it easy. And the new Harvest and Avocado colors give you a nice pan to look at when you're done. You can even wash your new Presto Fry Pan in the dishwasher.

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Presto Fry Pans have another new feature. Both jumbo and regular size fry pans have a tilt bracket to hold cover half-open or full-open for less-spatter frying, and an always-handly lid.

There's more cooking at Presto than pressure cookers.



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quickly make 6 or 7 slits in cream puff ring. Bake 10 minutes longer. Turn off heat; open oven door slightly. Let ring dry out 15 minutes longer. Remove on paper to wire rack to cool.

To assemble Paris-Brest (1 hour before serving): With a long, thin knife, cut off top half of ring. Scoop out and discard any soft dough. Fill bottom half of ring with chilled Mocha-Ginger Pastry Cream. Replace top. Sprinkle top with 1/4 cup sliced almonds.

In small saucepan, bring 1/2 cup dark corn syrup to a boil. Boil until candy thermometer registers 230° or until a little syrup dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Drizzle hot syrup over pastry ring and almonds. Refrigerate until serving time. Serves 6 to 8.

RELIGIEUSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 recipe Frangipane Pastry Cream (page 121) | 1 apple |
| 1 recipe Cream Puff Dough (page 121) | 1 pear |
| 1 (9 1/2- or 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix | 1 banana |
| 1 cup dark corn syrup | 2 Tb. lemon juice |
| | 1/2 cup crumbled toasted almond macaroons (2 3/4-oz. pkg.) |
| | 1 cup heavy cream |

Prepare 1 recipe Frangipane Pastry Cream. Refrigerate.

Preheat oven to 400°. Prepare 1 recipe Cream Puff Dough. Using pastry bag with No. 6 or 8 plain tip, pipe dough in 4-inch strips 3 inches apart on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes or until puffed and golden. Remove to wire rack to cool.

Prepare 1 (9 1/2- or 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix. Roll out to a 16-inch circle. Fit into a 10-inch-round fluted flan pan or layer cake pan. Trim overhang to 3/4 inch; fold over, turn up and crimp to make a standing edge. Prick pastry well with a fork, all over. To

keep pastry shell shape while baking, fit a 12-inch square of foil into shell and fill with rice. Bake at 400° for 15 minutes. Lift out foil and rice. Bake shell 5 to 8 minutes longer or until golden. Cool in pan on rack.

To assemble Religieuses (1 hour before serving): Remove pastry shell from pan and set on flat serving plate. Fully mark a 6-inch circle in center of shell by pricking with wooden pie cake tester. Select 10 cream puffs nearly same size and shape. (Wrap remaining for another use.)

In small saucepan, bring 1 cup dark corn syrup to a boil. Boil until candy thermometer registers 240°, or until a little syrup dropped in cold water forms a firm ball. Turn off heat. Quickly dip one end of a puff in hot syrup. Then stand it in pastry shell on 6-inch circle. Repeat, placing puffs touching to form a solid 6-inch ring. Spoon hot syrup around base of puffs to seal puffs firmly. Let stand at room temperature 10 minutes to cool and harden.

Fill center of puffs with half of chilled Frangipane Pastry Cream.

Quarter and core 1 apple and 1 pear. Cut each quarter into 4 slices. Peel and slice 1 banana. Toss fruits with 2 tablespoons lemon juice to prevent browning. Layer three-quarters of the apple and pear slices on pastry cream. Layer banana slices and apple slices on top. Top cream with rest of cream. Top cream with 1/2 cup crumbled toasted almond macaroons. Arrange apple and pear slices around edge of puffs.

Beat 1 cup heavy cream until stiff. Using pastry bag with number 5 tip, pipe rosettes of cream around puffs. Set banana slices on edge between rosettes of cream. Refrigerate until serving time. Serves 6-8.

DESSERTS continued

GATEAU ST. HONORE

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1 recipe Grand Marnier Pastry Cream (page 121) | 2 oranges |
| 1 (9 1/2- or 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix | 1 cup grapes |
| 1 recipe Cream Puff Dough (page 121) | 2 Tb. orange liqueur |
| | 1 cup dark corn syrup |
| | 1/2 cup heavy cream |

Prepare 1 recipe Grand Marnier Pastry Cream. Refrigerate.

Prepare 1 (9 1/2- or 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix according to pkg. directions. Roll out to 1/8 inch thickness. Cut out a 9-inch circle. (Save remaining pastry for another use.) Place circle on ungreased cookie sheet. Prick with a fork. Refrigerate.

Prepare 1 recipe Cream Puff Dough. Preheat oven to 400°. Using pastry bag with No. 6 or 8 plain tip, pipe a 1/2-inch-wide ring of cream puff dough around chilled pastry circle, 1/4 inch from edge. Pipe a second ring on top of first to make ring 1 inch high. Smooth with spatula.

Bake at 400° for 30 minutes or until ring is puffed and pastry golden. Using a small, sharp knife, quickly make 4 or 5 slits in cream puff ring. Bake 5 minutes longer. Remove cookie sheet to wire rack. Let ring cool, away from drafts. While ring bakes, drop teaspoonfuls of remaining cream puff dough 2 inches apart on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake 18 to 20 minutes or until puffed and golden. Remove to wire rack to cool.

Peel and section 2 oranges. Wash, halve and seed 1 cup grapes. Combine fruits with 2 tablespoons Grand Marnier. Toss to mix. Chill.

To assemble Gâteau (1 hour before serving): Set cooled ring on flat serving plate. Slit 10 small puffs and fill with Grand Marnier Pastry Cream. (Freeze rest of puffs for later use.)

In small saucepan, bring 1 cup dark corn syrup to a boil. Boil until candy thermometer registers 240° or until a little syrup dropped in cold water forms firm ball; turn off heat. Quickly dip bottom of a filled small puff in syrup, then place on pastry ring. Repeat, placing puffs 1 1/2 inches apart. When all are in place, brush tops and side of ring lightly with remaining syrup. Let cool 10 minutes. Fill center of ring with remaining Grand Marnier Pastry Cream. Arrange chilled fruits on cream as pictured.

Beat 1/2 cup heavy cream until stiff; drop and swirl by tablespoon into spaces between small puffs. Decorate with grapes and lemon leaves. Refrigerate until serving time. Serves 8.

PARIS-BREST

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1 recipe Mocha-Ginger Pastry Cream (page 121) | 1/4 cup sliced almonds |
| 1 recipe Cream Puff Dough (page 121) | 1/2 cup dark corn syrup |

Prepare 1 recipe Mocha-Ginger Pastry Cream. Refrigerate.

Prepare 1 recipe Cream Puff Dough. Preheat oven to 400°. Draw a 9-inch circle on square of heavy brown paper. Grease and flour paper lightly. Place on cookie sheet. Drop cream puff dough by tablespoonfuls on line of circle. Shape dough into a ring about 1 1/2 inches wide and 1 1/2 inches high. Bake for 40 minutes or until puffed and golden. Using a small sharp knife,

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Brach's is the good word on candy!

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PARTY IS COCKTAILS IN THE GARDEN

Continued from page 97

st, our menu of food and drink with Scottish flavor pictured on page 96. Then read on for a second menu inspired by things Russian.

SCOTTISH COCKTAIL PARTY

SCOTCH SOUR, ATHOLL BROSE,
SCOTCH BISHOP
HERRING CANAPÉS
SALMON BOUCHÉES
PÂTÉ OF LAMB
DEVILED RIBS

Drink for every taste—one
r, one sweet and one in
between.

SCOTCH SOUR

In a large pitcher combine 1 (12-oz.) can frozen lemonade concentrate with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Scotch whiskey. Mix well. Pour over ice cubes in old-fashioned glasses. Garnish each with lime slice, a maraschino cherry and a sprig of mint. Makes 12 drinks.

ATHOLL BROSE

In a large bowl combine 1 (32-oz.) can egg nog and $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups Scotch whiskey. Chill. Pour into punch bowl. Beat 1 cup heavy cream until softly whipped. Spoon over top of punch. Sprinkle with grated nutmeg. Ladle into punch glasses or glasses. Makes 12 drinks.

SCOTCH BISHOP

Add a quart of club soda if you want to serve punch.

In a 4-cup measure combine 1 (6-oz.) can frozen orange juice concentrate with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water. Mix well. In the pitcher, combine $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of the orange juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sweet vermouth and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Scotch whiskey. Pour over ice cubes or crushed ice in cocktail glasses. Garnish with a lemon and an orange slice. Makes 12 drinks.

HERRING CANAPÉS

1. unflavored gelatin
2. cold water
3. (12-oz.) jar herring in wine sauce
4. dry white wine
5. butter or margarine
6. prepared mustard
7. plain melba toast
8. sprigs

1. Sprinkle 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water in small saucepan. Let soften 3 minutes. Drain 1 (12-oz.) jar herring in wine sauce, reserving wine sauce. Stir wine sauce into $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine into soft-gelatin. Stir over low heat constantly until gelatin is dissolved. Pour into a bowl; set bowl in bowl of ice and water. Chill, stirring occasionally, until thick as unbeaten egg whites. Meanwhile, cut herring into 1-inch squares. Quickly dip each piece in thickened gelatin; then place in pre-chilled bowl. When all are dipped refrigerate for 1 hour or until set.

Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine until soft. Beat in 2 tablespoons prepared mustard. Spread this mustard butter on the same number plain melba toast rounds as you have pieces of herring. Place a piece of herring on each round. Place remaining mustard butter in pastry bag with #26 star tip. Decorate canapés as pictured with mustard butter and parsley. Refrigerate until serving time, but no longer than 4 hours. Makes 18 to 24 canapés.

and golden. Remove to wire racks. With fork lift out centers; remove and discard soft dough underneath. Let shells cool.

Quarter 1 unpared cucumber. Scoop out seeds and discard. Chop cucumber to make 1 cup. Combine cucumber with 1 teaspoon salt. Let stand 1 hour. Drain cucumber in sieve. Drain 1 (7-oz.) can salmon; remove and discard skin and bones. Flake salmon. Add 1 teaspoon dried tarragon leaves,

Fry $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon slices until crisp. Remove to paper towels to drain. Pour off bacon drippings; return 2 tablespoons to skillet. Add 1 cup chopped onion and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Sauté until golden. Remove to bowl.

In same pan, sauté $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. ground lean lamb with 2 teaspoons dried rosemary leaves, 1 teaspoon each dried thyme leaves, salt and pepper. Stir from time to time until lamb is cooked (no longer pink). Do not overcook. Add to onion mixture. Crumble bacon; set aside $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. Add remaining bacon to lamb mixture and mix together, then cool.

Beat $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter or margarine until soft. Beat in cooled meat mixture, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley, and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Place in 6-inch spring-form pan, spreading top evenly. Refrigerate 6 hours or overnight. To serve, release spring and remove side of pan, then bottom. Sprinkle pâté with reserved $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crumbled bacon and additional chopped parsley, as pictured. Guests can spread pâté on thin toast or plain crackers. Serves 12.



Nibble on a cookie about an hour before lunch.

Sugar keeps your energy up—and your appetite down.

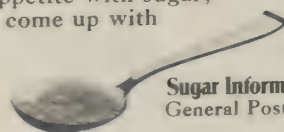
Willpower fans, the search is over! And guess where it's at? In sugar!

Sugar works faster than any other food to turn your appetite down, turn energy up.

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Sugar . . . only 18 calories per teaspoon, and it's all energy.



Sugar Information

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SALMON AND CUCUMBER BOUCHÉES

2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen patty shells
1 cucumber
1 tsp. salt
1 (7-oz.) can red salmon
1 tsp. dried tarragon leaves
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. black pepper
1 Tb. tarragon vinegar

Let 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen patty shells thaw for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. On lightly floured surface, roll shells, one at a time, to $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thickness. With 2-inch cutter cut out 3 circles. Place circles on cookie sheet. With 1-inch cutter cut halfway through 2-inch circles, but leave them intact. Place in freezer 30 minutes. Preheat oven to 450°; reset to 400°. Bake pastries for 15 minutes or until puffed

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar and the drained cucumber.

Just before serving, fill pastry shells with salmon mixture. Top with centers, if you wish. Makes 36 bouchées.

PATE OF LAMB

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon slices
1 cup chopped onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. ground lean lamb
2 tsp. dried rosemary leaves
1 tsp. dried thyme leaves
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. pepper
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley
1 tsp. grated lemon rind

Devil Sauce: Preheat oven to 325°. In medium bowl combine corn syrup, catsup, mustard, horseradish, garlic, Worcestershire sauce and hot-pepper sauce. Remove ribs from cooking liquid. (Liquid can be boiled down and used as stock for soup.) Place ribs in single layer in shallow baking pans. Brush generously on all sides with sauce. Bake 1 hour, turning and brushing with sauce every 15 minutes, until richly glazed. Arrange on serving platter and surround with small boiled onions and carrots and fresh parsley. Best warm but almost as good cold. Serves 12. (continued on page 126)



DEVILED RIBS

The price as well as the flavor is Scottish inspired.

Ribs:

4 lbs. short ribs of beef
4 lbs. lamb ribs, split
4 lbs. pork ribs, split
2 cups sliced onion
2 cups sliced celery

Devil Sauce:

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups dark corn syrup
1 (14-oz.) bottle tomato catsup
1 (12-oz.) jar prepared mustard
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup prepared horseradish, drained
4 cloves garlic, crushed
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tb. Worcestershire sauce
1 Tb. hot-pepper sauce

In one or two large kettles place 4 lbs. each short ribs of beef, split lamb ribs, and split pork ribs and 2 cups each sliced onion and celery. Add water just to cover ribs and bring to a boil over medium heat. Reduce heat and simmer 30 minutes.

Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-day Menus

As the pace quickens for fall, here is a month of busy-time menus and ideas.

1. The Jewish New Year or Rosh Hashanah is now 5731. A rack of lamb and apple slices with honey are symbols of sweetness and bounty.

Gefillte Fish with Horseradish
Rack of Lamb ☐ *Buckwheat Groats*
Frozen Glazed Carrots with Cinnamon
Honeyed Apple Slices ☐ *Sponge Cake*

2. Curry this evening to honor India's Gandhi. General Foods has new Coconut Crunchies (toasted sweetened coconut bits) in a can, a notable addition to the list of accompanying sambals.

Shrimp in Curry Sauce ☐ *Rice*
Coconut Crunchies ☐ *Plumped Raisins*
Chopped Green Peppers
Diced Tomatoes
Cucumbers with Mint ☐ *Lime Sherbert*

3. Rinse, rinse, rinse canned butter beans in cold water. They'll taste fresh-cooked. Place with 2 quartered tomatoes in garlic-rubbed, lettuce-lined bowl dressed with wine vinegar, olive oil, salt, fresh pepper, parsley.

Lobster Bisque ☐ *Cold Cuts*
Butter Bean and Tomato Salad
Hot Crusty Bread ☐ *Date Nut Pudding*

4. First frost on the parsnips makes them sweet. Mrs. Maurice Sagendorf boils them. Cut diagonally in 1-inch chunks. Heat in glaze of apricot preserves, lemon juice, butter, brown sugar and ginger.

Oxtail Bouillon ☐ *Broiled Duckling*
Glazed Parsnips ☐ *Spinach Soufflé*
Tray of Cheeses and Fresh Pears

5. Look for Bok Choy Chinese cabbage. Looks like long, slender celery, cabbage or romaine; white at the base, green leaves on top.

Chinese Cabbage and Pimiento Salad
Soy-flavored Mayonnaise ☐ *Spareribs*
Fried Sweet Potatoes ☐ *Green Beans*
Purple Plums in Sherry Sauce

6. Now's the time for pomegranates. Cut open, they're full of tart ruby-covered seeds to scatter over fruit salads.

Stockpot Vegetable Soup (can)
Sliced Turkey in Gravy (frozen)
Drumstick Rice (pkg.) ☐ *Asparagus*
Fruit Salad with Pomegranate Seeds

7. Cook a whole snowy-white cauliflower in boiling, salted, lemon-flavored water. Wreath with grilled cocktail sausages, baby beets. Sprinkle with hard-cooked egg yolk.

Green Pea Soup ☐ *Rye Croutons*
Cauliflower with Cocktail Sausages
Baby Beets (can) ☐ *Pecan Brownies*

8. October, and mussels are in season. Try them as they're eaten at the Four Seasons Restaurant in N.Y. Place wine-poached mussels in half shell, top with sour cream-chili sauce garnished with a little black caviar.

Pâté of Liverwurst
Mussels in Pink Sauce ☐ *French Bread*
Salad ☐ *French Cheeses*
Petit Fours

9. National Wine Festival this month. Celebrate by frying 4 chicken breasts (skinned, boned, halved) with sliced mushrooms and chives. Into skillet drippings, stir 1/4 cup each beef broth and dry vermouth. Stir in 1 cup heavy cream. Season with salt, pepper, all-spice.

Tomato Aspic Appetizers
Chicken Breasts in Vermouth Sauce
Wild 'n' Brown Rice ☐ *Tiny Peas*
Orange Chiffon Cake (mix)

10. Oklahoma Historical Day. In Salina we learned that tamales are still called Leaf Bread.

Chili con Carne with Cumin Seeds
Heated Tamales ☐ *Lettuce Salad*
Rum-flamed Flan or Caramel Custard (mix)

11. Crab cakes are traditional on Princess Anne Day in Maryland. Our recipe comes from the ex-governor's wife Avylynn Tawes: Mix lightly 2 cups cooked, finely shredded crabmeat, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon prepared hot mustard, 1/2 teaspoon each salt and pepper. Make 8 cakes. Dip in beaten egg and roll in cracker crumbs. Brown both sides in hot oil 3/4 inch deep.

Mushroom Soup
Mrs. Tawes' Crab Cakes
Julienne Potatoes ☐ *Buttered Spinach*
Heated Peach Turnovers (refrigerated)

12. Genoa, Italy, has two claims to fame—Columbus and Bagna Cauda (literally, "hot bath"), a magnificent hot dip for batter-fried vegetables. Heat together 2 cups oil with 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Add 2 chopped anchovy filets. Fry batter-dipped vegetables. Serve hot.

Bagna Cauda ☐ *Lasagna*
Celery-Artichoke Salad
Spumoni ☐ *Macaroons*

13. Everything you need to know and all the makings of 4 big, beautiful, flaky 9-inch pie crusts in the new 22-oz. pkg. of Betty Crocker's pie crust mix. A touch of lemon, orange or tangerine peel or juice makes crust highly personal.

Clamato Juice Cocktail
Barbecued Burgers
French Fried Onions
Vegetable Salad
Green Goddess Dressing
Two-Crust Apple Pie

14. For a dandy, edible centerpiece, spread out a head of escarole voluptuously. Spike with ivory-white endive fingers. In center, place a bowl of Good Seasons' new Creamy Bleu Cheese dressing.

Cocktail Centerpiece
Beef Stroganoff (pkg.) ☐ *Noodles*
Cucumber and Watercress Salad
Chocolate Cake with Whipped Cream

15. For the Jewish harvest feast, Sukkoth, a "traditional" menu . . .

Chopped Liver ☐ *Rye Rounds*
Sauerbraten ☐ *Red Cabbage* ☐ *Spaetzle*
Prune Compote ☐ *Pound Cake*

16. Health with sophistication is the French potage sauté. Cook, covered, for 5 minutes 1 pkg. frozen chopped

spinach with 1 packet dry cream of leek soup according to directions. Add 1/4 tsp. nutmeg. Simmer 5 minutes. Take off heat and stir in 1 cup sour cream.

Potage Sauté ☐ *Veal Parmesan*
Fettucini ☐ *Artichoke Hearts*
Raspberry Sherbert with Loganberries

17. Underwood has a new spread—Corned Beef—for canapés, tiny, spicy cocktail balls or try a tablespoonful stirred into split pea soup.

Split Pea Soup with Corned Beef
Sirloin Tips en Brochette
Herbed Rice (pkg.) ☐ *Zucchini*
Tutti Frutti Sundae ☐ *Ladyfingers*

18. Bushed but still entertaining? Turn to Jeno's new Mexican-American Snack Tray: 15 merry little tarts of beef, ham, cheese and much savor. Heat in their own tray 8 to 10 minutes.

Margarita Cocktails (mix) ☐ *Snack Tray*
Tamale Pie
Radish and Avocado Vinaigrette
Orange Sherbet with Chocolate Sauce

19. According to the latest Portuguese government decree, all the wines of the Douro in that region must henceforth be called not just port but porto. Call it what you will . . . great with grilled chestnuts on a chilly evening!

Cream of Potato Soup
Beef Roulades with Mushrooms
Porto Wine ☐ *Grilled Chestnuts*
Meringues

20. At a Wild Game Tasting, a sauce prepared by Chef Claude Richter of the Forum Restaurant in N.Y. made the headlines. Our quick version: Puree 1/2 cup preserved lingonberries or whole cranberries. Mix with 1 cup sour cream, salt, pepper and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. The sauce goes happily with chicken, turkey, or ham, too.

Celery Soup ☐ *Ham Steaks*
Wild Berry Sauce ☐ *Potato Patties*
Green Beans with Mushrooms (frozen)
Apple Cinnamon Pudding Cake (mix)

21. Covered small tarts are a treasure for a packed lunch, after-school snack or dessert. Pepperidge Farm now packs them by the pair: Apple, Blueberry, Lemon and Coconut Creme.

Pascal Celery and Green Olives
Calf's Liver ☐ *Smothered Onions*
Scalloped Potatoes (pkg.)
Blueberry Tarts
Sweetened Sour Cream

22. In England they call a vodka-less tomato juice cocktail a Bloody Shame. Latest U.S.A. craze, however, is unspiked, well-chilled V-8 vegetable juice cocktail now in a 6-pack of individual 8-oz. cans. They're called Bloodless Shame.

Bloodless Shame ☐ *Shrimp Newburg*
Parsley Rice ☐ *Baby Broccoli*
Butterscotch Pudding
Chocolate Wafers

23. Carry-home chicken brought fame and fortune to one Kentucky colonel. Now another Kentucky firm

(Morton) makes it for your freezer.

Onion Soup au Gratin
Frozen Chicken
Giblet Gravy with Sherry
Corn Soufflé (frozen) ☐ *Fruit Salad*
Poppy Seed Dressing ☐ *Nut Wafers*

24. Alaska Day. Since Russia's nearby, it's not surprising to find piroshki. Make them the American way with refrigerated crescent rolls.

Borscht (jar) with Sour Cream and Dill
American Piroshki
Cabbage with Walnuts
Heated Cheese Strudel (frozen)

25. On Hurricane Deliverance Day on St. Thomas, V.I., we first tasted "fingers" of white cheese topped with guava or quince paste. Use apricot jam on Muenster or Monterey Jack cheese.

Citrus Cocktail with Rum
Broiled Fish and Bananas ☐ *Watercress*
Spanish Rice with Black Olives
White Cheese Fingers with Apricot Jam

26. Diet drinks are recovering from the cyclamate scare. Vernor's new 1-calorie quaff is going great guns. So is new diet 7-UP—1/3 the calories.

Grapefruit and Diet Drink Cup
Chicken Rosemary ☐ *Broiled Tomatoes*
Spinach Salad with Imitation Bacon Bits
Coffee Yogurt

27. As much a part of autumn as golden leaves is fresh-popped corn. Add melted butter, seasoned salt, freeze-dried chives. Serve with cocktails, soups or scattered over salad.

Tomato Bisque ☐ *Chived Popcorn*
Pork Chops ☐ *Chunky Apple Sauce (jar)*
Baby Lima Beans (can) ☐ *Turnip Greens*
Gingerbread (mix) ☐ *Vanilla Topping*

28. Goblins a-coming this Saturday night. Don't forget the old apple-dunking game. Keep them crisp-cold in refrigerator.

Assorted Grilled Sausages
Boston Beans with Bourbon
Brown Bread
Green Pepper Salad ☐ *Crisp-cold Apples*
Cheddar Cheese ☐ *Doughnuts*

29. On Republic Day in Turkey they serve a fall version of Melon Dolma: Equal parts melon balls, seedless grapes, sliced pears seasoned to taste with lime juice and sweet vermouth. Sprinkle with almonds.

Hard-cooked Eggs
Mustard Mayonnaise
Shish Kabob ☐ *Wheat Pilaf*
Tomatoes and Baby Onions
Melon Dolma

30. A talented Chinese cook insists a touch of lemon juice and sugar makes canned vegetables "taste like summer."

Avocado Salad ☐ *Sole in Wine Sauce*
Mashed Potatoes ☐ *Carrots* ☐ *Okra*
Lemon Chiffon Pie

31. Use cuttings from the children's jack-o'-lantern. Dice and cook till tender 2 cups of the pumpkin and add to your favorite cooked lamb stew.

Dilly Bean Relishes
Jack-o'-Lantern Stew ☐ *Hot Rolls*
Vanilla Ice Cream ☐ *Raisin Cookies*



Chicken and dumplings, one of many varieties.

"Heat and serve" isn't the best part (eating is).

Because we bring you heat-and-serve Chicken and Dumplings, we hope you won't jump to conclusions. The time and trouble we save you are nice. But we think the nicest thing about our Buffet Supper entrees comes when you sit at the table: generous chunks of plump, tender chicken in a rich, chicken-broth gravy. And light undumpy dumplings. The two-l Buffet Supper is the kind of old-time you'd least expect to find in your grocer's store: entrees like beef stew, spaghetti and meatballs, turkey and giblet gravy. And there are more than a half dozen others.

Try an old family favorite . . . Chicken and Dumplings, by Banquet, of course. While the warming to steaming goodness, about the family buffet with your own is heated with butter, sugar and ginger. Toss a summer salad with your favorite creamy dressing . . . and top it all with the old fashioned delight of a crisp apple pie and cheddar cheese.



Thank goodness for **Banquet** buffet supper entrées

COCKTAILS continued

While our previous menu was inspired by the foods of Scotland, this next cocktail menu has a Russian theme. There's news and excitement here for you—and your guests.

RUSSIAN COCKTAIL PARTY

MOSCOW MULE, RUSSIAN BEAR,
NINOTCHKA

APPETIZER STUFFED VEGETABLES

BACON-WRAPPED CHICKEN LIVERS,

HORSERADISH SAUCE

BUCKWHEAT BLINI, DILLED SALMON DIP

HOT MEAT AND EGG PIROSHKI

Three drinks—one sour, one sweet and one a happy medium.

MOSCOW MULE

Mix 1 (6-oz.) can frozen limeade concentrate with water according to label directions. Combine 3 cups limeade with 4½ cups vodka in serving pitcher. Chill. Makes 15 (4-oz.) servings.

RUSSIAN BEAR

In large bowl combine 2 cups heavy cream, 1½ cups vodka and 1 cup cold, strong coffee. In second bowl heat 1 cup heavy cream with ¼ cup confectioners' sugar just until stiff. Fold into vodka mixture. Chill 1 hour. Ladle into old-fashioned glasses or serve in a punch bowl. Makes 12 (3-oz.) servings. Mix only one round at a time, but have chilled ingredients on hand for a second.

Amiability is the enemy of efficiency. —Poor Woman's Almanac

NINOTCHKA

Garbo's drink? Maybe. Add a quart of soda for punch.

Mix 1 (6-oz.) can frozen limeade concentrate with water according to label directions. Combine 1½ cups limeade with 3 cups vodka and 1½ cups crème de cacao in glass serving pitcher. Chill. Makes 12 (4-oz.) servings.

APPETIZER STUFFED VEGETABLES

Ever notice how the most highly seasoned and attractive appetizers are the

first to disappear at a cocktail party?

30 cherry tomatoes
15 (1-inch) silver-skin onions
Chicken Garlic Filling:
2 Tb. butter or margarine
½ cup chopped onion
3 cloves garlic, crushed
1 Tb. flour
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. allspice

¼ tsp. cayenne
½ cup chicken broth
1 cup finely chopped cooked chicken
½ cup finely chopped walnuts
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 Tb. red-wine vinegar

Cut a thin slice off blossom ends of 30 cherry tomatoes. With paring knife or small spoon scoop out centers. Place

cut side down on paper-towel-lined tray to drain.

Pour boiling water over 15 silver-skin onions in a colander. Remove skins. Place onions in saucepan; water to cover. Heat over low heat to a boil; simmer, uncovered, 10 minutes. Rinse in cold water and drain; set aside to cool.

Make filling: In skillet in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, sauté ½ cup chopped onion and 3 cloves garlic, until onion is golden. Blend 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, allspice and cayenne; then stir in ½ cup chicken broth. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens and comes to a boil. Stir in 1 cup finely chopped chicken, ½ cup finely chopped walnuts, ¼ cup chopped parsley and 1 tablespoon red wine vinegar. If using cooked chicken use canned or leftover chicken; or simmer chicken broth with seasoning, then use liquid chicken broth.) Cook over low heat to 5 minutes or until well heated. Can be made ahead of time.

With small spoon fill hollowed-out centers. Cut onions in half and mound ½-teaspoon mixture on each half. Makes 60 hors d'oeuvres.

BACON-WRAPPED CHICKEN LIVERS

Wash 1 lb. chicken livers under running water. Pat dry with paper towels. Cut livers apart and in half again.

Arrange ½ lb. sliced bacon in single layer on rack of broiler pan. Broil 5 minutes or until half done. Set aside.

In large skillet sauté chicken livers in a single layer at a time, in 2 to 3



3 glorious nights



Who needs a travel agent? Or a jet? Relax and let Lipton take you on a Venetian wing-ding. Steak San Marco. Asparagus Venetian. Spaghetti Bravissimo. All done an easy way.

Lipton mixes just the right amount of fresh-tasting onion with just the right blend of seasonings. The result: Lipton Onion Soup Mix and the end of everyday dinners.

Tonight, do what the Venetians do. Divertitevi un pó*.

*Live a little.



SPAGHETTI BRAVISSIMO

1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
1 package (8 oz.) spaghetti
1½ quarts boiling water
1 pound ground beef

1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
1 can (7 oz.) tomato paste
1 tablespoon parsley flakes
1 teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon sweet basil

In large saucepan, combine Lipton Onion Soup Mix and spaghetti with water; cook 20 minutes or until spaghetti is tender. Do not drain.

In large skillet, brown meat; stir in tomato sauce and paste, parsley, oregano, and basil. Add to spaghetti and heat through. Serves 4.



ons butter or margarine 3 to 5 min-
s or until no longer pink. Wrap a
e of the bacon around each piece
l fasten with toothpicks. Broil 10
utes, turning once or twice or until
on is crisp. Serve hot with Horse-
ish Sauce as a dip. Makes 36 hors
euvres.

Horse-radish Sauce: In small bowl com-
e ½ cup dairy sour cream, ½ cup
yonnaise, ¼ cup prepared horse-
ish, ½ teaspoon each salt and dry
stard. Mix together well. Chill.

BUCKWHEAT BLINI

1 cup milk
¼ oz. pkg.
active dry yeast
1 cup water
1 cup buckwheat
flour

3 eggs
¼ cup butter or
margarine,
softened
1 Tb. salt

In saucepan heat 2 cups milk just until
bubbles form around edge. Pour into
fl. Let cool to lukewarm.

Sprinkle 1 (¼-oz.) pkg. active dry
st over ½ cup warm water in mea-
ing cup. Let stand 1 or 2 minutes.
until dissolved. Then stir into
k. Stir in ½ cups of the buckwheat
r until completely blended. Cover
l with a towel. Set in warm place
(70°), free from drafts, for 1½ hours.
eparate eggs; set whites aside. With
ry beater or electric mixer beat
yolks until well blended. Then beat
¼ cup softened butter or margarine.
h wooden spoon blend in remaining
cups buckwheat flour and 1 table-
on salt. Add to yeast mixture, beat-
until batter is smooth. Cover with a
l. Set in warm place (85°), free
n drafts, for 1½ hours or until
ble in bulk.

Beat reserved egg whites until soft
peaks form. Fold into risen batter and
let stand 10 minutes.

Heat skillet or griddle. (Skillet is
right temperature when drop of water
dropped on surface rolls off in drop-
lets.)

Brush skillet with melted butter or
salad oil. Drop batter by teaspoon-
fuls to make 1½-inch blini. Cook until
bubbles appear on surface and edges
become dry. Turn; bake other side until
brown. Remove to heated platter. Keep
warm until all are baked.

Serve warm with Dilled Salmon Dip.
Makes 100 (1½-inch) blini.

Ed. note: Blini may be made as far
ahead as you want. Wrap carefully and
freeze.

DILLED SALMON DIP

A Russian classic—and easy!

1 (16-oz.) can red
salmon
½ cup sliced green
onions
¼ cup chopped dill

1 cup dairy sour
cream
¼ Tb. white wine
½ tsp. black pepper

Drain 1 (16-oz.) can red salmon well.
Remove skin and bones and discard.
Flake fish in small bowl. Add ½ cup
sliced green onions and ¼ cup chopped
dill. Toss to mix.

Heat 1 cup dairy sour cream in top
of chafing dish over flame until warm.
Stir in salmon mixture, 2 tablespoons
white wine and ½ teaspoon black pep-
per.

Place boiling water in bottom of
chafing dish; set dish over flame. Put
top over bottom to keep dip hot for
serving. Serve as a dip for warm Buck-
wheat Blini. Makes 3 cups.

HOT CRABMEAT AND EGG PIROSHKI

1 (9½- or 11-oz.)
pkg. pie crust mix
½ cup dairy sour
cream

Filling:
1 (7½-oz.) can king
crabmeat
½ cup sliced
green onions
2 Tb. butter or
margarine

1 hard-cooked egg,
chopped
½ cup dairy sour
cream
1 Tb. dry white
wine
¼ tsp. hot pepper
sauce
1 egg
2 Tb. milk

Prepare 1 (9½- or 11-oz.) pkg. pie
crust mix according to pkg. directions
using ½ cup dairy sour cream instead
of water called for. Shape pastry into
a ball. Wrap in waxed paper. Refrigerate
while making filling.

Drain 1 (7½-oz.) can king crabmeat,
and carefully remove all cartilage.
Flake crabmeat finely. In small skillet
sauté ½ cup sliced green onions in 2
tablespoons butter or margarine until
golden. Remove from heat. Add crab-
meat and chopped hard-cooked egg.
Then blend in ½ cup dairy sour cream,
1 tablespoon dry white wine and ¼
teaspoon hot pepper sauce. Preheat
oven to 450°.

On lightly floured pastry cloth or
board roll out pastry, a half at a time,
to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut into 3-inch
circles and place 1 teaspoon filling on
half of each circle. Moisten edge of cir-
cle and fold empty half over, pressing
edges with fingers or fork to seal. Cut
an X in top. Place on lightly buttered
cookie sheet. Repeat process with other
half of pastry, and reroll scraps until
all filling is used. For glaze, beat 1 egg
and 2 tablespoons milk with a fork un-
til blended. Brush over top of piroshki.

Bake at 450° 15 to 20 minutes or un-
til golden brown. Let cool on pans 5
minutes. Loosen with a spatula and
serve warm. Makes 50 piroshki. **END**

A PARTY IS A BIRTHDAY

BREAKFAST continued from page 135

*Two family birthday breakfast menus,
the first of which is pictured on page
135.*

CHAMPAGNE À L'ORANGE

EGGS À L'ANGLAISE

ST. LUCIA BREAKFAST BREAD

CHAMPAGNE A L'ORANGE

Combine 1 cup chilled champagne, ½
cup chilled orange juice, 1 tablespoon
orange liqueur and 2 tablespoons sug-
ar. Mix and pour into 4 champagne
glasses. Decorate glasses with a slice
of orange and a mint sprig. Serves 4.

If serving to children, combine 1 cup
chilled ginger ale and ½ cup orange
juice. Pour into glasses and decorate.

EGGS A L'ANGLAISE

12 slices boiled ham
1 large tomato
Butter or margarine

2 English muffins,
split
1 recipe Scrambled
Eggs with Herbs

Arrange 12 slices boiled ham in (15x-
10x1-inch) jelly roll pan. Broil 5 min-
utes. Roll up each slice. Keep warm.
Cut tomato into 4 thick slices. Set in
buttered baking pan. Top each with ½
tablespoon butter or margarine. Set
pan on broiler rack. Place 2 English
muffins, split, on rack beside pan. Broil
5 minutes or until muffins are toasted.
Remove muffins; spread with butter or
margarine, keep warm. Broil tomatoes
5 minutes longer. Keep warm while
making Scrambled Eggs with Herbs.
Place tomato slice on each muffin half.
Top with 3 ham rolls. Spoon scrambled
eggs over. Serve at once. Serves 4.

n Venice

STEAK SAN MARCO

2 pounds chuck steak, 1 inch
thick, cut into serving pieces
1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
1 can (1 lb.) Italian peeled tomatoes
1 teaspoon oregano

Freshly ground pepper and
garlic powder to taste
2 tablespoons cooking oil
2 tablespoons wine vinegar

In large skillet, arrange meat; cover with Lipton Onion Soup
Mix and tomatoes. Sprinkle with oregano, garlic powder,
pepper, oil, and vinegar.

Simmer, covered, 1½ hours or until meat is tender.
Makes 4 to 6 servings.

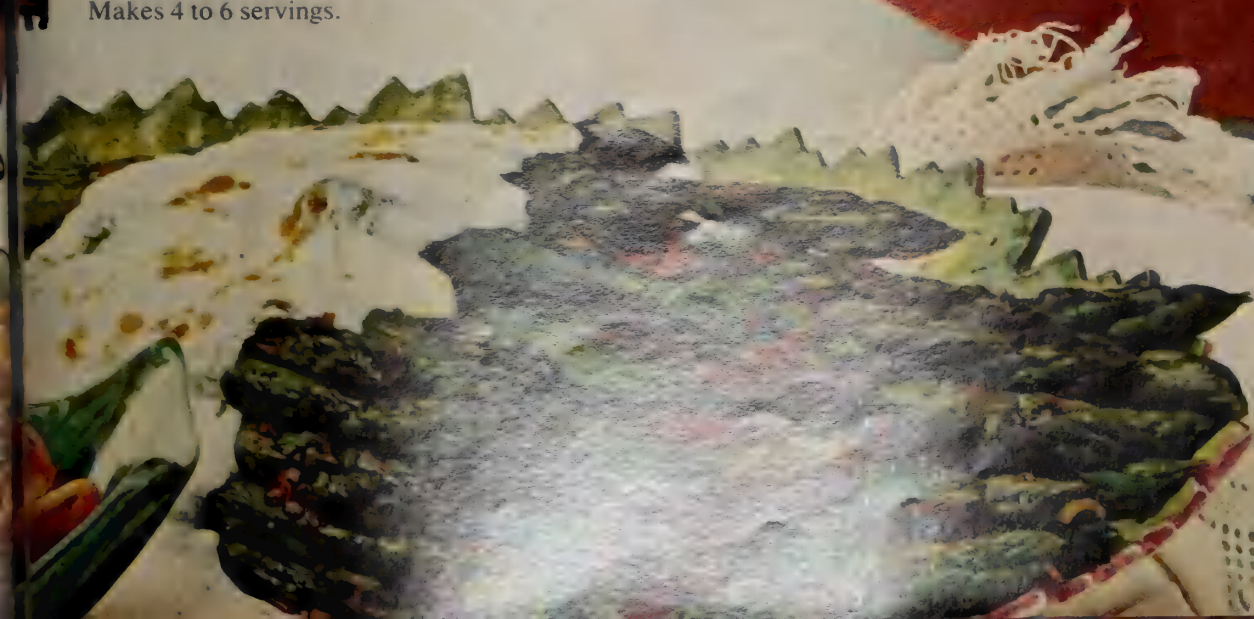


ASPARAGUS VENETIAN

2 pounds fresh or 2 packages (10 oz. ea.)
frozen asparagus, cooked and drained
½ cup Lipton Onion Butter,* melted
1 cup diced mozzarella cheese
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
Preheat oven at 450°.

In 8-inch baking dish, arrange aspara-
gus. Drizzle with Lipton Onion Butter;*
then sprinkle with cheeses. Bake 10
minutes or until cheese is melted.
Serves 6.

*Lipton Onion Butter: Thoroughly
blend 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup
Mix with ½ pound butter or margarine.
Makes 1½ cups.



SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH HERBS

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 6 eggs | 1 Tb. chopped parsley |
| 1/4 cup heavy cream | 1 Tb. chopped chives |
| 1 Tb. chopped fresh tarragon or 1 1/2 tsp. dried tarragon leaves | 1/4 tsp. salt |
| | 1/8 tsp. pepper |
| | 2 Tb. butter or margarine |

In medium bowl, beat 6 eggs until well mixed. Beat in 1/4 cup heavy cream, 1 tablespoon each chopped tarragon, parsley and chives, 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper.

In large skillet, heat 2 tablespoons butter or margarine just until foamy. Pour in egg mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring gently, until eggs are set but still moist. Serve at once. Serves 3 or 4.

ST. LUCIA BREAKFAST BREAD

This new idea in birthday "cakes" could well become a family tradition.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 (13 3/4-oz.) pkg. hot roll mix | Mocha Glaze: |
| 1 cup raisins | 3 Tb. heavy cream |
| 1/4 cup grated orange rind | 1/2 tsp. dry cocoa |
| 1 tsp. ground cardamom | 1/4 tsp. powdered instant coffee |
| | 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar |
| | 1 cup chopped candied cherries |

Sprinkle yeast from hot roll mix over 3/4 cup warm (not hot) water. Stir until dissolved. In large bowl, combine flour mixture from hot roll mix, 1 cup raisins, 1/4 cup grated orange rind and 1 tsp. ground cardamom. Mix until fruit is well coated. Stir in dissolved yeast. Turn out dough on lightly floured cloth or board and knead 3 to 4 minutes. Return dough to lightly greased bowl. Cover bowl with damp towel and set in warm place (85°) to rise 45 minutes or until double in bulk.

Turn out dough on lightly floured cloth or board. Shape into a roll and cut into 7 equal pieces. With hands, roll each piece into a 16-inch-long rope. Coil 1 rope in center of lightly greased cookie sheet. Coil 6 remaining ropes and place evenly around first, with loose ends inward.

Cover with waxed paper and damp towel. Set in warm place and let rise 45 minutes or until double in bulk. Preheat oven to 375°. Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until golden brown. Remove to wire rack to cool.

Make glaze: In small saucepan, combine 3 tablespoons heavy cream, 1/2 teaspoon dry cocoa and 1/4 teaspoon powdered instant coffee. Heat, stirring, over low heat until cocoa and coffee dissolve. Remove from heat. Stir in confectioners' sugar until smooth and drizzle over cooled bread.

To serve as pictured, place candles in center. Sprinkle 1 cup chopped candied cherries over bread. Serves 6 to 8.



COMPOTE OF AUTUMN FRUITS
CRISP BACON □ SAUSAGES
CREAM WAFFLES
GINGER-RAISIN APPLESAUCE
WALNUT MUFFINS

COMPOTE OF AUTUMN FRUITS

Peel and core 1 apple and slice into 8 sections. Wash, core and slice 1 pear into 8 sections. Peel and section 1 orange, removing any seeds. Cut 1 cup dark grapes in half; remove seeds. Combine 1 cup orange juice, 1/2 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon Kirscht; bring to a boil. Add apple and pear sections. Simmer 4 minutes. Then add grapes and orange sections. Simmer 1 minute longer. Remove from heat; cool slightly and place in serving dish. Chill. Garnish compote with sprigs of mint. Serves 4.

CREAM WAFFLES

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 2 cups buttermilk biscuit mix | 1 egg |
| 1 1/2 cup half-and-half | 2 Tb. melted butter or margarine |
| | 1 tsp. vanilla extract |

In large bowl, mix together 2 cups buttermilk biscuit mix, 1 1/2 cups half-and-half, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat with wire whisk or fork until smooth.

Heat waffle iron (iron is correct temperature when drop of water on surface rolls off in droplets). For each waffle pour enough batter into center of lower section of iron to spread over 2/3 of surface. Lower top section. Bake according to manufacturer's directions, 4 or 5 minutes or until waffle stops steaming.

Loosen baked waffle around edge with a fork. Remove and keep warm. Repeat. Serve waffles with Ginger-Raisin Applesauce or syrup, and bacon and sausage. Makes eight 4 1/2-inch waffles. Serves 4.

GINGER-RAISIN APPLESAUCE

Peel, core and chop 2 or 3 apples to make 2 cups, chopped. Toss with 1 tablespoon lemon juice to prevent discoloration.

In medium saucepan combine 1 cup sugar and 2 tablespoons water. Bring to a boil. Boil 5 minutes or until syrupy. Stir in 1 tablespoon finely chopped crystallized ginger until dissolved. Add 1 cup dark raisins, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind and the diced apple. Cook over medium heat until apple is clear but not mushy. Remove from heat. Cool. Serve warm over waffles. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

WALNUT MUFFINS

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 2 cups buttermilk biscuit mix | 1 cup milk |
| 2/3 cup chopped walnuts | 1/3 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed |
| 1/4 tsp. allspice | 2 Tb. melted butter or margarine |
| 1 egg | |

In a large bowl, combine 2 cups buttermilk biscuit mix, 2/3 cup chopped walnuts and 1/4 teaspoon allspice.

In small bowl, beat 1 egg slightly. Beat in 1 cup milk, 1/3 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed, and 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Pour into dry ingredients; mix lightly with a fork until dry ingredients are moistened. Batter will be lumpy.

Fill 18 buttered muffin-pan cups 2/3 full with batter. Sprinkle unbaked muffins lightly with additional brown sugar and top each muffin with a walnut half.

Bake at 400°, 20-25 minutes or until cake tester comes out clean. Turn out of pans. Serve immediately or keep warm. Makes 18 muffins. For your birthday presentation, top muffins with small candles.

END

Reynolds Wrap® Freezer-to-Table Cookery

TO FREEZE: Clean and wash fish. Place each wet fish on a sheet of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Bring up long ends of foil and double-fold tightly against fish, pressing out air between fish and foil. Fold up ends, envelope-style, tight against fish. Label package with contents, weight and date. Freeze.



TO COOK:

1. Place each 10-12 oz. frozen fillet or whole fish, still wrapped in foil, in a Reynolds aluminum broiling pan. (Or on a foil lined pan.)



2. Bake 30 minutes in pre-heated 450° oven. Then turn foil back, dot with butter or margarine, sprinkle with slivered almonds. Bake 10 more minutes. Serve with lime or lemon slices.

So elegant and so easy, baked straight from the freezer in its foil packet! The fish stays moist, flaky and tender because Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap seals in all the flavors and juices. Prevents cooking odors, too.

Pop!
Garnish!
Meal-a-Min!

Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Oven-Tempered for Flexible Strength.

Diet Tips from a Famous Beauty Spa

Here, for Journal readers, are diet secrets and low-calorie gourmet recipes that wealthy couples eat up at \$700 a week. By Ruth West

you've ever wondered how the so-called beautiful people stay in beautiful shape, here's the secret. It doesn't happen by accident. It's the result of a purpose—pure, dedicated purpose—and it can cost plenty. Especially in an establishment like La Costa, a super spa, 15 miles north of San Diego, Calif. Here, in elegant surroundings, the rich (and do) revel in low-calorie meals. Facials, massages, golf, tennis and almost every other form of nonfattening activity. And all the time they're shedding a pound after pound.

La Costa guests include such stars as Gaille Ball, Dinah Shore and Janet Leigh, as well as the wives of the super-rich: Clint W. Murchison, Jr., the oil tycoon; Louis Nizer, the attorney; Alan Tishman and Harold Lech, the real estate tycoons, and any number of other health-seekers whose names rate star billing in *The Wall Street Journal*.

Two things make La Costa special. First, it is co-ed. For about \$100 a day, husbands and wives can get in shape together. Nizer, for instance, brought along his famous husband. Then, La Costa guests also get coddled with delicious low-calorie cooking lessons and recipes for use at home.

As a guest, I attended a class given by 28-year-old Chef Fred Bielak, so I can now let the JOURNAL readers in on the low-calorie cooking tricks and recipes that cost the beautiful couples \$700 a week.

"Everybody thinks this low-calorie cooking is a hoax," said Chef Bielak, as my class gathered in the spa dining room. "That's why we give these weekly demonstrations. I'm going to show you how we make our Spa Chocolate Mousse, our Pepper Steak and Spa Braised Lettuce." With that, the beautiful people gathered round to find out how La Costa devised ways for every calorie to be stretched, watered down, dressed up to look and taste like forbidden fruit.

Chef Bielak began his chocolate mousse with a low-calorie pudding mix. "The package directions say to make it with skim milk. That means 54 calories a serving. It's only 14 calories if we use water. We use water." He mixed the ingredients in a chafing dish (you may use a saucepan) and continued stirring as he put it on the flame. "When it comes to a boil it will clear and thicken and be ready to take off the fire. Because we want a texture like a firm pie filling, we use some dry gelatin. Then let it cool. To save time, I have a batch I made earlier that's cool." (His assistant hands him a blender bowl, one-quarter full of chocolate mousse.) "Now we'll blow this way up with air in the blender—at high speed. Shaved ice will absorb even more air." Into Chef Bielak's whirling blender goes shaved ice. In minutes, the bowl is three-quarters full. Bielak then adds stiffly beaten eggwhites, and the lovely result is Spa Chocolate Mousse. Four-

teen calories never tasted so divine.

One sees how this kind of cooking wizardry can bewitch and befuddle a stomach. During my entire week at La Costa, I kept delightfully full on 200-calorie meals.

I checked into La Costa after the dinner hour and was ensconced in a luxurious room, uncrowded by two canopied king-sized beds, two chaise longues, and a big, round, bone-white dining table with four armchairs. At 7:30 my first morning, I phoned for breakfast.

Room Service asked how many calories I was allowed a day—600, 800, 1,000?

I didn't know what La Costa's medical director, Dr. R. Phillip Smith, would tell me at my 9 A.M. appointment, but I wanted to see La Costa work hard. "Six hundred calories a day," I said. "Could I have an egg on that?"

Indeed I could, but I finally ordered strawberries, a huge carafe of coffee, cottage cheese, blueberry jam and rye toast—which came wrapped in gold foil.

En route to my doctor's appointment, Mrs. Marjorie J. Aichele, La Costa's dietitian, took me for a look at the Spa dining room. At one table, Mrs. William Powell was being served a steak.

"Does she get steak for breakfast on 600 calories a day?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Aichele. "It's a 3-ounce fillet without a shred of fat. It broils down to two ounces—140 calories.

She had papaya, too. That's 30 calories."

Mrs. Powell, a five-foot blonde, is in beautiful shape. How does she do it? "Well, I come here and go on the Spa plan for a week," she said. "I play a lot of golf and tennis and stop being social. I lose seven pounds in a week and get a little thin. Then I can go home, be social, fool around with my drinks and relax again."

At exactly 9 A.M. I was ushered into Dr. Smith's quarters, which are equipped with all the gleaming hospital gear one can imagine. Dr. Smith, Mrs. Aichele, Willy Hauser, the executive chef, and Spa chef Fred Bielak work as a team. The result is that La Costa is equipped to follow any kind of diet a doctor may prescribe: diabetic, low purine, low sodium, low residue, ulcer, high calorie or low calorie.

Dr. Smith, after my examination and consultation, let me stay on the Spa 600-calories-a-day diet. The diet was easy to stick to. The menu list calorie counts for every item.

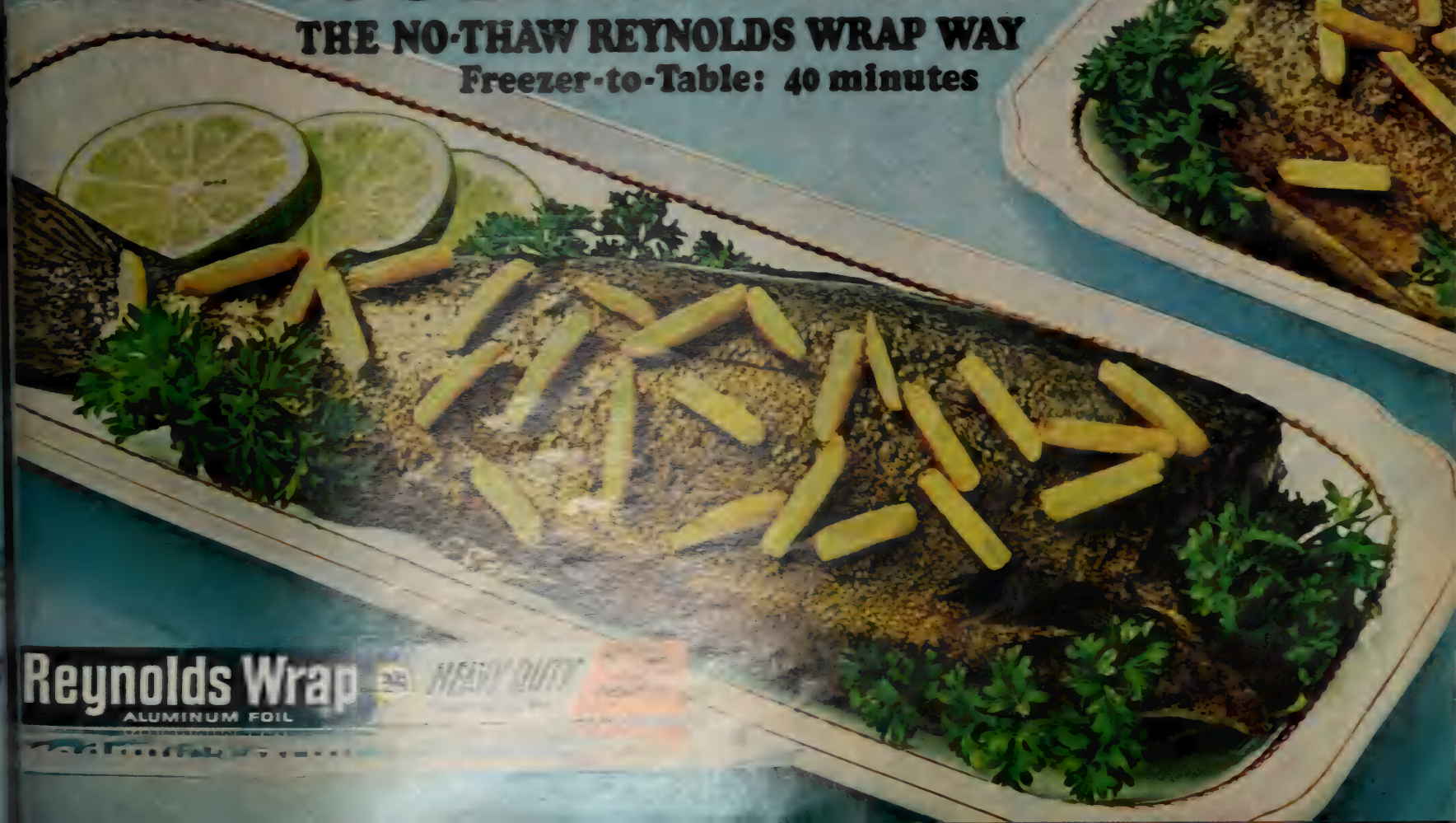
La Costa is remarkably free of temptations, except for the bar that lies in wait next door to the dining rooms. Not even La Costa can invent a low-calorie martini.

Over a cocktail Mildred Nizer reported she had lost one pound in four days and her lawyer husband Louis had lost four. I told her that pound for pound Dr. Smith said a man's metabolism is 10 percent higher (continued)

Trout Amandine

THE NO-THAW REYNOLDS WRAP WAY

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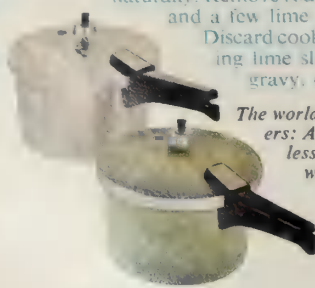
1 lb. pork
1 lb. butter
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. onion powder
1/2 tsp. garlic powder
1/2 tsp. paprika
1/2 tsp. black pepper
1/2 tsp. white pepper
1/2 tsp. red pepper
1/2 tsp. yellow pepper
1/2 tsp. green pepper
1/2 tsp. brown pepper
1/2 tsp. pink pepper
1/2 tsp. purple pepper
1/2 tsp. blue pepper
1/2 tsp. grey pepper
1/2 tsp. black pepper
1/2 tsp. white pepper
1/2 tsp. red pepper
1/2 tsp. yellow pepper
1/2 tsp. green pepper
1/2 tsp. brown pepper
1/2 tsp. pink pepper
1/2 tsp. purple pepper
1/2 tsp. blue pepper
1/2 tsp. grey pepper

Heat cooker, add fat. Brown pork well; remove, add rack
to cooker, replace pork. Add seasonings, water, juice,
onion and yams. Close cover securely. Place pressure reg-
ulator on vent pipe. Cook 50 minutes. Let pressure drop
naturally. Remove roast and yams; keep warm. Add sherry
and a few lime slices to the cooker; bring to boil.
Discard cooked lime slices. Garnish with remain-
ing lime slices and the pineapple. Serve with
gravy, 4-6 servings.

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DIET TIPS (continued)

than a woman's. A sleeping man weigh-
ing 140 pounds will lose 1 to 1½ pounds
per day. A sleeping 140-pound woman
would lose only ½ to ¾ of a pound.

Mildred looked puzzled. "Anyway,"
she said, "I feel wonderful and I've
lost inches. We think the Spa plan is
a good buy—\$100 a day for a couple,
including food, golf, pool, movies,
medical supervision—and the cooking
lessons."

At Chef Bielak's cooking class, ev-
eryone finished tasting the Spa Choco-
late Mousse—and he was ready to go
on to his next dish: Spa Pepper Steak.

"We use fillet of beef with all the fat
trimmed—but there is still enough fat
in the meat to keep it from sticking to
the pan. Notice the pan need not be
Teflon. Heavy stainless steel is just as
good. But still use no fat—it isn't nec-
essary.

"Be sure the pan is hot. We want to
seal in the meat's juices. The fillets are
done when they are nicely browned on
both sides and still tender and pink in
the middle. Now we remove the fillets
from the pan to an oven platter.

"Next is the sauce. We start with
wine." There's a sizzle, a cloud of
steam as the wine goes into the still-
hot pan.

Someone asked, "Doesn't wine have
a lot of calories?"

The chef answered, "Not many. Any-
how, the calories are in the alcohol,
which evaporated in that cloud of
steam. The flavor is still here and
that's what we want."

As he answered the questions, Chef
Bielak added tomato juice, chopped
shallots and a variety of chopped veg-
etables to the wine in the pan. "Now
we'll let these good flavors simmer to-
gether until they meld and thicken into
a sauce for the steak."

When the sauce was ready, it was
spooned over the fillets and passed to
the eager students. Between bites (it
tastes fabulous!) we watched the chef
begin his Spa Braised Lettuce.

"Notice," he said, "that I cut the
blanched lettuce head in half length-
wise, then cut each section almost
through, but leave the outside leaves
whole. I fold each section into little
pillows and cut each pillow into four
pieces. The lettuce is braised in hot
chicken broth topped with a bouquet
of julienne celery, leeks and carrots.
The topping adds flavor and makes a

glamour garnish." It made glamor
eating, too.

"That," said Chef Bielak, "is the
of this week's lesson." But the
was far from being rid of his interest
audience.

One guest asked, "Do you use
substitutes in cooking?" Chef Bie
"No, they leave an aftertaste—it is
ter to add such substitutes at the table.

One of the ten male guests as
"How do you make that Spa Sea-
Cocktail Sauce?" Chef Bielak: "I
calorie catsup, tomato juice, le-
mon juice, horseradish and apple juice.
apple juice sweetens the tomato
cuts the sourness of the lemon ju-

The guests left slowly, chatter-
ing comparing notes. Mrs. Aichele
said that I had copies of the Spa re-
cipe book. Passing one of the waiter's side
being set up for tomorrow's break-
fast. I stole a round, paper-thin white-
something from a buffet. "What is
I asked.

"Flying saucers—six calories ea-
ch," said Mrs. Aichele. "Anyone with
a meat slicer can make them. A fr-
idge bagel is cut lengthwise into 16
and toasted. Toasting makes any-
taste sweet; it dextrinizes the st-
... turns it into sugar."

La Costa cares about helping pe-
ople lose weight. Says Mrs. Aichele
pily, "We've taken 50 pounds off
desk clerks. We do try to think of
people can eat what they like.
there is always a way to compro-
That's really what all these co-
demonstrations are about. Women
'I can't possibly cook Pepper S-
without fat.' But when Chef B
stands there and shows our guests
they find they can do it after all."

Here is a selection of gourmet re-
cipes from La Costa.

CRACKED CRAB BOWL

1 Dungeness crab Cocktail sauce
1/2 cup Spa seafood recipe below

Boil crab just until shell turns
Separate the body of the crab i-
pieces. Separate claws. Put co-
sauce in small bowl, place small
in center of larger bowl filled
cracked ice. Spread crab sections
cracked ice around sauce. Serve
on large platter with nut cracke-
pick for each serving. Garnish
lemon pieces.

Spa seafood cocktail sauce: Co-
1/4 cup low-calorie catsup, (conti-



"You have a heart of gold, which would explain why you
weigh 167 pounds."

Taste what happens to cake mix cakes when you don't follow the cake mix recipe.

The Dream Cake recipe turns ordinary mix cakes into taller, moist Dream Cakes.

Take your ordinary cake mix. Add an envelope of Dream Whip® and two extra eggs, and bake according to our Dream Cake recipe. You'll get a cake that's so delicious, it will have the neighbors sighing in envy.

For not only is a Dream Cake taller, it's so moist you can actually hear it when you press down with your fork.

Extra eggs alone can't give you this kind of cake—you need Dream Whip to make it so tall, fluffy and delicious.

You can frost or glaze a Dream Cake, or pour berries or syrup over it, or even make a jelly or ice cream roll. A Dream Cake tastes great any way you serve it.

So clip the Dream Cake recipe (or use the one in the Dream Whip package), and see what an ordinary cake mix can turn into.

Before Dream Whip



After Dream Whip



1 package (2-layer size) yellow, white, or devil's food cake mix.
1 envelope Dream Whip Topping Mix. (Do not whip: use right from envelope.)
4 eggs. 1 cup cold tap water.

Combine all ingredients in large bowl of electric mixer. Blend until moistened. Beat at medium speed for 4 minutes.

Pour into two greased and floured 9" layer pans, and bake at 350° for 30 minutes.

Cool cakes for 10 minutes in the pans. Remove from pans; finish cooling on cake racks. Frost, sprinkle with confectioners' sugar, or top with fruit, syrup or ice cream.

A Dream Cake can be baked in other size pans, as well:

in three 8" layer pans, bake for 35 minutes;
in one 13x9" pan, bake for 40 to 45 minutes;
in cupcake pans, bake for about 20 minutes;
in one 10" tube pan, bake for 45 to 50 minutes
(cool for 15 minutes).

For altitudes above 3,500 ft. Prepare Dream Cake as directed, adding 2 tablespoons flour, using a total of 1 cup plus 3 tablespoons water and baking at 375° for about 5 minutes less or until cake tests done.



DIET TIPS *continued*

2 tablespoons each tomato juice and apple juice, 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice and 1 teaspoon horseradish, drained. Makes about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sauce. Two servings, 110 calories each.

Note: When serving crab this way, always furnish a bowl of warm water with 1 slice of lemon and a rolled, moistened napkin on side. Also have another small bowl in which to place shells.

ORANGE ALASKA LA COSTA

Select small, sweet oranges. Slice off one-third from the stem end and set it aside. Remove pulp, catching juice in a bowl. Place juice and pulp in blender. Whir 1 minute. Refrigerate shells. Pour juice into ice-cube trays and when almost solid, beat with rotary or electric mixer till it reaches sherbet consistency. Refreeze and beat again. Fill orange cups. Beat 1 egg white till frothy, add $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. vanilla extract, liquid artificial sweetener to taste and beat till stiff. Top orange cup with "meringue-like" garnish. Set under broiler 6 inches from heat until golden-brown—approximately 3–5 minutes. (One egg white will frost 2 orange shells.) Serve at once.

One serving, 50 calories.

POACHED SOLE, LA COSTA

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine
2 cups chicken broth (defatted)
2 (8-oz.) fillets gray sole
2 Tb. chopped shallots
2 Tb. julienne leeks
2 Tb. julienne fresh carrots
2 Tb. julienne fresh celery

Pour the white wine into a hot saucepan to evaporate the alcohol, then immediately add the chicken broth. Cut each fillet in half lengthwise. Fold each into thirds. Place the folded fillets of sole in the pan with the broth and wine and add the shallots. Sprinkle the julienned vegetables over the top of the fillets. Bring to simmer. Turn off heat. Let stand, covered, 5 to 7 minutes. Remove the fish from the pan with slotted spoon to a hot plate and keep hot while reducing the sauce and vegetables to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. Spoon the sauce over the hot fish and serve at once. The bouquet of vegetables furnishes a garnish. Four servings of 91 calories each.

SPA CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

1 env. from 2-oz. pkg. low-calorie chocolate pudding and pie-filling mix
1 env. unflavored gelatin
1 cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely crushed ice
3 egg whites
1 Tb. grated lemon rind
1 Tb. grated orange rind

Combine 1 envelope low-calorie chocolate pudding and pie-filling mix and 1 envelope unflavored gelatin. Add 1 cup cold water and set aside to soften. Stir over medium heat till it comes to boil. Remove from heat. Cover. Set aside to cool to room temperature. When cool, whirl in blender for one to

two minutes with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely crushed ice. Refrigerate till thickened. Beat egg whites till stiff. Stir one third of whites into chocolate till smooth, together with 1 tablespoon each grated lemon and orange rind. Gently fold in remaining whites. Spoon into 6 individual dishes. Refrigerate till serving.

For a darker, more chocolaty mousse, add 2 tablespoons cocoa with gelatin. This adds 2 calories per serving. Six servings, 14 calories each.

SPA BRAISED LETTUCE

1 large head Romaine lettuce
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced carrots
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced leeks
2 cups chicken consommé

Rinse head of lettuce and remove wilted outside leaves. Cover with boiling water and stand 3 minutes. Drain in collander and cool. Cut lettuce in half from core to tip of leaves. Score lettuce twice through inside leaves, leaving outside leaves whole. Fold in both ends

of each half and press slightly down with flat side of spatula. Turn each over and slice each into four equal pieces. Meanwhile, heat 2 cups chicken consommé in a 2-inch-deep baking dish. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each finely diced carrots, celery and leeks. Cover with lid or foil. Simmer 5 minutes. Add lettuce. Simmer, covered, 5 minutes more. Remove to serving plates with slotted spoon. Garnish with vegetables. Serve at once. Eight servings, 25 calories each.

SPA PEPPER STEAK

4 thin slices tenderloin of beef (6 ounces after all possible fat has been removed)
2 Tb. dry Burgundy
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced mushrooms
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced fresh tomato
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced green pepper
1 Tb. chopped shallot
Crushed black pepper, to taste
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup unsalted tomato juice

Sauté the sliced tenderloin quickly in a nonstick skillet. Brown on both sides, then place on a hot plate in the oven to keep warm while making the sauce.

Sauce: Add the wine to the hot pan to evaporate the alcohol, then immediately add all the other ingredients and simmer, covered, until the sauce is heated through. Spoon the sauce over the tenderloin and serve. Four servings, 165 calories each.

SPA STUFFED SQUASH

2 medium-size yellow crooknecked squash
1 cup frozen green peas
1 red bell pepper, cut in julienne strips
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. oregano

Wash squash, split lengthwise, remove seeds. Boil the peas and red pepper in very hot water. Cook until tender enough to pierce with a sharp fork. Drain, toss into a bowl of crushed ice to stop the cooking and crisp them.

Toss together the green pepper and 1 large tomato, diced. Place in squash boats, sprinkle with oregano and reheat at 350° for 10–15 minutes. Serve once on a very hot plate. Four servings, 24 calories each.

SPA CHICKEN BROCHETTES HAWAIIAN

4 large mushroom caps
1 green pepper, cut into 8 squares
1 lb. boned chicken breasts into 16 even cubes
8 chunks of unsweetened pineapple (raw or canned)
1 onion cut to the size of tomato and pineapple chunks
8 cherry tomatoes
 $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups unsweetened pineapple juice

Select 4 sharp metal skewers and on each the above ingredients in the following order: 1 mushroom cap, chicken, 1 piece green pepper,

~~~~~

### JEWEL OF SKY

By Donna Brennan

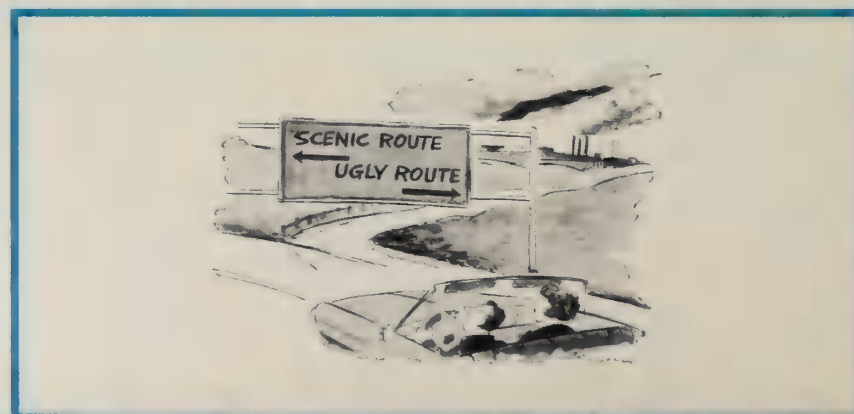
*The moon is a pearl  
Giving off iridescent light  
As it shines down on the majestic  
solitary oak  
Hurling its dark shadow onto the  
earth.*

~~~~~

Roast beefier hash, from Mary Kitchen.

Mary Kitchen makes hash from fresh roast beef with all the juices. To serve as beefy hashburgers, chill can, then open both ends. Push hash out of can, slicing into 1" patties. Pan fry till browned, add green pepper. **Hormel**

Menus • Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-day Menus • Poppy Cannon's



A major nutritional advance from Hostess

Snack Cakes with body-building vitamins and iron

Look for the big "V" on every new
package of Hostess Cup Cakes,
Twinkies and Fruit Pies!

It's the nutritional advance
that takes the guesswork out of
which snack cakes to buy! These
famous Hostess Snack Cakes now give
your children more than good taste ...
they give them important nutrition,
too. So, why settle for just any
snack cake—give them Hostess Snack
Cakes fortified with body-building
vitamins and iron to grow on.



Poppy
Gannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus

Thank Hostess...for the good taste kids love and good nutrition they need



Lipton's New Country Vegetable Soup Mix keeps the fresh country vegetables tasting like fresh country vegetables.

Lipton doesn't make the soup. We only get all the good things together.

The best the good earth had to offer. Vegetables for the family. Carefully selected tomatoes. Fresh-tasting carrots, potatoes, parsley, peppers and peas. We add our man-size egg noodles but it's still not soup.

Until you make it soup. Just boil and simmer for five minutes. And if you make it soup, how could it be fresher?



THIMBLE VEGEABLE • VEGEABLE REEF • BEEF NOODLE
CHICKEN RICE • GREEN PEA • CHICKEN NOODLE WITH MEAT • MUSHROOM • RING-O NOODLE
ONION • POTATO • CHICKEN VEGEABLE • TURKEY NOODLE • BEEF FLAVOR MUSHROOM

DIET TIPS (continued)

chicken, 1 piece pineapple, 1 piece chicken, 1 piece onion, 1 piece chicken and finally 1 piece green pepper.

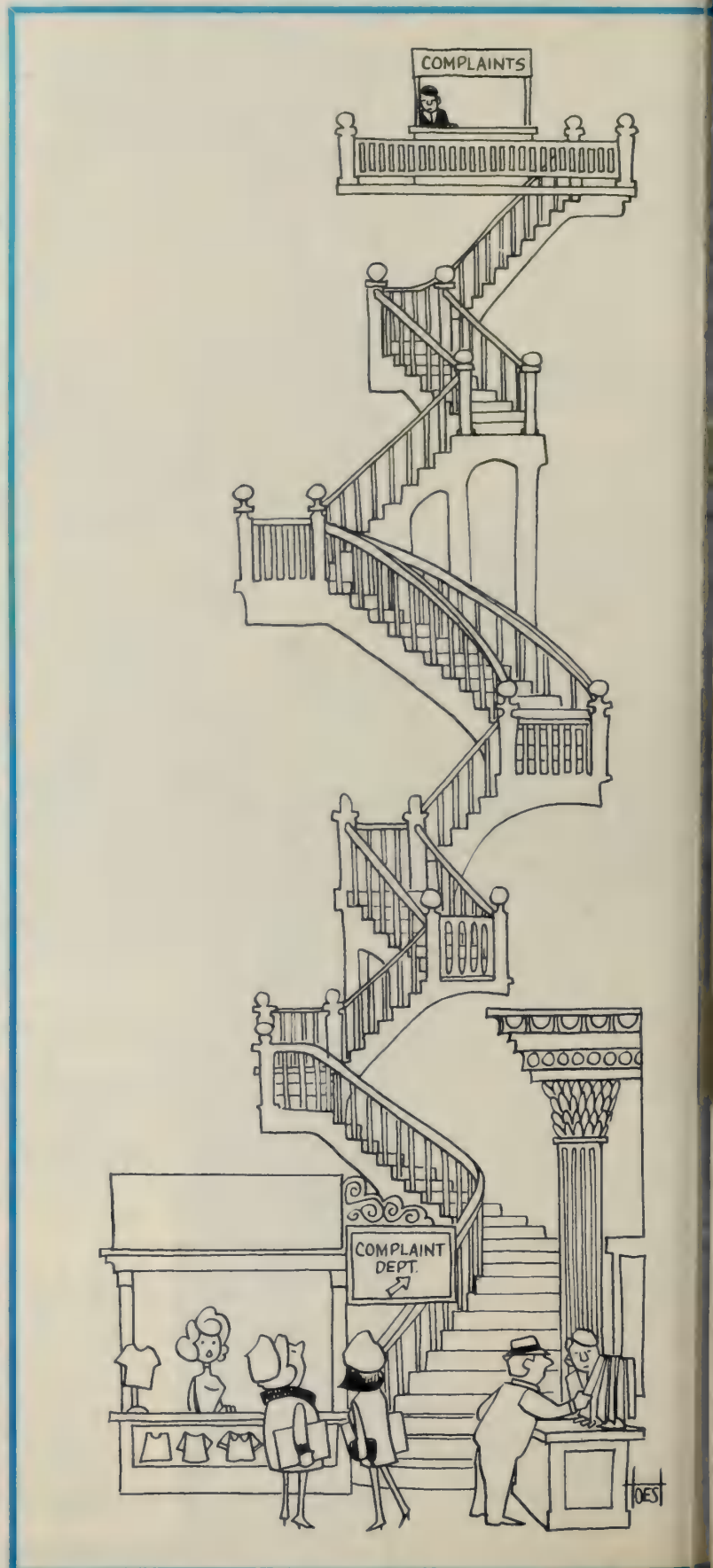
Place the 4 brochettes wrapped completely in foil and bake in a 450° oven until chicken is tender. Add 2 tomatoes to the point of each and return, uncovered, to the oven for about 5 minutes or just enough to heat the tomatoes through and brown slightly but still retain their shapes.

During these 5 minutes baste brochettes with hot pineapple juice, which has been reduced by boiling to 1/2 cup. Serve at once on a hot plate garnished with water cress. Four servings, 200 calories each.

SPA CASSOLETTE OF SCALLOPS

12 sea scallops	1 medium-size tomato (sliced and dice)
1/4 cup fresh lemon juice	1/4 cup clam juice
1 Tb. white wine	1/2 cup chopped parsley
4 sliced fresh mushrooms	
1 Tb. chopped shallots	

Wash scallops. Drain carefully move any sand. Preheat broiler it is very hot. Place the scallops small, heat-proof casserole and s lemon juice over them. Broil 2 m shaking to turn juices. Turn so but do not pierce them with When all are turned, add wine serole, then mushrooms, shall mato and clam juice. Cover. S on top of stove 7-10 minutes. C with finely chopped parsley and Two servings, 150 calories each.





A party is a family birthday breakfast in the bedroom...

Once a year, Fashion Editor Trudy Owett wakes up in the middle of her own birthday party. Tradition has it that Trudy must luxuriate in the bedroom while her children—Margot, 10, and Adam, 12—serve a birthday feast in her honor. Margot, who has her mother's eye for pretty things, sets a table with fresh flowers, silver and flowered china. Adam, who likes to cook, is in charge of the Eggs Anglaise. Bernard, their advertising-executive father, mixes the champagne à l'orange (for the children it's ginger ale à l'...). The "birthday cake," a St. Lucia's bread, is made the day before by Trudy with icing by Margot. Also very important, a sunny bedroom setting like this one in shades of green with white that makes a person feel like celebrating.

RECIPES ON PAGE 127. Thomasville furniture, Evans Black carpet by Armstrong, Cohama curtain fabric, Wedgwood china, Gorham silver. Shopping information on page 140.



Top of page: Trudy Owett at traditional family birthday breakfast in her honor with children Margot and Adam, who carries St. Lucia's Bread decorated with candles to serve as birthday cake.

Above: Bedroom is a greenhouse of growing patterns—vines on curtains and canopy, shamrocks on tablecloth and pillows, a lawn of green carpet. White jacquard coverlet.

Right: Party table is dressed in layers of pretty cloth: on top, ruffled organdy, then green and white shamrocks, then a solid green cotton. On the table, a handsome silver service and centerpiece of roses.



HOW A PERSON WITH AN ULCER CAN BE A BIT OF A GOURMET

Here's one of 24 tasty dishes...ranging from Chicken Timbales to Rice Meringue...that have been specially developed to excite a fussy appetite without upsetting a fussy stomach.

You'll find them in the free Cream of Rice recipe book, along with doctor-approved dishes for low-fat, low-salt, egg free and other special diets.

They're all based on Cream of Rice, the cereal that's easier to digest than any other type of cereal...causes less stomach acid...provides rich vitamin-mineral nutrition. Try it.



CHEESE SOUFFLE (for bland diets)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1½ cups milk | ½ cup shredded mild cheddar cheese |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 3 eggs, separated |
| ¼ cup Cream of Rice | Grated Parmesan cheese, optional |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | |

Combine milk and salt; scald. Sprinkle in Cream of Rice and cook, stirring constantly, for 1 minute. Remove from heat, cover and let stand 4 minutes. Add butter and cheese; stir until melted. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Beat egg yolks until lemon colored. Gradually blend warm rice mixture into egg yolks. Fold in about one-third of beaten egg whites, then remainder. Pour into unbuttered 1½-quart souffle or baking dish. Sprinkle top lightly with Parmesan. Bake in preheated 325° oven until puffed and golden brown, about 40 minutes. Serve immediately. 4 servings.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

Cream of Rice, Dept. LH100
P.O. Box 88, Lancaster, Penna. 17604
Please send me free 32-page recipe book, "Cooking with Imagination for Special Diets."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



CREAM OF RICE

This is the ham that's hickory smoked to taste like real ham should.



HICKORY SMOKED HAM

Ordinarily canned hams aren't smoked. But Rath Hams are—with genuine, hardwood hickory, no less.

Rath believes that ham you buy in a can should be more than just a boneless, skinless, easy-to-carve convenience. It should be smoked with hickory, fragrant with hickory right down to its lean, pink center.

That's why we still slow smoke over lazy hickory fires the old-fashioned smokehouse way. It costs us a little more, but the flavor difference is worth it.

This is the ham
that's cooked
in honey,
glazed with
honey to taste
like no other
ham ever has.

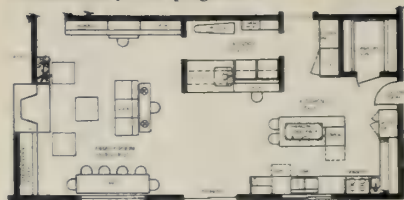


This is the ham
that's already
barbecued for you
so you don't
have to barbecue
it yourself.

From Rath—the first family of hams. The Rath Packing Company • Waterloo, Iowa

THE KITCHEN WOMEN WANTED

continued from page 111



enough!" "Never in the right place." In our kitchen we answer this problem in several ways. One way is an original cabinet design that utilizes the entire space from counter top to ceiling. The cabinets can be opened for use or closed off with tall, narrow-paneled folding doors. One of them holds blender, can opener, mixer and related dishes and foods (the appliances plug into a strip of outlets on the back of the counter). Open, its doors reveal a complete mixing center, with spacious counter space; closed, the doors hide all from view, but still leave a usable strip of counter. Similar cabinets are at the dishwasher (for everyday china) and in the entertainment and sewing-hobby centers in the family-room area. All doors, by the way, have easy-clean surfaces. The design makes maximum use of available space and has been one of the most highly acclaimed features of our kitchen.

Another feature that our women spoke wistfully about was a walk-in pantry. It's something most women despaired of ever convincing a builder to include in his plans, but we did, and you should have seen the eyes pop when we asked our conferees back to see the results. Imagine! A six-foot-square area you can actually walk into; an area that pays for itself many times over in the convenience it offers.

We tried to design other storage cabinets to suit their contents by using adjustable and sliding shelves, rotary devices and various other accessories.

As for appliances, we got so many opinions from the women we talked to that it was often hard to decide which way to go. But being faithful to our "majority rules" dictum, we reached these decisions: for the best of all pos-

sible kitchens there must be two ovens, both self-cleaning. A majority of women wanted a built-in type at eye level (here, it's in the center island); the other is part of a 30-inch range near the sink. The choice in refrigerator went to a model with two vertical sections—one for fresh food, the other frozen. A separate, upright freezer was requested. "But not in the basement," several women said. "It really is much use down there." Ours is located near the main work area.

Top choice for a dishwasher was that installs under the sink. And the idea that with a dishwasher a single bowl sink is sufficient was roundly bunked. Two sink bowls were wanted, and some women thought three would be better. The arrangement we finally came up with is a double-bowl sink with a disposer in one drain, and a small sink with a hot-water-dispensing device near the mixing center.

As for small, plug-in appliances, the women said, "Terrific, but where we plug them in?" The answer in our kitchen is a two-way cupboard under the wooden top in the center island. The appliances can be removed from either side and, thanks to a strip of electric outlets, can be used right top of the counter. (This counter, the way, is lower than the others, giving a special work surface for mixing, stirring, etc.)

When the subject of laundries came up, the women voted overwhelmingly for an area near, but not in, the kitchen. We planned ours along an inner wall and in addition to washer, dryer and cabinet for supplies, we reserved space for an ironing board.

This, then, is our story. With its careful design and attention to detail, we are confident that we have given women the kitchen they've been asking for. (Incidentally, if you're in the Hackettstown, New Jersey, area any time between now and December, the house is open for public viewing. Just drive north a few miles on Route 517 to Panther Valley and ask for the house built by the Frank H. Hackett Company with LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)

At a kitchen preview, one of our women conferees admires laundry center.



Rotary shelf under counter means nothing is ever forgotten or hidden from view.



Tiny sink with faucet dispenses instant very hot water—for tea or coffee.



Another conferee admires cabinet doors: "No one's gets bumped."



In life the little things are so often the big things.

A wave, a smile, a kiss—these things announce and symbolize the bigger realities.

So it is with Accent. Accent wakes up the flavor nature puts in food.

Accent doesn't put the flavor there—it brings it out.



Accent makes just about every plain and fancy dish you can prepare taste better.

Accent is no big deal. But it would appear to be

a mighty big small deal.

When you add Accent, you know you're doing everything possible to make that dish the best possible.

A little Accent (like a little love) surely helps.



continued from page 82

the Angry Husband, blackmails him. That is called the Badger Game. In the domestic form there are many opportunities for surprises if the hidden spouse decides to pull a switch. Then the game may end in murder, suicide, lawsuit or divorce.

In the game called Who Needs You? the wife takes a lover to make her husband jealous, or vice versa. Sometimes none of the three knows that that is the real reason, and sometimes all of them do, and the neighbors as well. Or the spouses may know and the lover may not, in which case he is the Patsy; but few lovers are that stupid. In Steal One, Mr. Right has an affair with Mrs. Left not to get back at his wife, but to make Mr. Left sorry; while Mrs. Left takes Mr. Right not to get back at her husband, but to make Mrs. Right sorry. On the other hand, this may be a competitive game rather than a spiteful one, in which case it is called I Can Do Better Than the Other Guy, Didn't I? These three games—Who Needs You?, Steal One and I Can Do Better—make great combinations for plays, operas and novels, especially since each of the players can play counter-games if he wants to.

The Sandwich is a straight three-handed operation, not a game. Everybody is supposed to feel good and nobody is supposed to feel sorry. It may be played with any assortment of sexes. It goes this way: A has sex with B, then B with C, then C with A. Thus each party has sex twice and watches once. It is turned into a swindle in the Potato Sandwich. Here A and B have sex, with C watching and waiting her turn, but her turn never comes; she is left holding the potato.

Such swindles are very common in children's sex play. In You Show Me Yours and I'll Show You Mine, played by two persons, A shows, but B doesn't, or vice versa.

Rat Fink Potato Sandwich is a three-handed game where C turns the tables. A shows his and B shows hers, but when C's turn comes she runs home and tells mother instead.

Double Potato is a four-handed game. Mr. Green has sex with Mrs. Brown, his wife's best friend. Mrs. Green and Mr. Brown would like to have sex, too, but the others arrange it so they can't, and they are left holding the potatoes.

Why people play games

The advantages of playing games are nowhere shown more clearly than in sexual games.

(1) Straight sex keeps people happy in a straight way. Sexual games satisfy other needs: hate, spite, anger, fear,

guilt, shame and embarrassment, along with hurt and inadequacy, and all the other perverse feelings for which some people have to settle in place of love. By using their sexuality for bait as well as for pleasure, game players can satisfy both their hangups and their desires and thus keep themselves reasonably contented—on their way to Loserville. This is called the internal psychological advantage of a game: it keeps the pressure down and prevents the

person from flipping out. Sometimes, however, the pressure gets so great that no game can relieve it. The infamous Marquis De Sade, for example, kept making his mother sorrier and sorrier, until he ended in the asylum at Charenton, leaving a trail of poisoned and beaten girls behind him.

(2) The second advantage, called the external psychological, is that games avoid confrontations, responsibilities, and commitments. Dry games avoid in-

tercourse and, therefore, confrontation with the naked body and the call action, as well as responsibility (deforation, impregnation, stimulation, and affection. Wet games do not avoid intercourse but, because they are games, they avoid commitment to the part-

(3) While games keep people from getting too close for comfort, they bring the players together and keep them together, close enough to keep them from being bored with each other

but not close enough to be seriously committed. Games give them the illusion of being part of the human race, or at least of heading that way. Actually, games are part of "until" programs. They are supposed to prelude the Real Thing when the Right Person will come along. Too often the Right Person is Santa Claus's son Prince Charming, or his daughter Snow Maiden, who will either come, or in many cases, die. Games give something to do meanwhile, a way of structuring time while waiting in Destination bus station, and they have the same relation to reality as waiting in a bus station does to swimming on a sunny day. They offer a framework for pseudo-socializing in privacy and this is called their external social advantage.

(4) Since games are made of incidents and little dramas, sometimes real, sometimes phony, they give people something to go on about on the outside. This is called their external social advantage.

(5) Sexual games satisfy stimulus hunger and recognition hunger as well as structure hunger. For some people, they are more than sitting alone (isolation), being polite at cocktail parties (rituals), going to work in the morning (activities), or talking about golf (pastimes). They speed up the metabolism, stimulate the glands, and keep the body, mind and spirit from slowly shriveling up.

(6) There is something always interwoven with games and that is Being or the answer to the question "Who Am I?" This, and the next question, "What am I doing here?" are existential questions. The existential

advantage of sexual games is that they go a long way toward answering the two puzzles, although not as far as intimacy does. They are particularly useful in answering the third question, which is, "Who are all those other people?"

Every life script is based on three questions, and parental programming—how parents teach us to face life and love—usually tries to give ready-made answers. As long as the person follows her script, she will devote herself to proving that those answers are the right ones for her. In a word, the script, the résumé may read: "You prince, you're here to give your-

"Big enough to reach things without a chair. That's how big we want to be."

She'll never need Wonder Bread more than right now.

The time to grow bigger and stronger is during the "Wonder Years"—ages one through twelve—when a child reaches 90% of her adult height. So help your child by serving Wonder Enriched Bread. Each slice supplies vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates and protein. Delicious Wonder Bread!

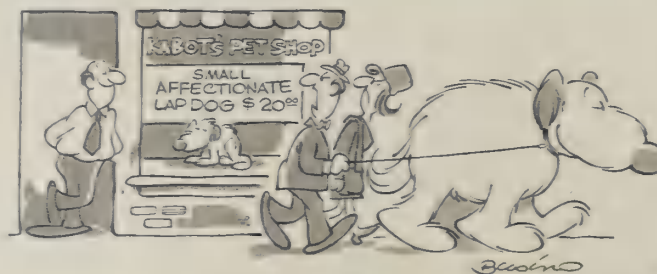


Helps build strong bodies 12 ways!



Poppy Gannon's Meal-a-day Menus

Have you tried salmon salad with capers sandwiches?



"Still up to your old tricks, eh?"

ers, and the others are people who
d you." Through sexual games, the
son will try to confirm again and
in that it really is like that: a man,
example, that he really is a prince
at least a Derby winner), that he
ly can be generous, and that others
men) really are grateful. Once he
satisfied that all those things are
e, he may be ready to settle down to
ore intimate relationship where he
ot so concerned with trying to prove
othing. For a loser the answers
ht read: "You're a no-good tramp.
re here to work your butt off, and
others are bums who will make you
t." In such a case the games will be
igned to prove that she really is no
l (even if she struggles against it),
she has to grind her way through
with her pelvic muscles, and that
men will take advantage of her
never possible. It's a bum rap, but
works the same way a good script

s.
ames keep people comfortably hap-
or familiarly miserable by proving
parental programming gives a true
ure of their existence and the world
and them, and sexual games are
fully planned to do that by picking
right players and setting them up
espond in the required way.

Berne's Alphabet of Marriage: Can You Find Yours?

Marriage may be based on or involve
number of situations. I will not
mpt a formal analysis of this diffi-
relationship, which results in 500-
divorces per year in this country
e. (The moral of this, obviously, is
the sovereign remedy for divorce
abolish marriage.) But I would
to suggest a very artificial classifi-
on that has two advantages: it is
misleading, and it is easy to re-
ber. It is based on the letters A, H,
S, V, X and Y.

A marriage starts off as a shot-
or makeshift marriage. The couple
ar apart, but soon they find a sin-
common bond, perhaps the new
y. This is represented by the cross-
of the A. As time goes on, they get
r and closer until they finally
together, and then they have a
concern. This is represented by
pex of the A.

H marriage starts off the same
but the couple never gets any
r, and the marriage is held togeth-
a single bond. Except for this
each partner goes where he or
originally headed.

I marriage starts off and ends
the couple forged into a single

O marriage goes round and round
circle, never getting anywhere.
epeating the same patterns until
terminated by death or separation.

S marriage wanders around seek-
appiness, and eventually ends up
ly above and to the right of where
orted, but it never gets any farther
that, leaving both parties dis-
ented, bewildered and good candi-
for psychotherapy, since there is
h in the relationship that they
want a divorce.

V marriage starts off with a close
e, but they immediately begin to
e, perhaps after the honeymoon
or even after the first night.

X marriage starts off like an A
age. At one point there is a single
all of bliss. They wait for the bliss

Cook a perfect main dish, complete with meat, without really cooking at all.

You're looking at a whole line of great, complete
noodle, rice and spaghetti dinners from Chef Boy-Ar-Dee®.
If you made them yourself, they'd take hours.
But with our dinners, everything is completely complete,
right from the box. (Except we ask you to add
a little fresh milk to our Stroganoff.) Every
dinner, from Chicken and Mushrooms to Goulash,
has been fussed and worried over as if you'd been
there yourself. From the rich egg noodles, to the good
lean beef, to the cheese aged six months.
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dinner in a merciful 15 minutes.

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Spaghetti — Meatballs, Meat
Sauce, Mushroom (Meatless).
Rice — Chicken Paprika,
Chicken and Mushrooms, Beef
Marinara, Braised Beef.
Noodle — Stroganoff, Goulash, Lasagna.
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Poppy
Cannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus



to happen again, but it never does, and
soon they drift apart, never again to
reunite.

A Y marriage starts off well, but dif-
ficulties multiply, and eventually each
partner finds separate interests and
goes his or her own way.

There are undoubtedly many other
types of marriage, but they do not fit
into our alphabet, so they will have to
be left for a more complicated system
of classification. **END**

LOVE SONG . . . IN AUTUMN

By Gladys McKee

Come, glance at Autumn
As it passes.
It is April stored
In golden glazes,
Done with the sharp
Heartbreak of youth,
It is the ripe,
Firm, fruit of truth.

Nor late for dreaming,
Nor for bliss,
It is Time's own
Enchanted kiss
Of peace. Be wise,
My heart and know
This time of grace
Before the snow.

ONE SKILLET DOES A DINNER MAKE...

It's sweet... it's tart... it has the hearty meaty goodness of browned pork; it's the perfect dish to take the sting out of robust appetites. The secret of its goodness is Kitchen Bouquet's special blend of delicate herbs and spices that helps seal the succulent juices inside the chops while it helps them cook dark and crisp on the outside.

Kitchen Bouquet works wonders for steak and poultry, too, broiled indoors or out. And as many good cooks know, a teaspoon of Kitchen Bouquet helps make gravies rich-looking and savory. If you've never used it, try a bottle!



PORK CHOP SKILLET

- 4 pork chops, trimmed
- 2 tablespoons honey
- 1 teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet
- 4 medium-sized Louisiana yams
- 2 medium-sized tart apples
- 1/4 cup apple juice or cider
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Combine honey and Kitchen Bouquet in a large skillet; place over low heat. Turn chops to coat meat on all sides. Increase heat to medium; brown chops. Remove chops. Add a little apple juice to skillet, stirring to loosen bits. Add pared yams, cut into 1/4-inch rounds, add pared and quartered apples cut into thick slices to skillet; top with chops. Pour remaining apple juice and seasoning over chops. Bring to a boil, cover and cook over low to medium heat until tender, about 45 minutes. Baste occasionally. If necessary, add more apple juice. 4 servings.

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KITCHEN BOUQUET

Journal Shopping Center
A PARTY IS A PRETTY BRUNCH—

Page 88
The Dining Room
Wallpaper. "Dash-Dash" in lime green, by Louis W. Bowen, Inc. *Flooring.* Corrie Marble vinyl Corlon #85304, by Armstrong. *Dining table,* base faced with oyster-white Texolite, 3/4" plate-glass top, 36" x 84", is custom built. *Chippendale chairs* in unfinished wood: arm, \$95 ea., and side, \$80 ea., and walnut buffet cabinet, \$165.95 (we had these pieces lacquered white), are from the Door Store, 210 E. 50th St., N.Y.C. *Mirror,* with white-lacquer frame, 18" x 30", \$54, by Tyndale. *Etagères* of stainless steel, with glass shelves, 32" w. x 96" h. x 12" d., \$680 ea., by Brueton Industries. *Fabric* for draperies, "Serenade" cotton satin, 54" w., \$4 yd., by Everfast. Curtains of "Melody" Celanese Fortrel ninon, 44" w., \$1.50 yd., by Melbee. Chair seats covered in "Voltaire" cotton rep, 51" w., from Boussac of France. *Chandelier,* black wrought iron with gilded leafwork and crystal prisms, by Lightolier from Capitol Lighting, East Hanover, N. J.

Table Setting
Table runners of "Suntwill" petal-pink Fortrel polyester and cotton, 48" w., \$4 yd., by Everfast, edged with embroidered rose trim #6363-1, \$2.95 yd., by Wright's. *Bone china.* "Crimson Lancaster" pattern, 10" dia. plates, \$100 ea., and teacups with saucers, also \$100 ea., by Spode. *Crystal dessert plates,* \$4.75 ea., dessert/champagne goblets in "Brilliance" pattern, \$8.50 ea., and water goblets in "Radiance" pattern, \$7.50 ea., are by Lenox Crystal. *Flatware.* "Grand Regency" sterling, \$71.50 5-pc. place setting, by International. *Four-piece coffee/tea service* with matching tray, \$300, gravy set and 19" oval platter, \$50 ea., 14" dia. chop plate, and 13 1/2" round tray, \$32.50 ea., all in "Staffordshire" pattern, are Webster Wilcox silverplate by International. *Napkins* of Irish linen by Braidwater. Brass butterflies, frogs, dragonflies, salamanders, decorating centerpiece, \$1.50 ea., from Sona. *The Golden One,* 11 E. 55th St., N.Y.C.

A PARTY IS A MIDNIGHT SOUP SUPPER—Page 90
Rimmed soup plates in "Olery's" pattern French faience, \$4 ea., and "Trumpet" crystal champagne glasses, \$4.50 ea., from Far Corners, 531 Lake Ave., St. James, N.Y. *Wine cooler.* "Vintage" pattern in Webster Wilcox silverplate, \$55, and "1810" sterling flatware, \$98 5-pc. place setting, by International. *Napkins* in orange and avocado-green Irish linen by Braidwater, which we trimmed with woven cotton braid, #9536, \$1.90 yd., by Wright's. *Tablecloth,* a Java Panel, in "Floral" pattern, 48" x 80" printed cotton, \$8, from Carol Brown, Putney, Vt.

A PARTY IS FOR A CAUSE—Page 92
The Living Room
Furniture. Loveseats, \$580 ea. in muslin; coffee table, plexiglas base with plate glass top, \$690; library table, rosewood top with polished-chrome on steel base, \$400, and armchair with polished chrome on steel frame, \$140 in muslin, are all by Founders. Painted Dutch cupboard is an old, one-of-a-kind piece. *Fabric* for draperies and love-seats, "Carmel" pattern in blueberry, 53" w. linen and cotton, from Franciscan Fabrics. *Fabric* on armchair, "Suntwill" Capri blue 48" w. Fortrel polyester and cotton, \$4 yd., by Everfast. *Pillows* covered in emerald-green Cantoni Italian velvet, 36" w. cotton, \$4 yd., and in bright pink and bright yellow 100% Trevira velvet, \$4.50 yd. *Lamps,* blue and white ceramic base with midnight blue pleated shade, and mirrored glass base with white pleated shade, \$72 ea., by Tyndale. *Persian tiles,* mounted to hang on wall, are from Country Floors, 300 E. 61st St., N.Y.C. *Rug.* "Happening" in butterfly yellow, from the Lancaster line by Armstrong. *Wall paint,* 24R130 yellow, and green floor stain, Martin Senour Paint Co.

The Table Setting
Coffee pot, \$17.50, and covered sugar bowl, \$10.50, in "Blue Italian"; teacups in "Blue Camilla", \$4.60 ea.; teacups, \$5.80 ea., and dessert plates, \$4.50 ea., in "Bluebird", all patterns in Imperial Earthenware by Spode. *Footed cake stand* 11" dia., \$9.50, and torte plate, 13" dia., \$8, in "Old Williamsburg" crystal by Imperial Glass Co. *Teaspoons* and sugar tongs in "Royal Rose" sterling, \$75.75 5-pc. place setting; *dessert forks* in "Grand Colonial" sterling, and cake knife and serving fork in "Meadow Rose" sterling, \$67.25 5-pc. place setting; *tea tray,* \$69.95, tea pot and coffee pot, \$65 ea., in "Merrimere" silverplate, all by Wallace Silversmiths. *Napkins* of Belgian linen by Fallani & Cohn. Silk flowers used in huge arrangement are from Vincent Lippe.

A PARTY IS AFTER-DINNER DESSERTS—Page 94
The Study
Fabric for ceiling, walls, draperies and window shade (for shade, fabric was laminated to Tontine Tri-Lam window shade cloth by Stauffer Chemical), "Coq d'Or" cotton satin, and for tablecloth, "Playlet" cotton, both 54" w., \$4 yd., by Everfast. *Loveseat,* "Warwick" in green sailcloth, \$425, by Simmons. *Rug.* "Bengali" design in ivory and blue wool, \$345, 6' x 9', by Pande Cameron.

Garden stool in white pottery, \$48, by Tyndale. *Fabric* applied to walls with Arno tape.

The Table Setting
Pottery, a mix and match pattern called "Baroque," \$17.50 place setting, and tiny baskets of ribbon covered book matches, \$2.50 ea., from Tablerie, 1053 Third Ave., N.Y.C. *Flatware,* "Stanton Hall" sterling, \$74.25 5-pc. place setting, and "Henley" silverplate coffee pot, \$50, by Oneida Silversmiths. *Stromberg crystal decanters,* \$21, \$32.50 and \$50 ea., from Far Corners, 531 Lake Ave., St. James, N.Y. *Candleholders* of Rhodium finished metal with lucite, \$20 ea., and pillar candles, 1 1/2" dia. x 9" h., \$1.50, and 1 1/2" dia. x 12" h., \$2—prices are for boxes of two, by Lenox Candles. *Napkins* of Irish linen by Blackstaff. *Latex potpourri planter* (holding liqueur miniatures), \$15, and "Old Willow" demitasse cups with saucers, \$3.75 ea., are also from Tablerie.

A PARTY IS COCKTAILS IN THE GARDEN—Page 96
French faience plates in "Olery's" pattern, \$4.50 ea., from Far Corners, 531 Lake Ave., St. James, N.Y. *Forks,* butter spreaders and serving spoons and forks in "Golden Modern Baroque" pattern gold electroplate, \$23.50 5-pc. place setting, and trays, 12" dia. Chippendale, and 12 1/2" dia. round, both in 24 karat gold electroplate from the Tudor Collection, \$25 ea., by Oneida Silversmiths. *Champagne, wine, cocktail goblets,* "Antique" pattern, \$4.50 ea., by Lenox Crystal. *Napkins,* Belgian linen by Fallani & Cohn.

A PARTY IS A FAMILY BIRTHDAY BREAKFAST—Page 135
The Bedroom
Furniture in brushed-white finish with willow green trim: headboard with metal frame, queen size, \$103.50; night stand, \$81; Seamanier, \$228; bench, \$41, and side chair, \$68, from the Allegro Collection by Thomasville. *White wicker armchair,* \$124, and ottoman \$73, from the Southampton Group by Tropi Cal. *Carpets,* "Executive Suite" in spring green, \$12.95 sq. yd., from Evans Black Carpets by Armstrong. *Curtains,* bed canopy and dust ruffle of "Arabesque" Dacron and polyester batiste, 48" w., \$2.95 yd., by Cohama. *Bed throw* and covering on chair and ottoman cushions made from "Queen Elizabeth" pattern bedspreads, \$55 in queen size, by Bates. *Pillows* and tablecloth of "Boscobel Clover" glazed chintz, 54" w., and pillows of "Tor toise" cotton print, 52" w., both fabrics by Brunswick & Fils. *White metal palm tree lamp* with parrot-green shade, \$86, by Tyndale. *Centerpiece,* a green ceramic daisy-lea base with holes for the insertion of 20 flowers, \$17.50, flowers, \$2 ea., from Far Corners.

KITCHEN-FAMILY ROOM, GENERAL (Page 108)
All appliances, large and small, General Electric, cabinets, custom design Chalet White birch, Quaker Maid; *counters,* Dark Oliv Mist and White Textolite; *stainless steel sinks,* Elkay; *vinyl flooring,* Bayberry Montana Corlon, Armstrong; *wallpaper,* pre-pasted, strippable, washable Olé #7115 United; *all built-in lighting,* Lightolier.

KITCHEN: Hanging utensil rack with light custom made by Union Wire Frame Co. *chairs,* Thonet Industries, custom painted by The Finishing Touch; *cutlery* by Utica; *utensils* on hanging rack and ceramic tureen. *Pampered Kitchens;* cookie jar, Tablerie.

PANTRY: 12-qt. stockpot, 11-qt. colander strainer, Wear-Ever Gourmet Cookware stool, utility table, Cosco; shelf lining, scoop, self-closing wastebasket, Rubbermaid; wire posy planter, Ekco.

PREPARATION CENTER: white covered casseroles, Store 'n See Ware, Pyrex Ware, Corning; *Freezeette Flats,* Republic; tall aluminum mold, Nordic Ware; *salt and pepper mills,* Mort Marton; *flour sifter,* Bromwell.

FAMILY ROOM—(Page 110)
Sectional sofa and ottomans, Founders; upholstery and drapery fabric, Bloomcraft "Intense" P6237; *chairs,* Thonet Industries. *Chair seat fabric,* Cohama #4053 Lime Ice. *Parson's sofa table,* custom made, Textolite covered; *dining table* and *cocktail table,* The Butcher Block, J & D Brauner, Inc.; *candle towers* (on dining table), Environment. *Ceramics;* *lamps,* Reliable Furniture Co.; *fire place tools* and *andirons,* J. C. Christen Mfg. Co. **LAUNDRY AREA:** *washer, dryer,* iron, General Electric; *sink,* Elkay; *ironing tab,* Lady Seymour; *laundry sorter,* Cosco; *towel,* Fieldcrest. **SEWING CENTER:** *sewing machine,* Singer; *dress form* and *sewing accessories,* Dritz; *zodiac needlepoint* and *framed,* Alice Maynard; *storage boxes* covered in Cor-Tact; *doll,* Playskool. **ENTERTAINMENT CENTER:** *Record player,* radio, *speaker,* portable color TV, all General Electric; *records,* RCA Records; *cameras,* camera case, film projector, Eastman Kodak; *cassettes* on games, 3 M Company.

LOWER LEFT—(Page 136)
Instant-Hot Water Dispenser, Nat'l. Dispenser Co., Div. of Hobart Mfg. Co. **TO RIGHT:** *Grandma's milk bottles;* Wheaton Nuline Americana Collection. **CENTER RIGHT:** *pressure cooker,* Nat'l. Pressure rotary rice, colander, Bromwell; 4-qt. orange casserole, Dansk; 2-qt. Cerama casserole by Wear-Ever.

*through decorators or decorating departments of local stores.



INGRID BERGMAN SPEAKS OUT

One year ago, Ingrid Bergman's love affair with film director Roberto Rossellini created a worldwide scandal. "I had a child by my second husband long before I had a divorce from my first," she says. For this reason, Miss Bergman is reluctant to sermonize about today's morality. But in an interview with JOURNAL editor Diane Lurie, Miss Bergman did voice strong opinions about the nudity in movies that are so prevalent in current movies.

Love story can be told by a man and a woman holding hands or just looking at each other. They don't need to jump into bed. Movies go on today. Tasteful love scenes are not limited to showing two people holding hands. Yet I know of marvelous and beautiful picture stories—that I'll remember for the rest of my life and that did not require showing anything. Ugly love scenes shock me. I mean that I don't like to see people naked. I don't want to be told all the details. I want something that stimulates the imagination.

I have been offered roles that call for nudity or semi-nudity. But I would never agree to play this kind of role—not when I was younger, and I don't want my children to see anything that would embarrass me. I don't want anyone I know to be embarrassed, including my husband. I don't believe there is a need for nudity. Since the beginning of the movie theatre has existed without nudity, why change now?

Probably all started with sex scenes that shocked audiences, who in the past said, "You must see that!" It is that Swedish film, *I Am a Woman* (Yellow), which I haven't seen. I understand crowds flock in, but I leave saying "That was a good picture." Instead they say "You see what they do!"

I am against censorship. I don't think there should be official guidelines for movies. The trend must be to let movies run its course. But I wish that making movies had more taste. I have not seen all of Ingmar Bergman's pictures, but those I have seen I like because of his grace and with taste. His disciples, however, do not. I play this. Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* was a touching film; the young people were lovely. But it was not necessary to see the man stand up in bed naked. It could be that this type of movie is popular in America because of the American background. The American movie code was once so strict that audiences today are probably

curious to see what they have never been allowed to see. Twenty-one years ago when I went to Italy to make *Stromboli* backed by a U.S. company, I took a copy of the movie code with me. We had to be careful not to do anything that could not be shown on the screen in America. It was unbelievable how the code spelled out what you were and were not allowed to show. A double bed didn't exist in a movie marriage. Even in a married couple's bedroom, you had to have two beds with a table separating them. And since the code detailed how long a kiss could last, all kisses were timed.

"Words like 'whore' were forbidden. Instead you said 'strumpet,' although nobody knew what it meant. You could not finish a love scene on screen. Someone had to interrupt it. We were in trouble in *Arch of Triumph*. In the book, the girl I played came to a hotel room with a man and stayed. We couldn't show that. Finally, we found a solution. I wanted a cup of coffee, so I rang the bell for room service. That was how the scene ended.

"Today we have gone to the other extreme. I would like common sense—just common sense—to prevail. Unfortunately, many people don't use common sense. Some actors, directors and audiences think it's smart to show or see nudity. They also think that they have to live up to an image, to impress others. These people forget that the best thing is to be honest. They should be what they are and tell the truth as it is."

On her children's viewpoint

"My children are less shocked by nudity on the stage and screen than I am. My son Robin is fed up. 'I can't stand it anymore,' he says. When you get that blasé at twenty, the tide must be turning. Everything changes, or we outgrow it. Like fashion. Short skirts. Transparent blouses. I don't like it. It is embarrassing to have look-through blouses. I was brought up not to show myself in public without clothes. Short skirts look appealing on some girls, but on others are (continued)

AN AMERICAN GUIDE TO BOEUF BOURGUIGNON

No need to stand for hours over a skillet to make this classic French specialty! With this clever U.S. version, you can do it in a casserole...and let your oven do the work.

Another nice American touch is the mushrooms... BinB Mushrooms. They're the choice brown variety... already broiled in butter...and packed in their own buttery broth. (Most mushrooms are just packed in throw-away brine.) Convenience note: choice of whole crowns, sliced or chopped!



Not a morsel of taste is lost in the translation!

OVEN BEEF BURGUNDY

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 2 lb. chuck or round beef | 1/4 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 tablespoon Kitchen Bouquet | 1/4 teaspoon marjoram, crushed |
| 1/4 cup Cream of Rice | 1/4 teaspoon thyme, crushed |
| 4 carrots | 1 cup Burgundy or dry red wine |
| 2 cups thinly sliced onions | 1 can (6 oz.) or 2 cans (3 oz.) BinB Mushroom Crowns including broth |
| 1 cup thinly sliced celery | |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | |
| 2 teaspoons salt | |

Trim excess fat from meat. Cut into 1 1/2-inch cubes. Place in a 2 1/2-quart casserole and toss gently with Kitchen Bouquet coating meat on all sides. Mix in Cream of Rice. Cut carrots in quarters lengthwise and in half crosswise. Add in carrots and remaining ingredients. Mix gently. Cover and bake in a pre-heated 325° oven until meat and vegetables are tender, about 2 1/2 hours. Stir meat every 30 minutes. Serve with potatoes, rice, or noodles. 6 to 8 servings.

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B IN B MUSHROOMS

Poppy Gannon's Meal-a-day Menus + Poppy G

disgraceful. I am sorry they do not have a friend to tell them so. It is incredible to me that a girl does not look at herself in the mirror and realize what is best for her. But they just follow a pattern and don't think.

"My twins Ingrid and Isabella have a governess. They are controlled as much as you can control children at eighteen. I don't know what they read. I can't regulate that. I can only regulate what they see when I am with them. Since they do not understand English well enough to see a dramatic play, we saw musicals the last time they visited me in New York—*Mame* and *Hello, Dolly*. We had seen *Hair* off-Broadway, where the actors did not take off their clothes. My little Ingrid wanted to see *Hair* again when it was on Broadway. Here the actors did take off their clothes. Ingrid said of the nudity, 'Well, that's all right, I don't care. I want to hear the music again.' My children know what a human body looks like. If people want to show off their bodies in public, it doesn't make their hair stand on edge. But it does shock me. I am not used to it."

On violence

"Maybe you become more sensitive as you grow older. I just can't look at torture on the screen. When you go through something in life that hurts you, you understand and feel for somebody who has to go through the same thing. You are more tender, more apt to cry, more able to recognize pain. A young person doesn't know all this sadness exists in life—or that you have to get through it. This is why I do not think they react as strongly to violence. I cry at certain tragic scenes. My children laugh and say, 'What is there to cry about?' I can't watch violence. They can. *Mondo Cane* was a picture in which the ugliest things were shown. When my son saw it I asked him, 'How can you stand it?'"

"Human nature is cruel. You cannot stop it. But they are good-hearted, my children. I have taught them to be kind. It helped to nag them not to pull the wings off flies or do anything like that. They never hurt animals. I have ruined many games. I never even let Robin play with toy guns, toy tanks or any weapon. If a guest brought him one, the gift disappeared the moment the guest left. My son would run around searching for it. One day he came back from the woods with a stick that looked like a gun. 'Bang, bang, bang,' he said. What can you do? I can't even stand people who hunt. My husband, Lars, liked hunting, but he doesn't go anymore. We do fish off our island near Sweden. I pull the fish up and apologize, 'Excuse me, but

you are going to be eaten for dinner.' Then somebody else has to kill it.

"It is naughty in a way. I say one thing and do another. It isn't easy to be a parent. We all know that. Children rarely listen to their parents. We seem to be losing. There should be a compromise between a child's wish and a parent's wish. We should win more than fifty percent of the time. But we underestimate children. They see and hear everything a grownup does.

They see the hypocrisy. We do many wrong things to our children. They often have a right to rebel. I try to answer any questions my children ask and not look down on their problems. I have never lied to them."

On acting

"When I was three years old, I didn't play with dolls but with imaginary characters—kings, queens, villains—and I invented stories to act in.

When I was about fifteen, I realized that acting helped me over my shyness. Until then, I wasn't a mute, but I only spoke when I had to. If I knew the answer to a question and had to give it, just having to get off my chair and stand up in front of the class made me blush. School was hell.

"I am not as shy anymore, but it took me a long time. I am no longer afraid. At work I still have shyness. I speak emotional scenes that express love or anger. When I had to go out in front of people to talk, attend the Academy Awards or something like that, I am embarrassed. Like many actors, when I come out as myself, I don't know what myself is.

"Do I have trouble keeping balance with my success? No, I am not vain; I know my limitations. I am not a character actress. Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn can play different people. I cannot change much. Not my voice, not my accent, not my face. Or my hairdo or maybe my way of walking. The parts, in the end, become me. I can play bitterness or hardness. I tried in *The Visit*. Bette Davis has strong qualities. I couldn't do what she did. Nor could I play in *Virigo Woolf*. I couldn't have gotten the wildness necessary for Elizabeth Taylor's part.

"I was dedicated to *Joan of Arc*. As a child, I adored her. I had collected books and medals of her. I even made a tour of where she was born. After the picture was made, we did another tour for publicity. I had been concerned that the script be the absolute truth about her. Many stories have been written—either she was insane or in love with the Dauphin. I had such respect for the Joan. I was very grateful to get the part. Even now I am still Joan of Arc. France. When I return, I go through customs, and they say 'Oh, Joan of Arc. You back again?'"

"People ask my children if they have thought of going into the theatre. My oldest daughter, Pia, who is a TV news reporter, is jokingly when she was a child: 'Must I become an actress because you are?' The younger girls have

films I have done. They go to the movies with their father, who is always rating the movies. They know there is glamour to it—just work. You must have talent. Just standing in front of the camera won't do.

"It is a sacrilege to give a bad performance. Or if you are in a picture, not to care about each night. I know that though you may not feel well and personal problems interfere with your concentration, every night should be the best night. I am not ambitious. I am dedicated. I can't imagine doing without acting—or acting without respect for it."

Kick the same old soup habit.



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Soup is a quick answer for lunch, brunch or supper. But why keep settling for the same old thing? Next time, serve the super soup — rich, tangy, scrumptious Snow's Clam Chowder. Whether you prefer it New England style, simmered with creamy, wholesome milk — or the Manhattan version, spiked with succulent tomato flavor — Snow's Clam Chowder is a heat-and-eat treat with a delectable difference. Your family will agree *Soup Just Can't Match It!*





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4. DOCTOR!

Continued from page 64

d in his customary sepulchral voice d, "Hmm. Tell me, Mr. Levenson. ow long have you had this cough?" How those doctors could ever make diagnosis on the basis of the symptoms provided by their patients only oves what remarkable practitioners y were.

The dialogue again:
'How do you feel?'
'How should I feel?'
'What hurts you?'
'What doesn't hurt me?'
'When do you feel badly?'
'When don't I feel badly?'
'When did it start?'
'When will it end better?'

What's the matter with me? I'm k from top to bottom. My head nds, my eyes flicker, my heart ps, my stomach gurgles, my knees ak, my ankles swell, my feet burn, I I myself don't feel so good. If I en't, thank God, so healthy I dn't stand the pain."

Doctor, I have a sort of something t bothers me sometimes here, some- es there and I can't tell you exact- hen. . . ."

So, here are some pills for you to e I don't know how many times a for God knows how long and you'll better, but I don't know when. Be e to take them an hour before you the pain."

So you went to the druggist for ad- ? And what did that quack tell you lo?"
He told me to go to you."

ost of the time the doctor came to rather than we to him. If you were l enough to get out of bed and go to office you didn't need him. ince most of the patients didn't e telephones they sent someone to the doctor.

Who's sick?"
I am, but I didn't have anyone to l so I came for you myself."

he doctor's office reflected Dr. Vo- s personality. The decor was ful parlor classic—black leather arm- rs with black mahogany arms that ed in carved heads of lions, who ed like they, too, were in pain. In corner of the room, under a bell jar, a human skull concerning which e were many stories—that it was doctor's first patient, that he was ing better than he used to, that it been put there as a warning to e who didn't listen to the doctor. he people in the waiting room did n carefully to all the moans and ns that came from inside the office responded with sympathetic ns, groans, prayers and diagnoses. my! May God have mercy on I know that yell. Its the gallblad- yell. Nobody knows it like I know have had a gallbladder for years. should ask me, not him, like the erb says: 'Ask the patient not the or!'"

he doctor's fee was determined very h by word of mouth. No one bar- ed with a doctor. It's not nice. Yet lady would ask: "How much do I you, doctor?" And if he said: "My s two dollars," the lady would say, that so? 'They' told me a dollar-

fifty"—and she would squeeze a crum- pled dollar into his hand, which he ac- cepted without visible annoyance.

Mrs. G. next door didn't believe in doctors at all. "God heals and you pay the doctor. If God is willing I'll live." And God was; she not only lived, but outlived all her friends, and enemies. Her age was 90 and her weight 190 at the time of this incident, which, to be exact, took place at 3 A.M. of a cold winter's night. Mrs. G. had called her children together and said, "I'm not feeling so good. Maybe you'd better call the doctor." They didn't have to wake the doctor. He had just gotten home from a delivery and had not yet fallen asleep. He got out of bed and back into his clothes again and went off to help a sick lady who didn't believe in doctors, until this 3 A.M.

The children led the partially awake doctor to Mrs. G.'s bedside and left him alone with her. He reached down to get the stethoscope out of his bag, only to discover that there was no stethoscope, and no bag either. Rather than lose time going back for it he proceeded to examine her without it. He placed his head on her chest, digging his ear in as close to her heart as he could, and said, "Breathe slowly and count. Count until I tell you to stop."

Her bosom rose and fell as she counted.

When the doctor opened his eyes the sun was shining and she was up to one hundred and eighty-four thousand, two hundred and sixty-four, and both were feeling much better.

Dr. Vogel on one occasion told Mama she needed exercise. "Go out for a walk," he advised.

"Who's got time for such nonsense, doctor?" she said.

"If you want to be healthy you'll have to make time."

So Mama promised she would try to make time for exercise. In order to arrange this she had to rush her work a bit. Usually she put an immense kettle of laundry on the oven to boil at about 7 A.M. To speed up her schedule she lifted the 100-pound weight onto the oven single-handed at 6 A.M. Then she took four mattresses up to the roof and beat them to within an inch of their lives with a wicker fan. ("That should teach them to get dirty!") She left them there to recuperate for a few hours and ran down again to wash the floors, not with a mop, but on her hands and knees. (It was easier to sing that way.)

While the floor was drying she figured she could run down to the cellar to fetch some coal for the stove. While the soup was cooking she could do a little ironing. While the iron was getting hot she could run up to the roof and bring down the mattresses. On the way up she could return Mrs. Gordon's dress dummy. While the iron was cooling she could run down to the fruit store for 20 pounds of potatoes. She was still ahead of schedule so she sewed an apron, mended the lace curtains and cleaned the windows.

She rushed the family through supper. "Hurry up and eat. I've got to save time." She washed the dishes, swept the floor, threw the tablecloth into the washtub to soak, rushed to her room, changed her shoes and then dashed out of the house—"to do exercise."

Dr. Vogel had warned (*continued*)



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Mama about my tonsils for years, but he never got the job. My brother, Joe, was going to be a doctor soon and we could "take from him" for free, so we waited.

I knew the day had arrived when Papa announced at dinner one night: "Sammy, tomorrow we're going for a haircut." Albert made the sign of a knife passing across his throat, and I caught on. Actually, I was anxious to go, because when Albert had gone to have his tonsils out Mama had brought him home in a taxi. A taxi ride was worth getting your throat cut.

The night before the operation the family gave me a coming out party. I got an extra prune (Mama said it would help) and a slice of bread from the middle. I didn't have to practice the violin (which made the whole neighborhood happy), and my brothers let me sleep on the outside of the bed "by himself."

I was not afraid, but that night I made out my will—just in case. I left my skate key to Albert, who had nobly shared one left skate with me (to this day both he and I can skate only on our left foot), my bottle caps to Papa, my cache of unredeemed deposit bottles to Bill, my harmonica to the Philharmonic, Mama to Papa, my sneakers to my sister Dora, and my tonsils to brother Joe for research.

In the morning I was privileged to go to the bathroom ahead of all the brothers. This was their big mistake. I locked myself in and announced, "Maybe my tonsils are coming out, not me!"

"All right," they yelled back through the keyhole, "you don't have to come out, just let Papa out."

By this time Mama had a bigger lump in her throat than I did.

At the hospital Joe and a surgeon were waiting for me. They dressed me in a starched gown with faded blood stains on it, then wheeled me into the operating room. The first thing I did was beg the surgeon tearfully not to take out my whistle by mistake because I had just learned to whistle. Then the surgeon put a cone over my face and told me to count to 100. I guess he figured that by listening to my voice he would know when I went under. Not only didn't I go under, but I got louder and stronger as the numbers got higher. This was a poor kid's countdown: "One, two, three, four, . . . seven, . . . twenty-one, . . . thirty-four, thirty-five, . . . ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a dollar!"

They took away the cone and switched to what they told me was a searchlight. "Breathe in, then blow out the light." I breathed, I blew, and I was out. When I came in the ward,

the first thing I saw was my father eating ice cream. It was melting on the table, so he ate it.

I did not stay at the hospital for more than a few hours. Mama didn't want a repetition of what had happened to Albert after he stayed overnight for his operation. They had spoiled him. After he got home he wanted pajamas, a fresh sheet and breakfast in bed.

I was finally deposited in bed onto

You have to train yourself to get sick between 9 and 5. A.M.A. really means Afternoon Medical Association. The only professionals who still make night calls are burglars. While I am getting used to illness by appointment, my various organs still have to be convinced. My bursitis, for example, comes to life at night and sleeps all day. What I need is a doctor whose personal ailments synchronize with mine. Only last week my brother Joe referred me

Since there are more and more specialists—men who know more and more about less and less—you are in big trouble if you just feel generally lousy, cause it is virtually impossible to find a generally lousy doctor. Even children don't play doctor any more; they play specialist.

Babies are now being born by appointment, too, on the basis of the obstetrician's calendar. "We have opening for you on Tuesday morning

Mrs. Hopkins. No. Monday is out. The doctor is taking long weekends."

"But suppose the baby comes . . ."

"Sorry to inconvenience you, but we advised you that the doctor's schedule before you conceived."

"Nurse, please ask the doctor whether he plans to be home next Thanksgiving. I think I'm pregnant."

On behalf of the contemporary American doctor should be said that in view of the amount of paper which he is required to do it is surprising that he gets to the patient at all. The ministering of health leaves no time for ministering to the sick.

While waiting for my pointed hour at the doctor—hoping that God was as pressed for time—I have heard many conversations between nurse and patient which run like this:

PATIENT: "It hurts over here . . ."

NURSE: "Do you have Plan A or B?"

PATIENT: "I have a right over here under the wait, I'll show you."

NURSE: "Please don't undress out here in waiting room! Where is your identification?"

PATIENT: "Right over next to where it hurts."

NURSE: "Do you have Blue Cross, Blue Shield, Medicare or Medicaid?"

PATIENT: "I got Cross and Blue Shield, Medicare and Medicaid, it still hurts me right here."

NURSE: "Your examination may require a barium enema."

PATIENT: "Can I pay it on Diners' Club?"

NURSE: "Do you want whether your plan covers your disease?"

PATIENT: "I don't even know disease yet. It hurts me right here . . ."

NURSE: "Do you have your creditentials?"

PATIENT: "Regularly."

NURSE: "Whom shall we notify in case of an emergency?"

PATIENT: "Notify any doctor isn't too busy."

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Mama's feather mattress, which folded over me like some giant, carnivorous plant, and convalescent treatment was initiated—hot soup, hot matzoh balls, fried herring and onions ("it should burn out the wound"). I have never been able to whistle since that day. Even humming hurts.

It's a rare doctor these days—rare in the sense of being valuable, uncommon and irreplaceable—who will visit a patient at home. You have to visit him, even if you're sick and he isn't.

"Do you make house calls, doctor?"

"Certainly. Come right over to my house."

to a "big" doctor, whose "big" nurse said to me over the phone: "The doctor can give you an appointment for three weeks from today."

"Three weeks from today?" I said, stroking my inflamed bursi. "By that time I may be dead."

"Oh" she replied with that calm, committed-to-the-service-of-mankind tone, "you can always cancel an appointment."

I had already been through a previous experience of waiting six weeks for an appointment, only to be asked by the doctor: "Why did you wait so long to see me?"

I'm never going to let worry about income taxes stop me from trying to become a millionaire.

—Poor Woman's Alma

HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME

THE TEDDY BEARS



Mrs. Mel Patterson and Mrs. Gale Erbe of Phoenix, Ariz., are in the business of entertaining children. It all began two years ago when Dixie Patterson and Marge Erbe (left and right) took their own children to Disneyland and noticed how fascinated they were by the performers dressed like animals. Marge and Dixie had been looking for something to do in their spare time, and they decided to make their own version of the Disney "animals" at home. They made themselves jumpsuits of a blue furry material, tied huge red bows around their waists, bought the biggest teddy bears they could find, took off the heads and put them to fit over their own heads. They dubbed themselves "The Teddy Bears."

The state fair opened in Phoenix at the time the costumes were finished, so Marge and Dixie put on their bear suits and went to the fair to spread the word that they were available for children's parties. They also made some flyers printed and handed them out in toy departments of local stores. Publicity in local papers and on television came quickly and followed.

The Teddy Bears do most of their entertaining at children's birthday parties. "We tell a 'teddy bear' birthday story featuring the child having the birthday," Marge explains. "We sing, dance, play games, and the children have a paper-hat-making session with them, and play games. A local supplier saw us when we first went to the state fair and offered to provide us with candy and gum free of charge as party favors."

The Teddy Bears start getting busy in the fall, and by the Christmas season they are doing five to ten parties a week—sometimes more. In addition, during Christmas, some of Phoenix's corporations hire them to perform at company parties. Marge and Dixie also donate their time and talents to hospitals during the holidays and on other occasions when they entertain in the children's wards.

Summer is the slowest time for the business, with an average of only three parties a week. That may also be a result of the heat. "Our costumes are hot," Marge moans, "that when we go to do an outdoor summer party, we get plastic bags full of ice on top of our heads inside the bear heads!" Last year The Teddy Bears decided to forgo the blue fur for summer and made

It's true that the best things in life are free, then I must be settling for second best.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

Sleepwear this pretty shouldn't have to be practical. But it is.

Carter's made these knits of Fortrel[™] polyester and cotton, to keep their size and to last. They won't be any trouble either. Wash and dry them automatically. Don't bother to iron.

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themselves cotton jumpsuits covered with daisies.

For their services at an ordinary birthday party, Marge and Dixie charge \$20 an hour for ten children and an extra 75 cents for each additional child. If they provide ice cream, birthday cake or other refreshments, the price goes up accordingly. The rates for commercial jobs are higher, depending on what The Teddy Bears are expected to do, how long it takes and

the size of the crowd. They've charged as much as \$80 for a large commercial party. During their busy season, Marge and Dixie net a minimum of \$200 a week. Their ongoing expenses are negligible; their initial investment was only \$60 a piece.

Both husbands have their own businesses in Phoenix and have encouraged their wives from the beginning. The Pattersons' two sons, three and eight, are terribly proud of their mother. And

eight-year-old Pamela Erbe now tells people, "When I grow up, I want to be a movie star like my mother."

—JOYCE KUH

Are you a housewife who started a profitable business in your spare time? If you are, or know a woman who has, we would like to know about it. Write to: Spare-Time Moneymakers, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10022.

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Don't Let Your Son Play Small-Fry Football

By Fran Tarkenton

Overorganized football programs can hurt kids, says the famous professional player—the quarterback of the New York Giants. Read why, based on his own experience, he thinks structured sports for boys should be changed.



I have three children, two girls and a boy. My son, Matthew, is only one year old, so I don't have to worry about his immediate participation in kids' sports programs. But I do worry. And I know this: Unless these organizations change drastically in the years ahead, I'm not going to allow my son to play small-fry football or baseball or any sport run by adults supposedly for kids.

I first started playing football when I was six years old. In the morning we'd play touch football in an alley. Then we'd go up to the park or to an empty lot and play tackle football. It was fun.

When I was 10 years old I played on Saturdays with a Boys' Club team, and that wasn't nearly as much fun as playing pick-up games in the park. You just couldn't be yourself. You had to play when the coach told you to, you had to follow plays drawn up by the coach, you had to do this and do that. It wasn't nearly as sophisticated as the kids' football of today—but it was bad enough. It was still a structured program and that experience, plus others I've been touched by along the way, have convinced me that structured sports for kids simply won't do. I do not believe in any kind of organized, structured football or baseball before junior high or high school.

First of all, I don't think boys seven

to 12 years old enjoy playing in a structured situation. They do it today cause all their friends are doing it: the thing to do, and no kid likes to be an oddball. But I think they would prefer to go out on the sandlots in the afternoon and play among themselves. Out there they can play any position they can devise their own strategy. They can be innovative, they can be creative—they can be all these things. But when they go into organized football, they're no longer on their own. They've got to answer to a coach.

And there's a problem right there. These coaches are all well intentioned. I'm sure, and some probably know what they're doing. But I've found that most of them are frustrated athletes who always wanted to be a head coach. They watch football on television and read about Paul "Bear" Bryant, a tough disciplinarian who has coached Alabama to so many college football championships. And all of a sudden they picture themselves as "Bear" Bryant. And that's the way they try to coach 10-year-old kids.

When I started in professional football with the Minnesota Vikings, my wife Elaine and I lived in an apartment house across the street from a football field. I used to go over there all the time to watch the kids play. But I was always distracted by the coaches. I would be out there driving their



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ing at them—"Let's do another hup." Or, "Let's hit 'em harder." n, "Kill 'em, kill 'em." It was awful. ut the biggest phenomenon of all he attitude of the parents. And I t say, the mothers are worse than fathers. The mothers yell the loud- at the referees, at the coaches, at r own kids.

is just possible that a kid might e had fun playing in a small-fry ball game. But then he comes home his mother starts in: "Why didn't catch that pass, Johnny?" Or, w could you miss tackling that Johnny?" And that really finishes poor kid.

hen I was attending the Univer- of Georgia, I coached Little League ball for two years. One time a boy pitching for my team and his her just stood there yelling at him. fterward I took her aside. "Listen," id, "this kid is eleven years old. / do this to him?"

he said, "Well, if he's going to pre- himself to be a major-leaguer he's to learn how to take it." Isn't that ething? It's unreal. But this atti- is widespread among mothers and ers of boys who participate in tured, small-fry sports.

um part of a company called Learn- Foundations that offers a tutorial ce for children from grades one h 12. We have 75 centers around ountry and we work with eminent psychologists. I have talked with e a number of them and they all to have treated boys with ex- e emotional problems that, in judgment, stemmed from the ures of small-fry sports.

ie psychologists have told me that harm done by these programs is the boys are not able to express true selves. Because they're with s, adults, adults. We grownups ever seem to learn this. We get ch joy out of kids—which is great t now we want to put them in a tured type of society—and that's y wrong.

was very lucky as a kid. The per- who probably helped me the most owing up was my Dad, who wasn't hlete and had no compulsion to e do anything in sports. He was ys interested and came to the s, but he never tried to channel ward becoming a big athlete. This bly was a very healthy thing be- it enabled me to retain a great, like enthusiasm for sports.

o, I escaped most organized kid s. I played organized football one year for the YMCA in Athens. But it was more like playground all. You got to play different posi- and you never felt that compul- o win, win, win. One day I would on one team with one group of and the next day I would play other team with another group. t was the same with Little League all. I played one year, when I was he league was in its first year; ere only four teams and it t structured. The experience was for me. I was the oldest boy, the st one and the star.

brother Wendell, who is seven younger than I, had a complete- osite experience. By the time he ven they had built a new stadium lights—the whole bit. It was a like Yankee Stadium. And Wen- started right off in a structured

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program. He played all the way up to 12. and I think he left the Little League and Pony League baseball wars with scars. By high school he had lost most of his interest in playing sports.

That's the big thing. These are deep-seated experiences kids have when they're 10 or 11 years old, when their coaches and their mothers and fathers are applying all this pressure. Boys just turn off. The pleasure of playing games is wrong out of them.

That's why I would like to see small-fry football and baseball programs give kids more freedom—and I know many of the people who run these organizations are trying to do just that. I'm against any program in which coaches treat children like professional athletes. I'm against any program that has parents coming to the games screaming and yelling and showing their frustrations to the kids.

I hope that when my son is of age,

this overorganized society of ours may not be so overorganized. We may see this kind of reversal in the next generation. I sense that kids today are getting tired of structured sports, of playing the foil to adults. I think they really want to go out in the backyard with a few friends and just have a knock-down, drag-out game among themselves. Kids want to be kids.

I hope my boy is allowed to be a kid. I know I won't get in his way. **END**

DEATH STORY

continued from page 101

killed at Kent State—Allison, William Schroeder, Sandy Lee Scheuer and Jeffrey G. Miller—were innocent bystanders. The troops had been called because radicals had put the campus in turmoil, but none of the victims was in any way involved with the disturbances. None belonged to the S.D.S. or the Weathermen; ironically, Bill Schroeder was a member of ROTC—and an Eagle Scout. Not one of them was even old enough to be a voting Republican or Democrat!

The meaning of the deaths of Allison, Sandy, Jeffrey and Bill is that they had no meaning. And yet even this is not the real tragedy of Kent State.

The real tragedy is that some people think they *deserved* to die.

And when I say some people, I mean many people: townfolk in Kent, citizens of Ohio, Americans all over the land. A great many people thought—and said straight out to the press and on TV—that the deaths at Kent State were justified.

"They deserved it."

"They had it coming."

Some even went as far as to suggest that "all the rebels be shot," which I suppose meant gunning down every single student at Kent. Or maybe all students. (It was an emotional time and many emotional things were said.)

These sentiments were, by and large, expressed by men of good will. What were they saying? What were they talking about? Clearly, the topic was crime and punishment, and they obviously felt that the crimes committed by the students deserved the death penalty. The death penalty. Now you don't have to be a lawyer to realize that very few offenses nowadays warrant capital punishment. In fact, many states are abolishing capital punishment completely. (Though some 500 condemned murderers are in U.S. prisons, not one has been executed in the last three years.) Nonetheless, people all across America considered the deaths at Kent State not only justified but desirable. Please note I said "death," not "murder" or some other inflammatory term, because I am in no position to question the legality of the Guard's actions.

And for the moment, that is beside the point. For the moment the point is Allison Krause.

On May 4th, Allison was walking across the campus with her boyfriend Barry Levine. They came to the area where the confrontation between Guardsmen and students was about to erupt into violence. The students were taunting and goading the Guard. Allison completely disapproved of this sort of thing and wanted no part of it. But she had wandered there and, as one of her friends later explained, "She just stopped to look around and see what was happening." Barry described the rest:

"She was right next to me. We were starting to walk away from the Guardsmen when I heard the gunfire. She fell and I pulled her behind a car. A few others fell around us.

"When I looked up there were kids on the ground covered with blood.

"Allison was struck in the side and I could see blood coming out. She was still breathing, but she didn't say anything."

I wonder if in those moments be-

tween her wounding and her death Allison understood "what was happening." Barry says she didn't speak. But if she could have, what could she have said?

That is all there is to the death of Allison Krause. She was a nice girl and a good daughter. She rejoiced in her love for Barry not merely for its own sake, but for her father and mother, who would be pleased that Barry was also Jewish.

If this really is all there is, why did people say "they had it coming"?

Of course, you will hasten to me that anybody who said that Kent students had it coming did mean—*could not have meant*—Allison Krause.

Or, in fact, the other three died with her, who were equally blameless, who all led equally *dane*, innocent, *nice* lives. I agree.

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My favorite painting is "The Blue Window" by Matisse. The Museum of Modern Art in New York City owns it, but they've put it in storage for six months. If I'd known, I'd have been glad to store it for them.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

people who said the deaths were justified did not know Allison or Sandy Jeff or Bill. Not at all. But you see, that is the real tragedy of Kent State. And it is the tragedy of our times. For if the good folk in nearby Ohio towns do not understand Kent State, how will they understand Jackson State, or Augusta, much less what happened in the far-off little village of My-Lai?

I bring up Allison Krause again because hers is the face of America. She was a cute coed who loved her boyfriend, her father, her mother and her kitten and who felt, because she could answer for herself, that she could assure her parents that *everything* was all right. Can any of us believe that now?

If we are so confused that we cannot distinguish a campus from a battlefield, if Kent and Khe Sanh look the

same (an ex-G.I. present made this precise comparison), then we had better stop and look around and see what is happening.

Wait, you say, isn't that precisely what Allison did the moment before she . . . before the . . . before . . . ?

Yes. A moment before the bullets, Allison "just stopped to look around to see what was happening."

Maybe if we had, she wouldn't have had to.

END

THIS MARRIAGE

continued from page 30

usually twisted his soiled necktie with nervous fingers. "It's reached the point where my son and I can hardly live around the pair of them.

"It's a rare day Christine doesn't poke around in her brother's room, mess up his things, snatch his stuff. Not long ago my folks brought him a little toy car—Dad gets a boot adding to the kid's collection—and the same week that car and three others vanished. Chris obviously knew where the missing items went, although she hotly denied it. When I tried to force Chris to admit the truth, Jan butted in and declared Billy must have lost the little cars outside somewhere through carelessness. Such a thing had never happened before; he treasures his collection.

"To make up for what his sister stole from him, I bought Billy five new and better cars. He was all smiles, of course, while Christine's face went black as a thundercloud. She wouldn't eat that evening, a trick she uses to get attention from Jan, but I'm fairly sure she stuffed herself with ice cream afterwards.

"Chris loves to tiptoe around the house like a burglar after everybody has gone to bed; it's another trick of hers I can't stand that Jan won't put a stop to. That night she sneaked in our room, I know for sure. She didn't make a sound. But next morning when I wanted to put on my socks I found every pair in my bureau tied in knots. It was Christine's way of getting back at me for giving her brother a present.

"That girl was born mean and jealous. Even as a baby I could tell she disliked me, weird as that may seem. The day Jan checked out of the hospital, she handed the baby to me to carry to the car. Chris was only five days old but she instantly turned red in the face and let loose a yell of hate and anger. Jan snatched the howling baby from my arms as though I'd stuck a pin in her.

"Yes, I was disappointed when my first child turned out to be a girl. In my opinion every father in the world and nearly every mother—Jan excepted—would prefer to begin their family with a boy, a son, an heir. It's only natural. It's possible that I might have been reconciled to a girl if Jan hadn't pushed the baby at me so much in the beginning. She dumped her on my lap to hold, although Chris got stiff as a poker every time it happened; she wanted me to give her a bath in the evening, even when I came in dog-tired. She even wanted me to change her diapers!

"I would be very surprised if my father could tell the difference between a diaper and a washcloth or if he knew how to tie on a bib. Dad wasn't a financial success, but both he and my mother were German-born and there was never any question that he was the head of the house and not expected to bathe a kid or push a vacuum cleaner.

"I was the eldest in our family of six—the only son and, needless to say, the favorite with both Dad and Mom. Dad was my hero, of course. Although not demonstrative, he always gave me respect and in turn counted on my respect—along with my financial help, which I was always glad (continued)

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THIS MARRIAGE continued

to give. At the age of nine I landed an after-school job at the supermarket and from then on I paid my board. On Saturdays, while the other kids my age goofed off, I worked ten hours and was proud to hand over my wages to my father. Sometimes he gave me a dollar bill for pocket money.

"When I first met Jan I was being fed and clothed by Uncle Sam's Army, but I still sent board money home. My folks didn't write me thank-you notes, either. I didn't expect it. They aren't the kind to waste either words or stationery.

"I fell in love with Jan because she was pretty and sweet and, well—pure, a virgin—and because I figured she was in love with me. I'm ashamed to say I lacked the nerve to tell my parents about Jan until we were married. Dad is strongly opposed to her religion and I was afraid he might try to break us up.

"When I took her home after the wedding and introduced her, he congratulated us but then made some pretty harsh remarks about her church. Maybe it was a mistake for us to stay with the folks during her pregnancy with Christine. At the time it seemed a way for me to save money while I got established as an accountant and also provide a financial lift to my parents. But Jan fought with Dad constantly, she fought with my sisters, she fought with me. When Christine was born Jan got into a monumental scrap with Dad over where the christening should be held and we moved out with the baby. I had to rent a high-priced apartment, where we lived until Billy was born and I was able to figure out how to buy a home for us.

"I wish Jan could get along better with my father. I'll admit my father isn't one hundred percent in the right in their battles, but neither is she. Several months ago Dad supervised a Cub Scout hike for Billy's den, an activity both of them enjoy, and Jan forgot to fix their sandwiches. She flew into a fury when Dad yelled at her to hustle out of the shower and make the sandwiches pronto, and probably he should have been more tactful. But he was sore because Billy's hike had slipped her mind.

"If Christine had been headed toward a church picnic Jan would never have forgotten to fix the sandwiches. Chris and the church mean a lot more to Jan than Billy and I do, as my father has frequently pointed out. She spends at least four evenings a week at church meetings but complains bitterly of my Friday night poker games and will not allow me to invite my gang to the house. She holds a part-time typing job and pays tuition for Chris at the church's private school while Billy attends public school.

"Every Sunday Jan and Chris drive off to their church and Billy and I are supposed to get our own breakfast. Twice a year, on Easter and at Christmas, he and I go to church with them, but Jan thinks this isn't enough.

"In a lot of ways I consider myself a better husband to Jan than she is a wife to me. I make a good living for her and the children and I'm putting by something for the future. Yet she begrudges the little I do for my parents and she dislikes the home I

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ght her, apparently because it was
boyhood home. She is always try-
to find out the exact amount of my
ome and my savings. What she
ts to find out, of course, is how
h I contribute to my folks. She
won't tell me how much she con-
utes to her church.

She says my friends are rough-
ing and crude and that I am, too.
r since she was pregnant with
is, which means right from the be-
ing of our marriage. I've been
tchanged on sex. What I want is
and reasonable. I want five or ten
utes of sex with Jan at least three
s a week, unless she has a good
se. I need that much sex for my
es and health.

For the past two months Jan has
ed me down cold. One night she
ld claim to be sick with a head-
or stomach ache. The next night
would drive off to a meeting at the
ch. Then for several nights in
ession she would sit up late typ-
a bushel of church reports and
ring my calls from the bedroom.
n she finally did join me, she
d start an argument of some kind
ally about Chris.

our different times last week we
ed about Chris, and each time
jumped out of bed, ran up to the
and locked the door on me. She
s more often on the extra bed in
stine's room than she sleeps with
I'm ashamed to admit it, but my
daughter, a spoiled, 11-year-old
seems to be breaking up my
iage."

COUNSELOR TALKS

Although the problems of 11-year-
Christine spurred Janice to seek
essional advice, she and Alan
bogged down in a multi-problem
age," the counselor said. "They
sex problem, an in-law problem,
common-interests problem, a se-
problem in communicating with
other.

Jan was the eldest in a family
ed by practical-minded. Old
d parents of peasant origin who
d no affection for each other or
children. His adult personality
ined a curious mixture of ele-
borrowed from an iron-jawed,
tic father and a pious, timorous
who read her Bible daily but
ret. Alan was obstinate yet weak:
d down the law with harsh un-
bleness, but when crossed be-
so nervously distraught he some-
wept. He mocked Jan's religion
secretly envied her faith and re-
ed it. He tried to think and act
junior version of his autocratic
—an impossible assignment. He
iserably insecure.

Jan grew up with a fierce sense
al duty combined with a dense
nce of the nature of human
He gathered his scanty stock of
rital sex knowledge from rough
okes and worthless adventures.
dly pushed to a conclusion, usu-
the back seat of a car. When he
ed he looked forward to sex on
nd, served up like a cup of in-
coffee. It didn't enter his head
he had an obligation to satisfy
well as himself. Jan's very nor-
desire for tenderness and close-
everything she had missed as a
struck him as silly and point-
le stoutly resisted her attempts



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to slow down his swift completion of the sex act and then he felt abused when she rejected him.

"Despite Jan's eagerness for affection and sexual fulfillment, however, back in her love-starved childhood she had accumulated a vast store of un-specific, free-floating hostility. As a grown woman she subconsciously directed her hostility against practically everybody except her young daughter, the one person with whom she identi-

fied. Desperately wanting love, she rebuffed love. Jan's expectations of sex, formed in a chaotic childhood, were tinged with fear and even revulsion. Because she was afraid, she harbored almost archaic notions as to what was 'right' and what 'wrong' in lovemaking. No doubt this prudishness reflected the teachings of old-fashioned, ultraconservative grandparents along with Jan's deep-seated aversion to her mother's looseness.

"I charted a course of reading that Jan and Alan followed faithfully. The three of us held a number of frank discussions about sex—its nature and meaning, various techniques, the differences between male and female reactions—much of it primary stuff, but helpful to Jan and Alan in establishing a clear line of communication, a novelty to them. For the first time in twelve years of marriage they talked honestly to each other (continued)

about themselves, their private emotions, their hopes, their disappointments. Pillow talk was difficult for both, but they mastered it.

"Alan discarded the false idea that his health and nervous system entitled him to a routine helping of sex performed in a routine way at a routine hour. As soon as he fully understood what Jan wanted and expected, he

trained himself to consider her feelings and try to anticipate and meet her wishes. He bathed and shaved before he approached her, his overtures became more tender. With this, Jan's inner hostility melted away. She discarded her pruderies. Eventually she was able to achieve the female climax she had yearned to experience. Their sexual relationship is now agreeable to both.

"Like many people today, Jan and

Alan were confused about the distinctions between masculine and feminine obligations in marriage. Alan, mirroring the traditions of foreign-born parents, regarded window-washing, scrubbing the kitchen floor, lugging in the groceries as womanish chores beneath his dignity. Jan regarded such chores as heavy work that should be allotted to Alan. How they divided boring domestic chores was, of course, unimportant. The important thing, I told

them, was to end the division in the family.

"Jan and Alan and their children were lined up in two warring camps—females against males. Unless the adults made peace, the youngsters would almost certainly grow up as warped personalities, unable to contract happy marriages when their turn came. Jan and Alan were rearing a prospective man-hater in Christine and a future woman-hater in Billy.

"Without undue effort Jan and Alan mended the family schism. Jan began to supervise Billy's homework; his grades promptly improved and she rejoiced. She cheered the boy on at a few sandlot games and picked up a smattering of sports information, and the impressed seven-year-old blossomed under her attentions.

"When Alan began to devote time and attention to Christine the results were even more dramatic. Father and daughter redecorated the attic bedroom one memorable weekend; daughter chose the color scheme and father wielded the paintbrush. Christine is now proud to invite girls from school to sleep over. Her nighttime prowling has ceased. These days Billy's treasure collection stays put. Elder sister and younger brother now get along, a good augury for their adult future.

"When Jan and Alan leveled with each other about money matters, Alan learned the exact amount Alan was contributing to his parents, and he did not regard his generosity as excessive. She did resent the amount of time and thought he was investing in his father—and quite rightly. Alan's emotional dependence on his father was not only unfair to Jan, but weakened his own manhood.

"It wasn't easy, but Alan steeled himself and presented his autocratic father with a declaration of independence. New household rules were spelled out in detail. Alan recovered the keys his parents had to his home and politely asked them to telephone in advance when they wished to visit. If the fond grandparents brought a gift to Billy—except for a special occasion like a birthday—Christine must also be remembered. When Jan's laws come to call nowadays, they come as guests, not as co-owners of the house.

"When Alan confessed to Jan that he was jealous of her church she was amazed and perhaps a little pleased. She readily dropped two church meetings a week for his sake and his jealousy vanished. They visit friends one evening a week or possibly take in a movie. Usually they spend several evenings reading or watching TV. Alan still plays poker on Fridays, but he now feels free to entertain when his turn comes around. Jan no longer thinks his poker friends are crude.

"To Jan's great joy Alan became a member of her church several months ago. Nowadays everybody in the family attends services on Sunday morning. Indeed their church is now a strong bond between Jan and Alan, an important common interest they share with their son and daughter."

Information about marriage counseling services available in your vicinity can be obtained by writing to: American Institute of Family Relations, 5287 Sunset Boulevard, Angeles, Calif. 90027.



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THE CONVENIENT CARROT

From the JOURNAL Kitchens

Few foods are as readily available and as easy to use as the carrot. And economical, too. All the more reason to use them imaginatively. Here are four ideas we know your family will want to try.

CARROT BEEF MINGLE

In a skillet, sauté ½ cup chopped onion in ¼ cup butter or margarine until golden; remove. In same pan, quickly brown 1½ pounds ground beef. Then stir in sautéed onions, 2 cups each

shredded raw carrots and cooked rice, and ¼ to ½ cup soy sauce. Toss until well mixed and heated. Serves 4 to 6.

CARROT MEAT LOAF

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 (9½- or 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix | 1 Tb. butter or margarine |
| 2 cups diced, pared carrots | 1½ lbs. ground beef |
| ¾ cup chopped onion | ¼ cup tomato sauce |
| ¾ cup chopped green pepper | 2 Tb. bottled steak sauce |
| | 2 tsp. celery salt |

Prepare 1 (9½- or 11-oz.) pkg. crust according to package directions. Cook 2 cups diced, pared carrots, covered, in salted boiling water to barely cover carrots 10 minutes. Drain.

Sauté ¾ cup each chopped onion and chopped green pepper in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine.

In large bowl combine 1½ lbs. ground beef, ¼ cup tomato sauce, 2 tablespoons bottled steak sauce, 2 teaspoons celery salt, the sautéed onion and green pepper and the cooked carrots. Mix together. Preheat oven to 350°.

On lightly floured pastry cloth or board, roll out pastry and trim to 10x16-inch rectangle. Shape meat mixture into a 12-inch-long roll. Place center of pastry, fold pastry over meat and fold up ends. Pinch pastry edges to seal. Place seam side down in 15x10x1-inch jelly roll pan. Make 3 slashes across top. (Brush with egg glaze made by beating 1 egg yolk with 1 tablespoon water, if desired.)

Bake at 350° for 45 minutes or until pastry is golden. Let cool 5 minutes. Remove with 2 wide spatulas to heated serving platter. Serves 6 to 8.

FLOUNDER ROULADES WITH CARROT STUFFING

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 lbs. fresh or frozen fillets of flounder | ¼ cup chopped pimiento-stuffed green olives |
| 1 cup shredded, pared carrots | 2 Tb. chopped green onion |
| 1 cup fresh bread crumbs (3 slices) | 1 tsp. paprika |
| ⅓ cup butter or margarine, melted | ½ tsp. salt |
| | 2 Tb. chopped parsley |

Rinse 2 lbs. fresh or thawed frozen fillets of flounder under cold water. Pat dry with paper towels, then flatten. Preheat oven to 375°.

Toss together 1 cup shredded, pared carrot, 1 cup fresh bread crumbs, ⅓ cup of the melted butter or margarine (set remaining aside), ¼ cup chopped pimiento-stuffed green olives, 2 tablespoons chopped green onion, 1 teaspoon paprika and ½ teaspoon salt. Spoon on top of fillets, dividing evenly.

Roll up each fillet starting at narrow end and place seam side down in shallow baking dish. Brush with remaining melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons parsley.

Bake at 375° for 30 minutes or until fish flakes easily. Serves 6.

HAM AND CARROT SCALLOP

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 3 cups sliced, pared carrots | 1 Tb. prepared mustard |
| 1 (10½-oz.) can condensed cream of celery soup | ½ cup shredded mild Cheddar cheese |
| ¼ cup instant minced onion | 3 cups diced cooked ham |
| ¼ cup chopped ripe olives | ¼ cup dry bread crumbs |
| | 2 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese |

Cook 3 cups sliced, pared carrots, covered, in unsalted boiling water to barely cover carrots 10 minutes or until tender. Drain, reserving liquid. Preheat oven to 350°.

In a bowl, combine 1 (10½-oz.) can condensed cream of celery soup, ½ cup reserved carrot liquid, ¼ cup each instant minced onion, ¼ cup chopped ripe olives, and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Mix well. Mix ½ cup shredded mild Cheddar cheese, 3 cups diced cooked ham, then cooked carrots. Pour into 2-quart casserole. Combine ¼ cup dry bread crumbs with 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese; sprinkle over top.

Bake at 350° for ½ hour or until bubbling in center. Serves 6.

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beef.



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How to wear a bra and look like you're not.



The latest news in fashion is the soft, bra-less look. If you're like most women, you probably love the look but you're just not about to shed your bra. So maybe you tried one of the new soft bras that promised to make you look like you weren't wearing one. And that's when you discovered that it's hard to find a good soft bra.

Some of them flatten you out. Some of

them sag when they're supposed to shape. And others make you look like you're wearing a bra—so why buy a soft bra in the first place?

That's where Bali comes in. With bras that have been carefully designed for just one reason. To make you look and feel like you're not wearing one. Really.

There's our new Step-n-Stretch bra, for instance. Wear it with your clingiest knit and your naughtiest smile and everyone will think you're getting away with nothing.

Or wear Bali's new Backdown bra under the most revealing outfit you have. You'll never reveal the bra. It's designed to show as much you as womanly possible. The straps fasten in umpteen different ways to hide under just about everything.

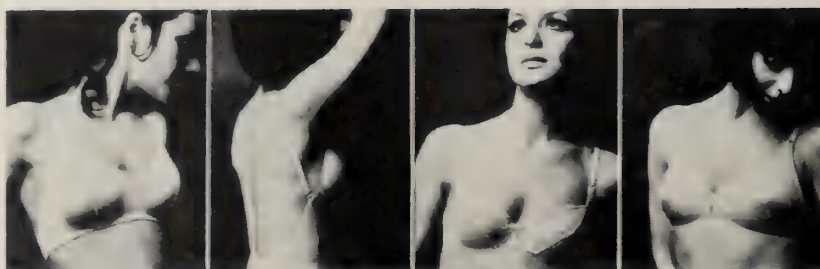
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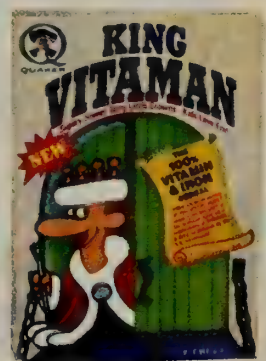
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Wondra.
Your second
flour.

MY UNCLE, CHARLES DE GAULLE

An intimate look at de Gaulle—the most famous Frenchman of them all—his home life, his opinion of American women, and his moving devotion to the only person he ever wept for. By Alain de Gaulle with Alain Ayache

Most Frenchmen continue to call him "Le Général" or "Le Grand Charles"—even "Monsieur le Président," although he has left the Elysée Palace forever. But I know a different Charles de Gaulle: a private citizen, a husband, father and grandfather . . . my uncle.

No doubt most Frenchmen think my uncle exercises authority at home the way he did in public life. In fact, he does not. Charles de Gaulle led France, but at home it is not he who commands. It is his wife, Aunt Yvonne, whom he married in 1921 and from whom he cannot be separated. She is afraid for him, she loves him devoutly, she watches over him like a bodyguard.

Her first obsession is that he not tire himself. Accordingly, she always demanded that visitors to the Elysée observe a strict timetable. On luncheon invitations she wrote, "Arrival at 12:50, departure at 2:15," or for dinner, "Arrival at 7:50, departure at 9:30."

She is ready to do anything to protect his health. After a trip to England, my uncle took to drinking a glass of whiskey as an apéritif. But Aunt Yvonne did not share his passion for this "poison." When he would call for his drink, she would add a few drops of coffee to the whiskey, increasing the dose each time. One day, my uncle tasted the drink and shouted, "What is this? How could I like whiskey?" His other drinks underwent similar treatment until he gave up liquor altogether.

Aunt Yvonne's motto, "Spare my husband," does not end with watching over his health and rest. She controls the household and the budget with meticulous economy. Her favorite shop in Paris is the Bon Marché, a big chain store where penny-pinching housewives go. She has always bought my uncle's shirts and underwear there. She has never spent a penny on a painting or an ornament. Uncle Charles' shoes are not thrown away when they are worn, but are sent for mending. There is no electronic or gas stove in the house at Colombey; food is prepared on the same coal stove our grandmothers used. There is no washing machine, and the floor is polished with elbow grease.

Neither does Aunt Yvonne jest when it comes to morals. When the miniskirt came to the Elysée, the secretaries ran along the corridors and through the drawing rooms under the eyes of all the men—including Uncle Charles, who did not look unappreciatively on this spectacle. Aunt Yvonne soon took the matter in hand: she told the personnel director that the hems had to come down; they did.

I have seen my uncle stand up to Aunt Yvonne only four times. The first involved cooking. My aunt prepared an exotic dish she had discovered on a trip abroad. My uncle tasted it and said, "It's good, but it is not equal to a good stewed cabbage." Aunt Yvonne never served that dish again.

Once shortly after Uncle Charles was elected President. Aunt Yvonne gave him advice in public on an affair that was not within her domain. Uncle Charles cut her dead with three words: "Come, come, Yvonne."

The third time my uncle stood up to Aunt Yvonne was on the subject of her wardrobe. When they arrived at the Elysée in 1958, Aunt Yvonne intended to continue to wear her old clothes. At most, she would have her regular dressmaker make a few things for official receptions. My uncle intervened. "Choose a big couturier," he said. Aunt Yvonne bowed to his wishes and chose Jacques Heim. She wore Heim's fashionable clothes, but as soon as she returned from an official reception, she changed into an everyday dress.

The fourth subject on which Uncle Charles has always had the last word is the "crowd baths"—those moments during official trips when he advanced suddenly toward the crowd and began shaking hands. Each time, on the back seat of the presidential Citroën or standing among the officials, my aunt shook with fear. But there was no question of preventing Uncle Charles from acting as he did. Even his bodyguards could do nothing.

Many people picture Charles de Gaulle as an aloof man lost in politics, incapable of considering ordinary people. They are wrong.

It was Uncle Charles who encouraged me to marry the girl my mother didn't approve of. In his library at the Elysée where I stood trembling, at the age of 23, he asked me simply, "Do you love her?"

"Yes, Uncle."

"Is she pretty?"

"Very."

"What does your mother think?"

I did not answer.

"Not very keen, eh?"

I hung my head.

"If you love her, marry her and be happy. That is the best way to obtain your mother's approval." With that he got up, opened the door and shouted, "Yvonne, Alain is getting married!"

The only career Uncle Charles has ever really dreamed of was that of a soldier. A showcase in his study at Colombey holds all the distinctions and medals that have marked the stages of his military career. This showcase is the only ornament in the room, which is furnished simply with a wooden chair, a plain settee, a few history books, a worn carpet, and a photograph of his crippled daughter Anne, who died in 1948 at the age of 20. It is his domain, and no one may intrude. Even Aunt Yvonne knocks timidly when she announces lunch.

My uncle has his depressed moments, but he never really desponds. He laughs at the caricatures of himself in the French and foreign press, and is not shocked when people draw him with a big nose.

"Do they really fancy that upsets me?" he says. "Big noses have made history."

Uncle Charles likes amusements

that demand discipline, and perhaps this was the secret behind his astounding press conferences when he would talk for an hour and a half without consulting a note.

When he was a schoolboy, Uncle Charles learned classical literature by heart. He could quote almost a page of Corneille's and Shakespeare's plays and all of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*—without making a mistake has not forgotten them today. I heard him not long ago spouting Shakespeare without tripping over a word. But what is more astonishing is that he can recite classics backwards. He can recite entire poems by Voltaire and Hugo beginning with the last word and ending with the first. He has his head an infallible machine he built when he was young.

But he has an enormous heart. Nothing touches him more than the first lily of the valley or the first of mimosa of the year—two simple flowers, similar, I like to believe, to the bottom of my uncle's soul.

When Uncle Charles was at the Elysée he sometimes went out at night alone. He was driven with an escort to a house nearby where he stayed about an hour. What did he do there? Outings? Uncle Charles wept for his four-year-old child—the adoption of his daughter Elisabeth. He did not love this child more than his grandchildren, but he would never do so much for the others.

Another side of Uncle Charles was even more surprising: Charles de Gaulle, the friend and admirer of women. Occasionally, to tease Aunt Yvonne, Uncle Charles says flippant things about other women. He once said to me, "I am seeing one of Elizabeth Taylor's friends," he said. "The Americans are lucky—if all their women look like her I understand why they are the happiest of men."

He greatly admires Brigitte Bardot, in whom he finds a "genuine simplicity." He never missed her films, and he was shown for him in private. Bardot herself was invited to the Elysée although, ordinarily, he would have no private life would have no doors on her.

My uncle likes Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. He finds in her the charm typically French, a self-diffidence typically American—the quality of woman capable of making a man worth a lot."

Now he has returned to the country house at Colombey. He is no longer the President of France but simply Charles de Gaulle, citizen of the community, number 49 on the total list in a town of 399.

He does not mix with the village preferring to spend his time in his study where he can enjoy total solitude. In the garden he walks slowly, lost in thought. Charles de Gaulle, the musty smell of past glory. He continues on his way, without turning back to ignore those who look after him until he goes to the small cemetery at Colombey to join his daughter, the only person he ever wept for.

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NEEDLEWORK

BY DOROTHY LAMBERT BRIGHTBILL

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The rock garden has a serene quality all its own. Prim little blossoms rear straight up behind the striated gray rocks. Overall size is 18 by 22 inches. Both embroideries designed by Barbara Sparre.

The handsome fruitwood finished frames have an inner edge of gold to highlight the embroideries.

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Where there's a wish there's a way

Somebody had to find a way to make it easy and fun to learn to play. The next time you blow out the candles on a cake, or see a shooting star, go ahead. Satisfy that secret urge. Wish that you (or someone close to you) could play the piano or organ. Then stand by—because now you can make that wish come true. Quicker. Easier. With more fun and less strain than you ever dared hope, thanks to Wurlitzer.

The Wurlitzer Way to play the organ. The exciting new Wurlitzer Funmaker organ comes with its own electronic self-teaching system. You pop in a cassette and follow the simple instructions of your teacher-on-tape. In a few minutes you'll be playing "The Saints." In a few lessons, you'll surprise the family with "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" or thrill them with the big, full sound of "Born Free."

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The Wurlitzer Way to play the piano. How many kids have climbed the walls from the sheer boredom and monotony

of learning how to play? We hate to think. But those days are over. Thanks to our new easy-learning electronic Music Lab. It combines the challenge and stimulation of group learning with the personal attention of private lessons. How? Everyone uses earphones. The teacher can instruct one person at a time, or the entire group. From the very beginning, students play songs, learn to sight read, improvise, play in any key,

even compose. And these unique Music Labs are spreading from schools and colleges to private teachers' homes as well as Wurlitzer dealers' showrooms.

The Wurlitzer Way can be your way. The big, beautiful world of making music is closer to you than you think. If you or your child wants to play the piano or organ, you can play, and have a barrel of fun along the way.

To learn all about the fine value in Wurlitzer keyboard instruments and the exclusive new Wurlitzer Way to play them, you don't even have to wait for that next birthday cake or shooting star to make your wish. Do it now. Then, see your Wurlitzer Dealer, or fill out and mail the coupon below, to make it come true!



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Keeps hot foods hot without the cord.

"I never realized you could buy one of the 4 best* encyclopedias for young people at a great saving by mail

and get Volume I FREE!"



We should have gotten a good up-to-date encyclopedia when our oldest child, Charles, was still in grade school.

But somehow my husband and I kept putting it off. It seemed like such a big investment, at a time when we needed so many things.

But Charles kept complaining that he had to go to the library to do his reports because the old dog-eared encyclopedia we had inherited wasn't of any use to him.

And of course I often had to chauffeur him to the library and back.

Then Charles entered junior high, where he had to do reports or projects for almost every one of his classes. We knew we had to do something.

One day I saw an ad for Compton's Encyclopedia which really interested me. The price was less than \$140 for 24 volumes. And when I asked Charles' school librarian about Compton's, I was surprised to learn that it is rated one of the four most useful sets for

young people.*

The ad offers a free sample volume by mail, so we could take our time looking it over and making up our minds. Then, if we liked it, we could get a book a month by mail for less than what you pay these days for a best-selling novel. We could even get the whole set at once and pay for it on Compton's attractive payment plan.

We sent for our free copy of Volume I. When it arrived, the children and I sat down and went through it together page by page. We all loved it.

First of all, in addition to having articles beginning with "A" in alphabetical order, it had a marvelous Index in the back of the book. For each topic, it located related articles, tables and pictures throughout the entire 24-volume set. That meant the children could stretch their skills and delight their teachers by doing real research, instead of just looking up a subject in one place and copying down the information.

It had pictures on every page, many of them in color. More important, the pictures weren't just decoration — they really taught something.

And it was all written in such an interesting way that I enjoyed reading it myself. I found it as lively as a good magazine article.

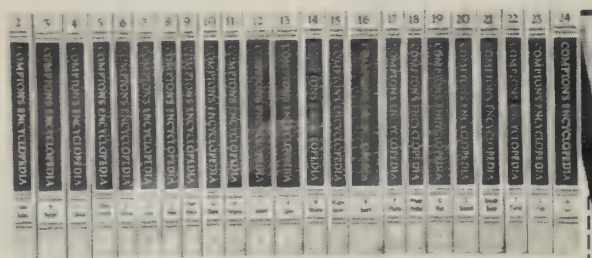
And it certainly seemed that the 24-volume set was complete enough to satisfy the needs of the children all the way through high school and even into college. Today we are the proud owners of the complete set. My only regret is that we didn't get it sooner.

This story is the composite of the experiences of so many parents who have discovered the many benefits of today's Compton's.

If you have children who are or will soon be in grade school, junior high, or high school, why not send for your free copy of Volume I and find out for yourself how Compton's can help them too?

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is one of only 4 Intermediate Comprehensive Encyclopedias awarded highest rating in GENERAL ENCYCLOPEDIAS IN PRINT**



General Encyclopedias in Print** is an annual comparative directory of encyclopedias published mainly for schools and libraries. The most recent edition reviewed, compared, and rated 36 currently available encyclopedias, and recommended 22 of them.

The recommended sets were given a rating of 6 to 15 points,

based on how frequently they are recommended in standard reference book lists, how well they meet accepted standards, and how good a value they are for the money.

Compton's was one of only four Home and School, Popular and General Adult Encyclopedias to win the highest rating of 15 points.

Out of all 36 sets, it also ranked 2nd in total number of illustrations and ratio of text to illustration, and first in the number of maps. Only in cost does it rank far down the list!

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JOURNAL ABOUT HOME

By Margaret Davidson, Home Management Editor



"Tampering with time," mumbles my neighbor each spring when he moves to daylight saving time. Now this month as we go back to "right" time, by his definition, it's in order to tell you about new trends in clocks.

Winter or summer, their new features will be appreciated. There are many more of the so-called digital models, without hands or numeraled faces, to enable you to read the hour and minutes directly. These new clocks still cost more than the older type, but they make time-telling instant and accurate, particularly important when it comes to catching trains or getting youngsters to the school bus. Digital clocks by General Electric vary from alarm varieties, compact enough to fit on a bedside table, to an important electronic model (about \$250) that features contemporary styling, a "beep-beep" alarm signal and controlled brightness for the illuminated numerals. This electrically operated clock will keep accurate time for an hour if there is a blackout.



There's still more clock news. A new group of Seth Thomas digital clocks, 15 in number, includes desk and wall models. A lighted alarm model costs less than \$20. Easy reading night or day is possible with a Panasonic digital clock-radio. It's softly illuminated all the time, but press a button and the time is more brilliantly lit for night-time viewing. The same company is developing a clock-radio that will *speak* the time—no misreading then—when a button is pressed. Other innovations in clock-radios include a General Electric electronic digital type that turns off—either radio or alarm—at the wave of a hand (perhaps just as you decide to turn over and go to sleep). An RCA clock-radio that caught my fancy is made to hang under a wall cabinet in a kitchen so it's at a handy height, yet doesn't steal valuable shelf space. With this model and another wall clock-radio (battery-operated so it can go on any wall, even far away from an electric outlet), the radio goes on and off when a bar at the front is nudged—a convenient feature when your hands are in biscuit dough.



Five-foot-four and a willingness to be responsible for machines costing \$10,000 to \$40,000 are main requirements for personnel in the Rubbermaid factory. They've discovered it takes a person that height or taller, to reach the controls—but this require-

ment admits many women (60 percent are women). This was one of the many interesting things we learned while touring the plant with Don Noble, Rubbermaid president. The latest contribution to convenience from Rubbermaid we have seen is a set of covered

plastic containers—food keepers for cold storage. Bravo, they are dishwasher proof! The five colors are gay, so they'll add zest along with organization to a refrigerator.



Have you a yen to paint stripes on a wall or a chest, or to trim a tray with even bands of color? A new masking tape is a boon, then, for it helps in making even-width stripes. You'll be amused

that the tape was developed for use on automobiles, but you'll find it adaptable at home. The 3M "Auto Pak" striping tape looks like masking tape, has ready-cut removable center sections, so you have stripes of any of five widths, from $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{3}{32}$ of an inch. The method: Prepare the surface, pull down the 1-inch-wide tape over the area where the ribbon of color is to be, then pull out the center strips and paint



The Culligan people have developed a method of making pure water readily available, especially welcome news for people who want or need water free of contaminants. The new Aqua 1 Water Purifier is a device small enough to go under a kitchen sink where it's connected to the incoming water supply. It uses water pressure only, needs no other form of energy. Result: pure water for health reasons, better water for drinking and cooking and low-salt water for steam irons and photo work. The Culligan Company has tackled water problems for the past 34 years and has devices to improve all major water conditions. Incidentally, if you are unsure of your water supply, call the local Culligan man and ask about having a water sample analyzed and suitable treatment suggested.



Have you heard? American creativity has fostered some interesting and newsworthy devices. Syvania has developed a flash cube that does not need battery power to operate, and Kodak has designed a new line of instant-loading cameras that take the new light cube. . . . General Electric (they also have a new-type flash cube) recently showed us a home viewer (a Color Print Viewer) for showing colored photographs. It's made to handle the standard-sized prints of the popular "instant" cameras and project them—enlarged 10 x 10 inches—in glowing color so a home group can enjoy them easily. Another asset of the device is that it has a storage system for many prints. The device's screen and storage area included, folds down easily for compact storage. . . . A 17½-inch dispenser that can be wall hung or kept on a counter dispenses plastic wrap, aluminum foil or wax paper. Battery operated, it automatically unrolls the wrapping the length you desire, then snips off neatly. I was delighted that the Snip-Snip (by Robert Mfg. Co.) holds the cut sheets until you're ready for them. . . . School and holiday projects needn't mean a sticky job removing glue from sweaters and rugs. Elmer's School Glue launders out easily with soap and water—even when caked and dried hard.



New Cosmetic Face Lift Originated in Europe Gives Face Younger Smoothness

To help yourself to a more youthful appearance, you must first deal, successfully, with age signs. Get right up close to your mirror and face them all at once. Lines around your eyes . . . around your nose and mouth, and how about your neck? Don't fear these demons any longer, for *2nd Debut*, the cosmetic "face lift" is simple to use and very quickly makes most all its users passionately dependent upon it. Apply at bedtime and in the morning. It works by supplying to the epidermis layer of the skin a synthesis of the natural ingredient that furnishes concentrated moisture to sustain youthful smoothness and freshness. The change takes place as rapidly as the rehydration of the epidermis is accomplished. Get *2nd Debut* 600 if your unhappiness with your looks is just beginning. 4 ounces, \$4. Get *2nd Debut* 1200 if your unhappiness is every morning. Or, if you're still young, but your face doesn't show it, use the double potency *2nd Debut* 1200 for quick help. In addition to the 4 ounce bottle for \$6, *2nd Debut* 1200 is now available in the new 8 ounce Boudoir Size. Attractively boxed, a real "buy" at \$10. *2nd Debut* preparations are available at your favorite department store and better cosmetic counters.



Introductory Offer on New Rinse-Away Cleansing Cream

New 2nd Debut Rinse-Away Cleansing Cream literally scrubs facial skin scrupulously clean without any effort or mechanical action of any kind. Smooth it on, rinse it off, this water-soluble cream does wonders. Softens skin too. Amazingly! To introduce this remarkable new type cleanser, we are offering a large tube of it at no extra cost with a four ounce bottle of 2nd Debut 1200, regularly priced at \$6. Offer limited.

Arrivals Ltd., 307 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601



WINE, WOMEN AND SO ON

Upscale . . . It's Beer!

You Americans, you know, used to art things—modes and such,” said our British visitor. “But no longer! We are here it's happening now.

“In the United States, the young end-setters are just beginning to go on the wine thing. In England, on the other hand, when you really want to be *Upscale*, you drink and you serve it, preferably a very light lager or beer in a rather small glass.”

Beer, right now, all over Britain, is considered utterly, shall we say, upper-class—like *The Forsyte Saga*. Especially on crisp fall days, it's the choice of the Connaught and County sets.

The Rage for some time has been the Pub Lunch—beer in small, pebbly glass mugs along with cheeses and lots of crumbed, buttered, coarse dark bread. It's stylish, and away from the hearth. Often a rum is on the scene, as well—the pale, se-pink ham from York, rather like American canned ham, or the garnet-colored double-smoked from Suffolk and Brandonham.

Perhaps the English have taken their cue from Vienna, where ladies have always stopped their shopping for golden quid elevenses—a dainty quaff of beer served in a small goblet or tumbler.

We in the United States aren't quite so far behind as my British visitor may think. Especially in the big cities, Americans are fast getting away from the idea that beer is a great big brawny man's drink—the truck driver's libation. Waiters are no longer surprised,

not even at Le Seine or La Grenouille in New York, when a lureful lady, in the latest Pucci, tucks her gloves into her Gucci and goes for a glass of beer instead of a Gibson or a Veevee (vegetable juice with or without Vodka).

None other than Amy Vanderbilt, high-priestess of propriety, gives the nod to the new custom of providing a choice of beer and wine for a ladies' lunch or even a casual supper party.

Beer, in short, has become, according to the latest phrase of mod vernacular, the drink that is “Out to Lunch”—a phrase that, as you must have heard, supplants the outworn “Out of This World.” It is the most stylish accompaniment to certain types of dishes, like curries, chili, burritos and tacos.

Even the French, probably the most un-beer-minded of all peoples, and even so rigid a classicist as the late Henri Soulé, consider that choucroute and sweet-sour cookery achieve ultimate distinction when accompanied by beer.

There is no doubt that a feminizing influence has made itself felt in the merchandising, packaging and serving of beer. Huge, old-fashioned tankards of pottery and metal are growing less and less fashionable. Brandy inhalers are quite chic. So are stemmed wine goblets. Some beers are being made lighter in taste, not so hopsy in flavor.

While there are still plenty of large, economy-size bottles on the market, more and more beers are going into “splits,” sometimes called “quickies”—

7-oz. containers. Several popular brands now come in supermarket 10-packs (jars or tins). For it is one of the axioms of the trade that beer does not improve with age or exposure to air.

The whole container should be emptied at once. Beer is to quaff rather than to sip. A few minutes in the open will ruin the delicate taste.

Not only the size, but the crystal cleanliness of beer glasses is important. Even more quickly than wine, beer picks up foreign tastes and odors, particularly cigarette smoke. Be careful not to use a detergent that leaves a taste on the glass. Never dry the inside of a beer glass—let it drip dry. Keep beer glasses upside down, preferably on paper towels in a cupboard. To be truly elegant and knowing, rinse the glass right before filling with clear, cold water. Never add new to old beer, or refill a glass. Always start afresh.

Cooking with Beer

Cooking with beer is just as adventurous as cooking with wine. Deliciously relevant are the ways in which beer can imbue ordinary convenience foods with startling distinction.

For example, one simply adds an envelope of yeast and three-quarters of a cup of lukewarm beer, plus a quarter cup of milk, an egg and 2 tablespoons melted butter to a cup of buckwheat pancake mix to make the most luxurious, Czaristic blini to serve with red or black caviar, smoked salmon and sour cream.

Cook franks or shrimp or crab in beer or equal parts of beer and water. Add half beer and half water to canned, condensed soups, such as split pea and

ham, pepper pot, potato, corn chowder. Try it in canned marinara or spaghetti sauces, beef stew, corn muffin or hot roll mixes, canned chili, meat balls and onion, giblet or mushroom gravies. Gingerbread, devil's food, chocolate, spice, caramel or applesauce cake mixes take on a wonderfully rich and unusual flavor from beer. To be on the safe side, add ¼ teaspoon baking soda to a cake mix when you substitute beer for half the liquid. Cakes spiked with beer stay moist longer.

We recommend this casual witchery: Empty instant onions into a wide jar. Substitute beer for water according to label directions. Lid on, stow in the refrigerator at least 30 minutes or as long as you like. Whenever a recipe calls for onion, spoon out of the jar the same amount you would use if you had just skinned, chopped, and wept. These cheery, beery bits add wondrous savor to any robust concoction from burgers to Sauce Soubise.

Peter Sichel, generally recognized as one of this country's leading authorities on wines, is the unexpected source of some additional beer-cooking thoughts. He bastes a baking ham or loin of pork with a small goblet of beer. He also creates a minor sensation on autumnal Sundays at brunchtime, when he completely covers a heavy-iron skilletful of sausage links or patties with ale. Let the liquid cook away quickly and completely. The sausages then brown lusciously in their own savory drippings. A quick turn to tan the second side . . . then you and your guests can share what Peter likes to term “The Ale Wife's Ecstasy.”

—POPPY CANNON

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YOU AND YOUR SLEEP

By Bob Gaines

Millionaires: He was a spindly young man with bulging eyes, newly arrived in Buenos Aires with only a few drachmas in his pocket. It was 1923, and the young Greek knew the secret of success. He worked days on the waterfront and nights at the telephone company, sleeping only four hours between jobs. Years later, sitting in a New York bar with gossip columnist Doris Lilly, he would remark that his short nights helped make him wealthy. The sleepless millionaire—Aristotle Onassis.

I talked recently with Doris Lilly, a blond, good-humored lady, in her comfortable office-apartment in New York's East 60s, about Onassis and the sleeping habits of millionaires and about her new book, *Those Fabulous Greeks* (Cowles).

"We were all sitting together at P. J. Clarke's—Onassis, Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., and a few others—and I asked Onassis how he managed to get so much done every day," she recalled. "He said he rarely slept more than five hours a day and used to sleep even less. He told me he could go two days without sleep when he's particularly busy."

Do jet-set millionaires who hop from continent to continent suffer from jet lag—the exhausting fatigue that comes from rushing across time zones? "It's hell," says Doris. "If you want to go to Rome or Athens or Monte Carlo, most of the planes leave in the evening from New York. You can't really sleep on a plane, and you arrive over there the next morning their time (six or seven hours ahead of U.S. Eastern Standard Time) dead tired. It takes you days to recover."

"Of course, when you own your own airline as Onassis does, you probably fly out on your own schedule." She grins and adds, "That's one way to beat jet lag."

Battles: Mother calls up the stairs, "Richard, it's time to get up." In his room, Richard, age 12, stirs, yawns, and then drops off to sleep again. Thus begins one of the most familiar struggles known to parents—the job of getting youngsters out of bed and off to school in the morning.

The battle usually proceeds in this fashion—mother calls again, and again, and finally has to go up to the bedroom and coax or threaten the youngster to get him out of bed. By the time he's dressed, fed, and running for his school bus, she's a nervous wreck.

Dr. Rudolf Dreikurs of the Chicago Medical School describes this as a situation in which the parent has allowed herself to be drawn into warfare. "Nobody has to fight with a child," he declares in *A Parents' Guide to Child Discipline* (Hawthorn). Often as not, the youngster who is pesky about getting up in the morning is trying to hold his "mother's service and attention." The solution, says Dr. Dreikurs, is to remove yourself from the conflict situation and let the child suffer the natural consequences of his action.

For instance, Richard's mother decided to deal with her small slug-a-bed by giving him an alarm clock. She told him to set it and get himself up. The next morning, she heard the alarm go off and then stop ringing. But no Rich-

ard appeared. Finally, she went up stairs and discovered him sound asleep holding the clock under his pillow.

Dr. Dreikurs argues that Richard's mother was wrong in going up the stairs. "Training children to assume responsibility requires faith in the ability to do so. Only when children fully realize they can no longer rely on parental protection are they willing to accept responsibility."

Dr. Dreikurs' advice: If your child insists upon dawdling in bed, don't scold him. Let him be late and let the school mete out his punishment. If the youngster likes school, a classroom scolding may be enough to set him straight.

Dreams: The subject, a young Japanese woman, stirs in her sleep with her old, familiar dream. She sees the plane droning through the sky. Suddenly, it spins down and crashes into the sea. She sees the passengers struggling to escape as waves break over the wing. She sees a crib with a dead baby floating on the water. Just as it sinks, she wakes with a moan.

In a second room, another young woman moves fitfully, suffering through her recurrent dream—a family quarrel: her father accuses her of selfishness; she reaches for a knife and stabs him.

The two women are participants in a pioneer study on recurrent dreams now going on at the Research Center for Mental Health of New York University. "Many of us have recurrent dreams, and these dreams seem to have certain unique qualities," says Dr. Harry Fiss, a clinical psychologist with the Center. "Our subjects seem to have these dreams about twice a week. We find they are usually longer and more emotional than the average dream. They are also vaguely unpleasant, not frightening, and they seem to be followed by a mood of depression the next morning."

In a questionnaire survey, the NYU study group came upon a few people who report pleasant recurrent dreams, added Dr. Fiss. "But they seem to be relatively rare. For the most part, recurrent dreams express a great deal of hostility. They suggest that the dreamer may have some kind of serious emotional conflict. They're certainly quite bizarre."

Sleep Test: Do you sleep nine or ten hours a night? Dr. Ernest Hartmann of the Dream Lab at Boston State Hospital recently ran a comparative study of people who sleep short—six hours or less—and people who sleep long—over eight hours. The shorts, he found, tend to be outgoing, active, and emotionally stable—"a successful and relatively healthy bunch."

But the longs tend to be nonconformist, shy, and somewhat melancholy. "Almost all showed evidence of some inhibition in the spheres of sexual or aggressive functioning." The longs also seemed to spend twice as much time dreaming at night as the shorts. Dr. Hartmann speculated that the longs may be using this extended dream time to work on their emotional problems.



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CARROT RING

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1 1/4 lbs. carrots,
pared and sliced | 2 Tb. butter or
margarine, melted |
| 3 eggs | 1 Tb. Worcestershire
sauce |
| 1 cup milk | 1/2 tsp. salt |
| 2 Tb. flour | 1/4 tsp. pepper |
| 2 Tb. finely chopped
onion | |

Cook 1 1/4 lbs. carrots, covered, in slightly salted boiling water to cover 10 minutes or until tender. Drain. Mash carrots and measure 2 1/2 cups. Preheat oven to 350°.

In large bowl with electric mixer or rotary beater beat 3 eggs slightly. Beat in 1 cup milk and 2 tablespoons flour until smooth. Then beat in 2 tablespoons each finely chopped onion, butter or margarine, melted, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. In mashed carrot. Pour into buttered 1 1/2-quart ring mold.

Place a large shallow pan on a rack. Set mold in pan. Pour boiling water into pan to depth of 1 inch. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes or until knife inserted in carrot mixture comes clean.

To unmold: Loosen around edge of center with small knife or spatula. Turn onto heated serving platter. Center with creamed ham, chicken, buttered peas or Brussels sprout for an entrée.

TOASTED CARROTS

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 3 cups pared
carrots cut in
1-inch pieces | 1/2 cup flaked
coconut |
| 1/4 cup butter or
margarine | 1/2 cup very fine
chopped pecans |
| 1/2 cup crushed
bran flakes | 1 Tb. light brown
sugar |
| | 1/4 tsp. ground
coriander |

Cook 3 cups pared carrots cut in 1-inch pieces, covered, in lightly salted boiling water to barely cover carrots 15 minutes or until tender. Drain. Add 1/4 cup butter or margarine. Toss until butter melts and carrots are well coated. Set aside and let cool 5 minutes. Preheat oven to 350°.

In a large plastic bag place 1/2 cup each crushed bran flakes, flaked coconut and very finely chopped pecans. Add 1 tablespoon light brown sugar and 1/4 teaspoon ground coriander. Shake to coat. Place in large, shallow baking dish. Bake at 350° for 20 minutes or until coconut is lightly toasted. Serves 6.

CARROT FRITTERS

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 1 cup all-purpose
flour | 1 1/2 cup shredded
pared carrot |
| 2 tsp. curry powder | 1 tsp. grated
lemon rind |
| 1 tsp. baking
powder | Salad oil or
shortening for
deep-fat frying |
| 1/4 tsp. ginger | 1 lemon cut in
wedges |
| 1/4 tsp. salt | |
| 1 egg | |
| 3/4 cup milk | |

Sift together 1 cup all-purpose flour, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1/4 teaspoon ginger and salt.

With electric mixer or rotary beater beat 1 egg well. Then beat in 3/4 cup milk until blended. Slowly beat in mixture until smooth. Stir in 1 1/2 cups shredded, pared carrot and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Heat 1 inch salad oil or shortening to 350° on deep-fat-frying thermometer. Drop carrot mixture by spoonfuls into hot fat. Fry, a few minutes, 1 to 2 minutes on each side until golden. Let drain on paper towels. Keep warm till all fritters are fried. Serve with lemon wedges. Serves 6.

C IS FOR CARROT

From the JOURNAL Kitchens

Carrots, equally good raw or cooked, are always available. But they shouldn't be taken for granted, since their very high vitamin A content (the deeper the orange color, the richer the vitamin content) makes them one of the best buys nutritionally. Few vitamin A

foods give you more for the money: a half cupful, raw or cooked, supplies a day's needs. One pound fresh equals about 2 1/2 cups diced or shredded.

CARROTS A L'ORANGE

Preheat oven to 400°. Toss together in

a buttered 1-quart casserole 3 cups sliced, pared carrots and 1 (11-oz.) can mandarin orange sections, drained. Mix together 1/2 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons each melted butter or margarine and maple-flavored syrup, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Pour evenly over carrots and orange sections. Sprinkle 1/3 cup chopped pecans over all; cover.

Bake at 400° for 30 minutes or until carrots are tender. Serves 6.

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E (DD)	34-48/\$5		



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WHY DID YOU STEP ON CYNTHIA?

By Patience Zawadsky

Becky came home from third grade crying.

"Why are you crying?" I asked. "Did somebody hit you?"

"No," she sobbed. "I'm crying 'cause Slim is dead."

"Who's Slim?" I asked.

"One of the snails," she told me, producing a wad of crumpled aluminum foil. "The littlest one."

"Well, hurry up and eat lunch," I told her. "And we'll give him a funeral."

She dried her tears and went to look for two sticks and a nail.

A little while later I heard Paulie banging the sticks together for a cross, and I knew I would have to attend the services. The trouble was, I just couldn't get myself emotionally involved in this particular funeral. In the first place, I had never met Slim. In the second place, he was one of those slimy snails that just sit under a rock. And, in the third place, I never have been very attached to snails, even after a formal introduction. (Of course there was "Curley." But he had a shell and a personality.)

The burial rites lasted only six minutes and I managed to look appropriately solemn as Slim joined the long line of "pets" in the backyard cemetery. He was buried between Sam the fire fly and Hegel the toad. At the rate things were dying, the graveyard would soon be impinging on the petunia patch.

There was a time, many years ago, when the backyard was strictly for flowers. There was also a time when I thought of a pet as a cat or dog (and of course we've had plenty of those, too). But that was before my first son turned four.

I was up in his room, putting his clothes away, when I opened the top drawer of his bureau. An enormous black bug leaped out at me and I didn't stop screaming until I had stamped it to death with both feet. I was leaning back against the bureau, panting for breath, when I heard a loud wail from the bed.

"It's all right, John," I told my sobbing son. "The big black bug is dead."

"I know," he cried, jumping down to cradle the squashed insect in his hands. "Oh, Mommy! Why'd you do it? Why'd you have to step on Cynthia?"

It wasn't long before I learned not to step on, slip at, squash, spray or kick anything until I found out if it was a friend of the family's. I also learned to recognize the advent of a new addition to the household; i.e., "Mommy, what do little red bugs with black spots eat?" or "Mommy, where's a box for this poor little bird that was just lying

there, twitching?" But I still wasn't up on the matter of pet disposal.

When my second son's goldfish passed away, I decided to spare him unnecessary grief. So I popped the dead fish into a plastic bag and put it in the garbage.

The Fresh Ones. Two new sauces from Lipton.

You'll never catch cream sauces this fresh coming from a can. With new Lipton® Cream of Onion Mix and Cream of Mushroom Mix, you don't add the water till you're ready for the sauce. That's why they come out so fresh even your best friend can't tell you didn't make them from scratch.

Beef Stroganoff a la Lipton

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 1/2 pounds boneless chuck steak, cut into thin strips
1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained (reserve liquid)
Water
1 envelope (2 3/4 oz.) Lipton Cream of Onion



In large skillet, melt butter and brown meat and mushrooms. Add enough water to mushroom liquid to make 1-3/4 cups. Stir Lipton Cream of Onion into meat; then mushroom liquid and water. Simmer, covered, 40 minutes or until meat is tender, stirring occasionally and adding more water if necessary. Serve over noodles. If desired, sprinkle with snipped parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings.



Paul came running in at lunchtime. "How's Cubbie doing?" he asked.

(I had been trying to pave the way to Cubbie's demise ever since Becky took him out of the fishbowl because she thought he needed some fresh air.)

"I'm sorry, Paul," I told him. "But Cubbie died this morning."

Tears rolled down his cheeks. "Becky's gonna die this afternoon," he muttered.

"Now, Paulie," I soothed him. "Becky didn't know. She thought goldfish went for walks, just like the dog."

"Where is he?" Paul demanded suddenly.

"I told you," I said, trying to hug him. "Cubbie is dead."

Paul pulled away. "But where is he?" he demanded.

I sighed, figuring I would have to go into all the ramifications of life, death and immortality; and lunch period hardly seemed long enough.

"Well, now," I began. "You know how we've talked about heaven, Paul..."

"I already know all about that," Paulie told me very impatiently. "I just

Thus, I offer the following ten mandments for pet keeping, base fourteen years of living with four dren and four hundred different sp of animal life.

1. If they jump, fly or crawl aluminum foil on the top of the jar punch holes in it with a fork. (E for ants, who crawl out the holes.

2. If it leaks, don't take it in the (For example, minnows, tadpoles anything else that comes with wa

3. If it bites, keep hands out of the jar.

4. If it messes, you only keep it overnight. pecially large brown tur

5. If it's bigger than goldfish it has to stay side.

6. Once it's buried, dead. (This one was n sary because Elizabeth up the turtle five times, couldn't believe he w still inside the shell, hid

7. Don't hand it to (Example: "Mommy, you please hold Nap for a minute?" "Certa Napoleon turns out to half-dead beetle grub.)

8. Don't call it "Mon pet." (Example: My band brought home guppies his mother gave He tied a hook to a pie string, tried to catch for an hour, then lost terest. After that he s ed calling them "Morr guppies." For three ye kept getting expensive py equipment for birth Christmas and anniv ries. What's more I cou sleep nights worrying a those pregnant guppies eat their young if you watch them every mi P.S. The guppies finall an epidemic.)

9. If it won't live in you've got it in, let it go, birds, worms, and cray who also smell.)

10. Please, please, p find out whether you keep it before you give name. (Example: My band took Elizabeth cl him to get a dozen clan Thanksgiving dinner. B time he got home, four had names and I had to go my clams on the shell.)

Now, if you post rules in your house, I you'll find. . .

Excuse me ■ mir Becky just came in the

door with a jar full of grass and reaching for the aluminum foil. what do you feed a little green that wiggles and has big black

~~~~~

## THE INDEFINABLE

By Carolyn Ellis

All small things have charm, to teeniest guppy— But a puppy's so . . . well, a pupp . . . PUPPY!

~~~~~


ing like that which lets you use
rain to the full of its powers but
not require you should make
sation with the customers."

"What brought that on?" I asked.
"Thought things were going well—"
My uncle said he had been think-
over my whole personality—with
pluses and minuses—for some
moaned Wilbur. "What finally
up his mind to suggest I move
d, but somewhere else, was that
episode that transpired Thurs-
night."

What had happened the preceding
day night, stripped to its essen-
was that a yellow convertible
pulled up to Wilbur's station,
late, and two couples had gotten
and ordered double Tastee-
es. As Wilbur was making change
the host of the party, a burly fel-
a crew-neck sweater with a big
le "G" on the chest, one of the
a recent blonde who seemed a
hopped up, began to stroke the
is on Wilbur's white uniform
stively, murmuring, "Hey, cool
bet your hands are not always
ld as they get handling these
ny Freezies all night!"

bur answered, "Oh, you are ab-
ly right. My hands are usually
warm."

ou'd have a ball in Alaska,"

ed the blonde.

o you think so?" asked Wilbur

y. "You know, an Eskimo will

you his wife, if you stay over-

—"

hat the hell kind of talk is that?"

the athlete.

ust try to keep abreast of things,"

Wilbur.

first blow cut his lip pretty

, but luckily a police car pulled

st as Mr. G. and the other man,

initial I do not know, were pro-

ng to pummel Wilbur severely.

e policeman stopped the mutila-

with the classic, "Break it up,

it up!" while his partner, who

somewhat older, demanded, "Hey,

s going on around here?"

I tell you what's going on around

yelled Mr. G., jabbing at Wil-

ver the restraining officer's shoul-

"That pervert offered to put his

hands on my wife's breasts. He

I should make like an Eskimo

end her to him overnight."

e blonde provocateur and her

-rinse managed to pull Mr. G.

ards, and when the police asked

one wanted to file charges, Wil-

aid, "N-no!" and Mr. G. drove

osse away, leaving a sonic trail of

ul language. They had not even

for the Tastee-Freezes.

I was giving a lecture in Sag Harbor. I had a maladjusted kneecap.

I did not see Wilbur for months.

One day I was lunching at Schrafft's with Cy Harnish, and Wilbur materialized before us. He said he had finished his buttermilk at the counter and just came by to wish us "bon appetit!"

I introduced him to Cy before he could explain that "bon appetit" was actually French and meant "eat heartily."

Wilbur sat down, sighing. "Did you know that hair grows one seventy-second of an inch a day?"

Cy coughed up some refractory object in his food.

"The interesting thing is that the club- or bulb-shaped end of a dislodged hair is not the root, as most people think. Oh, no. A hair becomes club- or bulb-shaped *after* it comes out; and new hair does grow out of the vacated follicle!"

Cy rose. "My wife Zelda is having a hysterectomy in twenty minutes," he said. "I think I'll scrub up, in case the surgeon loses his way," and strode out.

"For God's sake, Wilbur," I exploded, "why did you have to talk about hair?"

"I thought he would find it interesting," blinked Wilbur.

"He is as bald as an eggshell! Didn't you notice? I do not think you made his day joyful by saying that hair will grow out of vacated follicles!"

Wilbur began to stammer. "I-I was kind of excited, I guess, b-because I just learned those facts—"

"Why would anyone get excited about the rate at which hair grows?" I fumed.

"I *have* to know that," protested Wilbur. "Where would I get at Marco's if I didn't know a basic thing like that?"

"What," I asked, "is Marco's?"

"Where I work," said Wilbur.

"Since when does hair grow on orthopedic shoes?" I asked.

"I left orthopedic shoes in April," explained Wilbur, somewhat surprised that I had not heard it on television. "for a fantastic opportunity with a new 'growth' firm, as they are called. Mr. Palestrina, whose first name is Marco, says there's a gold mine in his X-14—shampoo or ointment!"

"What," I heard myself respond, "do you do for Mr. Palestrina?"

"P-public relations. Mostly, I answer letters of complaint. But that's only to break me in."

Blissful time passed during which I did not hear from my poor, dear old schoolmate. Then I received a letter: Wilbur hoped I would come to a "little housewarming party" at his new "digs" on Saturday and "meet a charming young lady. We have had six dates!! R.S.V.P. New phone: 756-7334."

I could understand the exclamation points after "six dates." Wilbur had always had this problem with girls: the day after any girl went out with him, she became engaged to someone overseas, she told him, or contracted tularemia and was quarantined with a fierce guard at her door from the Department of Health. I could not

help being curious about Wilbur's latest grope toward normalcy.

I phoned him. "What time is your housewarming?"

"Two-thirty!" flashed Wilbur. "Ticked you can come, old man!" I wondered what was getting into Wilbur now: first "digs" and now—he had never called me or anyone else "old man." "Do jot down my new address." Wilbur was saying.

When I arrived he was wearing a maroon velour smoking jacket, slippers to match, and an unlighted pipe.

"Enter, enter!" Wilbur was chuckling. "Or, as a Spaniard would say: 'Sir, consider yourself in your own casa!'"

"Casa, I assume, is the Spanish word for 'house'?" I ventured.

"Quite," said Wilbur.

The apartment overlooked the ramp to the garage in the apartment house basement, but Wilbur closed the draperies, turned on some lamps, and snapped on his hi-fi to an FM program of Chinese music. Now, the only way you would even suspect you were overlooking the ramp to a garage was from an occasional irate automobile horn, or a shout of "Stop blocking the ramp, you stupid moron!"

"She'll be here any minute," Wilbur burred. "Sit down; do unwind. I know you'll like her!"

"What's her name?" I asked.

"Naomi."

"How many people did you invite to this housewarming?"

Before he could explain his suave, mysterious smile, someone pressed the buzzer and Wilbur leaped for the door. In his haste he opened the door

too wide, and it knocked a bowl of flowers off an end table.

"Well, well, well, well," crowed Wilbur, stooping to pick up the shards and homeless daisies. "Come in, Nao, here, I'll take your coat. He was so excited that he hopped and down as he introduced us. "—this is N-Naomi Spredforth."

She was a thin, pleasant waif, a girl, slightly buck-toothed, with a tressed nose and fine, tortoise-shell glasses. Her eyes were navy blue.

"Sit here, sit here!" cried Wilbur. To me, he said, "Something to drink, old boy? Four Roses? Manischewitz wine? Some other alcoholic concoction?"

"At 2:30?" I frowned. "No, thank you."

"Perhaps coffee," Naomi Spredforth whispered to him.

"Perhaps you prefer coffee?" she asked Wilbur.

"Not yet," I said, regretting my rejection of stronger stuff. "What about you, Miss Spredforth?"

"I never drink coffee," she said. She took her seat on the conversational couch and placed a tote bag, camouflaged, beside her.

In the silent, precommunicative communion, Wilbur glanced from me to Miss Spredforth and from Miss Spredforth to me, beaming and cowering faintly, to encourage us to get to know each other. A damp suspicion hissed inside me that the total number of people in Wilbur's housewarming party would be three. I cleared my throat. "Do you live in New York?"

Miss Spredforth nodded sweetly.

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ve a quarter to five, March
h, nineteen hundred and sixty-

h, did you hear that?" moaned
ur.

remember the exact time," she
d, "because that was when I
d the door to my own flat, on
h Street, saying to myself, 'This
w your home, Naomi, your own
on Tenth Street in New York
on the island of Manhattan, and
God, thank God, you are no
r in that dreadful School of Li-
Administration—'"

Naomi comes from Comfort, Tex-
boomed Wilbur, who had never
good at keeping a secret.

really?" I said. "You don't have
an accent."

nat," said Miss Spredforth. "is
se I was only born in Comfort;
cial reverses compelled my father
ce us to Waco, where I spent the
year of my life—scarcely the cru-
period, formatively speaking, in-
as inflection and accent in
h are concerned. Do you mind
at?"

hat?"

opened her tote bag and re-
l a tiny shuttle with a needle
in some amniotic lace.

1," I said. "Please do. I have
s wanted to see someone tatting."
nce I neither smoke nor drink,"
l Miss Spredforth, "tatting serves
ualize my nervous energies."

ot that she's nervous now!" Wil-
ang out. "You're not nervous
are you, Naomi?"

h, no. But would you mind re-
g the decibel-volume on that
peaker? I have an impaired tym-
a, from an obscure infection of
r that did not respond to anti-
s when I was eleven."

on Wilbur terminated the Chi-
funeral we could hear the
ng engines and oaths from the
e ramp much more clearly, but
Spredforth did not seem to mind.
er did Wilbur, who moved to
dge of his chair, pushed his
s up his nose and took the pipe
his mouth, so that he was to-
prepared, when Miss Spredforth
her head from her tatting, to
er right in the lens. When she
e did, blurting: "Did you know
n Burma, girls born on a Sunday
pposed to marry only boys who
born on a Tuesday?"

knowing, Delphic expression
into Naomi Spredforth's eyes.
Greeks," she lilted, "think Tues-
not Friday, the unlucky day of
ek."

ally?" gasped Wilbur. "The
ese drive bamboo stakes into the
d so that their numerous gov-
spirits will have a place to sit!
how considerate the Burmese

mi laughed, clapping her girlish
"That reminds me of something
other Hasdrubel, who is in the
n Service, told me. In Cambodia,
merican virtually takes his life in
nds if he pats a native child on
head! The Cambodians think it is
gious to pat a child on the head."
our almost whined in his rap-
"Did you know that in Japan
place a very high value on hav-
son, and a very low value on
a daughter?"

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"Yes," murmured Naomi. "I know."

"Then why do Japanese couples actually pray for their firstborn to be a girl?!" Wilbur paused dramatically, his eyes shining.

Naomi gave the low, confident laugh of a master (I cannot believe she was Wilbur's mistress) and, one eyebrow arched to emphasize her accomplishment, smiled: "Because if the Nipponese firstborn is a girl, then when the all-important little boy comes

along, there is an older sister waiting to raise, pamper and slave for him!"

They were married three weeks later.

I hear they are very happy. Right after their honeymoon in the Museum of Natural History, they moved to a three-room floor-through in the West Seventies, from the front room of which they have a fine view of a charming brownstone stoop across the

street, where nothing but marihuana is sold—no heroin, "speed" or ugly stuff like that.

Last Christmas, Naomi gave Wilbur a set of World Almanacs (in remarkably good condition) for the years 1927 to 1947. Wilbur gave Naomi *The Proteptics of Iamblichus*.

I don't know how two squirrels can be happier than that.

And I don't have to see Wilbur anymore.

END

I had the same kind of education and family background. My second wife is thirteen years my junior; she and I have different kinds of families. We aren't even the same religion. And you know what? We've been married thirteen years and I've never had a bad day. So who knows why couples get along?"

Here are some couples who didn't:

Betsy and Barry: Betsy wakes up every morning with party plans going on inside her little red head. Barry does not figure in these plans because he works until 3 or 4 A.M. almost every night. There are two daughters, and Barry says nothing about Betsy's night life. He knows there is a succession of men, but their friends believe Barry is waiting until the girls are grown to say something.

Yvonne and Bill: They met in the third grade and got married after he dropped out of college but before he became president of a company on the Big Board. Along the way Bill picked up an assortment of influential friends—senators, professors, corporate executives. Yvonne picked up three new recipes, a fancy decorator and the ability to spend money faster than her husband earned it. Yvonne would toss her frosted head at her female companions as they lunched each day and say, "If a girl friend is really a girl friend, she will never tell if she knows that a husband is having an affair."

So nobody told Yvonne that Bill had a girl friend—her best friend.

Finally, somebody told Yvonne, and she had to get a divorce. Maybe Yvonne was right. You can't divorce what you don't know. Today Bill is married to Yvonne's best friend. Not all Mrs. Successes are the First Mrs. Success.

Jan and ?: Jan took the Scotch from the bartender, leaned back and said, "I happen to be married to a perfectly divine man. He has millions of dollars, and he adores me. I suppose it would be even better if I adored him."

Last year when her son entered school in Boston, Jan took him East and went to a small party given by her former roommate. At the party she met the man she now adores. Today Jan commutes on a fairly steady basis between the man she adores in Boston and the man who adores her in Milwaukee.

Marcia and Otis: Marcia McIntyre knew what she was doing when she married Otis Wilson. He was fresh out of college and fresh into his inheritance. On his twenty-first birthday he came into some money, and also the family business.

They set up housekeeping in Pittsburgh, and in proper time they had three children and four factories. Marcia was always interested in the business, and Otis always discussed it with her. Finally he put her on the board of directors of his company, and Marcia performed her board chores very well.

All of this has been excellent training for Marcia in her new role. She and Otis were divorced last week. There was no third person; he didn't chase other women, and she didn't charm other men. The only thing that came between them was money. Marcia is fascinated by money, and she wanted to get out in the world while she still had time to make some for herself. Otis couldn't understand why Marcia needed anything besides him.

Charlene and Larry: Charlene knew Larry was seeing somebody, so she hired private detectives, and pretty soon she not only had the name of the somebody, she had pictures, too.

Armed with the photos and information from the detectives, Charlene interviewed attorneys until she found one who would do what she wanted. And what she wanted, she got: a \$1 million divorce settlement plus \$30,000-a-year alimony for life, regardless of her marital status.

One month later Charlene married Michael, the man she had been seeing for two years. And the next month Larry sent the first alimony check . . . to Michael.

The Frustrations of Mrs. Success

Mrs. Success is on the move. She has been to Europe, to the Caribbean, Hawaii, Mexico, the Far East, South America, and Africa and Russia. One of the reasons Mrs. Success travels to so many places is that she accompanies her husband on business trips. Eighty-one percent make two or more trips a year with their husbands, and when they travel together many wives think that their husbands spend more money than they would if they were alone and therefore that their husbands are willing to spend money on them. Maybe this is one of the reasons why their total relationship seems to improve when they go away. Sixty-two percent of the women find that away from home they spend more time with their husbands, 48 percent note an improvement in the sexual relationship, 42 percent find the emotional stresses relieved.

But what about the times when Mrs. Success doesn't go?

Paul Evans is an actor's agent who lives in San Francisco.

Mrs. Paul Evans, Pidge, now 37, looks her age. Her look is good, solid, and her wife. Perhaps she is more conscious of her role than many Mrs. Successes. She and Paul once separated for a year.

"Our marriage went kaput five years ago," Pidge says, "and until seven months ago I was seeing a marriage counselor. It's funny, but you think you're and have things under control and then something just slips out. Paul is the who really needs the help. He did go five years ago. That's how we got ourselves back together."

"When we were separated," she remembers, "I saw him more than I did in the three years we were married and living together. Our friends couldn't believe the closeness of our relationship during the separation. I decorated his apartment, and we dated a lot. I played hostess for Paul at our house, and some people never did know that we were not living together any more."

"I suppose," continues Pidge, "that the fact that Paul fought the divorce hard proves that he did love and want me, but I am still racked with insecurity and lack of confidence."

Pidge tries to fill her days with big projects. She will take the chairmanship of a ball or a special fund-raising project for the Junior League. She since tries to keep herself busy. But somehow it is not enough for Pidge Evans. She has a home and children and an active role in the community. She wants a husband, too.

"Loneliness is the hardest thing for me to cope with," she says. "Paul is home maybe ten nights a month, and when he's not home, he spends his time with the children and other people. I never have his undivided attention."

"Paul is very good with the children, and I miss them very much. They are very well adjusted to his absences. They go to private schools and their friends live in other areas, so they are not conscious of the daddy who comes home for dinner every night at the same time."

But Pidge is conscious of the husbands who come home to dinner every night, although she admits that Paul is almost always on hand for the Parents' Night at school and parent-teacher conferences. "I hate this matriarchal society we seem to be raising my children in," she says. "I resent being the one who always says, 'Pick up your shoes,' 'Put the gum wrappers in the waste basket.' When the boys were young, I told Paul to take them to the bathroom. They are some things I can't teach a boy. I didn't do it . . . but somehow they learned."

Pidge speaks for many women in her position when she says, "I resent that Paul goes away more often than he takes me. He comes back from very glamorous times in Europe and New York, and it's damn hard not to feel like Cinderella."

"I wonder why men are reluctant to share all this with their wives. He went to a party at the American Embassy in London. I wouldn't take me because it was a two-day jaunt. So what happens? I stay home and I'm sorry for myself, and I solve it all by getting busy. Why can't I go to London?"

The Social Successes

Mrs. Success seems to show her greatest dependence in entertaining, the one area she considers hers and not her husband's.

The "toss-the-key-in-the-middle-of-the-party" that supposedly characterized Suburbia in the 1950s seems not to exist for the Successes. The most frequently named misbehavior at parties is drinking too much and smoking too much. Mrs. Success admits to occasional indulgence. Sometimes, she says, she is too affectionate. But always she leaves a party with her husband, although some (20 percent) have parties as a place to arrange liaisons.

The party at home requires the husband's participation in several areas: planning the guest list and buying liquor. Most husbands never buy the food or plan the menu, but one-third occasionally help with the cooking and most husbands help their wives straighten the house after guests leave.

While business is the basis for many decisions in Mrs. Success's life, it is not important in the social area. Seventy percent of the women claim that few, if any, decisions are influenced by places they go and people they see are business influenced.

Most women also agree on the basics that make a party. First, they think that preplanning is important. They don't like the four-hour cocktail party that concentrates on drink and ignores food. They think that loosely planned entertaining simply does not come off. Mrs. Success therefore, takes her entertaining as seriously as her husband does a business meeting. She plans in advance, orders her flowers, works diligently on her menu, and

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those ingenious small ideas that a party work. The little gimmick may be anything an out-of-town visitor to place that avoid the inevitable husband-wife seating. Many mention a invitation as helping make a start in the right spirit. Her small dinner parties Mrs. Success is always the diplomat. She is to invite people who are complete, prefers to set up small tables four or six as opposed to seating one at the long, narrow dining table. She considers 18 to 24 guests the num for a dinner party at home.

and Downs of Success

Janice Patterson picked up the dog, wrapped it in tissue, and hid it in one of the cartons that an line had brought for out-of-packing. Janice wished she had heard of out-of-town packing. Was on the move because Charlie was going to New York to a job paying \$200,000.

They want Charlie in New York. Those headhunters. Those executive employment agencies that pull out of jobs their wives love and them to bigger jobs, higher taxes, more traveling.

New York seven months later he awoke one morning to the telephone ringing. She didn't think it be Charlie. He never called in morning. But it was Charlie. He said, "Jan, I just resigned."

Janice's first suggestion was that he move out of the brownstone. He vetoed that. He had a permanent contract; the company would pay it. There were no financial problems. Sometimes Janice thought that he were financial problems life be easier for Charlie. Now, for Charlie, he would have to get a job. Charlie called the headhunters. They weren't calling him now. The first two weeks Charlie's calls interspersed with incoming calls from old friends and new headhunters. The third week the phone did not ring nearly so often. By the fourth week Jan jumped when it rang. The week Janice said, "Charlie, we're going to Puerto Rico for a week with the children." All that week the thought of Puerto Rico kept Charlie

On the sixth week, two hours before the time, Charlie had a call from a headhunter. "I have something interesting," he said. "Meet me at the Metropolitan Club tomorrow at ten." He almost said no. Then he said, "When he hung up, he told Jan what he had done. 'All right,' she said, 'then you'll join us in Puerto Rico the next day.'"

On the 10th the next morning Charlie called into the Metropolitan Club. A headhunter was waiting. They talked for two hours. The job carried Charlie the vice-president, and it paid \$200,000 a year. Charlie turned it down. A \$200,000-a-year president would become a \$75,000-a-year vice-president. The fact that he was strong enough to say no made Charlie feel all the way to the airport. Hell, he saw Janice in Puerto Rico. He said, "Honey, I turned down a job

and accepted the news the way she did life. She just said that Charlie should do what was right for him.

"I love you," Charlie said, and he meant it. He had never felt so close to Jan.

Over the next seven months Charlie considered several jobs they both knew were beneath his capabilities. He also considered moving, and he seriously considered suicide. Later Janice would call it "The Winter of Our Discontent."

The winter ended in July. Charlie became executive vice-president of a

bigger company than the one he left. Today he is chairman of the board.

"I learned everything a woman ever learns about being married the months Charlie was out of work," Janice said. "I felt for the first time in my marriage that I knew why God had put me here. I helped Charlie keep his sanity. Without me he would have broken. I know it. We grew very close those months he was home. I hope we never go through anything like this

again, but failure strengthened our marriage in a way success never did.

"When Charlie did not have a job, his life centered around me. I liked that. I liked holding all the keys to Charlie. His secretary didn't help him, and he didn't have seven vice-presidents laughing and slapping his back. It was just me."

My Mother, Mrs. Success

By precept, by nerve (continued)

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and by luck. Mrs. Success tries to raise her children, often in a home where there is no man present at the dinner table, the breakfast table, or the parent-teacher conference table. Other women, too, are raising children in homes where there is no regular male presence. Widows, divorcees, wives of traveling salesmen, all live a man-less existence that becomes most frustrating as children reach adolescence.

The main differences between the typical woman who strives alone and Mrs. Success are that Mrs. Success knows she has a husband who should be functioning as a father, and Mrs. Success can afford to buy the services and people that will share the child-raising responsibility with her. Her children begin with private nurses and end with their own cars. But in between . . . what happens?

Dr. Clifford Brown, a pediatrician, says: "The most frequent problem we get with children of successful parents is difficulty with school work. A child goes to school, does not discuss his school work at home, and all of a sudden the parents see a report card with failing grades. The first thing the parents do is decide to check the child's homework every night. Immediately after dinner they start, 'Did you do your homework yet? Show me what you did. What happened today?' Pretty soon the child feels trapped. His parents are pushing him to succeed. The school is pushing him to succeed.

"Whose fault is it? The schools that are rushing fair students through school at a scholar's pace. The only escape for the trapped child is to run away.

"There is another thing I find very wrong with successful parents and their attitude toward school work," continues Dr. Brown, "and that is their belief that what an underachiever needs is more help at home."

This brings up one of the pitfalls of parenthood: the tendency of strong aggressive parents to take over responsibilities for their children. It begins in babyhood, according to Dr. Brown. "Let's take the example of the bedwetter," says the doctor. "The child bedwets, so every night at midnight the parents awaken the child and take him to the bathroom. One night the parents go to a party, and they arrive home at 12:30 to find that the child has wet the bed. So they wake the child and scold him. He turns to his parents and says, 'It's your fault. Why didn't you wake me up?' So who's right? Whose responsibility is it?"

Dr. Brown believes that the major disadvantage of successful parents is that they unknowingly compete with

their children. Mothers compete with their daughters by dressing young and figuratively seducing the friends of their children without knowing what damage they are doing.

The successful father sets up competition with his son, but this is not always harmful, according to Dr. Brown. "If the boy can excel," he says, "then this competition is a help. But let's face it. It is much easier to compete with a father who is a failure.

WAS SIRHAN PROGRAMMED?

continued from page 66

that suggestion. Nor did I. It was a far-fetched theory, fetched in fact from Richard Condon's novel, *The Manchurian Candidate*. There, Raymond Shaw, the anti-hero who had been brainwashed in North Korea, was triggered by the phrase, "Why don't you pass the time by playing a little solitaire?" to riffle through a deck of play-

murder by proxy, through hypnosis. In 1951, in Copenhagen, Bjorn Jensen had programmed Palle Harbo to go into a trance at the sight of letter "X," rob a bank and kill one who got in his way—almost completely unaware that he had been used. Unlike the fictional Raymond Shaw, however, Harbo had some notion of what had happened. In jail he recalled enough about his former association with Nielsen to suspect that

had been used. He corroborated his suspicions to a psychiatrist, who spent almost a year cracking the mechanism by which Nielsen had led Harbo to his recollections.

On February 8, 1969, during the Sirhan trial, Dr. Diamond programmed Sirhan under hypnosis, to climb the bars of his cell, Sirhan had no idea what he was up on the top of the cell. When he finally discovered that climbing was not his own idea, but Dr. Diamond's, he wondered if the thought frightened him—whether he had been programmed by someone to kill Kennedy.

To Dr. Diamond, though, "a crackpot theory." I am at least, unless someone could find a Kennedy with hypnotic skills used them on Sirhan.

I couldn't find such a person. I sought out some people who had played cult games with Sirhan, and of them admitted that they had written a menacing letter to Chief Justice Warren that brought investigators from the FBI. This man told a somewhat different version of his association with Sirhan than Sirhan told me. This didn't mean he was involved in a plot. However, Sirhan told me that he learned the art of suggestion from others, and he would never say who the others were.

For this reason and because of several other admissions and evaluations, I still had a feeling somewhere in Sirhan's recent past there was a shadowy someone. So did LaJeunesse, the FBI man in charge of the Sirhan investigation, who confirmed to me: "The case is still open. I'm not rejecting the possibility of a *Manchurian Candidate* aspect."

LaJeunesse had attended the hearing when he heard Dr. Diamond's testimony. He seemed convinced that Sirhan was in a trance on the night of June 4, 1968, he knew, better than I, that if Kennedy had enemies who could choose Sirhan, with his anti-social feelings and his inert paranoia, it was a possible tool. Sirhan was a man nothing to lose, with enough conscious and unconscious hatred within him

Whenever someone says about me "You can't miss it"—I miss it. —Poor Woman's Alma

The hole thing is not the whole thing.



Look at a lot of the millionaires today. Their fathers were nothing."

For all his concern about the children of successful parents and the disadvantages of the life they lead, Dr. Brown still thinks they are better off than other children. He smiles knowingly. "A lot of people think that the children of successful men have more problems. They don't. It is just that the parents in these marriages are aware of the emotional needs of their children and respond to them. This is the child we see more often."

To Be Continued Next Month

ing cards until he came to the queen of hearts; once finding that card, he would await further instructions, then kill without knowing why he had killed or even that he had killed.

Could this have been the case with Sirhan? After all Sirhan had experimented with occult mind-bending exercises. I thought the line worth pursuing. And so, marvel of marvels, did Sirhan. He finally asked me, on December 31, 1968, to investigate further. Could anyone have exerted such an influence over his mind?

I did some research and discovered an interesting real-life example of

the attention of anyone looking likely gunman.

no would have wanted to use Sirhan this way? I didn't know. But police and the FBI (and I) used evidence that Sirhan associated with extremists of both the right and the Left and that he had connections with the so-called "Black World." I couldn't investigate those ties. But the police and the FBI had the legal mandate and the resources to do so. I could only hope that they would, that, in fact, they were applying logic and imagination even to public-relations-minded spokesmen continued to reveal those that enhanced their own image—as Robert Houghton, assistant chief of Los Angeles police, did in his book on the assassination (Special Unit Senator, Simon and Schuster, 1970).

Houghton looked for a conspiracy, Houghton said, and we didn't find one. I think he found the other way when even detectives browbeat him as Vincent DiPierro. DiPierro retracted his story of seeing "the girl in the polka dot dress" with Sirhan on the night of the assassination.

A pretty girl

Houghton's suspicions were not aroused by the story of the Pomona barber who said he saw Sirhan stalking Kennedy on January 20 in the company of a pretty girl.

Houghton overlooked the fact that the executive who saw Sirhan at target practice in the desert at Rancho California, was with a pretty girl. He set aside the puzzle of the blond Van Antwerp, who mysteriously disappeared from Corona, Calif., 12 hours after Senator Kennedy was shot and reappeared two days later in Eureka, Calif. Van Antwerp had told the FBI he never knew Sirhan.

As a matter of fact, he was doomed with Sirhan for months. Houghton apparently did not find it strange that the FBI and his investigators took 10 months to find the man who shot Sirhan to Corona in the first place. Frank Donnan, alias Henry Donald Strella of New Jersey, Houghton overlooked the

naïve approaches that investigators made to Jimmy Hoffa, and the story of Hoffa, who were not above suspicion: "Tell us about your contract to kill Senator Kennedy killed. Jimmy. No contract? Oh, well, sorry to bother you, Jimmy." And Houghton seemingly approved the fantasy that anyone who had facts going counter to the lone-assassin theory was "psycho."

It wasn't easy for Houghton to ignore the evidence in Sirhan's notebook that Sirhan associated the killing of Robert Kennedy with some kind of payoff to himself. Whenever

Kennedy's name appeared there, it was always accompanied by the phrase, "Please pay to the order of Sirhan." That should have aroused the suspicions of anyone over eight, much more of a police officer who was always ready to expect the worst. But Houghton made the supreme effort. He ignored that, too, partly because he assumed that Sirhan would have to have had the money in hand before he struck and Houghton couldn't find

forget any promises of money: "I have never heard please pay to the order of of of of of of of of of of of this or that 80000."

Sirhan never could explain the references to money in his notebook. Where did the instructions come from? From Sirhan or from somebody else?

It was possible that these orders came from somebody else, and that Sirhan then drummed them into his own mind. But no one could say with

"Sirhan," said Dr. Diamond, "did anybody pay you to shoot Kennedy?" Five-second pause. No answer.

"Did anybody pay you to shoot Kennedy, Sirhan?" A sigh.

"Yes or no?" Two-second pause. "I can't hear you."

"No."

"No?" No one paid you to shoot Kennedy. Did anybody know ahead of time that you were going to do it, Sirhan?"

Two-second pause. "No."

"No?" Dr. Diamond asked. "Did anybody from the Arabs tell you to shoot Kennedy? Any of your Arab friends?"

Immediately: "No."

"Did the Arab government have anything to do with it, Sirhan?"

Immediately: "No."

"Did you think this up all by yourself?"

Sirhan paused six seconds. "Yes," he said.

It would, furthermore, take even a man with Dr. Diamond's skills more time to explore with Sirhan the significance of his assertion that he could, for instance, "blow the top off this case" if he chose to say what he knew. Even Dr. Diamond would need more time to see what had prompted Sirhan's successive stories that Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon or James Hoffa had put him up to killing Kennedy, more time to find out why Sirhan thought that "the FBI did a lousy job of investigation" and "didn't know everything."

Secretive fellow

It is impossible now for me to recheck the facts with Sirhan. He has refused to see me any more. He became angry about the kind of book he suspected I was writing about him, and sued to prevent its publication. My narrative shows a new Sirhan: a secretive fellow whose pseudo-explanations, evasions, fabrications and lies would give many readers reason to conclude that he might be nothing more than a hired gun. Sirhan was afraid that my book would reopen the case. That apprehension made him very unhappy. He rather liked his identity as an Arab hero. And I was taking it away from him.

END

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any extra money to support his belief.

It is entirely possible that Sirhan was gunning for Kennedy on a simple promise of money, sweetened by a small down payment. He could have bet that money at the racetrack, or stashed it away, or, indeed, given it to his family.

Grant Cooper, Sirhan's defense attorney, once asked him about the money angle and Sirhan answered with a question of his own: "If I got the money, where is it?"

Here, Sirhan seemed genuinely evasive. But it was clear that in his notebook he was repeating instructions to

certainty. It would take a psychoanalyst as skilled as Dr. Diamond perhaps another year of interviews with Sirhan to test this theory thoroughly—to put Sirhan through more hypnotic sessions in an effort to see if, indeed, his memory had been blocked by some kind of psychological locking mechanism. There was some indication that it was. On certain occasions when Dr. Diamond put Sirhan under hypnosis and asked him about the involvement of others, Sirhan would go into a deep sleep. Once, on January 11, 1969, Sirhan answered some questions quickly and easily. On others he blocked.

THIS IS THE WAY By Christie Lund Coles

*This is a way of life
this letting go,
this willing to be free
of tension and of doubt,
of looking up and out,
of believing
in the dark,
that there is a light
somewhere.
And a Lark.*

THE DEATH OF THE REPORT CARD

Report cards are flunking out in more and more U.S. schools. And the people who seem to profit most from this mutiny against marks are the ones who *should* profit most—our children. By Bernard Bard

Have you, or your child, even spent a sleepless night because of a report card? Does the struggle for an "A" or

"B"—or even a passing grade—overshadow the essential reason for attending school: to learn? Have marks and

grades become success symbols and thus causes of anxiety for today's youth?

If your answer to any of these questions is yes, don't despair. A mutiny against marks is under way in American education, from elementary through graduate schools. Grades are being downgraded, report cards are being modernized or abolished in thousands of classrooms because, says Prof. Phil C. Lange of Teachers Col-

lege, Columbia University, grading in the way of good instruction. "To it bluntly," says Professor Lange, "many schools—especially high schools and colleges—expend more time and energy sorting and grading students than they do in teaching them."

In almost four out of ten American high schools, for example, grades have been used as an instrument of punishment, according to the National Association of Secondary School Principals. Girls often get higher marks than boys—for the same work—because women teachers much prefer the more conformist behavior, says educational psychologist E. Paul Torrance. Worst of all, marks conceal more than they reveal. An "A" may reflect more an ability to parrot facts and figure out a cue, says Charles H. Wilson, superintendent of the North Orange County Junior College District in Fullerton, Calif., but that "A" says nothing about the quality of the class, the school, the teacher—or whether the child is performing to the best of his ability.

Impetus for the movement to reform the system of marks comes from the teaching profession. In 1967, the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development of the National Education Association denounced traditional report cards as called for an overhaul of the way students are evaluated. Report cards termed "the sick man of education," a cramping, distorting system, a nuisance to good teaching and learning. The system has made our young people into "an ant-heap of scrambling... fighting one another for the positions of safety."

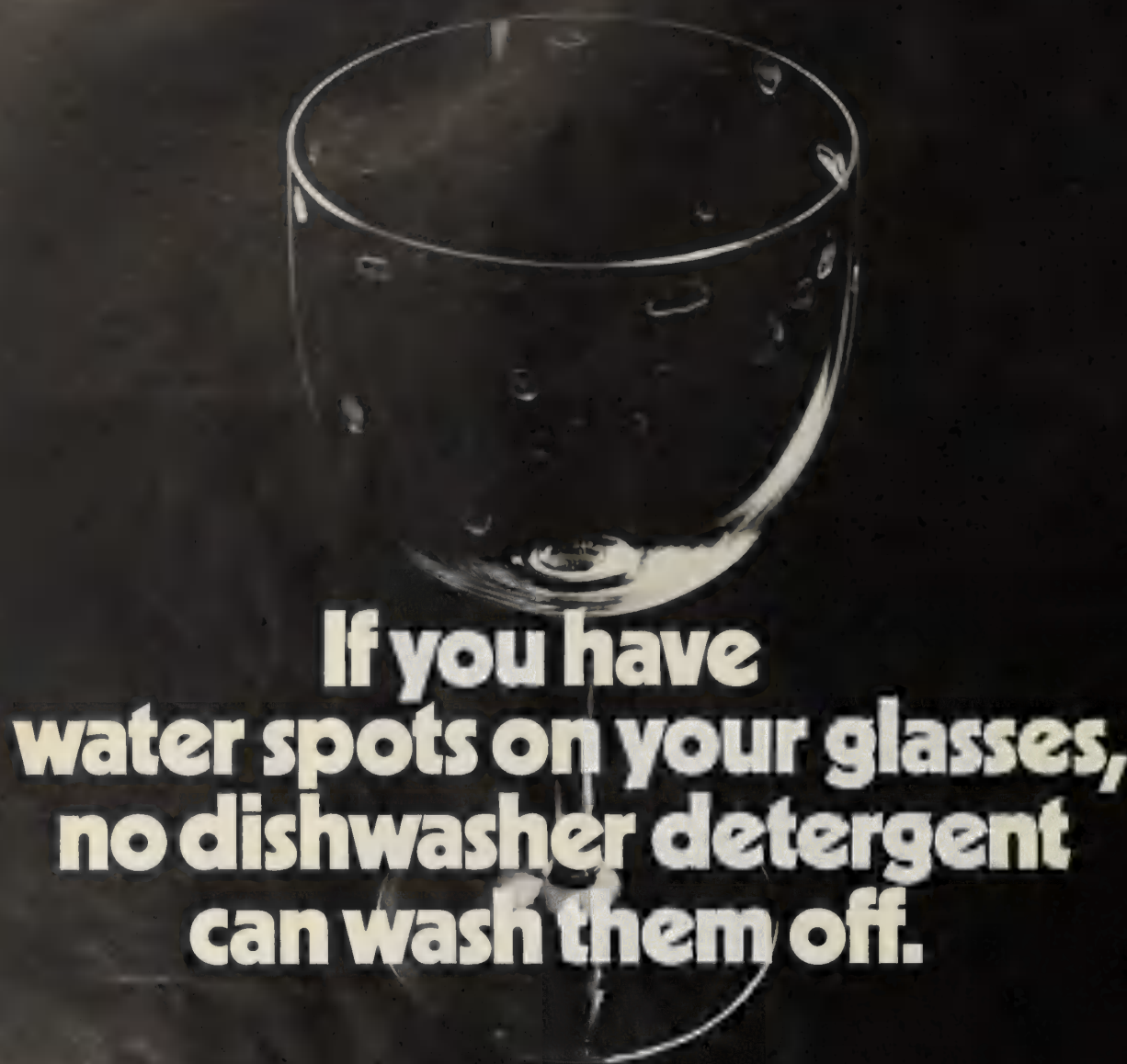
Many schools are beginning to respond to such criticism. More than 100 of America's urban school systems have changed their report cards in the five years. Experiments or research projects to improve or "find alternatives to" traditional grading systems have been under way in Columbus, Memphis, Denver, Miami, Atlanta, Indianapolis, Baltimore, Boston, Kansas City, Baton Rouge, La., Charlotte, N.C., Saginaw, Mich., Montgomery County, Md., Pinellas and Hillsborough counties, Fla., among other places.

The idea is to make student evaluation more precise, and to end the ship of grades that may bring a small bribery at home for every child and large humiliations for every parent ("Just wait till your daddy sees you! You'll get a good whipping!")

Bellevue, Wash., discarded report cards in favor of parent-teacher conferences. Six days were reserved in November and February for "information exchanges" with teachers. A parent is guaranteed a minimum of half hour to learn how his child has grown as an individual, and to discuss his work habits. Does the child have a questioning mind? Does he respect rules? Is he learning to think critically? Bellevue school officials found the traditional A-B-C report-card system superficial and misleading. They believe they are now communicating better with parents this way. And most Bellevue

Do the new long skirts make a woman's feet look big, or is it just that this is the first time in several years that anyone has looked at a woman's feet?

—Poor Woman's Almanac



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ts agree. For those parents who feel lost without letter grades, grades are furnished at the conferences and discussed briefly—but not on the school's record cards. With Eddinger, a fourth-grade teacher at San Pablo Elementary in Jacksonville, Fla., got her pal's permission to drop report. She felt that children would not "joy and satisfaction" from without grades. Their papers not graded; they were merely ed, and the children then correct their mistakes. The last hour of each Friday afternoon was Open for parents. At the end of the a narrative-style "Progress Parent home, instead of a report "Joseph has learned his multiplication facts and is now multiplying and three-digit numbers. He is to begin our next unit on division," read a typical entry. Parents reacted enthusiastically. The old report cards, they said, a grade often upset their households; it never occurred to these as that children could learn without grades. But they were learning—well. Concludes Miss Eddinger: "We were learning for the sake of learning, looking up answers in reliable—not memorizing, not preparing tests, not cramming, not worried tense, not working for that letter grade. They wanted the right letter, not to get a good mark on a report to make sure they had learned something."

grades are issued at the Evergreen School in Whittier, Calif.; no letter fails. A special "report form"

goes home, saying the pupil has mastered a subject or is still learning it. "Learning itself, not the attainment of a grade, is the goal," says Principal Richard Hartley.

Merla Sparks, former English teacher at Hoover High School in North Canton, Ohio, was allowed to abolish grades for five classes in her "bottom" group. She found the youngsters doing more work, reading more, turning in more imaginative themes than any other class she had taught.

In the Cheltenham Township schools in Elkins Park, Pa., near Philadelphia, teachers and specialists in educational-testing have experimented with new techniques in hopes of someday making marks obsolete. Junior and senior high-school students take an elective course in individualized reading. No grades are given. Instead, their reading strengths and weaknesses are diagnosed. The program got off to a cautious start with only 90 students, but the number tripled the second year. "The current system of marking simply has got to go," says Frances R. Link, coordinator of secondary education. "Let's give the kids a break and overthrow the system before they do."

Computerized classrooms, "talking typewriters," individual prescribed instruction, and other educational breakthroughs are also eliminating traditional grading methods. These new, automated methods instantly analyze learning problems, alert teachers to persistent difficulties, and "reward" children by advancing them to the next level as soon as they demonstrate mastery of the immediate one. In effect, the pupils receive "instant marks,"

or "instantaneous reinforcement," on a minute-by-minute basis. Computers may someday take over the whole job of evaluating students, according to Dr. Paul R. Lohnes of the State University of New York at Buffalo. Dr. Lohnes predicted that the machines will be able to provide students with far more information about themselves than teachers can.

Many leading colleges are experimenting with alternatives to traditional grading systems. They recognize that grade-hungry students often have no time for genuine education, that college grades are often inaccurate predictors of success in later life—and that grades are frequently imperfect yardsticks of what students get from a course. Stanford, the University of California (Berkeley), the University of Michigan and Oberlin are among the schools experimenting with a partial Pass-Fail system. Princeton allows a student to take one course a year without receiving a numbered grade. The California Institute of Technology began marking freshmen Pass or Fail, and found that "students are developing into self-motivated scholars, rather than grade-getters." The Ford Foundation is sponsoring programs at six colleges (Allegheny, Colorado, Lake Forest, Colby, Pomona and Florida Presbyterian) that will enable selected students to study without course or attendance requirements, credits or marks.

Yale University has already taken the revolutionary step of abolishing grades and offering all courses on a Pass-Fail basis. Yale is now in the midst of a five-year experiment to see

if students will be encouraged to explore new "areas of interest" once the fear of poor grades is lifted. The University of California at Santa Cruz opened its doors in 1965 with its entire program on a Pass-Fail system. Despite fears that absence of numbered or lettered grades might handicap seniors who wanted to go on to graduate school, the first class of "ungraded" graduates (1969) won places in Harvard Law, Oxford, and the University of Chicago, among other prestigious schools.

Worship of grades has not been banished, of course. Gold stars in kindergarten, and places on the "Honor Roll" and "Dean's List" are still eagerly sought. But there is growing distrust of a grading system that gives some students "the ignoble satisfaction of feeling they are better than someone else," in the words of author-teacher John Holt, and degrades and stigmatizes countless others. The methods by which they have been labeled are "psychologically unsound, illogical and inconsistent," says Harold H. Aikins, principal of Simon Kenton School in Xenia, Ohio. "A Stone Age system for evaluating human beings," adds Sister M. Robertann Lathrop of St. Agnes School in Chicago Heights, Ill.

More and more report cards are receiving a resounding "F"—for Failure. If the trend continues, the race for grades may someday be over. **END**

I like easy-going people, but I hate slowpokes. And unfortunately most easy-going people are slowpokes. —Poor Woman's Almanac

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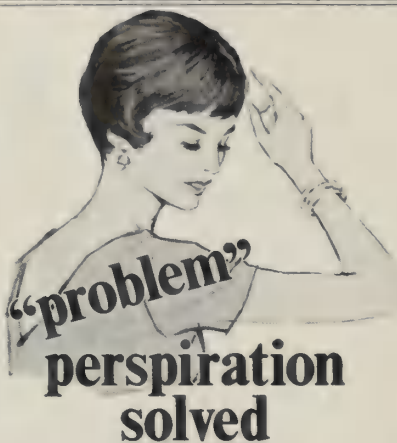
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"TELL ME, DOCTOR, WHAT ABOUT SEX AFTER MY OPERATION?"

BY WILLIAM A. NOLEN, M.D.

A few months ago, I was talking to a 35-year-old woman whose gall bladder I had removed a week earlier. I had explained what diet she was to follow, how much walking she should do, what housework she might tackle—all the standard things a surgeon tells his patient when discharging her from the hospital. I thought I had covered everything, but asked if she had any other questions.

"Yes, doctor," she answered, "I do have one. How soon can I have intercourse?"

Her question surprised me. It shouldn't have. It's a perfectly logical question—one most patients wonder about but few ask. It is also a question most other surgeons, I suspect, fail to anticipate or answer.

I answered the question, and now include the subject of sex after surgery as a routine part of my final instructions to patients.

My answer to the question, "How soon after my operation can I have intercourse?" depends on three factors: (1) the magnitude of the operation; (2) the nature of the operation; and

(3) the general physical condition of the patient.

A "major" operation not confined to primary genital organs (removal of a gall bladder; an appendectomy; removal of ovarian cysts; hernia repair; an operation on a lung, lumbosacral nerve, bowel or stomach; extensive vascular operations, etc.) can't help but worry a patient. The trauma of the operation and the stress of the postoperative period deplete his, or her, supply of energy. It is exhausting to get out of bed and into a chair. The libido disappears dramatically in a woman whose sex drive is gone. Frankly, the patient is not interested in sex.

I tell my patients who have undergone major surgery of any type to refrain from sexual activity for six weeks. Chances are the physical stress of intercourse wouldn't hurt them for two or three weeks, but it generally takes six weeks to recover the energy after a major surgical procedure.

After a minor procedure (such as a biopsy, removal of a skin lesion, dilation and curettage of the uterus, or one week's abstinence from sex).



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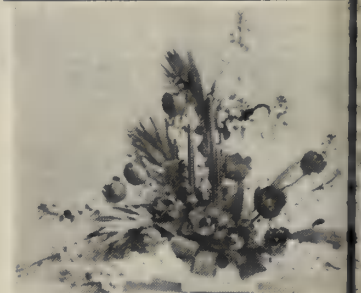
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Doctors have found a most effective medication that actually helps shrink painful swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues caused by infection. In many cases, the first applications give prompt relief for hours from such pain.

Tests by doctors on hundreds of patients showed the true in many cases. The medication doctors used was Preparation H, the same Preparation H you can get out a prescription. Ointment

be adequate. It is probably more than adequate. In many cases a day or two of restraint would be sufficient, but a week—hardly cruel and inhuman punishment—makes a good general rule.

After an operation on the reproductive organs, a longer period of sex abstinence is advisable. Most gynecologists recommend that after a hysterectomy, or surgery on the vagina or bladder, eight weeks should be allowed for healing. Usually between the sixth and eighth week, the surgeon will do a postoperative examination. If there is faulty or delayed healing, he may then advise against intercourse for a longer period. Otherwise, at eight weeks it is safe to resume sexual activity.

Childbirth, though not strictly speaking "an operation," can be considered here. Most obstetricians recommend that the mother refrain from intercourse until she has had one menstrual period—usually six to eight weeks after childbirth. But we must also consider how complicated and traumatic the delivery was. Obstetricians, unlike most other physicians and surgeons, generally anticipate the question, "When can I have intercourse?" and volunteer an answer.

It is most difficult to be specific about the general condition of the patient. The time intervals that I've suggested apply to patients whose general health, aside from the condition for which surgery was necessary, is good. If the patient has been chronically ill or has complicating diseases, such as a heart condition, the rules I've given don't apply. In these instances, a longer period of abstinence may be in order and should be discussed with the patient's doctor.

There are some operations that cause special problems and must be discussed outside the "general rules." One common female operation is cystocele-rectocele repair. This is performed on women who have a "fallen bladder." This condition causes a bearing down or sagging sensation in the region of the vagina. Frequently it is associated with urinary complaints. Some women may even be incontinent; when they laugh or cough they lose control of their urine.

Most women have cystocele-rectocele problems as a result of childbirth. When a baby passes through the vaginal canal, the tissues are stretched and sometimes torn. If the damage is great, the muscles that lie between the vaginal wall and the bladder in front, and the vaginal wall and the rectum in back, don't regain their predelivery strength. The bladder and rectum then sag into the vagina.

The operation to repair this defect is done through the vagina. Postoperatively, the vagina may be narrower than it was, and sometimes this may make intercourse temporarily difficult. After a few weeks vaginal tissues stretch and there is no problem.

On one occasion, a woman in her early fifties complained that she had been unable to have intercourse for three years. She had had a cystocele-rectocele repair, and the surgeon had inadvertently tightened the vaginal let too much.

This woman had never told her surgeon about the problem. She had been too embarrassed. She had been willing to talk to me only because I was a stranger, and because she had become desperate. Her marriage was in trouble.



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I operated on the woman and easily corrected the condition. Her sex life is now back to normal.

I detail this case to make a point. If, after an operation on the vagina, a woman has trouble resuming sexual relations, she should tell her doctor about it. The problem may not be obvious to him even when he examines her, and unless she volunteers the information, an easily remediable condition may go uncorrected.

After a radical mastectomy—the operation for removal of a cancerous breast—I make a particular point of advising my patients to resume sexual relations as soon as strength permits. Usually this is in three or four weeks.

This is the one exception to my general rule of advising a six-week delay after major surgery. I make this exception because I find that resuming a normal sex life is good therapy for these patients.

Losing a breast is psychologically traumatic. The breast is not only a secondary sex organ, but it is, in our culture, the symbol of femininity. A woman who has lost her breast may feel that she has lost her femininity and that she will no longer be attractive to her husband. A prompt resumption of sexual relations reassures her that this is not the case, that her femininity has not been lost and that her husband still loves her. (continued)

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Researching phosphorescent materials, he found the only known methods of application (hand painting and silk screening) were often unsatisfactory and always costly. However (because he didn't know that it "couldn't be done") he developed a new method using laminated metallic inserts and injection moulding.

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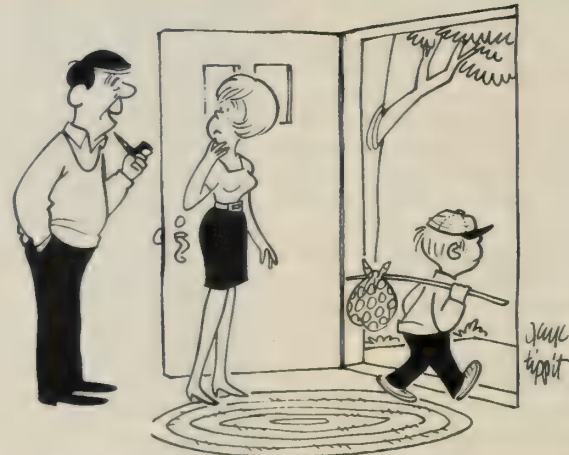
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TELL ME, DOCTOR *continued*

There are some women who, when they ask, "How soon can I have intercourse?" are really asking, "How soon must I have intercourse?" They will use an operation as an excuse to avoid intercourse for months, even years. Their problem is not physical but emotional. If the physician or surgeon takes the initiative and tells the woman, without being asked, when she may resume sex, he helps her face the reality of her problem by removing the crutch. The woman may then seek

the psychiatric help she really needs.

General rules are not necessary for men. It's not uncommon for a man to develop a relative impotence, secondary to exhaustion and discomfort, for a few weeks after major surgery. No will his libido be strong in the immediate postoperative period. Therefore, it is generally safe to tell a man that he may indulge in sexual intercourse as soon after surgery "as he feels like it." And, coincidentally, the period of abstinence usually works out to be about the same for him as the one prescribed for a woman.



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That inflamed feeling? Nupercainal cools and soothes, as it spreads a protective, lubricating coating.

Of the leading hemorrhoid preparations, Nupercainal — and only Nupercainal — contains the anesthetic Dibucaine. That's why only Nupercainal

can work the way it does. Nupercainal helps reduce irritation of troubled tissues, aids in reducing inflammation, and allows the natural healing process to function with a unique combination of ingredients that also make bowel movements more comfortable.

When hemorrhoids attack, get Nupercainal Ointment or Suppositories. Both work fast and work correctly to help make you feel better. And the Suppositories offer an extra advantage. They melt at a lower temperature so they can start to work that much faster.

We wish hemorrhoids did not exist. But since hemorrhoids are often a fact of life, it's good to know you can go to your drug department and get Nupercainal.

No prescription needed.





Now's the perfect time to blossom out as a cake decorator!

It's easy with the new Wilton book

All you need is the marvelous new 1971 Wilton "Cake and Food Decorating" book. 194 pages, 176 in full color. 90 pages of step-by-step directions show you how easy it is to make icing flowers, borders, leaves... even write messages and pipe figures when you know exactly how.

It's actually 4 books in one: a complete cake decorating course; a Hostess Guide with 62 party cakes, hors d'oeuvres, centerpieces; a Wedding Book with 25 wedding cake designs and 90 ornaments; and a Decorating Bazaar with new products from around the world.

Be creative. Have fun. Maybe even earn extra money! Fill out the the coupon below and send it to us with \$1. We'll rush your copy right away.



WILTON ENTERPRISES, INC., Dept. LHJ-100
833 West 115th St., Chicago, Ill. 60643

Sounds wonderful! Rush my copy of the great new 1971 Wilton "Cake and Food Decorating Book." I enclose:

☐ \$1 for one copy ☐ \$2 for two copies

This is your shipping label. PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

Name _____

Street _____

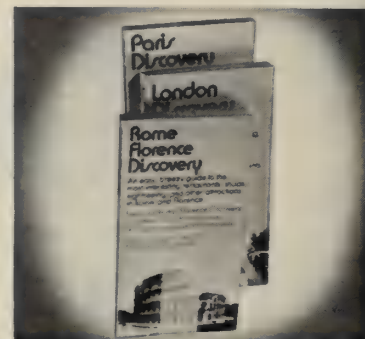
City _____ State _____ Zip code _____



LYNN HEADLEY - EDITOR

Taking a roamin' holiday?

You can plan a care-free trip to Rome/Florence, Paris or London. Money-saving pocket-size books turn you into a knowledgeable native instead of a frustrated tourist. Each, a personal guide to an insider's view, has a courtesy card to discounts in shops, restaurants, clubs, etc. \$3.95 each. Discovery Books, Dept. LH-10, Mail Rm., 7th Fl., 201 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10003.



Imported brass compote

This elegant dish of solid brass is hand-carved by the deft hands of India's skilled artisans. It's ideal for candy or fruit, or stands as a graceful decoration. For the ultimate in bathroom accessories, it makes a chic container for guest soap. Measures 8 in. in diameter. Compote dish is \$5 plus 25c postage. Bombay Shop, Dept. LHJ, P.O. Box 224, Nutley, N.J. 07110.



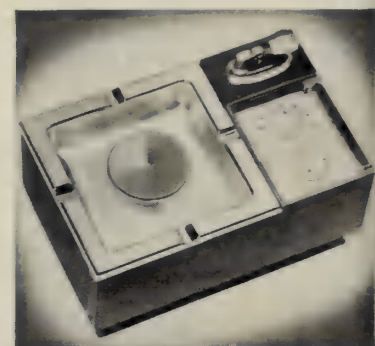
Woodland cover kit

Create a perky pillow cover in a woodland medley of a rabbit, squirrel, frog, snail, butterfly, bee, ladybug and flowers. Kit: design on linen for front and back of 14x14-in. pillow, crewel yarns in greens, blues, yellows, reds with brown and gray, green cording, zipper, needle and instructions. \$5.50 plus 50c postage. The Stitchery, LHJ-10, Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181.



Ash tray radio

A unique combination of ash tray and radio is handsome on a man's desk at home or in an office. Of polished chrome, ash tray is removable. Includes butane gas lighter. All housed in a fine plastic cabinet with wood grain finish. Uses a 9-volt battery. 6 3/4 x 2 1/4 x 4 5/8 in. \$24.95 plus 75c postage. Hammurabi House, Dept. 3860-47, 402 So. Robinson St., Bloomington, Ill. 61701.



Elegance at home

Go shopping in Rome or Paris via the fall/winter collection couture fashions created exclusively for Elégance by Lanvin, Ricci, Patou, DeRauch, Schuberth, Pucci and Fabiani. 130 pages in color, \$3; 80 pages of fashions plus 90 of fabric swatches, \$9; large version, \$12; larger version, \$18. Elégance International, Dept. LH-10, 152-20 Rockaway Blvd., Baisley Park, N.Y. 11434.



NOW THERE IS A FANTASTICALLY FAST AND SURE HIP, THIGH & WAISTLINE REDUCER!

The Miraculous New...

SAUNA SHORTS

GUARANTEED TO TAKE 3 TO 6 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS, THIGHS & WAISTLINE IN JUST ONE WEEK OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.

DO NEWS TRAVELS FAST

and Women across the country are raving about the new "Inches-Off" discovery that lets you reduce the size of your hips and waistline without dieting!

Gentlemen:

I have had an opportunity to use Sauna Shorts primarily for the purpose of evaluating its worth in view of the many inquiries that have been made to me relating to your type of product. This Sauna Shorts "Inches-Off Program" is based on sound scientific principles. It's sensible and it works—a rare combination! I plan to recommend it to all my patients who want to take off inches."

Dr. J. A. Sharpe
Registered Physio-therapist
Los Angeles, California

Sauna Shorts:
I want to thank you for your wonderful product. I have lost almost two inches from my hips and over two and one-half inches from my waist."

Mrs. B. R. Montreal, Quebec

Sirs:
Your product really works! I admit I was a little skeptical at first—but I can assure you I have no more doubts. I followed the instructions and did the exercises. Now I feel like a lion! I lost 2 inches from my waist... I'm now back down to 22" and I might add that my stomach and thighs have dropped up—."

Arlene Roush, Santa Susana, Calif.

Sauna Shorts:
I have 5 children and 33 years of good food I 'managed' to gain 50 pounds over my normal weight. But, I bought a pair of Sauna Shorts—and I've lost 4 inches off my waist and 5 inches off my thighs. My husband's happy, my kids and I are having a ball playing together and I just feel great. I've passed the word around to all my 'baby' friends."

Mrs. Pauline Skeriot, Alliquippa, Penna.

Gentlemen:
I simply must write to you how happy I am with the results of Sauna Shorts. I lost 5 inches in the very first week—2 inches from my waist and 3 inches from my hips! You can believe me when I say I am sure they don't come back!"

I ordered my Sauna Shorts once a week now to keep my great new look. My friends keep telling me how great I look now and they are interested in purchasing your Sauna Shorts.

Mrs. Ida Ann Debs, Chicago, Ill.

DO SAUNA SHORTS TAKE OFF INCHES?

The "honey" of tiny air pockets create your own personal Swedish massage which together with a simple 3 step exercise plan works to remove unwanted inches. Just slip into your Sauna Shorts as you wear any shorts, and inflate them with the handy detachable air pump we provide (at no extra charge). Instantly you'll enjoy a relaxing massaging action, a comforting warmth and unique support. You'll feel all these little Airpockets—each with its own therapeutic pressure point—snuggling up to you, tighter and warmer. Now you're ready to put the air pump aside while your Sauna Shorts go to work doing their part in coaxing off those unwanted inches."

Included with your Sauna Shorts is a simple 3-step exercise plan for pin-pointing "inches-removal" from your hips, thighs, and waistline. After you've performed these simple exercises you will put on your Sauna Shorts while you relax or go about your regular routine. Even though you're at ease, you'll know your Sauna Shorts are doing their part in dissolving inches from your hips, thighs and waist—for a slimmer, trimmer, more youthful figure or physique.

WEAR YOUR SAUNA SHORTS FOR 7 DAYS!

Although many persons have reported as much as 5-inches-lost the first 3 days, we recommend you wear your Sauna Shorts for a week—less than half an hour each day. The results obtained the first week will differ among individuals, depending upon physical factors. But from the amazing results users are experiencing, we are prepared to make you an outstanding **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.**

CHOOSE REGULAR OR LONG-LINE SAUNA SHORTS—BOTH INCREDIBLE BARGAINS!

Sauna Shorts are as easy to slip on as a pair of shorts...there are no straps, pins, belts, and no buckles...there's no pulling or adjusting. The regular Sauna Shorts and 3-step exercise plan for reducing hips and thigh measurements are priced at a low \$9.95. For hips, thighs and waistline reduction, select the long-line Sauna Shorts...only \$14.95. The long-line Sauna Shorts are especially constructed to help reduce waistline measurement as well as taking inches off hips and thighs. It extends above the waist with vertical air pocket sauna strips, to help work off "lower midriff bulge" too. Sauna Shorts cover every square inch of hip, thigh, and waist area. And remember, these amazing Sauna Shorts are not sold in any store. They are available exclusively from Sauna Shorts, Inc., in attractive blue for men and women. Order your Sauna Shorts today to obtain and keep a gloriously firm, slim and youthfully sleek look. **You have nothing to lose but inches!**

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If your total inches-lost does not equal or exceed 3 to 6 inches in just one week—or if you are not completely satisfied for any reason—you may return your Sauna Shorts for a prompt total refund, no questions asked.

SAUNA SHORTS, INC. Dept. SH-163
P.O. Box 1, San Fernando, California 91341

Please send me _____ SAUNA SHORTS with complete, easy to understand instructions and quick exercise plans. I understand that if I don't lose a total of 3 to 6 inches (hips, thighs, waist) in just one week, I can return the sauna shorts and air pump for a full refund.

☐ Mens ☐ I am enclosing \$9.95 for each
☐ Ladies ☐ regular-line Sauna Shorts.

☐ Mens ☐ I am enclosing \$14.95 for each
☐ Ladies ☐ long-line Sauna Shorts.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (no C.O.D.'s)

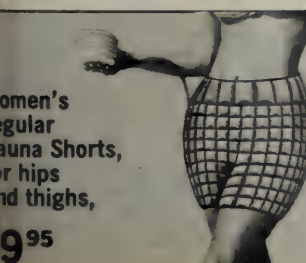
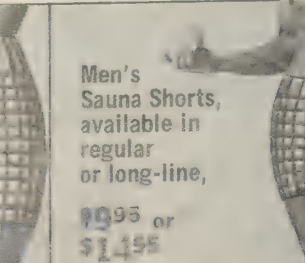
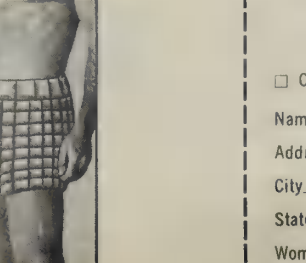
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Woman: Waist size _____ Man: Waist size _____

 Women's regular-line Sauna Shorts, for hips and thighs, \$9.95	 Women's long-line Sauna Shorts, for hips, thighs and waist, \$14.95	 Men's Sauna Shorts, available in regular or long-line, \$9.95 or \$14.95	
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An Amazing Value for only \$2.98 Lighted Pineapple Centerpiece



With many luscious fruits around its base gives it delightful "dining in the tropics" atmosphere! Light shines through the translucent true-to-life color of the pineapple, making a unique center-piece sure to be admired by guests! Uses 2 "C" batteries, not incl. A great buy for only \$2.98.

MAIL 10-DAY NO RISK COUPON
PALM CO., Dept. 3983
 4500 N.W. 135th St., Miami, Fla. 33054
 Enclosed is check ☐ m.o. for \$
 #8441 Pineapple Lamps @ \$2.98
 (Add 55c post. each)
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

FREE FULL COLOR KING-SIZE CATALOG

FOR TALL OR BIG MEN
 Bring new fashion excitement into his life—and yours—with the new Free, Full Color KING-SIZE Men's Catalog. Choose from MANHATTAN, ARROW, MCGREGOR, JANTZEN Shirts, Sweaters, Jackets, Slacks, with bodies 4" longer, Sleeves to 38"; Inseams to 42". PLUS 200 Shoe Styles 10-16, Widths AAA-EEE. Everything is fully guaranteed by KING-SIZE.

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You'll find hundreds of wonderful needlecraft ideas in this book of over 700 old time designs, decorations, interesting patterns. And if you make quilts, you'll relish the 500 quilt designs included in this big book. This book is a must for every needlecraft home library!

You may be pleasantly surprised to discover how useful many of these old designs and patterns can be and perhaps you may even be surprised to find how much you want to use them! Rush \$1.00 for this big book NOW! 13 copies for \$2.50.

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Finest double weight portrait paper. Send any photo or neg. (ret.). Any enlargement hand-colored by professional artists, \$1 extra. State color of eyes, hair and clothes. Add 25c per selection for postage and handling. and add 1.35c extra for rush First Class service. Quality Values 352-F, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804

THE BEST WAY TO KILL the HAIR ROOT
 is the Mahler Way!

Thousands of women like yourself, after reading and following our instructions carefully, have learned to remove unwanted hair permanently the Mahler way. Re-discover the thrill of an excitingly beautiful complexion — don't delay another day! Send 10c for 16-page illustrated booklet "New Radiant Beauty" ... learn the secret for yourself.

MAHLER'S Dept. 320-P Providence 15, R. I.

Giant ball fringe

Perk up a window with these lovely curtains in unbleached muslin trimmed with fluffy balls of giant ball fringe. An attractive window accent that matches any decorating period. Washable, but it is suggested "with care." 80 in. wide per pair. 45, 54, 63, 72 in. long, \$7 per pair; 81 and 90 in., \$8.50. Add 50c postage. Country Curtains, Dept. L-10, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262.



Lack a green thumb?

You don't need one, not with an electrified indoor "greenhouse" to do its fast work. Starts seeds in 3 to 5 days. Controls moisture, ventilation and soil temperature at 70°. About 2 1/2 ft. long, 1 ft. 3 in. wide, it holds half bushel of soil. Of strong polystyrene. Comes with herbs, tomato, petunia and zinnia seeds. \$12.95. Plantabbs, Dept. L-18, Lutherville, Md. 21093.



Makeup glasses

Tired of squinting and straining as you try to apply makeup? Why not try this magnifying glass to see what you're doing and do it neatly. Use makeup tools behind the lenses, or swing each frame up separately. Makeup glasses make beauty time in less time. Ideal for removing cinders. \$5.95. Alexander Sales Corp., Dept. LH-10, 26 So. 6th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10551.



Whaling scenes

The wonder of whaling and all its excitement is captured colorfully by a well-known New England ship artist. Hand silk-screened, the engraved woodcut look sets a sea-going mood in any room. If you are looking for a handsome gift for your favorite salt, this set is ideal. Set of 4, \$1. Order from World Art Group, Studio LHJ-10, 606 Post Road, Westport, Conn. 06880.



In a jocular vein

Humor is almost synonymous with Irish. "The Home Book of Irish Humor," selected and edited with commentaries by John McCarthy, is lively with the wit and wonder of Swift, Sheridan, Breslin and more, whose sayings and writings run throughout its comic contents. In 12 sections, it includes ballads, wakes and wags. \$7.50. Village Book Shop, Dept. LH-10, Rye, N.Y. 10580.



Owl nightlight

Any child finds comfort in the soft glow of this wonderful, white owl perched on a leafy tree stump. Like a lighted sentinel, he brightens the way for tiny feet. In translucent ceramic, he is 6 in. high. Comes complete with a long lasting, easily replaceable bulb, plus an on/off switch attached to a 6-ft. cord. \$3.98 ppd. From Colonial Studios, Dept. OLE-5, White Plains, N.Y. 10606.





Original art

This beautiful picture is hand-signed and numbered by the artist Bertoldo Taubert. Lithograph in vibrant colors is available in a limited edition of only 200 originals. Measures 15x19 in. Attractive in any setting. \$21. All \$1 for insured shipping. A series of brochures of original art is available for \$1. Write to Art Of All Nations, Dept. LH-10, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520.



Buy the way

Checking your Christmas list to see "who's been naughty or nice?" Kimball's fall catalogue, free, is nice to check, too, for thousands of gift ideas under \$5. Features unusual gifts, housewares, imports, toys—items to please one and all and your purse. A nice way to buy. 196 pages of "easy shopping." For free catalogue, write Miles Kimball, 263 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wisc. 54901.

Water, water everywhere

And lots of drops to drink—for your plants, that is. Aquamatic Self-Watering Planter holds a two-to-five week supply of water. No worry about too much or too little, a plant draws its own supply as needed. 7x4x3 in. White or green. \$1.85; 6 for \$9.65; 12 for \$17.25. Adapter for hanging planter, 90c. Bermas, Aquamatic, Dept. LHJ, P.O. Box 534, Bardonia, N.Y. 10954.

Dog Fancy

An exciting, colorful magazine with warm, lively stories delights all dog owners and fanciers. A full-size magazine, it has a down-to-earth approach with helpful articles, tips on care, breeding, etc., and travels you around the world in history and art. 1-year subscription (6 issues), \$3.50; 2-year, \$6; 3-year, \$8. Dog Fancy, Dept. LHJ-10, P.O. Box 460, Neptune, N.J. 07753.

Classic snack bowl

Graceful simplicity marks this beautiful replica of the classic American Paul Revere Bowl. Electro-plated in 24K gold over solid brass. Special finish makes it tarnishproof. A joy to maintain, it stays bright without polishing. Measures a modest 3½ in. in diameter. The perfect size for dips, nuts or mints. \$3.95 ppd. Golden Ware, Dept. ZZ-10, 2426 Grand Ave., Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

Catalogue showcase

"How I wish we had a place to display our collection!" This full-color catalogue has 20 pages of unique showcases for displaying and preserving medals, coins, spoons, antiques, etc. It even includes a section on laminated plaques for diplomas and awards. Catalogue price, \$1, is refunded with first order. Award Maker, Dept. LJ-10, 12495 N.E. 8th Ave., No. Miami, Fla. 33161.

If you act **now** and are sincerely interested in raising **\$50 to \$5000** or even more for your group...

I'll send you all of my famous Old-Fashioned Chocolates you'll need to reach your goal, without one penny of investment by you or your group! *Mary Leland*

What an easy way to raise funds for your church, school, charitable group or any organization! Just decide how much money you want to raise—and with which of our \$1.00 gift boxes of chocolates. Then fill in and mail the Order Blank below.

Send no money. Send *only* the Order Blank. We'll send you all of our Chocolate Pollywogs or Mint Melt-a-Ways you'll need to reach your goal, whether you want \$50.00 or \$500.00 or \$5,000.00 or more. We'll give you up to 60 days to pay. And we'll pay shipping!

What are Pollywogs? Pure eating pleasure that will help you fill your group's treasury fast! Yes, Pollywogs are one of the most popular chocolates in America. Crisp pecans and cashews are combined with butter-rich caramel, then covered with a thick coating of rich milk chocolate. Folks buy fast at \$1.00 per box. And if you choose to raise money with our Mint Melt-a-Ways, you'll reach your fund goal just as quickly! Melt-a-Ways are all chocolate, through-and-through—with a touch of mint. They sell fast, at \$1.00 for the gift box.

Order now; send no money. Just mail the Order Blank! Our chocolates are sent to you in "units" of 144 boxes per unit.

Since you sell each box for \$1.00, the unit brings in \$144.00. Send us the first \$94.00 you take in and keep the remaining \$50.00 for your group. On two units you keep \$100.00... on three units, \$150.00... and so on. Regardless of the size of your order, *send no money now; pay nothing when your chocolates are delivered.* Send your order today!

SEE WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE!

\$2,000.00 for Band Instruments! "We've already raised \$500.00 for school band uniforms with your chocolates," wrote a California group. "Now that we see how easy it is, we want to raise a total of \$2,000.00!"

4-H's Raise \$1,700.00! "Your candies sell themselves!", wrote the leader of a Connecticut 4-H group. She ought to know. Her group raised \$1,700.00 with our chocolates! Church Group Raises \$6,000.00! A Georgia Church needed a new building. And they got their building program off to a flying start with the \$6,000.00 they raised selling Mrs. Leland's Old-Fashioned Chocolates!

Home of Fine Confections
330 South Wells Street • Dept. 4503 • Chicago, Illinois 60606

ORDER BLANK

For Mrs. Leland's Chocolates
Send no money; take up to 60 days to pay. We pay shipping.

1. Check the chocolates you want to sell.
☐ Pollywogs ☐ Melt-a-Ways
☐ Assortment of Pollywogs & Melt-a-Ways

2. Check the amount of money you want to raise.
We'd like to make ☐ \$50
Please send 1 Unit (144 \$1 boxes) of chocolates checked above. We'll take in \$144, send you first \$94, keep \$50.

We'd like to make ☐ \$100
Please send 2 Units (288 \$1 boxes) of chocolates checked above. We'll take in \$288, send you \$188, keep \$100.

We'd like to make ☐ \$500
Please send 10 Units (1,440 \$1 boxes) of chocolates checked above. We'll take in \$1,440, send you first \$940, keep \$500.

We'd like to make ☐ \$1,000
Please send 20 Units (2,880 \$1 boxes) of chocolates checked above. We'll take in \$2,880, send you first \$1,880, keep \$1,000.

Check off the proper square, telling how much money you want to raise, and the chocolates you want to sell. Then fill out rest of this Order Blank and be sure it is signed by a qualified group member authorized to order. We'll send you the chocolates you'll need to reach your goal.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY [If you are under 18, your Parent or the Adult Leader of your group (Scout Master, Teacher, Pastor, Band Director, etc.) must fill in and sign below as the qualified person authorized to order for your group.]

Name of Organization
For Which Money Will Be Raised
(Please show FULL NAME of school, church, club or other sponsoring organization. For example: "Borden High School F.B.L.A.," not just "F.B.L.A.")

Address of Organization _____ **Zip Code** _____
(Please give street address as we cannot ship merchandise to Post Office Box.)

City _____ **County** _____ **State** _____

Name of Person _____

Authorized to Order _____

Address of Authorized Person _____ **Zip Code** _____
(Please give street address as we cannot ship merchandise to Post Office Box.)

City _____ **County** _____ **State** _____

Check off where order is to be shipped. CHECK ONE ONLY.

☐ Ship to organization address. ☐ Ship to authorized person's address.

Order Blank MUST BE SIGNED by the person who is authorized to order.

Signature of Authorized person _____ **Title** _____

The novel
new holiday
decoration
you can
eat

Red Pepper Christmas Wreath



What a wonderful change of pace from the ordinary holly wreath and mistletoe. You and your friends will be charmed by this wreath of real chile pepper pods ripened to a beautiful copper red. And when the wreath comes down, you can eat it! Favorite chile recipes come free with each. Wreath is a large 14 inches in diameter and has about 130 chile peppers. You'll be the only one in town to have this bright and colorful holiday decoration. Very handsome and practical for only \$7.98.

MAIL 10 DAY NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

PALM CO., Dept. 3929

4500 N.W. 135th St., Miami, Fla. 33054

Please rush me #10030 Red Pepper Christmas Wreaths @ \$7.98 plus 65¢ postage. I understand if not delighted, I may return within 10 days for a complete refund. Enclosed is check or m.o. for \$
☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$1 goodwill deposit and will pay postman \$6.98 balance plus all postal charges.

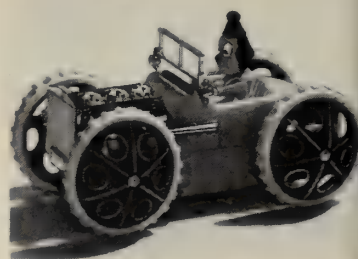
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Clown 'n car

Children of all ages have a circus with this fascinating flip-over car. It climbs over obstructions, flips over, changes direction and keeps moving—always right side up. It even goes up a wall till gravity tumbles it, and then drives off in another direction. 7 in. long. Use 2 "C" batteries (not included). \$2.98 plus 25¢ postage. Colonial Studios, Dept. FOE-5, White Plains, N.Y. 10606.



Magnifying glasses

Half-frame magnifying glasses in the smart "Ben Franklin" design bring fine print up close for easy reading. Just "look over" for normal viewing. Choose frame colors: black with silvery threads; brown with golden threads; black or brown tortoise. Specify men's or women's. With case, \$5.95 ppd. Send order to Joy Optical, Dept. 418, 84 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011.



Fund-raising fun

Your organization can bag profits easily by selling attractive trash bags. A pretty daisy design makes clean-up time far more pleasant. Ideal for refuse, leaves, etc. Your group can earn \$60 to \$1,005, guaranteed, or Abigail Martin will make up the difference herself. For details and information, write to: Abigail Martin, Dept. 241F, 1113 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63101.



3 1/2" x 9 1/4"

Let's Do LEATHERCRAFT! Here's a Genuine Leather Billfold Kit as a Starter

Worth \$5.00

After You
Assemble
And Lace!

Only **50¢** with
coupon
below

Get all the features of expensive billfolds! Hand-some design already embossed... has 4 roomy pockets. Kit complete. Easy 'n fun to assemble and lace. You'll also receive a big full-color Leathercraft idea catalog and instruction Manual showing other valuable things you can make from genuine leather.

Pandy
LEATHER COMPANY

1001 FOCH, DEPT. NG
FT. WORTH, TEXAS 76107

Yes, send me your embossed billfold kit and big Idea Catalog and Instruction Manual. I'm sending 50¢ as full payment. (Limit one per family)

Name _____

Address _____

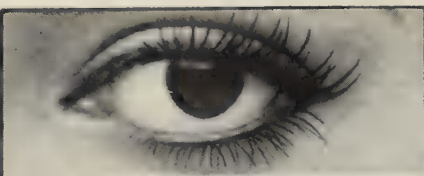
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL Baby's First Shoes BRONZE PLATED IN SOLID METAL

Only
\$3.99
a pair



Limited time only! Baby's precious shoes gorgeously plated in SOLID METAL for only \$3.99 pair. Don't confuse this offer of genuine lifetime BRONZE-PLATING with painted imitations. 100% Money-back guarantee. Also all-metal Portrait Stands (shown above), ashtrays, bookends, TV lamps at great savings. Thrillingly beautiful. The perfect Gift for Dad or Grandparents. SEND NO MONEY! Rush name and address today for full details, money-saving certificate and handy mailing sack. Write TODAY!
American Bronzing Co., Box 6504-K6, Bexley, Ohio 43209



No need to wear Artificial Eyelashes
MORE BEAUTIFUL EYELASHES OVERNIGHT!
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...in just minutes — without even getting up from
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ming a quarter of a mile, or touching your toes, twist-
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If you're out-of-shape learning eight SANATM
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A CENT!

THE SECRET

For centuries in isolated Hunza (in the Hima-
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cle-stretching, body strengthening discipline of sci-
entific movement that tones the muscles, burns up
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ciency of the vital organs. It can leave you feeling as
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Most extraordinary of all, effective as this dis-
cipline may be, it is both easier and far less time
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plain the fact that many Hunzas are more than 100
years old yet look less than half this age, enjoy re-
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HOW YOU CAN BENEFIT

SANASESSION (Sana means pose and Ses-
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called "giver-of-youth" by some, is a body toning
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WHAT SANAPHILES SAY

"I had more weight problems since I
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A New York Model

"I feel that four minutes a day of
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"After doing SANASESSION I lost 10
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effortless, really effective pro-
gram."

IBM Executive

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SANASESSION daily I lost all excess
weight and haven't regained it."

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FOR MEN & WOMEN

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Easy turning, stretching, posing**

GRACE JANE TREBER. Immobilized by a
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Amazed at how quickly she went
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BEFORE
Dress size 20

AFTER
Dress size 8



SANA poses is carefully selected to reach specific
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maximum benefit is attained by holding a SANA
pose only 6 seconds.

FOR MEN & WOMEN

Following this easy, immensely enjoyable
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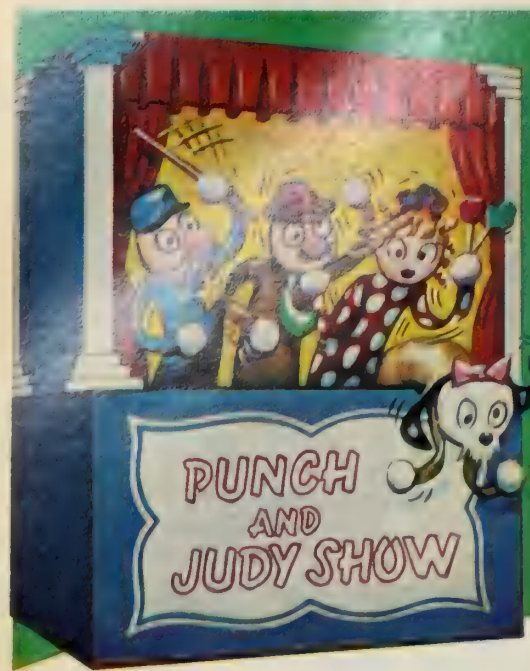
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An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchy scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By pinning this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

cally designed to control seborrhea and the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By pinning this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works. (1) It comes in a single scalp treatment the essential rective factors for normal hair growth. Its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) keratolytic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of hair shaft it corrects excessively dry scalp hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itching.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

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I found a precious BEAUTY SECRET for dry, wrinkly skin in my own back yard

You'd never guess my age if you met me in person. That's because my skin never "tells on me". I discovered an astonishing beauty secret in my own back yard. I think most women will be excited to know how it happened.

This is my story:

My husband owns and manages a mink farm where we live. Yet I taught him something that he, one of America's leading mink experts, had never realized.

And that is this: locked within the oil glands of this costly small creature is a complexion beauty secret more precious than even the beautiful coats that come from it.

Almost without exception, men who handle raw mink pelts have hands that are "young". Some of our employees have been with us 25 years and more. A great many are approaching retirement. Yet there is hardly a one of them whose hands are not soft, smooth, unwrinkled.

None of them had those ordinary signs of aging—the thin, watery, tissue-y skin that is the usual sign of growing old.

I came to the conclusion that some substance in the body or skin of mink was being transferred to their hands during the processing procedures. Nothing else could account for their skin staying young while they grew old otherwise.

Then I decided if it was so good for hands, it must be equally good on face and throat—areas where most women first note the resentful signs of the years.

So I managed to extract a small quantity of the mink skin oil and enlisted a friend who is a chemist. He compounded the oil into a balm base and I used it on my face, throat and hands for a couple of weeks.

Imagine my delight and amazement when my skin responded as I simply wouldn't have dreamed possible. Yes, my complexion became smooth and clear. I felt like a young girl again—I really think I actually felt better all over to have rediscovered this one important element of youth.

In just a few weeks I believed I had really uncovered a seeming miracle. Premature skin-aging gradually disappeared, leaving my complexion young, vibrant, glowing-looking and with that freshness every woman wants.

So, I am surprised to find myself in the beauty business—directing the production of my precious complexion aid and offering it to women for the first time . . . so that every woman can know first-hand the excitement of skin that stays young at any age . . . Thanks to Mink Oil.

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This decorator table is just the ticket for a bare corner, an end table, a guest table for the bathroom. Cover it to match your drapes, spread, in any fabric. 25 in. high; 20 in. diameter, it's made of strong corrugated board. \$4.95 plus \$1 post. 2 for \$9.90 plus \$1.50 post. Write to The Cardboard Cupboard, Dept. LH-10, 135 East 44th New York, N.Y. 10017.



Portrait photo fanfare
Convenient and easy to stock on duplicate pocket-size photos are ideal to give to friends or family. Use for identifications, too. Color: 16 for \$1.98; 32 for \$2.98. 1 color negative, photo or slide. Black and white: 32 for \$1; 76 for \$2. Send photo or negative. Add 25¢ postage for each order. Write to Photos Photo Company, Dept. 10LH, Bedford, N.Y. 10523.



Am of the crop
Cucumbers Frost is the name of a skin condition and pampers skin. Ideal to use anytime, especially after you've been out in summer winds. The secret ingredient is cucumbers, of all things. There are no hormones or steroids. In combat time, grime and climate. \$5 ppd. Ana Maher, Dept. 1, 19 West 44th St., New York, 10036.

AMAZING \$1 ART OFFER

4 Lovable Wide-eyed Puppies in Full Color for Your Home



CLIPPER



POPPER



NANETTE



DUFFY

**Excitingly Beautiful Original Oil Paintings
Reproduced as Large Full Color Art Prints**

ALL 4-YOURS ONLY \$1

To bring new decorating dash to the walls of your home, or to spice up a children's room or den, place these lovable puppies with their all-too-human expressions where everyone can see and admire them. They've got instant appeal and create a feeling of warmth and joy. That's because the artist, Coby, seems to know exactly the right touch to make these irresistible paintings spring to life. Painted with love, each of the characters will capture a special place in your heart. Unfortunately it is impossible to show all the warmth and beauty from the small illustrations shown here. Only when you see them in your home can you fully appreciate their marvelous appeal and fine artistry.

OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED THIS SEASON

To bring this decorating beauty and simple joy of living into your home now, we urge you to order right away while our supply lasts. Portraiture of animals is the latest rage and these are certain to go fast. In order to show some of the craftsmanship and intricate detail in all the pictures, we have shown one picture larger than the rest. Actually all four fine full color art prints are the same size, a full 11" x 14" decorator size. So hurry, order now, this offer will not be repeated this season in this magazine.

© Copyright 1970, Colonial Studios

**COLONIAL STUDIOS, DEPT. BD-61
20 Bank Street, White Plains, New York 10606**

Please send me the four full color 11" x 14" Puppy prints for only \$1 plus 10¢ postage and handling on full money back guarantee if I am not delighted.

Enclosed is \$..... (Print Clearly)

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER:** Order three sets of prints only \$2.00 (You save \$1.30). Extra sets make ideal gifts.



White birch

A poem may not be lovely as a tree, but there is poetry in a tree—especially the year around beauty of a glistening white birch with leaves that turn to bright gold in autumn. You'll receive 2-to-4-ft. hardy northern nursery-grown trees that will grow to 30 ft. 1 for \$1; 3 for \$2.50; 6 for \$4.50. House of Wesley, Nursery Div., Dept. 3919-47, R.R. 1, Bloomington, Ill. 61701.



Confident smile

Wyten is a dental cosmetic that whitens teeth instantly. Just brush it on for a sparkling white finish that is completely natural looking. Ideal to cover stains, blemishes, etc. Safe and harmless, it can be used on both natural or false teeth to make your smile lovelier. 3-4 month supply, \$1.98; 2 for \$3.50; 3 for \$5, ppd. Nu-Find, Dept. LHW-10, P.O. Box 205 Church St., New York, N.Y. 10008.

The Art of Flowering is simply beautiful

Now you can frame
real, honest-to-
goodness flowers—
specially treated to
retain all their
natural beauty and
color.



This 4½ x 15"
plaque comes with
three different floral
arrangements at \$7.
Check the coupon
below for other sizes
and prices.



Each Art of
Flowering Kit
includes everything
you need to create
a really unique wall
decoration. Flowers,
antique gold frames,
taffeta backing,
foam packing, glass,
adhesive and simple
design diagrams.

You put them all
together in no time
at all. There's a wide
choice of colors and
sizes to complement
any decor. Have fun
creating a thing of
lasting beauty for
yourself. Or a friend.

and beautifully simple

Check or money order payable to Craft Master is enclosed for:

4½ x 15". \$7 each.

☐ 40101—Gold background plaque:
Geranium Bud ■ Beige
Cosmos ■ Beige
Red Rose ■ Beige

☐ 40102—Gold background plaque:
Blue Button ■ Yellow
Red Blossom ■ Yellow
Viola ■ Yellow

☐ 40103—Gold background plaque:
Viola ■ White
Red Blossoms ■ White
Blue Button on White

☐ 40104—Green background plaque:
Viola on Blue
Pink Button on Blue
Geranium Bud ■ Blue

☐ 40105—Green background plaque:
Angel's Breath on Green
Pink Button on Green
White Daisy on Green

☐ 40106—Red background plaque:
Blue Button ■ Red
Angel's Breath on Red
Viola ■ Red

4 x 5". \$3 each.

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☐ 40402—Pink Florettes ■ White
☐ 40403—Blue Buttons ■ White
☐ 40404—Red Rose ■ Yellow
☐ 40405—White Daisy ■ Green
☐ 40406—Yellow Daisy ■ Green

3 x 2½". \$2 each.

☐ 40301—Blue Button on Yellow
☐ 40302—Red Rose ■ Beige
☐ 40303—Geranium Bud ■ Beige
☐ 40304—Red Blossom ■ Yellow
☐ 40305—Viola ■ Yellow
☐ 40306—Viola on White
☐ 40307—Red Blossoms ■ White
☐ 40308—Blue Button on White
☐ 40309—Pink Button on Green
☐ 40310—Viola ■ Beige
☐ 40311—Angel's Breath on Green
☐ 40312—White Daisy ■ Green
☐ 40315—Cosmos on Blue



40405—4 x 5"



40315—3 x 2½"



40104—4½ x 15"

Add 50¢ for postage and handling for each
order. (No stamps.) Offer limited to U.S.A.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Craft Master.

Dept. 4, P.O. Box 636, Toledo, Ohio 43601

If you can't find your Art of
Flowering Kit in your favorite
store—use the order form to
the right. Check or money
order payable to Craft Master
is enclosed for:

Catalogued for saving

Catalogue of men's and women's
shoe and clothing fashions features
almost 300 pages of creations from
all over the world, including more
than 880 different styles. Free cata-
logue and starting outfit shows you
how to make money by showing cata-
logue to others. You save money by
ordering for your family. No obliga-
tion. Write Stuart McGuire, 070010
Brand Rd., Salem, Va. 24153.



Full & Winter 1970-71
The Stuart McGuire Company, Inc.

Champion chargers

This magnificent scene of charging
horses will be a winner on any wall.
By artist Franklin Follett, it's beauti-
fully reproduced in full color on
heavy paper. Mural measures 48x26
in. A dandy addition for a den, dra-
matic over a fireplace, or for a family
room. A nice gift for a man's office,
too. \$1. Order from World Art Com-
pany, Dept. LHJ-10, 606 Post Road,
Westport, Conn. 06880.



In perfect form

Treat yourself and guests to light,
crisp patty shells, round- and star-
shaped rosettes. Serve rosettes plain
or with powdered sugar. Patty shells
are tasty for desserts or creamed
dishes. Rosette-timbale set: 2 patty
shell forms, 2 rosette forms, reci-
pes and instructions. \$2.49 plus 25¢
postage. Write to Alexander Sales,
Dept. LH-10, 26 So. 6th Ave., Mt.
Vernon, N.Y. 10551.



Rose petal teapot

This lovely teapot in glazed ceramic
has a self-contained heating unit.
Simply plug in the detachable cord
to boil the water and then pour
directly from this pretty teapot over
your tea bag or leaves. Delicate
pastel rose petal design is accented
with a dainty gold leaf trim with
matching handles. 6 in. high. \$3.98
plus 25¢ postage. Colonial Studios,
Dept. ETE-5, White Plains, N.Y. 10606.



Old west mementos

The last of the "big" spenders: fine
silver dollar "Cartwheels" are becom-
ing more rare and are increasing in
value. \$4.98 each in presentation
case. Set of 5 assorted dates, \$24.50;
10 assorted, \$47.95. Roll (20) assor-
ted, \$93.50; 5 rolls, \$462.50; 10 rolls
\$915. Catalogue free. Add 50¢ post-
age, insurance. Matt Numiss, Dept.
12-LH, 2928-41st Ave., Long Island
City, N.Y. 11101.



Home hair remover

Perma-Tweez easily removes any un-
wanted hair permanently from face,
arms, legs and body in one simple
step. Automatic "tweezer-like" action
destroys the hair root without punc-
turing the skin. Professionally en-
dorsed, it appears in American
Medical Association's publications.
\$14.95. General Medical Company,
Dept. LJE-10, 5701 West Adams
Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90016.



THROUGHOUT AMERICA WOMEN ARE REPORTING

Amazing Gains on their Bustlines

by using the

FABULOUS *Mark Eden Developer*

Mrs. Margaret Pearson of Milwaukee, Wisconsin says: "THANKS TO MARK EDEN I HAVE GAINED OVER 3 INCHES ON MY BUSTLINE AND HAVE GONE FROM A 34A TO A FULL 36C IN JUST 8 WEEKS"



Margaret Pearson of Milwaukee, Wisconsin
before her Mark Eden Course.
BUST: 34A



Margaret Pearson after practicing the
Mark Eden Course for 8 weeks.
BUST: 36C

NOW READ WHAT OTHER WOMEN HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THE MARK EDEN DEVELOPER:

MRS. MARGIE DAVIS, MACON, GA.: "I am so pleased with myself and my developer and so is my husband. I went from 32A to a 36B."

DOROTHY MORGAN, PITTSBURGH, PA.: "I'm so thrilled with the results. I went from a 32A to 36B in just 8 weeks. No words can express how thrilled I am with your course."

MRS. JAMES FOSTER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.: "I have been flat chested all my life. I had tried, without success, many creams, lotions, etc. When I started with my Mark Eden Program I only measured 31 inches. I now measure 34½ inches."

MYRALIN COLLINS, GRAND PRAIRIE, TEXAS: "I can hardly believe my own results. I have increased my bust from a 34B to a 36D in just 30 days with the Mark Eden Developer."

WHAT IS THE MARK EDEN METHOD? The Mark Eden Method is a tremendously exciting concept of bustline development. It is not a cream, not an artificial stimulator. It is an exerciser that employs special techniques, safely and effectively—the degree of effectiveness turning upon factors which vary among individuals—with thousands upon thousands of women are reporting remarkable success in enlarging, shaping and firming their bustlines to their loveliest proportions.

THE MARK EDEN EXCLUSIVE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: Margaret Pearson is just one of many, many women who are reporting gains of from 2 to 4 inches on their bustlines—and while we do not state that every woman will receive results, thousands upon thousands of women are reporting that the Mark Eden Developer has given them the kind of bustline development they have always dreamed of... And if the Mark Eden Developer does not produce for you the results which have delighted so many of our customers, this guarantee is your protection: If after using the Mark Eden Bustline Developer and Course for only two weeks, you do not see a significant difference in your bustline development, simply return the developer and course to Mark Eden and your money will be promptly refunded.

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$9.95 COMPLETE! You receive the fabulous Mark Eden Developer... You receive a complete course of instructions, fully illustrated by photographs, which shows and tells you exactly how to use this remarkable developer for your maximum results... and you receive the Mark Eden MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

©MARK EDEN 1969, P. O. BOX 7843, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94119

Mark Eden

P. O. Box 7843, Dept. LH-1
San Francisco, CA 94119

Please send me my Mark Eden Developer and Bustline Contouring Course. I understand that this course is complete and that there will be nothing else to buy, and that if I do not see satisfactory results in bustline development within two weeks, I can return everything to Mark Eden and receive my money back.

For the above complete course and Bustline Developer I enclose \$9.95 ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (No C. O. D.'s accepted)

Shipped in plain wrapper.

Name

Address

City

State Zip Code

Even if you are
only a beginner
you can create
this magnificent
Daisy Afghan
in less than a week!



It's easy . . . it's fun! Using an incredibly simple loom
that pops off your daisies one right after the other you'll complete
your entire afghan—48" x 62"—in just a few delightful days —



FREE!

Daisy loom that pops off flowers also can be used
to create ponchos, sweaters, evening blouses,
baby sets, placemats and much more.

COLONIAL STUDIOS, DEPT. AD-15
20 Bank Street, White Plains, New York 10606

Please send me the Daisy Afghan Kit including
mothproofed virgin wool, easy to follow instruc-
tions AND THE FREE LOOM for the amazing low
price of only \$14.98 on full money back guarantee
if I am not absolutely delighted.

Enclosed is \$ (Print Clearly)

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER:** Order two kits for
just \$28.95. An extra kit makes a superb gift!

EASY TO FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS...NO COMPLICATED LESSONS

Yes, even if you're only a beginner you can create this superb daisy afghan in less than a week. And it's so easy . . . An incredibly simple loom is the secret. You simply wind the yarn on, the little loom pops off the finished daisies, then you crochet them together using a simple chain stitch. You actually see your afghan grow before your very eyes . . . a magnificent work fully 4' x 5', each with daisies in snowy white petals, lemon yellow centers and ringed with avocado green. And the work is delightfully intriguing and creative . . . a pastime so rewarding you'll find yourself sinking into hours of contemplative relaxation as you loom away your pretty flowers. So be the first to bring this newest decorating sensation into your home . . . order now while this special offer lasts.

OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED THIS SEASON

Because these marvelous afghans are becoming a decorating rage, we urge you to order now while our special supply lasts. We'll send you the complete kit including enough of pure mothproof virgin wool to complete a full sized 48" x 62" afghan. Complete, easy-to-follow instructions PLUS THE FREE LOOM. During this special offer we'll send you the complete kit for just \$14.98 on full money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted. (The magic loom is yours to keep whether you decide to keep the rest of the kit or not.) But hurry, this offer will not be repeated this season in this magazine.

A fund of information

"How to Raise Money for Your Club or Church Group" booklet describes ways to raise money, how to run your fund-raising campaign, and lists many items available on a trial basis. Shows how to make \$50 to \$5,000 in two weeks or less. If your organization is interested, a free booklet is available from Collingwood Fund Raising, Dept. 3510-E, Providence, R.I. 02901.

**HOW TO
RAISE
MONEY
FOR YOUR
CLUB OR
CHURCH
GROUP**

Nice for him

Digital wrist watch is handsome and gives the wearer easy-to-see convenience. Flashes hour, minutes and date, so that a quick glance tells all in large clear numbers. Brushed-silver case, steel back, satin-brushed dial, and sweep hand. Shock-resistant; unbreakable mainspring. \$9.98. Order from Gardner House, Dept. LH-10, 1506 Oakland Tribune Tower, Oakland, Calif. 94612.



Crewel Siamese cat

The beautiful mystique of this fabulous feline comes to life as you stitch on creamy linen. The head, legs and tail are to be embroidered in browns and tans; the eyes are clear blue. 17x17 in. Kit comes with design on linen, crewel wools, needle and instructions. Use as picture or pillow top. \$3.95 plus 35c postage. The Stitchery, LHJ-10, W. Lesley Hills, Mass. 02181.



Inclined to sleep

If sleep eludes you, this buoyant wedge incliner helps induce peaceful sleep. Its subtle elevation promises comfort for the fatigued. Ideal for people with short breath and other conditions that make rest and sleep uneasy. For head or foot of bed. 27x27x7½ in. Urethane wedge in permanent-press zippered case. \$19.95. S & L Mfg., Dept. A-1, 7 Slade Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21208.



Silver cleaner

Silver Glow turns a cleaning task into almost fun. It's not a dip polish, but a liquid formula that instantly cleans sterling, silver-plated and jewelry, and with no rubbing. Removes deep tarnish from intricately engraved and patterned pieces. Non-toxic. Use over and over. 22-ounce plastic bottle, \$3 plus 60¢ postage. Gamco, Dept. LJ9, 5902 Franklin Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21207.

Now Brand New

The Incredible New

SAUNA BELT™ HIP AND THIGH SLIMMER

GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS—1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

The amazing Sauna Belt waistline reducer has been producing fantastic results in reducing the waistline... now the new Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is introduced to give equally sensational and rapid results in trimming, firming and shaping the hips and thighs. Actual records show results like these:

McNulty: "I used your wonderful hip and thigh slimmers for just one 30 minute period—2 inches from my hips and 2 inches from my thighs. My 'too tight' skirts now fit me perfectly."

Betta Burrows: "I had always had heavy hips and was embarrassed to be seen in a riding suit or shorts. Then I used your hip and thigh slimmers a few minutes a day for 3 days and took 3 inches off each thigh. My hips are now trim and shapely and I feel great in all my clothes. Thanks a million."

Rose A. Urlick: "I used your Sauna Belt waistline reducer for just one week and took over 3 inches off my waist. I also used your hip and thigh slimmers which trimmed my hips 3 inches and took 2½ inches off each thigh. My figure has never looked better."

WHAT IS THE SAUNA BELT HIP AND THIGH SLIMMER?

The Sauna Belt waistline reducer and the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer with the special programs that accompany them are absolutely unique—completely different from anything else on the market and are available only from Sauna Belt, Inc. The Sauna Belt waistline reducer, this new Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is made from a special non-porous plastic material. The slimmers are placed around your thighs and hips, directly against the body, and then by use of the special program provided, they are inflated—just like blowing up a balloon. As the slimmers inflate, they will tighten and you will notice a snug, comfortable feeling of warmth and support along your thighs and hip line. After the slimmers are inflated, you will perform the simple 'magic' hip and thigh slimming movements specially adapted to promote the ultimate reducing effect with this remarkable product. This will take just a few pleasant minutes and then you will relax, while leaving the slimmers in place on your body for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. These fabulous slimmers are designed to provide heat and massage to every area of your thighs and hips that need reducing and when you remove them—tighter, firmer hips and thighs from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear. If your special problem is only in your thighs and not your hips, the hip section of the slimmer is detachable, thus allowing the program to affect your thighs alone.



HOW LONG BEFORE I SEE RESULTS? Many users notice results immediately—the very first day they try these unique slimmers. Your total results depend on your goals, how many inches you want to lose and your individual body response. Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use the slimmers for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first get them and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential for inch loss. After that, for hip and thigh maintenance, you can use the slimmers about twice a month, or as often as you feel the need. **Users have lost as much as 3 inches from the hips and 3 inches from the thighs from just one session with these 'magic' slimmers.** The Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers can produce absolutely dramatic results and whatever speed and degree of inch loss your particular body type allows you, remember this: **You must lose from 1 to 3 inches off your hips, from 1 to 3 inches off your thighs in just 3 days or you may return the slimmers and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.**

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$11.95 WITH A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. We are so convinced that the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is the fastest, easiest, most convenient, most comfortable, most sensationally effective thigh and hip reducer ever discovered that we offer this unconditional Money Back Guarantee: **If your hips are not 1 to 3 inches smaller, if your thighs are not 1 to 3 inches smaller after using the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer and program for only 3 days, you may simply return the slimmer to us and your money will be refunded promptly and without question.** So if you want trimmer, slimmer, shapelier hips and thighs—and you want them now—send for your Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers today.

Also Available

SAUNA BELT™ WAISTLINE REDUCER
GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED



1. Slip the belt around your waist—inflate—and you are ready to do your two 'magic' waist reducing exercises: 5 to 10 minutes.



2. After your exercises, you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt around your waist.



3. Then remove the belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many have lost an inch or more the very first day.

Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss can vary with individuals but **if your waist is not 1 to 3 inches smaller in just 3 days, you may return the belt for a complete refund.**

Sauna Belt Inc. 1970 P. O. Box 3984, San Francisco, CA 94119 / Pat. Pend.

WANT TO REDUCE MY HIPS AND THIGHS. Please send me _____ Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers along with complete easy to use instructions, including the two "magic" reducing exercises. I understand that if I do not lose from 1 to 3 inches from my hips—from 1 to 3 inches from my thighs in just 3 days I can return the Slimmers to Sauna Belt Inc. and receive my money back.

WANT TO REDUCE MY WAISTLINE. Please send me _____ Sauna Belt waistline reducers along with complete and easy to use instructions, including the two "magic" reducing exercises. I understand that if I do not lose from 1 to 3 inches from my waistline in just 3 days I can return the belt to Sauna Belt Inc. and receive my money back.

SAUNA BELT INC., P. O. BOX 3984, Dept. LH-9, San Francisco, CA 94119

I enclose \$11.95 each for _____ Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (no COD's)

Hip size _____ Thigh size _____

If you desire Air Mail, add \$1.50 for Hip and Thigh Slimmer—80¢ for Waist Reducer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

I enclose \$9.95 each for _____ Sauna Belt waistline reducers.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (no COD's)

Woman: Waist size _____

Man: Waist size _____

MEDICINE TODAY

continued from page 34

big-toe-nail in a wedge-shaped pattern, leaving sharp spurs, which are then overgrown by soft tissue; the result is irritation, infection and pain. Dr. Zechel believes that many "ingrown" nails could be avoided by careful pedicuring.

NEW COLLEGE STUDENTS are now getting oriented—learning, from upper-class men and women, all they will need to know about coping during the four years ahead. To help them, the Student Union at Boston University publishes an extremely candid booklet called *Birth Control, Abortion and Venereal Disease—A Guide for the B.U. Student*. The booklet describes the advantages and disadvantages of the various forms of contraception, and explains how to use each of them. The B.U. health clinic, the booklet explains, will perform a pregnancy test for \$5—and "does not have a policy of informing parents of the results." Where and how to find a reliable abortionist is discussed, and students are told what to look for, and what to do, if they believe they have venereal disease.

MIRACULOUS NEW electronic equipment intended to assist doctors and save patients is often enthusiastically reported in medical publications and in the press. For most patients, however, these "miracles" are mirages. Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City, for example, has been described as "one of the most extensively automated big hospitals in the nation." Yet when a 24-hour survey was made there early this year, investigators discovered that only 2 percent of the hospital's patients were benefiting from the new equipment and that only 6 percent had benefited from it at any time during their hospital stay. In presenting these figures to a meeting of 400 medical electronics specialists, Mt. Sinai internist Dr. Irving Selikoff said: "Your recent contributions have been largely irrelevant to patient care."

THE DANGER inherent in pesticides and other widely used chemicals can be clearly discerned in the fate of the peregrine falcon, or duck hawk. This bird has almost disappeared in the U.S. outside Alaska. A long series of scientific investigations have demonstrated, too late, that the cause of its demise was a DDT by-product, DDE. Yet even recently U.S. government scientists scoffed at the idea that DDE threatened wildlife. The Department of Agriculture this past summer declined to acknowledge the evidence, although ecologists and chemists had conclusively shown that DDE destroys birds' reproductive capacity. The chemicals cause them to lay thin-

shelled eggs that break when the mother bird tries to hatch them. DDE also affects other reproductive, genetic and physiologic functions in birds and other animals. Like American wildlife, most American people now carry in their bodies life-time residues of DDT and other pesticides.

TV DOCTORS sometimes make mistakes that real doctors fear will harm real patients. Take a recent episode of

The Bold Ones. In it, the friendly, old-fashioned family doctor is caring for a seriously injured young accident victim. The doctor refuses to turn off the respirator and let the young man's heart stop, even though the electroencephalogram (EEG) is flat and the brain shows no other signs of life. Hovering in the wings is a transplant surgeon, waiting malevolently to snatch the accident victim's kidneys for another patient.

In the TV program, the miracle happens: the man's EEG rises. He lives. The family doctor has prevailed against the specialist's insensitive, untimely demands. The moral is clear: old-fashioned values should triumph in modern times. Respirators should remain on; transplant surgeons should be discouraged. Miracles happen.

But do they? Anesthesiologist Henry Beecher reports in a *New England Journal of Medicine* editorial that a committee of Harvard doctors has studied 3,000 patients whose EEGs remained flat for 24 hours or longer. Not one recovered.

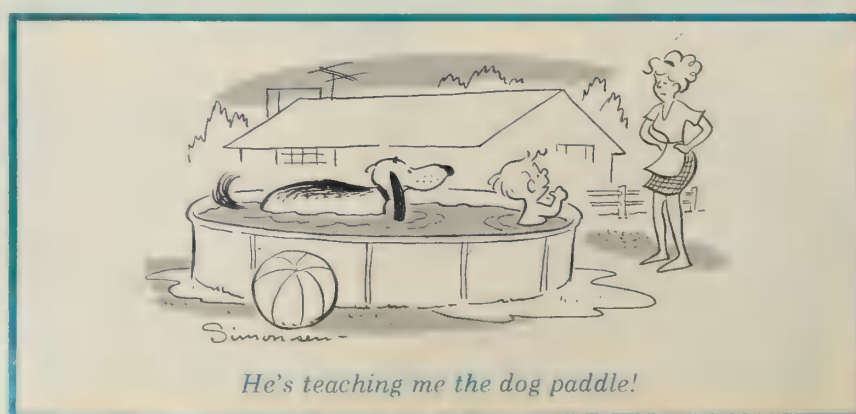
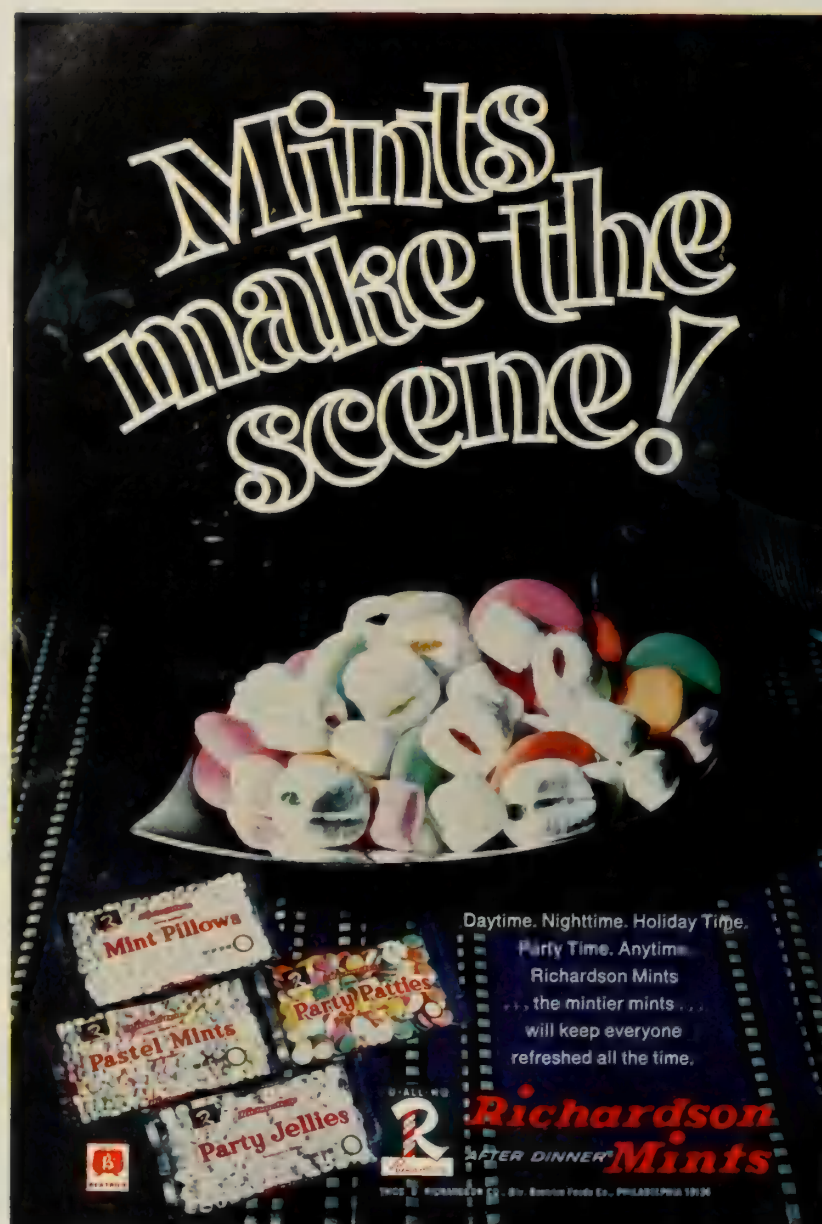
AN EXERCISING DEVICE used for weight reduction, the Relaxacizor, is under the U.S. Food and Drug Administration warns, advising owners to stop using it. The FDA says the device may harm the heart and other organs.

The Relaxacizor purportedly takes weight off by sending electric shocks through the body, causing repeated rapid muscle contractions. At the FDA's request, a federal judge in Los Angeles ruled that the device is dangerous and issued an injunction against its sale in interstate commerce. He said "use of the Relaxacizor jeopardize the health, even the life of the user, in ways that may not be apparent to him."

DIABETES PATIENTS whose doctors have been thrown into an uproar by a large, long-term, carefully structured study. It indicates that patients using the diabetic drug, tolbutamide, are more likely to die of heart disease than patients who are treated with a different drug or with insulin. Max Miller of Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland says there have been 50 percent more deaths among tolbutamide-treated patients than among any of the other groups. The patients he studied were being treated at 12 university medical centers in the U.S.

Other researchers disagree with Dr. Miller's findings. "I just can't believe this is an intelligent study," says Dr. Abraham Silver of the Maryland Diabetic Association. "Too many people

on this drug and are living a long time." The *Medical Letter*, a conservative commentator on drugs, has declined to comment on the results until Dr. Miller's study appears in print. "However," it says, "the study does confirm the general belief among investigators that tolbutamide confers no advantage over diet alone in patients whose symptoms can be controlled without drugs." The *Medical Letter* and most medical groups suggest that diabetics who cannot control their symptoms with diet and drugs continue with their present treatment until Dr. Miller's results are published and carefully analyzed by diabetes experts.



HOME THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN NOVEMBER 1970

JOURNAL

50¢

GREAT NEW NOVEL
JAMES A. MICHENER

OLINE KENNEDY
THIRTEEN

TOP PIKE'S MESSAGES
M BEYOND THE GRAVE
Widow's Strange Story

yourself:
D YOU STAY MARRIED
MILLIONAIRE?

EN'S LIB AND ME"
eaders Speak Out

EVERYTHING YOU
WYS WANTED TO
CV ABOUT YOUR-
SEX LIFE

DI-OFF DESSERTS

ELING THE
NEY PINCH?
s from Sylvia Porter

GTS TO MAKE
CHRISTMAS

FAMOUS MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

BURLINGAME "My Mother Lady Bird"
by Lynda Robb

NOV 9 1970

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Cher, Angie Dickinson

and their daughters!



Margareta and Gabriella
(see page 8)

Here are two of the newest Loving Care shades. One is "Darkest Brown." Strong and dark as Irish coffee. Without a trace of red. Ever! A pure, deep Irish brown that gives that breathlessly fair, fresh look to your skin.

The other is (at last!) a really true-born "Reddish Brown." Mostly brown. With the most subtle glints of golden red. Natural as freckles and fields of green.



DARKEST BROWN



REDDISH BROWN

Use one to cover gray without changing your natural color. Or to glorify plain or fading brown.

You'll get more than better color. You'll get better hair. Silkier. Rich with body. Because with Loving Care Color Lotion, brown is lovelier the second time around.

You're not getting older. You're getting better!™



"The Irish Browns"

Two new Loving Care® shades...lovely and legendary!

You're either looking at a gimmick. Or a miracle.

Look at the facts.

The hair in this picture is unretouched. Both sides of this girl's hair were washed, set, and combed, precisely the same. The only difference is we used *condition** Beauty Pack Treatment on one half. The beautiful side on your left.

If it looks like a minor miracle—*condition**. From Clairol. Honestly. You'll never know how thick and silky your hair can be until you try it. Beauty Pack Treatment. Or Instant Lotion.

*condition**. *The Beauty Prescription for Troubled Hair*®.



You can see what **condition*** does for dry, brittle hair.

ew
tro

On any day of Christmas, have your own pear tree.

Miracle Whip Salad Dressing and canned Bartlett Pears are a happy combination for a holiday get-together. Sweet, firmly shaped pears adapt beautifully to color and a variety of fillings, flavored to perfection with the secret blend of fresh-ground spices Kraft puts into uncopiable Miracle Whip. Here's how to fix the participants.

Dutch Pears: Combine 1 c. shredded cabbage, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. shredded Cracker Barrel Brand Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese and 2 T. chopped green pepper with enough Miracle Whip to moisten. Fill 6 well drained canned Bartlett pear halves. Garnish with cheese.

Holiday Pears: Tint 6 canned Bartlett pear halves in $\frac{3}{4}$ c. pear syrup combined with $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. red food coloring; drain. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sliced celery, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Kraft Miniature Marshmallows, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. chopped walnuts and enough Miracle Whip to moisten; toss lightly. Fill pear halves. Garnish with walnut halves.

Cottage Pears: Tint 6 canned Bartlett pear halves in $\frac{3}{4}$ c. pear syrup combined with $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. green food coloring; drain. Combine $\frac{3}{4}$ c. cottage cheese with $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Miracle Whip; fill centers of pears. Garnish with red and green maraschino cherries. Serve all on lettuce leaves.



See Kraft Music Hall, Wednesday nights, NBC-TV







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NOVEMBER 1970

LADIES' HOME

JOURNAL
NOVEMBER 1970 VOL. LXXXVII, NO. 1

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Super-moisturizers for dry skin. For day, for night. To keep moisture on tap always—right around the clock.

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'MOON DROPS' Super-Moisturizers by Revlon

From the complete collection of 'Moon Drops' makeups and beauty treatments. (For the 24-hour woman.)



Revlon announces 'ColorLashes'

The very first lashes in living color. To open your eyes (and your mind!) to a whole new look: larger, softer, lovelier.

Subtle *plum* lashes. Gentle *green* lashes. Tender *blue* lashes. And tiger-blonde *frosted* lashes (for all you blondes who've been waiting)! Lashes in colors only Revlon could dream up. To blend in with your own. So much softer than black and brown could ever be. Lashes that echo the colors of your shadow and liner—for a total eyelook that's quietly sensational.

And like all Revlon lashes they unfurl from superfine flexible bands—incredibly soft and silky. Each pair comes with the first automatic applicator that really works. Hypo-allergenic adhesive, too.

The lash of a different color is here—Revlon's sweeping new difference in eyelooks!

'ColorLash' Styles:

Starry: Wispy-tipped starbursts to widen the eyes to a new size. In Plum, Blue, Green. And FrostLashes (a tawny and blonde mix!).

Tassel: Feathery clusters of lash to lush up your own. In Plum, Blue, Green.

Raggedy-Plus: Full, stagger lengths, in fantastic new FrostLashes.



'ColorLashes' by Revlon





Tinkerbell™ comes in all shapes, sizes and colors. It has to. Little girls do.



Little girls are soft, sassy, twinkly, frilly, precious. They're cookie bakers, rope jumpers, tree climbers, ballet dancers. Girls have freckles, pigtails, ponytails and kicky clothes. They love picnics, puppy dogs, dolls and Tinkerbell. Tinkerbell is bath-time fun, powder 'n' puff and smell-pretty cologne. Tinkerbell is brushes, combs and pretty mirrors. Tinkerbell loves little girls in all shapes, sizes and colors. All little girls love Tinkerbell.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY

THE EDITOR'S DIARY

OUR COVER MOTHER. Her name: Margareta. At 23, she is a top-flight fashion model, the wife of photographer Otto Stupakoff (who took the cover picture) and now the mother of Gabriella, born June 24, 1970. Margareta was chosen Miss Universe of 1966 when she entered the contest as Miss Sweden, largely as the result of a practical joke. (She'd sent her sister's picture into the contest the year before; her sister turned the tables on her the next year—and it worked.) Margareta's home city is Vänersborg, Sweden, and her father is the captain of a Swedish freighter. She met her Brazilian-born husband, Otto, in New York. These are the first official portraits of young Gabriella, "who may or may not follow her mother's footsteps in modeling," says Otto. How does Margareta communicate with her infant daughter? With all the usual signs of love, and the same Swedish cradle songs she remembers her mother singing.

LIB LETTERS

On page 69 you'll find a good sampling of the reader mail set off by our New Feminism section (August). Not included is the letter we received from Susan Brownmiller, the writer who served as leader for the sit-in that occurred in our offices last March and acted as a sort of chairwoman for the collective. Wrote Susan: "I *did* enjoy meeting you, doing battle with you, and finally, working with you. I suffered terrible doubts prior to March 18, and you ought to know it. The possibility that I was leading an action that might be nothing more than disruption and destruction was horrifying. But thanks to the civilized reaction at your end—the action had a positive and constructive conclusion. I am proud of the eight pages, and now that the sounds of the battle have receded into the distance, I hope that you are, too. With love and sisterhood, Susan Brownmiller."

ANOTHER MAJOR BOOK

In this issue of the JOURNAL, we are pleased to bring you a poignant love story from *The Drifters*, the new novel by James A. Michener. Mr. Michener, you will remember, is the author of some 17 books, including *Tales of the South Pacific*, which was turned into *that* musical, and *Hawaii*, one of the world's all-time best sellers. His novel, *Caravans*, was serialized in the JOURNAL a few years ago.

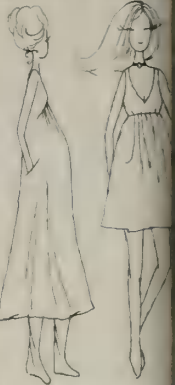
Watch the JOURNAL for more new books by major authors—including Rumer Godden, Paul Horgan, Irving Wallace and Françoise Sagan.

MATERNITY MIDIS

Another controversial subject on which we get many missives is the downfall of hemlines. ("Why

doesn't the clothing industry to please the women of America and stop the campaign to make them look like frumpy drabs?" asked Mrs. C.H., Canton, Ohio.) Most charming correspondence in this area came from Mrs. Steve Pursell, of Seattle, Wash., 18 and pregnant, who sent in sketches to prove that "midis aren't for everyone!"

Showing what the long hemline does to the expectant mother figure ("Pretty horrible, right?" she obviously feels that women's liberation means the option to choose one's own skirt length).



MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Our contributing editor, Lynda Robb, had a great time doing interviews—and her own sketch article—for our mother-daughter section, starting on page 60. Some of the stories could have been covered in Washington, but Shirley Temple Black and Carol Burnett, she had to go to the West Coast. Shirley was home in her beautiful Spanish style house just south of San Francisco, filled with memories of her current U.N. career as well as scrapbooks going back to moviestar days. Carol Burnett, on the other hand, was at her beach house at Santa Monica, surrounded by sandy, sunburned children. As for the three-generation picture (page 98) of Lynda with her own daughters and her mother, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, it was taken in Arlington, Va., a few weeks before the Charles Robbs moved to Charlottesville, Va., where Chuck started law school this fall. Lynda, we're pleased to say, will continue as our Contributing Editor.

JMC



Shirley Temple Black and daughter Lynda Robb, left.



COTY ORIGINATES THE FIRST CHANGELESS COLOR LIPSTICK.

NOW COLOR IS FOREVER.
28 PURE, TRUE SHADES
THAT NEVER, NEVER
CHANGE ON YOUR LIPS.

Lipstick has been glossy and glissy and shiny and stained and creamy and frosty. But the one thing it hasn't been is changeless.

Now it is. Because Coty has just discovered the world's first Changeless Color Lipstick.

Twenty-eight pure, unclouded shades that are as close to total color as you can get.

Look especially for Coty's new Changeless

pinks for Fall. India Pink, a creamy vibrant pale. Mauve de Soie, a frosted heather. China Rose, a sunny rose cream. Wintersilk, a warmed frost just this side of a blush.

The Changeless Color Lipstick. In its own glowing tortoise case that really looks like tortoise. And all you need to get it is two lips that say Coty.

COTY ORIGINALS





Cool Mau

Soft Blue

Burnt Black

Green Smoke

Blue Grey

Soft T

Deep Teal

Hazel

Deep Blue

Soft Green

Lioness

Sunshine

Foxy Gr

Raccoon

Deep Green

Fawn

Gentle Black

The colors of Love's Soft Eyes are all around you.

The 33 colors of Love's Soft Eyes™ are all taken from nature. (See our color chart on the opposite page.) So, no matter how you put them together, the effect is always soft and warm and subtle. Just as it is in nature.

And now there are 14 new Love Soft Eyes colors from nature for you to play with.

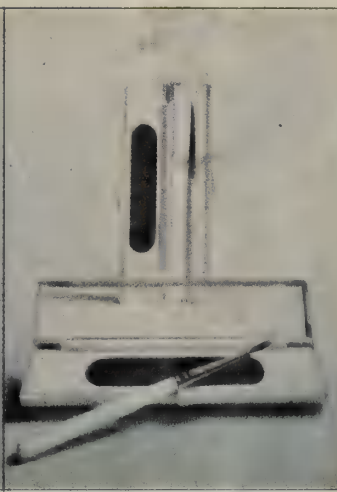
We've added four new Lush Mascara colors. Two new Cake Liner colors. And in our new Shadow Trio With Brush and Buffer there are eight new shadow colors. (Each Shadow Trio contains

two new shadow colors plus highlighter. And, as you'd expect, they all work together.)

Since the colors of Love's Soft Eyes come from nature, you may be surprised at the kinds of effects you'll be able to create.

After all, creating a stormy sky or the wide-eyed innocence of a fawn used to be things only nature could do.

Use any combination of colors. Just like nature, you can't go wrong.

			
THE NEW SHADOW TRIO WITH BRUSH-AND-BUFFER. <u>New</u> Soft Green/Deep Green/Fawn <u>New</u> Soft Blue/Deep Blue/Sunshine <u>New</u> Soft Teal/Deep Teal/Sunshine <u>New</u> Stormy Grey/Tawny Brown/Fawn	THE LUSH MASCARA. <u>New</u> Mink <u>New</u> Teal Black <u>New</u> Stormy Grey <u>New</u> Burnt Black Lioness Auburn Gypsy Brown Hazel Sable Stormy Blue Plum Grey Gentle Black	THE HIGHLIGHTS AND SHADOWS WITH BRUSH-AND-BUFFER. Cool Mauve/Sunshine Foxy Grey/Sunshine Gypsy Brown/Fawn Green Smoke/Fawn Auburn/Fawn Blue Grey/Sunshine Hazel/Fawn Plum Grey/Sunshine Mink/Fawn Stormy Blue/Sunshine	THE CAKE LINER AND BRUSH. <u>New</u> Foxy Grey <u>New</u> Sable Lioness Green Smoke Blue Grey Auburn Gypsy Brown Hazel Raccoon Stormy Grey Stormy Blue Plum Grey

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A signal light tells you when the time is right to start baking. And an accurate thermostat makes sure the waffles turn out fluffy and delicious.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

WHAT'S HAPPENING • BY GENE SHALIT

THE JOURNAL CHEERS

Movies. If Manhattan's status-seeking muddle class puzzles you, *Diary of a Mad Housewife* will fit the species together. Frank and Eleanor Perry, the director and writer who made *David and Lisa* and *Last Summer*, now focus on a rich young couple coming uncoupled. He is an irritating lawyer (Richard Benjamin) on the make in New York. She is a Phi Beta Kappa housewife from Smith College, remarkably portrayed by newcomer Carrie Snodgrass. His constant fault-finding and autocratic whining are making her fit to be untied. *Diary of a Mad Housewife* is an abrasive adult film that unravels the affairs of an overreaching couple who are climbing Manhattan's world of chic; it follows them every misstep of the way.

Feel like reading a good movie? See *Borsalino*, a French film with English subtitles and Gallic subtleties. It's a gangster spoof set in Marseilles in 1930, and it stars two of the most appealing Continental stars — Jean Paul Belmondo and Alain Delon, who take over as overlords of the local underworld. The best thing about this French fling is its marvelous evocation of the Thirties: from the spacious old cars to

the rinky-tink hairdos. The title comes from *borsalino*, men's old fashioned broad brimmed hats. *Borsalino* brims with guns... and grin. Nothing could be more welcome than a domestic comedy that hits home—and a hit what we've got in *Lovers and Other Strangers*. This uproarious movie stars Gig Young, Anne Meara, Anne Jackson and a giggle of knowing unknowns. It's the cheerful story of a marriage that unites the hesitant groom's New York Italian family with the enthusiastic bride's Connecticut Irish clan. The scrambling days before the wedding, and the wedding day itself, are a tumult of parents and sisters and cousins and aunts who make *Lovers and Other Strangers* one of the year's truest and funniest films.

Records. The JOURNAL cheers Marianne Mantell and Barbara Holdridge, who founded Caedmon Records 18 years ago, convinced that the spoken word is as satisfying as music. Since then they've persuaded almost every distinguished performer to speak onto their discs. This month's treat is for children: *The Tale of Peter Rabbit and Other Stories* by Beatrix Potter (TC 1314), endearingly read by Claire Bloom.

Three pairs to cheer:
Young & Jackson,
Belmondo & Delon,
Benjamin &
Snodgrass



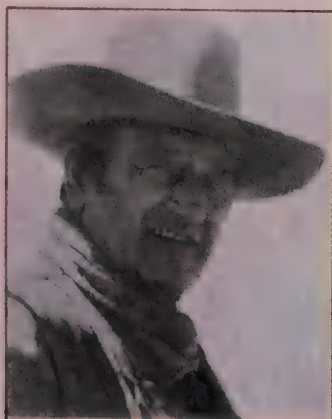
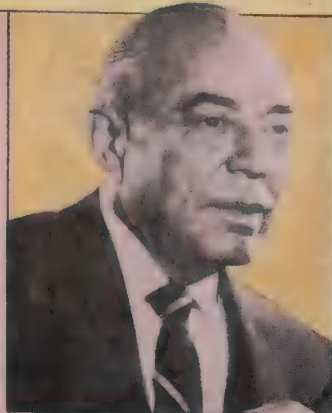
THE STARS: IN THE GARDEN, IN THE KITCHEN

Who lived in the Garden of Allah in Hollywood's heyday? We didn't. Sheilah Graham knows who did, and she tells this month in *The Garden of Allah* (Crown), a memoir of the most famous colony of screen actors and writers who lived in the Garden's 25 bungalows from 1927 till their sale and destruction just 15 years ago. The Garden's lush grounds fronted on Sunset Blvd and hid the antics of Hollywood's who's who. But not hidden from Sheilah Graham, who knew it intimately. The book is dedicated to Robert Benchley who was sound asleep there one night when a female voice murmured for a glass of water. Benchley stumbled to the kitchen and came back to find he was alone; the murmuring lady was in the next bungalow... intellectual Artie Shaw lived in the Garden with his wife Ava Gardner whom he upbraided for never reading a book. So she bought a copy of Kathleen Winsor's best seller, *Forever Amber*. She tore it from her hands with "How can you read such trash." When he divorced Ava, he married Kathleen Winsor. And dotes tumble from this madcap book of a Hollywood, now gone.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

HO MAKES NOVEMBER SPECIAL? ED SULLIVAN, JOHN WAYNE, PRINCE HAMLET

John Wayne is so popular that even people who don't like him love him. He makes November special with "Swing Out Sweet Land," a droll stroll from the Mayflower to the Moonwalk. Among the stars along the way: Rowan and Martin as the Wright Brothers looking for the first stewardess), Bob Hope, Johnny Carson, Frank Sinatra, Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Dean Martin, Flip Wilson... shall I fill the rest of this page with names? I could. Instead, watch the names fill the screen on NBC-TV Nov. 29. Sammy Davis Jr., Jerry Lewis and Juliet Prowse show up in "The Klowns" (ABC, Nov. 15), a family show featuring aerials, a wild tiger act and lots of clowning around. . . . November's most unusual program is the Hallmark Hall of Fame production of "Hamlet," starring Richard Chamberlain in the title role, with Ciaran Madden as Ophelia. Sir Michael Uregrave, Sir John Gielgud and Margaret Leighton will help tie everything together. When Chamberlain strode on stage as Hamlet with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre last summer, he was said to be the first American to dare the role in England since John Barrymore in 1929. Now he's here for you to see (NBC, Nov. 17) in his most dramatic TV role since Dr. Dare vanished from the screen. . . . Richard Rodgers celebrates his 50th anniversary as America's most melodically popular songwriter when the Ed Sullivan Show pays tribute to Richard Rodgers" Nov. 22. Sullivan departs the format by departing from New York: his song-filled salute originates in California with a Hollywood Bowlful of stars. See Rodgers. See Sullivan. CBS.



Specials, from top: Rodgers, Wayne, Lewis and Davis, Chamberlain

er. . . Mrs. Earl Wilson (whose husband is a Broadway pianist) and her friend Ruth Pool have whipped up *The Wonderful Wives Cookbook* (Prentice-Hall), a soupçon of tips and recipes from all sorts of people you know. Groucho Marx, noted for his fried chicken, invited Mrs. Wilson to a chicken dinner party. Would she come? "Sure will, what's the address?" "Wouldn't you like to know!" said Groucho. Leap through this book for a description of Jackie Kennedy lunching in Manhattan's ultra-rich Voisin (when she was still Jackie Kennedy) . . . for Elizabeth Taylor's extravagant dish of pork beans and goose and sausage . . . for a delightful luncheon from Princess Grace . . . for Barbra Streisand's chocolate . . . and for a Jackie Gleason specialty that's just the thing for anyone who wants to gain 4,000 pounds . . . *Children and Us* (Simon and Schuster) by the Most Reverend Fulton Sheen may affect affirmatively the lives of more parents than any other book this month. His collection of intra-family relationships is a pragmatic volume of uncommon sense by a down-to-earth theologian.

Pretend he's company again.



Remember the meals you gave him to get him? He does.

That's why we've created new Date-Nut Muffins, rich with chunks of dates and slivers of almonds. And Spice Muffins, with an enticing blend of honey, cinnamon, cloves and allspice. They've both got a sweet and unusual taste that'll turn your everyday meals into the kind he hoped you'd serve everyday.

Go ahead. Treat him like company again.

Introducing Date Nut and Spice Muffins. Only from Betty Crocker.





For the face
that doesn't have everything...
Revlon has the makeup that does:
'Touch & Glow'

3 skin-loving makeup formulas. One is just right for your face.

3 flawless finishes. From the subtlest sheen to semi-matte.

3 kinds of coverage. From feather-light to total. Revlon's promise: poreless perfection.

More shades than any other makeup. From purest pales to delicate dusks. Including new Porcelain Beige, Bisque Beige, Toffee Bronze. No matter how you take your 'Touch & Glow', the look you get is touchingly natural. Just like you — only better.



Liquid Makeup. The classic. For soft, subtle, complete coverage. Gives a delicate, dewy finish that's all sheen without shine.



Roll-On Liquid Makeup. The formula so sheer, it works in a roll-on! Sheer coverage, for a fresh, young, semi-matte finish.



Creme Soufflé Makeup. Fluffy creme with the most coverage and the most moisture. Covers imperfections perfectly, with a misty-velvet finish.



Transparent Glowing Powder. Does everything a fine pressed powder should do — then does a miracle. Revives color-glow every time you touch up.

'Touch & Glow' by Revlon

What should
you expect
from a tampon?

Freedom. Comfort. Convenience. A silken-smooth applicator for correct insertion. Ease of removal. Complete protection. Safety. Security. A removal cord that's chain stitched the entire length of the tampon. Easy disposal. And choice of three absorbency-sizes.

If you're not getting all of this, you're not using Tampax tampons. Maybe you should give them a try.



TAMPAX® TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

ELLIE WAS A TIRED WORKING WIFE • BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

When husband and wife both work, and they have children, the family faces problems that it has rarely had any preparation to meet. Schools should train boys and girls for such an event, since so many of them will encounter it. Housekeeping can be simplified and organized in many other ways than by living on TV dinners. Husbands and wives can agree on a suitable division of labor. Most important, children can be trained from the start to do their full share. Even a two-year-old can learn to help by putting the spoons on the table—leaving knives and forks to an older sibling; and more responsibilities can be added steadily. Women can learn to use short cuts and time-savers—all studies show that they can frequently do their work in 40 percent less time than most now require. They can practice systematic relaxation, about which any public library will provide information. For example, research shows that merely lying down for a short while is of no particular benefit, but using the same amount of time—perhaps 10 to 20 minutes—for scientific relaxation provides a significant lift. Needless to say, both partners must keep themselves in top physical condition, as the wife in this case failed to do. All such measures, and others that will occur to anyone, can change the whole atmosphere of a home—without one cent of expense. The counselor in this case was Nicholas Merlo.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.
Founder and President
The American Institute
of Family Relations

ELLIE TALKS FIRST

"I would love to quit my job and concentrate my energies on my home, my family, my marriage," said 37-year-old Eleanor, the painfully thin mother of three daughters. She and her husband Guy, a police officer, moved to California from New York City eight years ago.

"Unfortunately, Guy and I need two incomes," Eleanor went on. "His salary of \$10,800 a year isn't adequate to support us. We need my annual \$7,500. Nevertheless, Guy won't lift a finger to lighten my load and share responsibilities at home. He won't even write the checks for our utility bills.

"I work until I'm ready to drop, but I never get finished. I worry constantly about my failures and incompetence. I can't sleep, I can't relax. I usually drag around with a headache, a backache, an upset stomach.

"I work for a large electronics company. We've been hard hit by government cutbacks, and heads have been falling like pins in a bowling alley. My own boss, J.B., a man in his fifties, has been losing out in the shake-up to a gang of back-stabbers in their early

thirties. Every day I knock myself out trying to prop up his sagging morale. The poor guy has an extravagant, unappreciative second wife, a dumb blonde he is determined to shield from financial realities and spare his own professional anxieties. Just last month his wife bought herself a stunning new sports car—at his suggestion, mind you! He told me it hurt him to see her at the wheel of a two-year-old model, although she uses a car only to drive to the beauty parlor and the country club. She and J.B. eat out a lot. How I envy that woman!

"Nobody protects me, spares me worry, thinks about my comfort. It doesn't disturb Guy to watch me drive a wheezy eight-year-old car I bought secondhand so I could get to the office and earn money to support us. We never eat out and it's a rare occasion when we take in a movie. His hours of duty with the police force are so irregular that we can seldom plan social activities. If he is available in the evening I'm invariably too exhausted or too sick to go out.

"Guy and I have been married fourteen years. We grew up in the same block in uptown New York City. I fell in love with him on a juvenile, immature level when I was sixteen and he was seventeen.

"My mother, an incredible meddler, soon found out. When she discovered Guy wasn't going on to college and had no specific job aims—Mom pointed my three brothers and me toward college at birth—she set out to put an end to our acquaintance by staging fake bouts of illness along with nonstop hysterics. She did this for several years. If she saw I wasn't studying when she came in from her job—Mom had to work, a fact she never let my father forget—she would burst into loud sobs, threaten to swallow poison, rush in the bathroom and lock the door. I would hammer on the door begging her to answer, but she wouldn't speak a word until I apologized and promised to obey her wishes to the letter.

"At the time I entered college, Guy, who barely skinned through high school, was floating around in a series of dead-end sales jobs. Although I still enjoyed his company, it's quite possible we would have drifted apart—except for Mom. I was disgusted by his lack of ambition, his no-objective aimlessness. But she continued to wage her anti-Guy campaign and I wasn't about to be bullied into submission. Consequently Guy and I continued to go steady.

"I believe my father probably had a sneaking fondness for Guy. I remember Pop mainly as a brow-beaten, voiceless shadow in our home. However, by some miracle he once stood up for me. Shortly before I graduated from college and got married I was washing my hair one evening and

Mom was rummaging through bureau drawers. She stumbled my diaphragm, gasped and instantly accused me of sleep with Guy. I denied it.

"She grabbed me by my sopping-wet hair and started to drape me around the bedroom, demanding the truth, but suddenly I crashed in on us and pulled away from me. He told Mom that if I said I was a virgin it was good enough for him; he ordered her to keep still. She was stunned into silence and so was I. As I recall I always wished Pop and I could have been closer to each other—a father and daughter should—but that was our only time closeness.

"My twin daughters, now twelve years old, were born in New York, but Pop was dead then. Mom was very much in evidence, though. She carried on though twins were a catastrophe and Guy was personally to blame for it. Unlike some men who want sons and nothing else, Guy was darling about my having daughters. He bought me a new chain bracelet with two charms—signed especially for the mother of twin girls—and he acted proud as a peacock.

"Except for his career problems, we made out fine in the days. And our sexual relationship now a big nothing so far as concerned, was super. We moved to California partly in the hope that he would find a job that suited him, but chiefly to get away from my mother. Guy enjoys nice work, and his present would probably be okay for us—he had decent hours, and if he could earn enough to support and meet the colossal payments on our house.

"Eighteen months ago I made the biggest mistake of my life: I let Guy talk me into giving up our lease on a perfectly good, centrally located apartment in L.A. equipped with a modern kitchen, janitor and cleaning service—all, so we could buy a two-year-old house way out in the boon docks.

"Guy said the place would be a good investment, but I'm sure my real objective was to show my mother that he had prospered in California. Hah! Guy has no financial sense than Pop had. Figuring the cost of home ownership, he didn't count in utility maintenance, repairs, taxes, additional gasoline and mileage for two cars, tuition for the girls' schooling, etc. We had hastily signed the deed and signed away our financial liberty when my mother went sour. My nerves and health then began to suffer from my overload at the office, all the extra driving, all the extra work required to run a house. If Guy helped, maybe I could stand the strain. But he is a pure drag.

"Last Thursday I thought I would crack up. (continued)

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



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THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

All morning I beat my brains out trying to cheer up J.B. and ran my legs off catering to the new executives, who order me around like an errand girl.

"At five P.M., as I was tottering toward the elevators, the most loathsome of the Johnny-Come-Lately executives grabbed my shoulder in an obnoxious way, forcibly turned me around and demanded that I make several unimportant phone calls he could have made for himself. When I finally left, I felt so nauseated and weak I could hardly make it to the parking lot.

"By the time I battled through traffic to collect our daughters—they have to attend a private school because they require after-school care—it was ten after six. Parents are fined a dollar a minute for late pick-ups, a penalty due on the spot. It killed me to part with a ten-dollar bill, the last in my purse; Guy and I were operating so close to the bone that I needed the money for food.

"Jennie and Jean, the twins, clamored for ice cream and were insufferable when I said no. I guess I'm too overworked to be a good mother and was too impatient with them. So they turned on nine-year-old Ellen. They held their noses and claimed she had an awful smell. A horse nut. Ellen had been allowed to help clean the stables after her riding lesson and it's true she didn't smell of roses. But she is oversensitive and has a weak bladder; she was so upset by the teasing that I had to stop for her repeatedly on the way home.

"At home my key stuck in a balky, off-center lock Guy had been promising to replace ever since the evil day we bought the house. Before we could get in Ellen had to shinny over the back fence and squeeze through a broken kitchen window after wading a forest of grass and weeds that Guy hasn't mowed for months.

"Inside the house was chaos. Newspapers and soft drink bottles strewn everywhere, dirty dishes, Guy's pajamas in the middle of the living room. He was supposed to tidy the place before reporting to the station on the noon shift. He hadn't even stripped

Ellen's bed, a morning must home. When I jerked her dam from the stained mattress and staggered to the laundry I found it had neglected to unload the machine. It was crammed to the top with Ellen's bed linen.

"At that point I went to bed and screamed at my youngest child—the most sensitive, loving child—I ought to be ashamed of herself acting like a baby and I ought to be back in diapers. I knew it was a thing for me to condemn my child for something she couldn't help. I paid a psychiatrist—I pay him \$100 every month—has often warned me to attack Ellen's self-esteem and expect him to cure her of bed-wetting. But I simply couldn't control it.

"Ellen burst into sobs of frustration, but I didn't pause to offer her apologies for my unfairness. In the bathroom, slammed the door. At once all three girls came to knock and call, begging me to answer. I ignored them although I was frightened by my behavior. I drew a hot water and lay there in a coma long after their knocking.

"The bath water was stone cold. I finally crawled out and pulled on my robe, wondering if I could muster the energy to get supper. Guy had without my hearing him, and he hadn't done a thing to help. Indeed he and the girls were in front of the TV set, busily ignoring the general messiness.

"Guy asked me how I felt. I said I was so fantastically tired like I was dying, he looked bored. He remarked that just that afternoon he had been called to a boarding school where an old lady had lain dead for days in an attic room before he missed her. He said I was lucky to be the dead old lady, and added that though he was twice as tired as he griped about it less.

"I went in the bedroom and slammed the door. He came right after me, as credible as it may seem, he wanted intercourse. If Guy is tired and horny, he operates on the theory of sex

(continued on p. 19)



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

What I think I want for breakfast when I go to bed at night is certainly different from what I find out I want when I get up in the morning.

They're printing answers about sex these days that I never even knew were questions for!

One thing I don't mind about longer skirts is not having to see my knees back at me every time I sit down.

I don't care how good it tastes or how much I enjoy it, scrambled eggs for dinner.

The trouble with fixing your windows so people can't look in at you is it's awfully hard when you want to look out at them.

How come missing teeth look so cute on children and so bad on older people?



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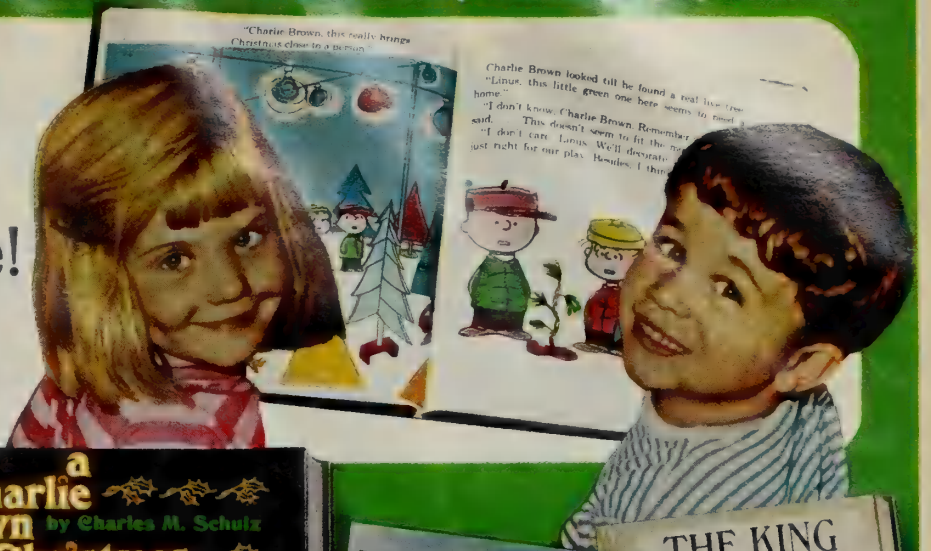
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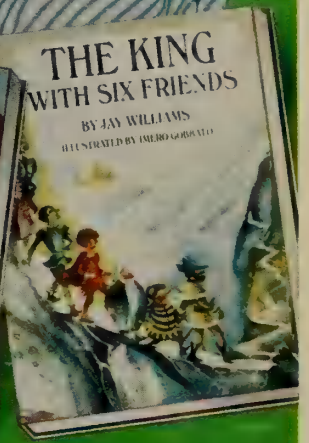
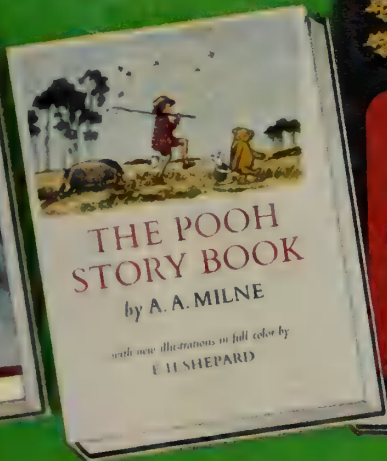
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is restful and relaxing—like a tranquilizing pill. I was too dispirited to argue or resist him. Everything was over in a minute—without affection, without tenderness or any vestige of closeness.

"Afterwards I felt empty, dead. When the telephone rang I was too exhausted to stir. Guy took the call. It was my mother on long distance. She announced to Guy that she had bought

an excursion ticket to Los Angeles and was all set to pay us a thirty-day visit.

"Very quietly I asked Guy why on earth he hadn't spoken up and headed off the calamity. He could have explained I was sick and in desperate need of rest, which was certainly a fact; he could have said our guest room was in need of paint and carpeting—that was also true; he could have produced a dozen good excuses. Why hadn't he spared me?

"Guy stared at me blankly, then said in his most pompous voice that Mom was my mother—not his—and it was up to me to cope. Moreover, continued Guy, he thought it would be a good idea for him to apply for a leave and spend his vacation on a hunting trip to Canada while I entertained Mom.

"I had hysterics. I told Guy to pack his clothes and take off immediately on a permanent vacation. I said I never wanted to see him again. He didn't

leave, of course. Probably I didn't want him to.

"Since that night I have calmed down a little, although I cannot imagine how Guy and I are to live through Mom's visit. Unless Guy assumes some of the responsibility for our lives, helps with my load, or unless I can do my job, I see very little happiness in our future."

GUY TALKS

"I love my wife, but I can't stand mother-in-law. Nobody can, not even Eleanor," said 38-year-old Guy, a red-haired, freckled six-footer. "Nevertheless Eleanor gets more like her mother each day, although she may not realize it: weepy, hysterical, complaining incessantly, swallowing pills by the quantity enjoying bad health.

"Mom hates my guts, but Ellie thinks I ought to put in for summer leave. I can drive the old biddy around to the sights and listen to her insults. I need to spend my leave on personal recreation. By preference I would choose a camping vacation with Ellie and our youngsters, a tour of the national parks, maybe, but Ellie is scared to death of insects, snakes, incornice and breathing clean, fresh air, and she has infected the girls with squeamishness. The only bugs that don't bother Ellie are cockroaches: entertain battalions of them in her dirty kitchen and she doesn't turn her hair.

"It's pure insanity for Ellie and me to own a house. She hardly knows the end of a vacuum sweeper from a mop and dislikes the noise so much the sweeper hasn't been out of the closet in a month. I'm just as good about mowing a lawn, mending a few things, fixing machinery that always seems to be breaking down on us.

"We bought the house more or less at the instigation of Ellie's boss, but the fact she probably didn't mention. Ten years ago, J.B. introduced us to a cousin of his who's in real estate. My cousin recommended this place as a bargain we couldn't afford to pass. Some bargain!

"In Ellie's eyes, her boss and her boss's kin can do no wrong, whereas I can seldom do anything right. She blames me because we are stuck with this white elephant house in the sticks. I was foolish enough to let her convince me that real estate would be a good investment for us. In addition, I guess I also thought that buying a house would impress Ellie and the kids might impress mother-in-law, which was stupid of me.

"I wasn't the only dreamer in the family, however. Ellie put our girls in private school with the argument that public schools in our community were lousy—and I'll admit that's true. We're located in a deteriorating suburban neighborhood, high in drug and juvenile delinquency rates, mugging, vandalism, rape, armed robbery; you name it, we've got it. A private school, right. But I don't go along with ridiculous lessons plus a high-priced psychiatrist to treat 9-year-old Ellen. Why don't you just let the kid outgrow bed-wetting?

"Ellie didn't used to whine all the time. She used to boast of holding a top-level secretarial position, but now she beefs morning, noon and night. She claims she is always tired and wants to quit working. Without a job Ellie would be lost, in my opinion. With our present set-up we need her salary—th-

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the answers to some questions frequently asked our sponsors

are considering sponsoring a child through
 Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may
 to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

What information will I receive about the
 sponsor?

About two weeks after you become a spon-
 sor you will receive a photograph of your child,
 a history, and a description of the home or
 where your child is receiving help. You
 also receive progress reports, and any addi-
 tional information you may wish to request.

May I indicate the country, age, and sex of
 the child I wish to sponsor?

Yes, we try to fulfill all requests, but as you
 can imagine, sometimes this is difficult. Many
 sponsors allow us to select a child for them from
 our emergency list.

Does my \$12 provide total support for my

child in places like India, and other countries of
 extreme poverty, yes. However, many homes re-
 ceive additional support in the form of contribu-
 tions and special gifts.

Can I write directly to my child, and will I
 receive an answer?

Yes, to both questions. When you become a
 sponsor you receive your child's mailing address.
 You can write to your child, and the answer will
 be translated by our staff overseas. (Many spon-
 sors have the foreign stamps they receive!)

When will I first hear from my child?

Just a few weeks after you become a sponsor,
 your child will write to you.

Why the "Christian" in Christian Children's

Fund? Because we are an organization staffed by
 Christian people who are committed to the task
 of giving children a chance to grow up in an
 atmosphere of love.

How do I make my sponsorship payments?

You may send your check monthly or an-
 nually. You will receive a receipt, along with an
 education card and envelope for use when you
 send your next gift. Your contributions are tax
 deductible.

CCF independent or church operated?

Independent. CCF is incorporated as a non-
 profit organization, with a Board of Directors who
 meet quarterly. We work closely with missionaries
 of many denominations. No child is refused entrance
 to a home because of creed, or race.

When was CCF started, and how large is it

Today, 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage
 in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being
 sponsored in 55 countries. However, we are not
 satisfied in being "big." Rather, our job is to
 bridge between the American sponsor, and
 the child being helped overseas.

What benefits do the children receive from
 sponsorship?

In general, children receive food, clothing,
 medical care, education, school supplies—
 everything. You will receive detailed information
 regarding the country where your child lives
 and the type of project.

How can I be sure that the money I give
 reaches the child?

CCF keeps close check on all children
 through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers.
 All projects are inspected by our staff.
 A home is required to submit an annual audited
 financial statement.

How long does a sponsorship last?

A sponsorship should be for at least one year.
 Of course, we realize financial conditions can
 change suddenly, and so you are free to cancel at
 any time. A sponsorship may be carried for as long
 as a person wishes.

May I sponsor a child for less than \$12 a
 month, and still receive the child's name, address
 and picture?

We cannot accept sponsorship for less than
 \$12 a month, but you can become one of our
 adoptive parents. Your gifts—large or small—will help

repair buildings, or provide emergency medical
 care, or buy milk for abandoned babies, or help
 care for unsponsored children. You will be kept
 informed of the needs through CCF WORLD
 NEWS.

Q. May two people share a sponsorship?

A. Yes, and please give both names and ad-
 dresses of persons sharing the expense of a spon-
 sorship.

Q. May groups sponsor a child?

A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs,
 schools and other groups. We ask that one person
 serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans?

A. No. Although many of our children are or-
 phans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis
 of need. Some have one living parent unable to
 care for the child properly. Others come to us
 because of abandonment, broken homes, parents
 unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious ill-
 ness of one or both parents.

Q. Where do the children live who are being
 sponsored?

A. Youngsters who receive your help live in or-
 phanages, homes for abandoned babies, schools for
 the blind, hospitals, nursing homes, day care
 nurseries, vocational training centers, and many
 other types of projects.

Q. How long do the children remain in the
 Homes?

A. This depends on the country, but usually the
 children stay in the Homes until they are 18. We
 do everything possible to see that they are
 equipped to make an adequate living before they
 go out on their own.

Q. How old are the children in the orphanages?

A. They range from infants through teen-agers.

Q. Is it possible for sponsors to eventually legally
 adopt the child they sponsor?

A. Many people want to take these needy child-
 ren into their homes, but the majority of them
 cannot be legally adopted. In all cases it is neces-
 sary for the U. S. Immigration and State Welfare
 authorities to approve legal adoptions. CCF does
 not handle legal adoptions.

Q. May I visit my child?

A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are de-
 lighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform
 the superintendent in advance of your scheduled
 arrival.

Q. Can my child visit me?

A. This decision must be left entirely with the
 superintendent. If allowed, all traveling expenses
 and responsibilities are assumed by the sponsor.

Q. Are my letters to the child censored?

A. Absolutely not. Your entire letter is given to
 the child along with a literal translation in the
 child's language.

Q. Which would you advise me to send? Packages
 or a money gift?

A. Money gifts save the cost of mailing a pack-
 age and insure that the items you wish for your
 child will be the proper size. Also, goods pur-
 chased overseas generally cost less than similar
 items in the U. S.

Q. Should I always send a money gift through
 the Richmond Office?

A. Always! It would be extremely difficult for
 your child to cash a check or exchange currency.
 The total amount of your gift will be sent to the
 Home, along with your instructions for its use.
 This is a service provided for our sponsors, with-
 out any deduction for handling.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government
 agency?

A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U. S. State
 Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary
 Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.

Q. Where do I send my checks?

A. All contributions, whether sponsorship pay-
 ments or money gifts for your child, should be
 sent to our Richmond Office and made payable
 to Christian Children's Fund.



She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things
 . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . .
 the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she
 was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child.
 So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection
 and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy,
 the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one
 of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize
 the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated
 in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing
 meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education
 . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history,
 photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your
 child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will
 know who you are and will answer your letters. Corre-
 spondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of
 shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check
 to our office, and the entire amount will be forwarded, along
 with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day.
 And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet,
 school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted,
 babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found
 this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their
 blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—
 won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Bra-
 zil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a
 child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

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☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a
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I enclose my first payment of \$_____. Send me
 child's name, story, address and picture.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

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 mittee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians:
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LH71NO

days most families with children seem to require two paychecks—but I also need some peace of mind. Not long ago I got so riled up by Ellie's griping about her job load that I suggested she quit. What happened? She didn't thank me for the suggestion. Instead she flew into a fury, denounced me for being an unrealistic idiot and declared we would be bankrupt in a week without her earnings. The upshot was she kept on working and also kept on griping.

"Bankruptcy might be preferable to the way we are living now. Ellie is spoiling life for all of us—for me, for the girls, for herself. She always was bossy, but in the beginning I more or less went along with her ideas, maybe because I like harmony and quiet better than an argument. Also, I was very much in love with Ellie. I admired her spirit, zip and energy. For several years she worked full-time and I attended college full-time at her expense on the theory I would eventually stumble on a profession that suited us both. I didn't.

"Not everybody wants to be a big shot and make a mint practicing medicine or law—all three of Ellie's brothers are attorneys—and to me studying for hours on end wasn't worth the effort. I'm just not that ambitious. I'd rather be an observer of life than a go-getter. I've always been that way.

"Until World War II my father used to play first violin in an orchestra in Europe. He was blinded by the Nazis in one of their early medical experiments, but a group of musicians helped him escape and our family of three was smuggled out of Austria to the U.S. I was then seven years old. I still remember the night we left our home forever with Father leaning on a cane and Mamma and me carrying one small suitcase apiece. At the last moment I looked back, and on a marble pedestal table I saw my favorite toy train. It was a small toy that would fit in my pocket nicely. I started to pick it up, but suddenly I changed my mind and left it lying there.

"Since that time I've set small value on material possessions. Police work would suit me fine if it suited Ellie. It's true my tours of duty make for irregular hours. But with a minimum of planning she and I could enjoy many pleasant evenings together—except for her endless ailments and chronic exhaustion.

"When Ellie collapses in the tub or on the sofa, groaning with aches and pains and fatigue, I find it's catching—and very likely I cave in myself. Both of us have turned into such Weary Willies that our sexual relationship, once very good, has become a drag. Like most normal men, I prefer unsatisfactory sex to no sex at all. But Ellie's

lack of encouragement and response has sure thrown a pall over our love-making. I now try to conclude things in a hurry, partly because I know she wants to be finished with me as quickly as possible but also because I'm too tired to prolong the matter the way I used to do when I thought my wife was interested and loving.

"Ellie seems to think she holds an exclusive patent on tensions, pressures, frustration, worry. But half the peo-

wish Ellie had seen fit to keep her mother East where she belongs."

THE COUNSELOR TALKS

"The first compromise I suggested to Guy and Ellie put a stop to the westward journey of Ellie's mother," the counselor said. "A telegram was dispatched to Mom explaining without elaboration that the couple was unable to entertain her. The message was signed by both Ellie and Guy.

recognition of the similarity made somewhat easier for her to change habits and feeling patterns. Personality changes, of course, are always difficult, but she was highly motivated.

"Ellie's fatigue resulted in part from overwork at the office. The company organization and the swarm of new executives handing down orders drained her energies. However, much of fatigue had a psychological origin.

"Ellie was leading a life of fantasy like countless other secretaries dedicated to improving the fortunes of the company at the expense of their emotional welfare. Ellie perceived that J.B. was on the losing end of a power struggle, worried constantly about his fate, lavished him with an inordinate amount of sympathy and moral support. At the same time she was wracked with envy. J.B.'s pretty second wife brooded incessantly about what she considered to be the injustice of the situation. Ellie endlessly pictured herself as a lady in leisure, driving a handsome sports car, playing golf at the country club, eating at smart restaurants.

"Ellie's continuous stream of mental images, her yearning for the impossible, tried a price tag of cost. She was practical-minded and strongly conventional in her standards, equipped with an inflexible code of right and wrong. The impossible fantasies made her ashamed and guilty, disloyal to Guy and the girls.

"Guilt, worry and dissatisfaction often lead to hypochondria and extreme weariness. Ellie acknowledged that a husband in the home was more entitled to morale boosting than a man in the office, and then she donned her pointless fantasies. Upon my advice she gave up his unpleasant practice of relating disagreeable episodes culled from daily work to a low-spirited Ellie. His impression that he could convince her by means of a woeful illustration that other people were worse than herself was totally sound and would be irrefragable to any wife.

"Possibly because of a tragedy-shadowed boyhood, Guy's personality was filled by a curious lack of emotion.

thy, an impersonality of sorts, marred the couple's sexual relationship as much as their mutual weariness. This peculiar emotional remoteness, this insensitivity to the inner feelings of another, was hidden during the early years of the marriage; later, however, it led Guy to overlook Ellie's need for tenderness and affection. Her complaints on that score were just a single discussion he altered his of lovemaking and soon he and Ellie found their pleasure in sex renewed.

"It was foolish for Ellie and Guy to (continued on page 28)



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ple in the world are in a sorrier fix than she is. As a policeman, I see them every day. I think she is wallowing in self-pity. And speaking of being a policeman, my mother-in-law is deeply ashamed that Ellie, her only daughter, is married to a police officer, and she isn't bashful about broadcasting her sentiments. Mom's outspokenness is sure to confuse our girls, who haven't seen their grandmother in years. It will embarrass me and add greatly to the stress and strain of the upcoming visit. Ellie knows that we both already have too many unsolved problems; she knows her own nervous condition. I do

"Ellie and I then attacked the problem of her multiple ailments, fueled of course by chronic exhaustion. The so-called tired housewife syndrome is often observed in marriage counseling, but Ellie had as severe a case as I have ever encountered. The 'tired husband syndrome,' from which Guy suffered, is also quite common.

"Fortunately Ellie was aware of the numerous striking parallels existing between her and Mom and she heartily disliked their resemblance. Indeed in the midst of our opening interview she burst out: 'The biggest trouble with me is that I'm just like my mother!' Ellie's



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DIALOGUE WITH MOTHERS

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS
BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

"Have things really changed so radically between mothers and daughters that they cannot understand each other any more?" This question worries many mothers. They remember that when they were in school nearly everyone talked about how wonderful their mothers were, and how close they were to them. Only the freaks despised their mothers. Now it appears that many girls speak of their mothers as hopeless squares who don't know the score and who nag them to death for no good reason. And those who think their mothers are all right seem afraid to say so, for fear of being ridiculed.

Actually, many girls probably used to stretch the truth when they said that everything was great between them and their mothers. The same holds for today's daughters who, in order to be "in," complain about what awful mothers they have. If my experience can be trusted, the proportion of young people who have good relations with their parents is pretty much the same as ever. Only the fashion about what is "cool" has changed. Since part of the current "cool" stance is not to display any warm feelings, least of all toward parents, that is how youth talks. After all, the old story about the youngster who went to college convinced that his parents were hopelessly ignorant, only to find them much wiser when he returned home four years later, considerably antedates the present generation. It shows that misunderstandings between parents and adolescent children have always been common, and that such misunderstandings tend to disappear once the children outgrow adolescence.

Twenty years ago nobody spoke about the "generation gap." But even then, those who understood adolescent development were aware that this age group typically undergoes a reactivation of old, unresolved Oedipal conflicts that propel them into ambivalent, stormy, often outright negative relations with their parents—particularly the parent of the same sex. This is a battle in which a daughter, for example, defiantly asserts her independence to hide how deeply (though ambivalently) she is still attached to her parents. Calling this battle what it is, the adolescent revolt—that is, a struggle for independence while one still feels quite dependent—describes it better than the modern cliché, "generation gap."

Does this revolt only seem worse to us now because we are the ones it is happening to, because we are the ones who are resented? No, there is something new in our attitudes—the false expectation that such a temporary drawing apart should

never happen. Many mothers get the idea that there is something wrong with them when they are rejected by their adolescent daughters. Instead, they should recognize in their daughters' reaction a kind of temporary insanity that mothers should take for granted. Even when a mother did not expect her daughter to be an intimate friend, it was easier for a young girl occasionally to be being mother's little helper for the older girl to go her way without having to defy mother.

Not so long ago everybody subscribed to the notion that a boy had to sow his wild oats. It went well if his immaturity was neither taken for higher than nor considered important enough to fight over each time the far got together. Now it seems to our daughters, without conscious planning and without any help from the women's liberation movement, but just because the sexes are more and more brought up the same way now, that they have a chance to sow their wild oats, too.

That's what worries the mother of an adolescent girl. It seems to be in the process of sowing those oats—and it leads to endless family conflicts. With the new sex mores, it seems nice to talk to your daughter about how wonderful sex is when you are in love, how natural etc., and how the pill makes it safe. Some mothers talk this way because they don't want to give their daughters any sexual hangups. But once the girl seems to be quite free in sex, the mother is afraid that she will be hurt.

If mothers wouldn't try to be so "modern," if they stopped insisting to their daughters that natural sex is and how enjoyable, maybe these girls would have so much to worry about. Some mothers desperately want sex to be no big problem to their daughters, who then act accordingly. But sex is a big problem particularly for a girl. If mothers would explain this to their daughters—and tell them that this is so and why it is also very normal—the girls might be better protected.

"So what should a mother's attitude toward sex be?" a mother asked me. I answered that I thought we should definitely steer clear of the old notion that sex is bad and not to be engaged in outside of marriage, but that we should reject the attitude that there is nothing to it—that sex is easy and presents no problem. It indeed does present problems and they can be very serious ones. Unfortunately, this is more true for girls than for boys.

The old morality protected both boys and girls very well, particularly girls, as long as they had no wish to engage in sexual activity. (continued on page

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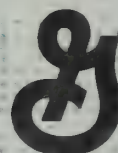
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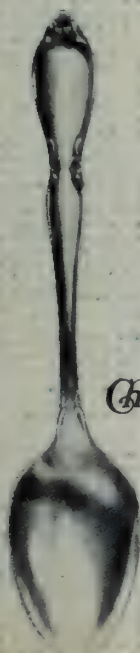
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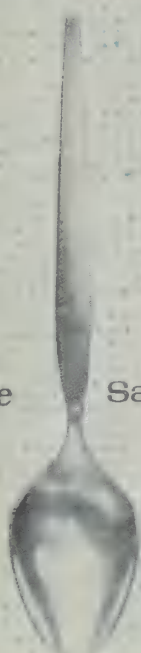
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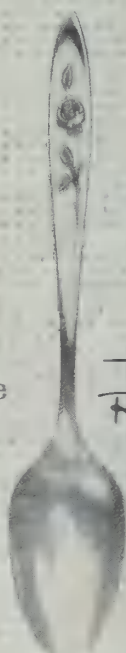
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ties. Nowadays, though many still do not want to have sex right now, they are afraid they may be queer, or may be considered so. Girls may engage in sex to prove to themselves or others that they have no sexual hangups. Sex entered into for such reasons usually has very damaging psychological consequences. The so-called new sexual morality leaves the girl much

more defenseless than she ever was before. These are some of the issues we have to discuss openly with our daughters, instead of sending them to the doctor for a pill to keep them safe. The pill may keep them from getting pregnant, but our making the pill available may project them into more serious psychological dangers. Protection must come from the parents' convictions, not from the pill.

In actuality, talk and truth are

about as far apart in connection with sexual behavior as they are in connection with rejection of parents. The interesting fact is that the incidence of premarital sexual relations among college girls seems not to have changed much from the preceding generation to this. Data on such matters are not completely reliable, but their likelihood improves if we consider that in the last generation many girls were reluctant to admit such behavior,

whereas nowadays many who do have sexual relations claim they just to be "in." This, of course, induces a further difficulty. Form most girls who did not engage in marital sex at least thought they all right. Today most of those have sexual relations still think themselves as doing something while those who do not, fret a what's wrong with them. The sexual equality seems to have led situation where everybody wonders whether they do or don't.

"Maybe things aren't so different for our girls in regard to sex, in of the way they talk," one mother observed. "But our mothers don't have to worry about drugs, the we do." Indeed this is a new development, and very little in a mother's experience has prepared her to with it. It did not exist as a real problem when she was growing up, this makes it difficult for her to with when it crops up in her child's life. All studies show there is no any danger of drug addiction in the marital relationship and the relationship between parent and child is good. But this does not help parents whose children use drugs frequently nor does it allay parental anxiety.

First we must realize that our children are much more influenced by us in regard to the use of drugs than we want to believe. A study of middle class youngsters who are frequent drug users shows that in most cases their parents also rely on drugs for relief of their tensions. They need a couple of drinks before dinner, or take tranquilizers and sleeping pills, etc., themselves as a way of trying to deal with life's problems. Your mother never swallowed diet pills or tranquilizers, or gave them to you. Many adolescent girls who smoke or take LSD have mothers who give them tranquilizers when they are small, instead of helping them manage their difficulties without drugs. These girls have been seduced into believing that drugs possess a magical ability to solve problems.

Contrary to widespread opinion, drugs are not taken to defy one's emotions. They are taken to meet an emotional need for which the user knows no other relief. The dominant psychological motive in drug use is not the desire for kicks, but the wish to reduce tension or relieve distress.

Many mothers, particularly those who are old enough to have grown up during the Depression, remember how difficult life was then—not expected it to be easy. So as children they learned not to expect a tension-free existence. But now, as mothers they become upset when their children run into the unavoidable difficulties of living. They do not want their daughters to suffer conflicts, but without conflicts we have no reason to learn to deal with the hardships of life. Mothers who give their daughters the impression that life ought to be easy and problem-free do their children no favor. Such girls are not prepared to face the inescapable difficulties one encounters in life. Since they are not expected to have problems, they try to evade them, the simplest way to do so is to escape it all by taking drugs.

Because the drug scene is a
(continued on page

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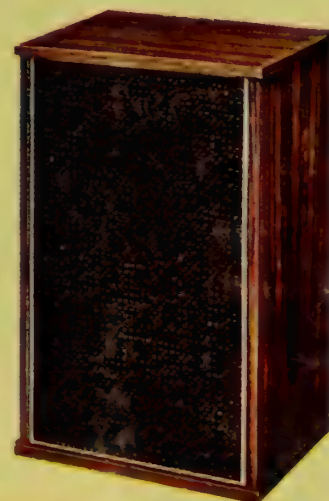


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MEDICINE TODAY

HOW DOCTORS PERFORM ABORTIONS BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

As a result of New York's new, liberalized abortion laws, which permit abortions through the 24th week of pregnancy, a woman now has the chance to have this operation performed by a doctor she knows and trusts. By her choice, and by the speed with which she acts, a woman can for the first time determine—at least in part—what kind of abortion she will have, and she can also minimize its risks. Abortion experts say the rule is: "The sooner the safer."

Not all doctors will perform abortions, and not all hospitals will accept abortion patients; all maintain quotas. Serious delays were encountered during the first months of the new law, forcing some women to face relatively dangerous late abortions rather than relatively safe early ones. But by autumn, waiting time at New York City's low-cost municipal hospital clinics had shortened to less than a month. Women financially able to seek private, fee-for-service abortions met shorter delays, or no delay at all.

In practice, in New York State, the enormous demand for abortions—from residents and others—has created serious problems. There is a shortage of obstetricians trained to perform abortions, and a lack of facilities in which to perform them.

Misconceptions about abortion remain. In disentangling the procedure from centuries of religious and legal restriction, some nonmedical abortion reformers have not hesitated to endow it with medically unsound myths of their own. One is that abortion is no more serious a medical procedure than a tonsillectomy or a tooth extraction.

"That's nonsense!" says Dr. Robert Hall, the New York obstetrician who is President of the Association for the Study of Abortion. "It's most emphatically a more serious procedure than dental extraction—and not to be taken lightly." Dr. Hall agrees that abortion should be a woman's medical and legal right. But, he says, "their right stops when it comes to telling the doctor how to do it."

Few American doctors have had the chance to do large numbers of legal abortions. Therefore, few have the experience and skill needed to perform them. Dr. Hall, who is on the staff of Presbyterian Hospital in Manhattan, says that before New York legalized abortion last July, he and his colleagues did so few abortions that when new equipment was provided for performing them, no one felt the need to learn how to use it. Now many New York obstetricians—as well as surgeons and general practitioners—are studying abortion techniques.

At a how-to-do-it symposium

conducted by the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws on the day New York's restrictive old law was repealed, Manhattan obstetrician Richard Hausknecht paid tribute to the "outcasts of medicine"—those doctors who have done illegal abortions. "They're a lot better at what they are attempting to do than we are!" he admitted. While doctors are learning techniques and gaining experience, experts say, the rate of medical mistakes and complications may be higher than it will be later.

Four techniques account for 90 percent of the abortions done in the U.S. in recent years, and they are ones that are most likely to be available to women seeking abortions in New York State. According to biomedical statistician Dr. Christopher Tietze of the Population Council in New York, two-thirds are done by dilatation and curettage—"D & C"—or by a procedure called vacuum aspiration. By and large, these methods are used only by the 12th week of pregnancy; they are considered dangerous if used later.

In the second trimester, the two most common procedures are a new method called "saline induction" and "hysterotomy," in which, as in Caesarean birth, the womb is opened surgically and its contents removed.

D & C: Many women have undergone this procedure for medical reasons other than abortion. Dilatation means widening the opening from the vagina to the uterus by placing in it, one at a time, a series of rods, thicker than the last. Curettage means cleansing; when the opening is wide enough to admit its entry, a sharp-edged instrument, or curet, is introduced into the womb. The doctor then scrapes the embryo off the uterine wall.

Women who have had D & C find them unpleasant and often painful. They may be done either in a hospital, a hospital clinic or a doctor's office. Some obstetricians use general anesthesia; others feel that an anesthetic is safer, in part because the woman is more alert the woman is, the more quickly will she or the doctor notice if something should go wrong.

VACUUM ASPIRATION: This is a newer, faster and, say some obstetricians, safer method of doing early abortions. Less dilatation is needed. Instead of a sharp curet, a thin, blunt tube is introduced into the womb. Through it, the womb's contents are sucked out by a powerful vacuum pump. Aspiration takes only a few minutes and, says Hausknecht, does not cause unpleasant feelings (continued)



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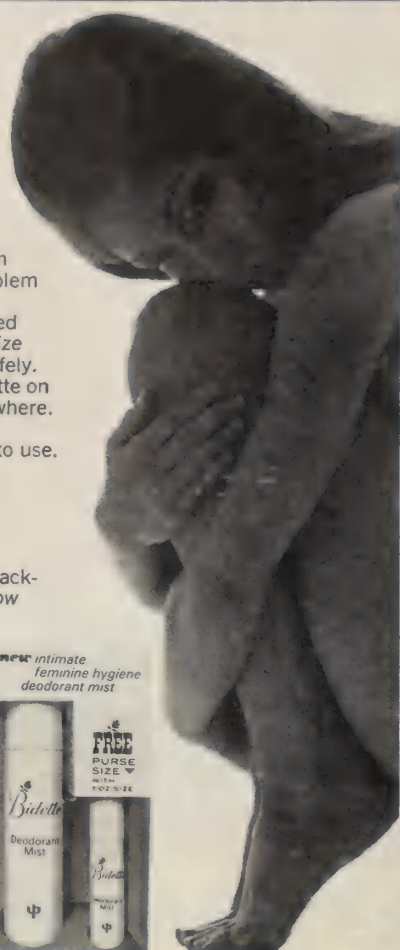
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MEDICINE TODAY *continued*

of curettage. Like a D & C, aspiration must be done early. Dr. Hausknecht warns, because "the incidence of complications rises precipitously when you go beyond ten weeks, calculated from the end of the last menstrual period."

Dr. Hausknecht says aspiration abortions can be done in doctors' offices, under local anesthetic. Dr. Hall disagrees. He believes they should be done in a hospital, usually under general anesthesia. "We have no experience in this country using local anesthesia," Dr. Hall says. "I think it *can* be done under local, and I don't think patients need to be kept overnight in the hospital in the majority of cases, but we have to develop the experience. Most doctors will be performing abortions under general anesthesia, at least for awhile."

Vacuum aspiration still has limitations. Few doctors have the machine this technique requires—or the experience needed to use it properly.

SALINE INDUCTION: In this "late" technique, the fetus is killed and labor induced by inserting a needle through the woman's abdomen into her womb, draining the amniotic fluid and replacing it with salt water. This is unpleasant for the woman—the fetus may be delivered, unexpectedly, into her hospital bed—and unpalatable to many obstetricians, whose career choice, after all, was to deliver live, wanted babies, not unwanted dead ones. "There is a psychological problem" with saline induction, concedes obstetrician Dr. Bernard Nathanson, a director of the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws. "Doctors have an aversion to using this method. It's too controversial in terms of psychology and sociology. But, medically, I claim it is a safe procedure."

Because saline induction demands accurate placement of a needle in the womb, Dr. Nathanson says it is dangerous before 16 weeks of gestation, when that target is adequately enlarged. So a woman who is too late for one of the earlier, easier methods may face an additional delay, during which she begins to "show." Once he has infused the salt water, Dr. Nathanson gives the woman a labor-inducing drug. He says labor is over in 12 hours or, at the most, 18. Dr. Hall, who does not give labor-inducing medication, says his patients wait from 18 to 36 hours for labor. The labor itself, says Dr. Nathanson, is "very peculiar. . . . It is virtually painless. . . . At some point, [the woman] will complain of a rectal pain or tremendous pain in the vagina, and she will deliver."

With the saline method, Dr. Nathanson says he and his associates at Manhattan's St. Luke's Hospital have had neither deaths nor major complications in 200 labor inductions. Stanford, in San Francisco, and Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore, have had similar successes.

In New York State, many doctors are refusing to do saline abortions—which is their right under the new law. (In New York City, physicians are required to file a fetal death certificate for each abortion they perform.) And many hospitals are refusing to admit patients for second trimester abortions, even though they are legal.

Complications occur in about one abortion in 20. Relatively mild—and

treatable—problems include excessive bleeding, infection and fever. Uterus may be perforated, and anesthesia always carries some risk. If there are complications, abortion not impair the ability to conceive.

Only one major complication occurs regularly, according to Dr. Hall. When they finally decide to carry a full term, women who have had abortion tend to go into labor prematurely.

No one knows exactly how many American women will die as a result of legal abortions. Dr. Hall says foreign mortality figures range from 1 death per 100,000 abortions in Japan to 21 per 100,000 in Britain. In U.S., population statistician Dr. T. analyzed the deaths in 9,722 legal abortions done in a recent two-year period. Seven women died. But four of them had widespread cancers and two other serious diseases. He concluded that only one death unequivocally resulted from abortion. In the first months of the new law, about 18 hospital abortions were performed, 4 women died. This would work out to 22 deaths per 100,000—almost exactly the same rate as in Britain. Only one of these deaths was attributed to the procedure—a late, saline abortion.

Because the risk is real, though statistically small, experts insist that abortion should not be used in place of birth control. "It is not a method of contraception," says obstetrician Allan Barnes, editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*. "All methods of contraception are safer than all methods of abortion taken together."

Although the overwhelming majority of women will survive their abortions in good physical health, abortion is still not an easy event for a woman. "You're taking care of a patient who is going to be terrified in the birthing—and she's going to need continued reassurance," Dr. Hausknecht adds. psychoanalyst Dr. Naomi Levanon, who serves on an abortion research project at Manhattan's St. Luke's Hospital: "After an abortion, a woman feels basically relieved. She goes back to her prepregnant person. But she never does forget the pregnancy, the panic and abortion."

For women who may seek abortion in states where they are legal, Dr. Hall, who is President of the Association for the Study of Abortion, suggests these rules:

1. Go early.
2. Go to the most experienced obstetrician you can find, rather than a general practitioner or abortionist.
3. Go to a hospital. There's no reason to have it done in a doctor's office.
4. Don't go to profiteers.

Women who go to a private physician should expect to pay a fee of \$250 to \$350, perhaps as high as \$500. This does not include hospital charges.

Abortion referral and consultation services are available all over the country. A directory of these services appears in a new pamphlet, *Legal Abortion: A Guide for Women in the United States*, published by Planned Parenthood—World Population. It can be purchased for 25¢ from Planned Parenthood affiliates, or from the organization's national office at 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. For more information and referral card, can be obtained by phoning Planned Parenthood at (212) 541-7800.

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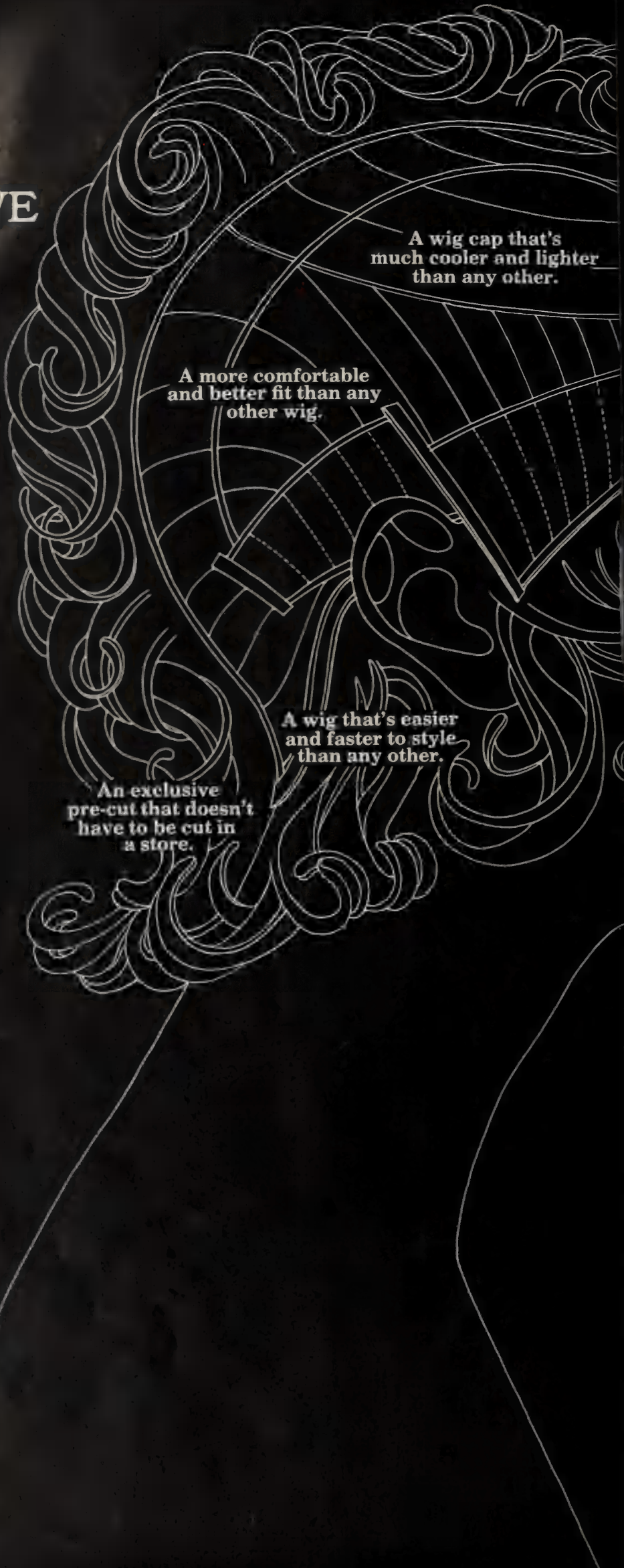
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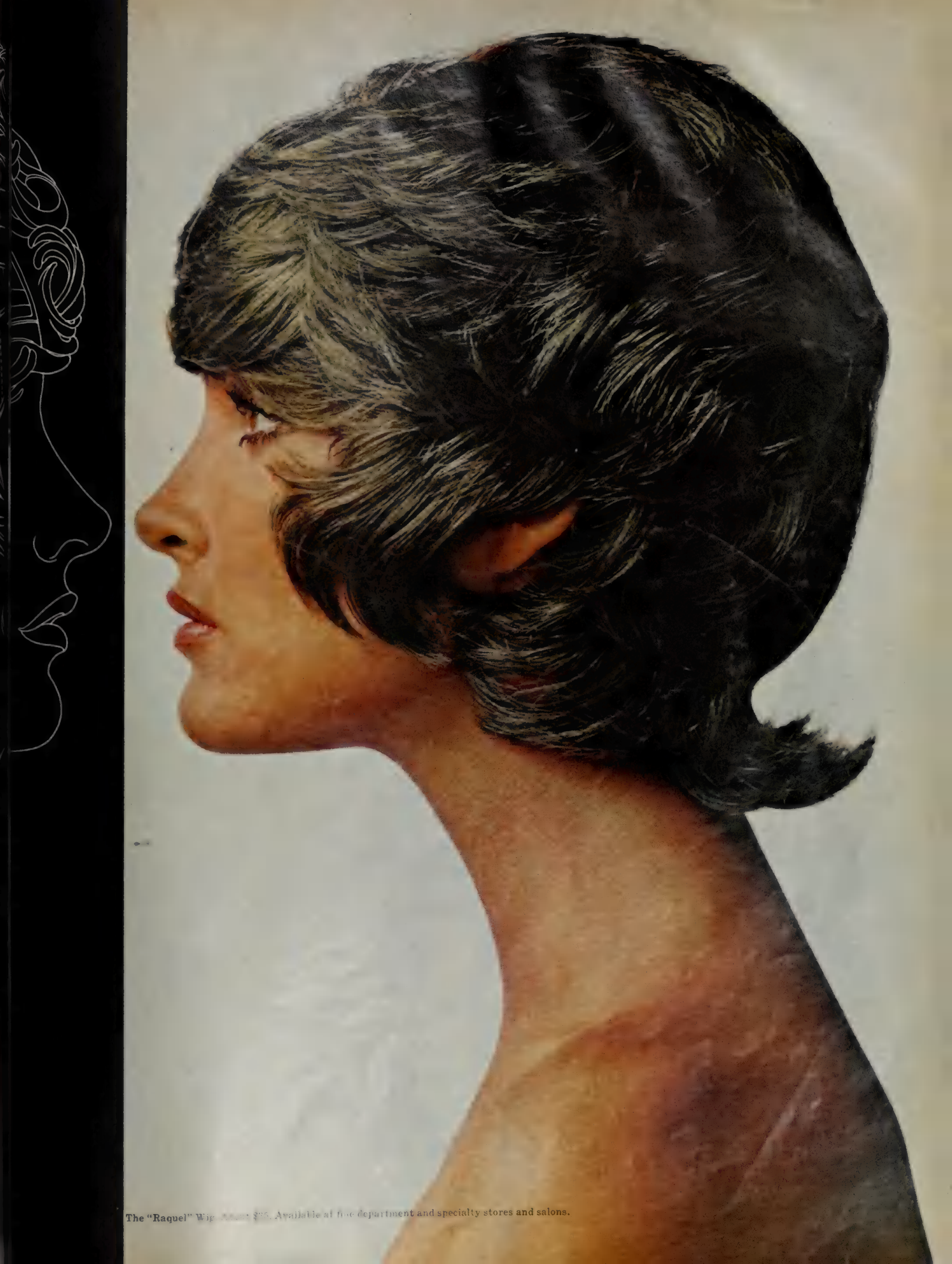


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Q: I have a friend who has a very unhappy sex life. She and her husband have been married for 10 years and have always had sexual difficulties. Would it be helpful for them to seek advice from experts in this area?

A: Expert sex education can be exceedingly valuable when both parties are willing to consult with real experts. (Of course, it is important to ascertain the credentials of the expert.) Strong motivation to resolve any problem of this nature (indicating maturity and real interest in each other) contributes immeasurably toward success. Sexual education seldom completely eradicates sexual difficulties, however. The way a person expresses himself sexually reflects how he feels about himself and his partner. Some simple sexual problems are the result of ignorance and confusion and are greatly ameliorated by knowledge properly applied. But many problems are the result of difficulties in relating to one's self and others. This is why many sexual difficulties are best treated by psychoanalytic psychotherapy.

Q: I have a friend—my husband—who can't understand why vacations are so important to me. I just feel so much better about us, and the kids too, when we go off for a few days alone. Is this such a crazy way to feel?

A: Absolutely not! It is exceedingly important for adults to get off by themselves, particularly if they can go away to a different environment. There is little as relaxing as leaving cares and kids at home periodically. It helps romance and morale and also makes for better mothers and fathers. It invariably makes *home*, wherever it may be, that much more appealing.

Q: My friend's husband will eat nothing but bland foods. There's absolutely nothing wrong with him physically, but he claims that even the sight of fancy food nauseates him. His wife is a marvelous cook and feels frustrated by his pure steak and potato tastes. What makes a man so narrow in his eating outlook?

A: Some people say that "we are what we eat." Childhood training plays an important role in eating patterns, and particular food tastes are highly revealing in particular personalities or character structures. We would have to know much more about your friend's husband to understand his particular eating habits. In any case, let me describe some random possibilities that may or may not be applicable to the man in question:

1. Some constricted, inwardly frightened people who abhor adventure or confrontation with the

unfamiliar also shy away from hitherto untasted food and especially exotic food.

2. Some husbands will refuse superior cooking as an unconscious way of expressing hostility to their wives. In effect they say, "You are powerless to make me happy since plain hamburger is all I want and therefore your efforts are wasted."

3. Some men have been traumatized by overbearing mothers who stuffed them as children. They see enjoying "special dishes" as giving in to potential female manipulations. Keeping food tastes simple is equated with keeping free.

4. Some people prefer soft foods that do not require any special effort to eat. Chewing, tearing and cutting are unconsciously felt as hostile acts that put them in touch with their own repressed anger, which they fear.

5. While some very bland people eat only bland foods, others eat the most highly spiced, fiery foods in an attempt to make themselves more spicy and interesting.

6. Some men stick to steak and potatoes as a confused gesture of masculinity. These men (sometimes unconsciously) see the taste for exotic French or gourmet cooking as a feminine trait. Men who are very frightened of femininity and who make it a point to be manly and strong in all ways may even get nauseous at the idea of eating what they unconsciously regard as feminine food. They unconsciously feel that eating this kind of food will deplete their masculine strength.

7. There are many kinds of food fetishes and phobias. There are people who are repelled by ordinary foods and attracted to inedible and sometimes "dangerous" foods. This is often an indication of severe emotional disturbance.

Q: Several months ago I enjoyed reading your column about women entitled "If You Lie About Your Age." Please tell me if men have the same problems with their vanity and the whole "youth cult" thing.

A: Definitely!

Q: I have a friend who starts conversations with anybody at the drop of a hat. She does this on trains, standing in line to buy a movie ticket, in the store. She never sees these people again, but she simply can't resist getting into conversation with whomever she happens to be near. Why does she do this?

A: Your friendly friend—like so many other people who do this—may be very lonely and may get very anxious when she has to be alone with herself. Many people unfortunately do not consider

themselves as company at all and find it very frightening and a great burden to be alone. This may be particularly true of your friend when she is away from her home, especially if she finds herself in unfamiliar surroundings. Being in the presence of people may not be meaningful to her unless a conversational bridge is formed to another person. Conversation means momentary contact with another human being—anyone at all—and however superficial or fleeting this may be, it serves its purpose in that it relieves her anxiety and loneliness.

Q: I have a friend who is 18 years old and who was terribly overprotected as a child. Her parents watched her all the time and barely let her move without hovering over her and making sure she was safe. After 3 months away at college, she had a nervous breakdown. She is back home now and seems all right but is afraid to try an out-of-town school again. What do you think?

A: Your friend's reaction is a very common one, especially in young people who have a background of overprotection. Parents rationalize this overprotection or "smothering" by professing great love for the overprotected child. While love may or may not be present, overprotection is not born of love. It is the result of parental insecurities and anxieties. It is used in an attempt to allay the parents' own fears and is ultimately very destructive to the child. In effect, the child is made to feel that she is not trusted, that she must not trust herself, that she is vulnerable and fragile in a potentially hostile world. It destroys the possibility of developing self-confidence and self-esteem. It convinces her that she cannot possibly make it as a separate, whole individual but must always be dependent upon her parents. Smothering curtails and often prevents the formation of a child's own feelings, values and opinions. When the victim leaves home, she feels that she is leaving her lifeline since, she thinks, she is only half a person without the immediate presence of her parents.

Fortunately your friend is young. I'd call her reaction a "breakup" rather than a breakdown. It is probably a "breakup" of the old and sick ways of relating to herself and other people. Most importantly, with the right kind of help she can go on to develop her various potentials so that she becomes a truly mature and whole individual, secure in her emotional well being. Consultation with a psychoanalytically trained psychiatrist would be best. There is no point in leaving home precipitously. After she and her doctor have worked together and agree that she is really ready to do so, it will undoubtedly be

most beneficial to "make the break."

Q: My wife is a faithful reader of the JOURNAL and particularly your column, so I am planting this question for her benefit. She is constantly worried that she is not a good enough mother. Our three children, aged nine, 12 and 14 are perfectly fine and normal in every way. They are really wonderful kids, but should they have any problems whatsoever, my wife chastises herself terribly, feeling that she is a failure as a mother. Would you care to comment on what gives?

A: Some women are more concerned about their reputations as "good mothers" than they are about the reality of their situations. Sometimes this concern about reputation robs a mother of real interest and insight into what her children are all about. This preoccupation with being a good mother often has little to do with the children at all. It is usually based on guilt feelings—often arising from roots in the mother's own childhood. The ideal of "good mother" is usually based on unrealistically perfectionist demands that cannot possibly be fulfilled. Failure to meet these impossible criteria results in feelings of guilt, attacks of self-hatred and renewed efforts to mitigate guilt through further impossible strivings. Sadly, this mother will be cut off from spontaneous feelings, which are so valuable in reaching children. Often psychotherapy is necessary so that the woman with this problem can become less self-conscious, and tune in to her children's needs. Then, she will be able to enjoy a less than perfect but more human relationship with them.

Q: I have a friend who wants to know if you think women are as intelligent as men.

A: Absolutely!



As a regular feature Dr. Rubin will answer questions on your personal marriage, family and emotional problems. The doctor is a well known psychoanalyst who practices in New York and is the author of *Lisa and David and The Thin Book* by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. His new best-seller, *Forever Thin* offers a psychological approach to permanent weight control. If you have questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.



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AMY VANDERBILT

CHILDREN'S MANNERS

What is the best way to start teaching a child manners, including table manners?

At very early ages, manners are better caught than taught. Little children have only the powerful adults around them as examples of proper behavior, and they in time imitate what they see. The parents' manners and manner toward one another are never lost on a young mind, and all the rules in the book mean absolutely nothing if there is no consideration within the family one toward another. Parents should be very polite to their children, guiding them gently when they seem ready for small social instruction. Since little boys and girls eat just like Daddy and Mommy, parents' table manners should be beyond reproach.

WEDDING GIFTS

How do you let shower and wedding guests know the color scheme of your new home and the stores where you have registered silver, china and crystal patterns?

You register in one or more leading stores in your area from which you think your friends will be buying gifts for you. You do not in any way put this information on an invitation, however. You and your close friends may supply it to anyone who asks.

ADDRESSING A LETTER

Would you please let me know how to address an envelope to an older person and a single daughter over thirty?

You can't do it in a joint address, if that is what you mean. If you are talking about invitations, they must be sent separately. If you are talking about a social letter, you address it to the older person and refer to the single daughter in the body of the letter.

PLACE SPOON

When I was married I received 12 five-piece place settings of my sterling flatware. Now I want to add soup spoons. However, my pattern has a place spoon rather than a soup spoon. Since this spoon is oval instead of round, I wonder if it is acceptable to use for soup, and if not, what is its purpose?

The spoon you describe may be used either for dessert or for soup. I consider it a more useful implement than a round soup spoon.

RESTAURANT SEATING

When I go into a restaurant with my date, I usually precede him walking to the table. Should I stop at the nearest chair at the table or booth, or walk to the farthest side? Is it proper for us to sit on the same side if the other side of the table will remain empty?

If you precede your date, it must be because the head waiter or a waitress has come forward to lead you to your table. You wouldn't do it otherwise, but would let your date go first. The waiter or headwaiter or captain, as the case may be, will pull out a chair for you so that you will be seated in the most attractive seat, facing into the restaurant and out of the traffic if possible. Ideally, you are seated so that you will be sitting at the right of your date. When you are entering a banquette, the waiter pulls out the table so that you will be able to slide in and seat yourself. You may certainly sit together on the same side in a booth if you wish, just as you would if shown to a banquette against the wall.

USE OF "SR."

My son (one year old) has the same name as his father. When should my husband and I begin to put "Sr." after our names?

The use of "Sr." is nearly always reserved for a widow who either lives with her son after her husband's death or is close enough in the same community so that there might be some confusion. Occasionally in a large corporation, where father and son work together and have the same name, the father uses "Sr." as part of his name, but it is unusual and I think unnecessary as his son uses "Jr." Incidentally, a "Jr." who becomes a doctor no longer uses the suffix unless his father is a doctor, too.

COCKTAIL BUFFET

At a cocktail buffet, when is it proper to put the food on the buffet? Should it be there when the guests arrive, and are drinks served at the same time, or is the food put out after the guests have been served cocktails?

It is done both ways. If the buffet is extensive, sometimes the cocktails are served first and then people are led to the buffet. At other times, buffet and cocktails are served simultaneously.

USE OF THE PH.D.

Should people with Ph.D. degrees use the title "Doctor" with their names on Christmas cards, in church directories, wedding announcements, etc.?

The title is not used in social communications. The possible exception would be the church directory, where the use of the title might serve a useful purpose.

NOTES TO TEACHERS

Occasionally a parent has to write notes to school, which may or may not be handed to a specific teacher. I simply write an informal note without salutation, but I have been criticized for this. Can you tell me how these notes should be headed?

You are doing the correct thing. Such a note might merely state "Stephen has my permission to go on the field trip next Friday. Then sign your name—Ruth Meyers—and below your signature, (Mrs. Jason Meyers). You may also date the note up, right or lower left.

USING FINE CHINA

I am planning a steak dinner and would like to use my china, silver, candelabra, etc. However, I'm afraid that the sharp steak knives will damage my good china plates. Would it be proper to use individual stainless steel plates on wood or the plates from everyday dinnerware with crystal and china?

Fine china is not hurt in this way. By all means use your best.

STEPCHILDREN'S GIFTS

I hardly feel qualified to dispense your advice on etiquette; however, your advice to the grandmother regarding gifts to her step-grandchildren certainly did rub me the wrong way. If her son had courage to marry a woman with five children and to try to make a happy home for his new family, the grandmother shouldn't undermine his efforts. Surely he is trying to unite all his children in one family. His mother is grandmother to all his children and should give gifts to all of them.

I had several letters on this and am certainly willing to concede that if a grandmother is able to include such a large group of step-grandchildren in her giving, better for her. It should be understandable, however, that her own grandchildren receive a little more of her attention than the others. I have a step relationship myself, though not as a grandmother as a stepmother. I do more for my own three children than my stepchildren, and none of my stepchildren are resentful, though in giving to them, I am equally. The fact that they do all live together in one household does make a difference, of course, as do the ages of the children.

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Parties (open house, anniversaries, housewarmings, showers). Also "Let's Write," "Teen Manners," "Five Etiquette," "Engagement & Wedding Etiquette" and "To Manners." Send 50c in coin each booklet ordered to Miss A. Vanderbilt, Box 1155, West Conn. 06880.

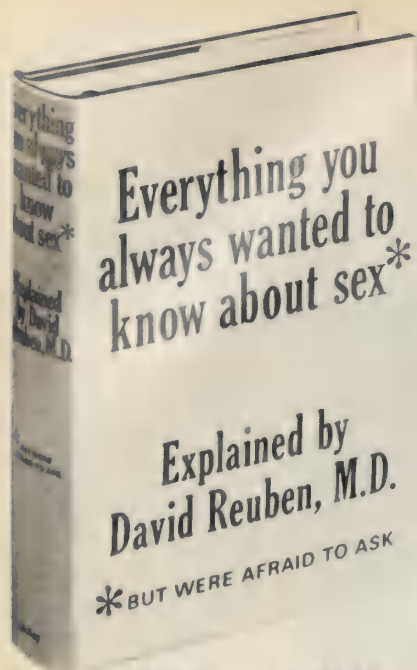


When was the last time you shared something with your brother?

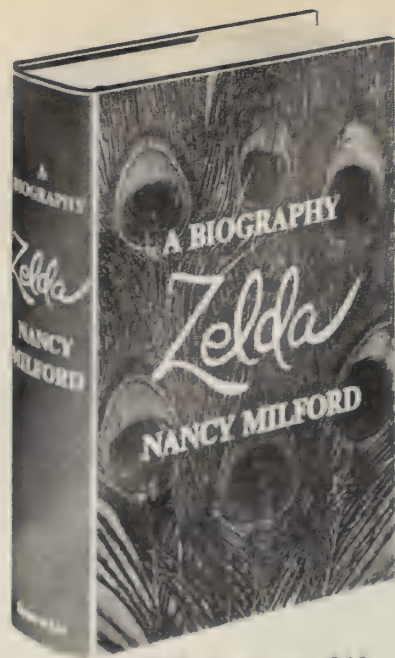


Once it was the other half of your popsicle.
A nickel from your dime.
Sips from your soda.
A bite from your bubblegum ball.
Now you're both grown-up.
Separated by miles but not memories.
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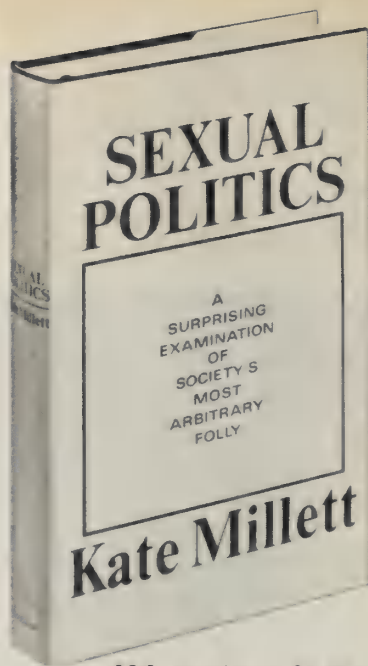




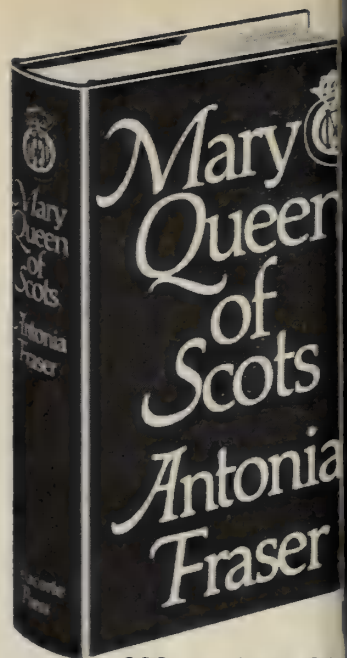
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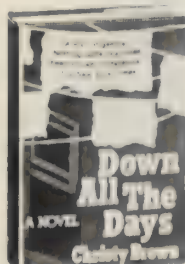
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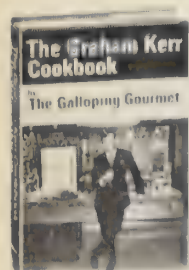
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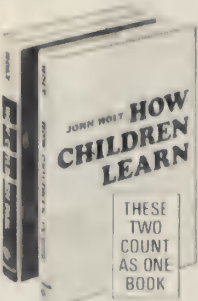
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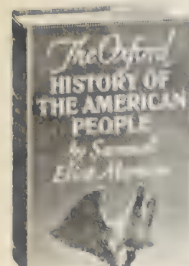
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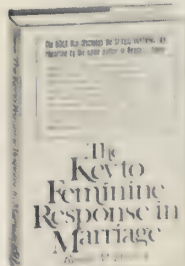
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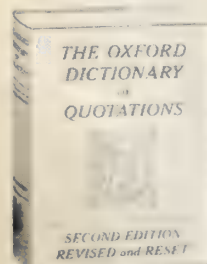


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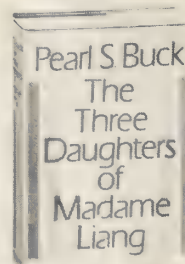
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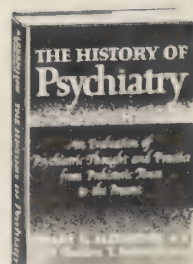
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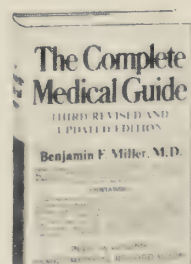
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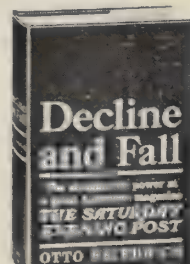
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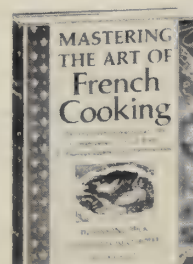
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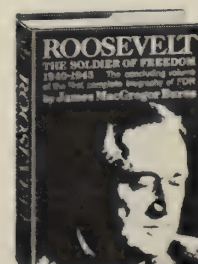
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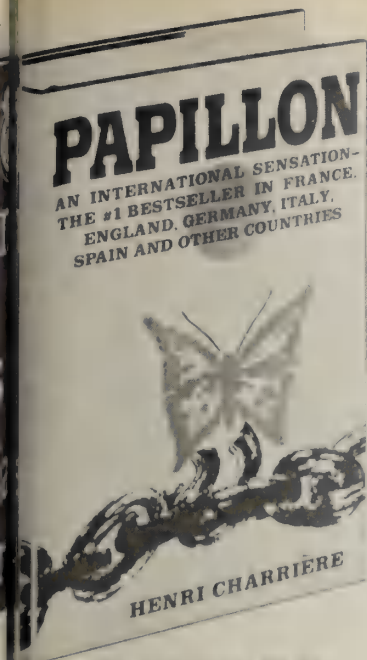
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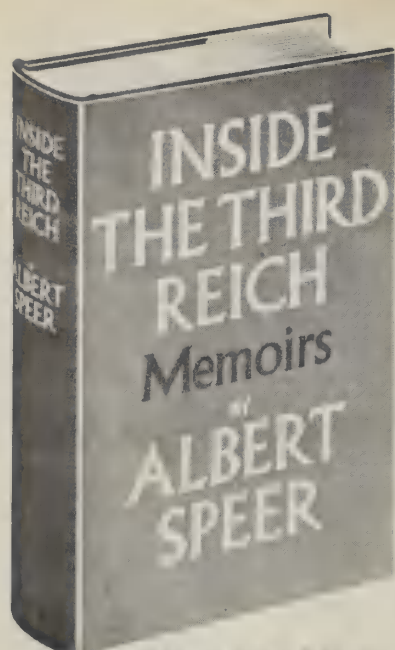
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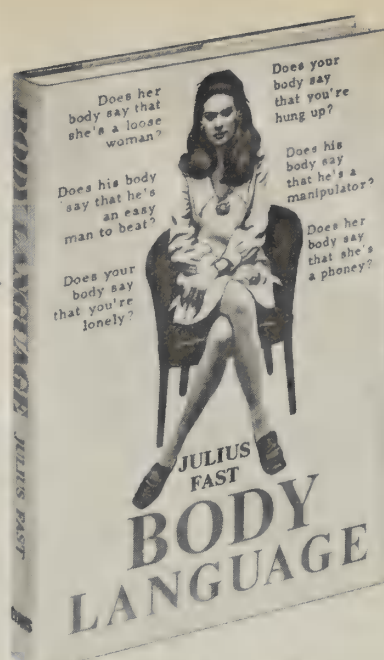
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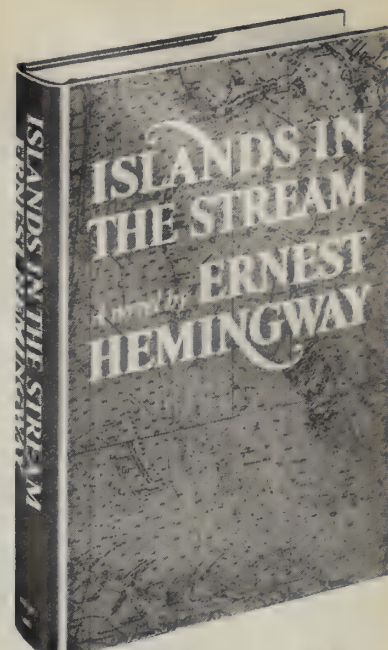
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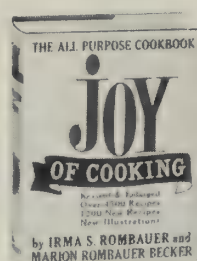
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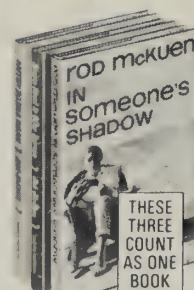
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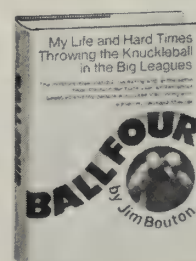
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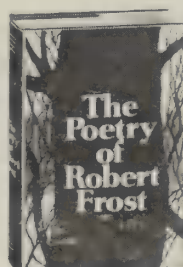
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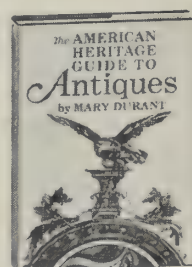
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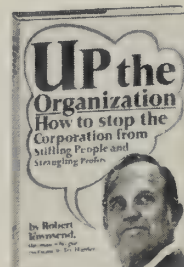
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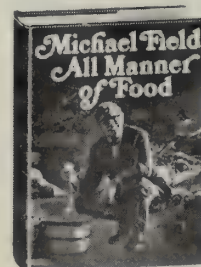
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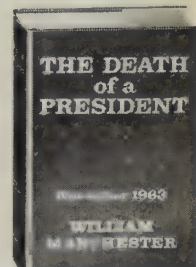
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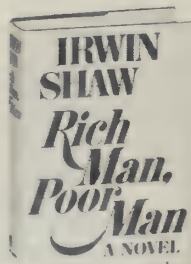
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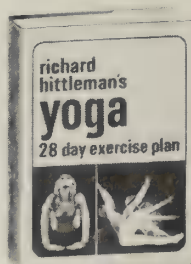
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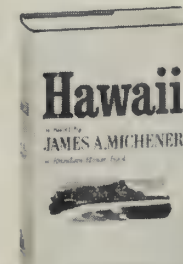
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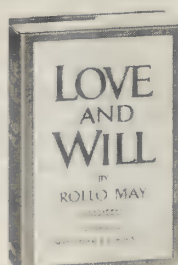
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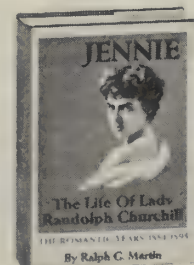
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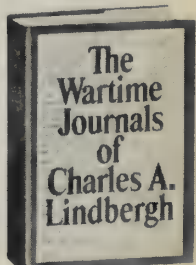
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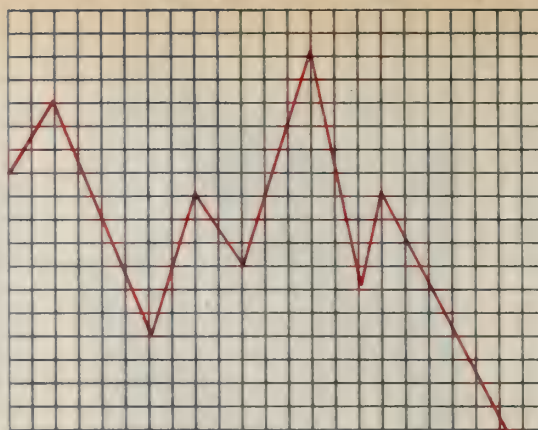


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How to Handle a Family Financial Crisis

BY SYLVIA PORTER

"Suddenly we seem to be living in a nightmare and I thought that maybe you could help us. LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has helped so many people over the years and you give such practical advice . . .

"My husband is an executive in his early forties, earning \$30,000 a year. We have a daughter halfway through college and a son who is a senior in high school and will be entering college next fall. We have a large house in southern Connecticut, and my husband commutes to New York City by his car or by train. I am president of the local garden club.

"For the past year or so we have been spending every cent coming into this house and are just barely managing to scrape up \$4,000 a year for our daughter's college tuition, fees and expenses. A couple of months ago, we committed my husband's year-end bonus (usually \$1,500 or more) to a skiing vacation in Switzerland in January and we signed up for a charter flight.

"We had been planning to sell some of our mutual fund shares at a profit to pay our son's freshman year college costs, but our mutual fund shares took a terrible beating in the 1970 stock market decline. Instead of multiplying in value, they're selling for 75 percent less than we paid for them. The only stock we have that is worth money is Eastman Kodak and we don't own enough shares to matter much.

"Last evening, my husband came home and told me that because of a sharp drop in his company's profits, this year's bonus is being canceled and all executives are also being asked to accept a 20 percent pay cut. He said, further, that it would be only realistic for us to consider his job in serious jeopardy, along with the jobs of many of our friends.

"He has just left for the office and I'm at my wit's end. How could we possibly absorb a 20 percent pay cut when we're living at the top of his income now and our financial responsibilities are about to take another steep jump? What if he loses his job? Where do we go for help? What can we do?"

Before I even begin to answer you, dear reader, heed my warning: **DON'T PANIC!**

You are not alone in this bind. The 1969-70 stock market crash wiped out hundreds of billions of dollars in stock values; close to 31,000,000 individuals who own corporate stocks or mutual fund shares have taken a blood bath in securities this year (one in every four adults). Along with the debacle in the stock market have come the other miserable characteristics of a business recession: layoffs, outright firings, pay cuts, profit squeezes, bankruptcies. And despite the economic and stock market decline, our cost of living has continued its relentless upsurge to ever higher peaks. Nightmare piled on top of nightmare piled on top of nightmare. . . . Your letter, written the morning after a devastating shock to you, has the feel of panic about it. But you are not alone. Stiffen up.

Moreover, since there are answers which can help you save at least 20 percent—at least—I'm devoting this month's entire column to you and to all the others who are similarly caught and are also sending out urgent pleas for aid.

YOU, THE FAMILY

An absolutely first must is a family conference at which all of you talk out your common financial problems and make your decisions as a unit. A financial crisis for the family breadwinner should never be his alone to solve. On the contrary, this is one time above all others when you should discuss your problems openly and honestly. For together, you can weather this challenge with grace and even get lasting benefits from it. (I'm willing to guarantee that each member of your family will not only be willing but will also be flattered to have been included in such a conference and will be eager to contribute toward solutions.) If each person works alone, though, the chances of errors and of a financial crackup are great.

These family conferences are crucially important, for at them

you will honestly explore your "hidden" assets and "hidden" financial reserves (I have more to say about these assets and reserves below).

At these meetings, you will re-examine firm decisions on earning, spending, saving and economizing, and you will go back to the fundamental rules of sound money management which you have long since forgotten (if you ever learned them).

To illustrate, look hard and closely at the amounts you are earning now for sheer luxuries. Possibly, you will find you can slash your spending right here as much as 10 to 20 percent—in the cancellation or postponement of purchases of costly, clearly unessential luxury items. Sample might be that winter vacation in Switzerland, installation of central air conditioning in your home, finishing a basement fun room, expensive summer camp for kids.

Make a pact among yourselves at your first conference to cut down on all gifts temporarily, especially expensive ones. Make this pledge to each other and stick to it. I don't want to strain the Charles Dickens theme, but you could get more satisfaction out of this temporary austerity move than out of a carload of gadgets.

Vow to cut impulse spending. Stick to what you need. Steer clear of impulse borrowing, too. Use credit cards wisely and repay charges you incur before any interest is charged (the grace period is customarily 30 days).

Stretch out payments of debt you owe as far as you can without inviting interest charges, particularly if others are stretching out payments of money owed to you. And don't take on any (Continued on page 56)

Sylvia Porter will continue her regular column next month.



For four generations
we've been making medicines
as if people's lives depended on them.

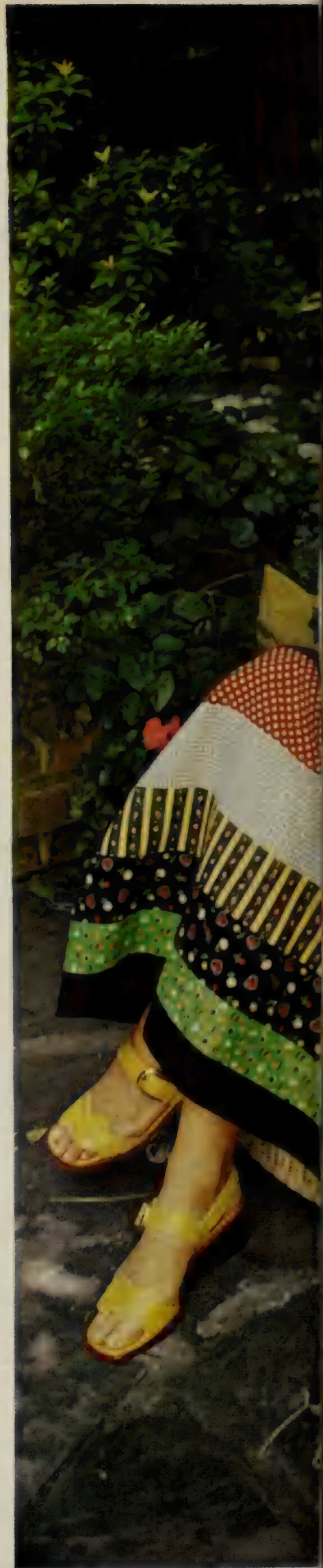
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Sunbeam & The Shrimp

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further debt that you can possibly avoid.

If you must borrow now, shop intelligently for the lender offering the best possible terms. Probably your wisest deal will be a life insurance policy loan under which you'll borrow against the cash values of your life insurance policies for a low 5 to 15 percent interest. These rates are less than one-half those on regular personal loans, which explains why the volume of this type of loan has tripled in the past decade of historically high interest rates.

Since you are under no pressure to repay this type of loan, though, you may be tempted to let it ride year after year. Presumably, this would defeat the reasons you bought life insurance in the first place, so if you do borrow via this form, discipline yourself into repaying the loan on a fixed schedule as soon as feasible.

This is enough to indicate the scope and type of decisions you will make at your family conference. With these suggestions to stimulate your thinking, you can take off on your own, probe the areas of extravagance, negligence and outright waste that you know exist in your home and personal lives. You can be a better judge than any outsider if—and I repeat, this lies at the heart of your problem and its solution—you will tackle this crisis honestly, objectively and *together*.

You, the wife

Quite possibly, your family's biggest "hidden" financial asset is you, the wife, for if you are reasonably healthy and intelligent, you are entirely capable of earning a paycheck from a part-time or full-time job. And in fact, this family crisis could turn out to be a blessing for you, by forcing you to consider the benefits of going outside your home to work. Your daughter already is halfway out of your nest; your son will be off to college in a matter of months; the need for you to be at home during the daytime hours is shrinking and will soon disappear. Since you are president, you must be very active in the garden club, but will this activity really be enough to keep you happily involved after your nest has emptied? When your daughter has married and your son has moved away, too? Can you look yourself in the mirror this minute and claim you do not dread the time when you and your husband will be alone in a house that was not built for two? Deep down, would you not like to be occupied along with your husband so that the two of you can step forward with enthusiasm into the next cycle of your lives?

If you are like most of the women

I know, your answer will be that you would like to return to work but you don't know how and you're afraid. Okay. Use this financial crisis as your catalyst, and with your husband's blessing (if he's an understanding man, he'll be happy to give it), start moving back into the job world.

An excellent place to begin is with an established local temporary help agency where you can get part-time work in many skills, where you can

ily's annual income. If you work full time, you'll contribute about 38¢ out of every \$1 of your family's income. And if you earn only \$100 a week, that will come to more than \$5,000 a year, a significant contribution toward your children's college expenses. And college is the expense that is dismaying all families, even those in better shape than yours.

You, the children

There's absolutely no reason why

every reason why you should. V Christmas coming up, there will be demand for young workers to fill odd jobs that always open up during holiday periods. If you can find a meaningful and provocative job, greatly likely to be a major boost to your life when you are beginning your real career. But if you can't find this sort of job, don't be choosy: take what are available and do your best.

Of course, you also will look at student loans to ease the burden on your family's income. I assume you are eligible for scholarships. I also assume that in your family income bracket, you find it hard to qualify for a loan under the Federal-S Guaranteed Student Program. However, a student loan is one of the ways of helping your family and yourself now. Ask your college or school financial officer at once for guidance. Start tracking down possible lenders now.

And there's so much more that youngsters can do to ease the family's overall financial burden. Just to get you into thinking for yourself, you, the daughter, surely can learn how to sew. While sewing admittedly takes time and skill, you learn to use patterns to create the highest fashion original for as little as \$20, and can put together less expensive items for even less. Slash your clothing costs with top-notch help.

And just to prod you into thinking for yourself, the son still at home, surely can help cut down on the family's phenomenally high annual spending for snacks and soft drinks. How about cutting down on the amount of snacks consumed and shifting to less expensive ones?

Because you'll be participating in the family conferences on spending and economy, I'll not separate you from the family in any of these ways. Rather, I'll take it granted that you'll be operating in following guides that appear next.

Back to you, the family

I'll wager that any family can reduce its spending by at least 20 percent if it simply obeys the practical hints in this section and I'll bet that the family of our correspondent can slash its budget even deeper.

In food, for instance, I surely do need to detail the basic rules. Surely you are well aware of the old fundamentals of *substituting* lower-cost meats for premium cuts and other items for premium priced ones; *stocking up* on foods that are on sale; *avoiding* out-of-season foods; *cutting out* as many expensive frilly foods as you can; *banning* the practice of overfeeding, particularly meats; *buying in bulk* where this technique offers real savings; *switching*

(continued on page 56)

mold your hours of work to fit in with your home responsibilities and where you can regain competence and confidence. Or you might find job-oriented training courses at your local community colleges or vocational schools. Update the skills you had in your earlier years; find out what new skills you might develop that intrigue you and are in demand. Certainly check with your state employment service about employers that might be seeking for a worker just like you.

If you work only part time and earn an average salary, you'll contribute about 22¢ out of every \$1 of your fam-

ily's annual income. If you work full time, you'll contribute about 38¢ out of every \$1 of your family's income.

A full 5,000,000 college students in the U.S. are doing just that today, and their yearly earnings from campus jobs alone are a distinct contribution to their education budgets. Working part-time on campus is actually the "in" thing at our most prestigious universities as well as lesser-known colleges.

In addition, there's absolutely no reason why you should not take vacation and summer jobs to help finance your education, and again, there's

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Could you stay married to a millionaire?
Answer the questions on this page
and find out for yourself if you have
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Mrs. Success

By Lois Wyse

Two years ago, Lois Wyse accompanied her husband, advertising executive Marc Wyse, to a convention of company presidents. At that meeting, Mrs. Wyse had a chance to see and meet the wives of these successful, powerful men. She became so intrigued by these women, she decided to write the book called Mrs. Success.

In last month's JOURNAL, in an excerpt from that book, these women discussed their attitudes toward children, sex, money and marriage. To get their opinions, Mrs. Wyse interviewed dozens of Mrs. Successes and sent a questionnaire to the wives of 400 successful men, most of whom earned at least \$100,000 a year. The questionnaire, prepared with the help of Dr. Robert C. Sorensen, a sociologist and authority on attitudinal research, was then tabulated and interpreted by Dr. Sorensen's Living Patterns Research Institute.

Here is a condensed version of that survey. Try answering the questions yourself. Then turn to page 61 and see how the Mrs. Successes answered them. Could you be a Mrs. Success? Could you stay married to a millionaire? Take the test and see.

- Rank in order of importance the qualities you think a man needs to be considered a success in business: Sufficient income to live as he desires____ Owner of own business firm____ Independently wealthy by 40 years of age____ President of a company____ Very active and depended upon in the community____ Able to spend a lot of time with his wife____ Still has a big career future____
- How does your life style compare with that of your parents when they were your age? Better____ Worse____
- How many residences do you have?
- Does your husband belong to a country club?
- Do you usually entertain: In your home ☒ In your club____ Elsewhere____?
- Which of these reasons for maintaining a home are important to you: A place to entertain personal friends____ A place to sleep____ A refuge from the outside world____ A place to entertain business associates____ A location for one's hobbies and collections____ A place where the children can be comfortable____ A place to meditate, to read, to think____ A showplace for accumulations____ A reflection of one's personal taste____?
- When you entertain at home, do you: Hire a caterer____ Hire a special helper____ Use regularly employed household help____ Personally cook all food____?
- Does your guest list include the following: Business associates____ Relatives____ People you have known more than 10 years____ People you have known less than 10 years____ People you have known less than one year____ People you "owe" for parties____?
- When you entertain, does your husband help in: Planning guest list____ Planning menus____ Buying food____ Buying liquor____ Cooking____ Cleaning up____?

10. At parties, do you think that most people: Drink too much ☒ Flirt____ Go home before midnight____ Leave with their own mates____ Smoke excessively____ Are overly affectionate____ Arrange liaisons that go beyond that night's party____?

11. How many daily decisions (where to go, what to eat, guests for dinner, etc.) are based on your husband's business requirements? All____ Many____ Few____ None____

12. In your family, do you and your husband own valuable possessions (house, boat, stocks, bonds, etc.) together____, or separately____?

13. Have you ever considered having an affair?

14. Of the reasons frequently given for having an affair, which do you think would apply in your case: Husband's frequent absence from the home____ Sexual boredom in marriage____ Emotional boredom of marriage____ Impulsive behavior due to alcohol____ Sexual frustration or deprivation in marriage____ Falling in love with another person____ Husband's unfaithfulness____ Loss of self-esteem____?

15. If you have felt unhappy during the past two years, please answer the following:

- How long were you married when you began to recognize your unhappiness?
- What position did your husband have at that time?
- How old was your oldest child at that time?

16. Would your unhappiness have been eased if you had a career of your own?

17. Indicate the number of times you have visited the following places: Europe____ Hawaii____ South America____ Mexico____ Russia____ Caribbean Islands____ Far East____ Africa____.

18. Do you make breakfast every day (Monday-Friday)?

19. How many nights per week (Monday-Friday) do you cook dinner?

20. Are you involved in any charity or community activities? If so, which ones?

21. Are you trained in any business profession? If so, name it.

22. What are your hobbies?

23. Where and how often do you shop for clothes? How are your clothing bills paid?

24. Do you make regular use of services offered by the following: Hairdresser____ Manicurist____ Masseuse____ Tutor (for self, not children)____ Travel agent____ Stockbroker____ Accountant____ Secretary____

VITAL STATISTICS: Year of birth____ Birthplace____ Number of years married____ Is this your first marriage?____ If not, how many times were you married previously? For how long, and did the marriage(s) end in death or divorce?____ Did you attend college?____ Number of years____ Degrees earned____



I can't seem to forget you...
I can't seem to forget you...
Your Wind Song stays on my...
Wind Song stays on my mind.



Wind Song Perfume by Prince Matchabelli

Pond's used to appeal to ladies who wore nice, sensible bloomers.



It still does.

She'd snap on her bloomers and slap on the Pond's, and she was our customer in 1907.

She still is.

Except now it's 1970, and so is she. A sassy and savvy 1970 who's betting her bloomers she's a knockout in knickers. Believe it, nobody's going to con her when it comes to basic beautifying.

We're not even going to try.

Because we know she knows Pond's four line unpretentious Skin Basic Creams are as ego-building (and downright effective) as most of that exotic, erotic, neurotic glamour goo.

Skin Basics are this:

Oily Skin Treatment: In one little jar, super mop-up stuff that cleanses and treats oily skin. (You can buy a fancier one, but not a better one.)

Dry Skin Cream: A homogenized emollient cream that does the renewing, re-you-ing things that expensive creams claim. (You can buy a flashier one, but not a better one.)

Light Moisturizer: Sheer, greaseless protection and prettier to wear under makeup. (You can buy a snootier one, but not a better one.)

Cold Cream Cleanser: It's been scrubbing faces since 1907. (You can buy a sexier one, but not a better one.)

All of which means if you'd like to build up beautiful in about 7 days (with no flimflam or Final Charges), button up your bloomers and go get yourself the Skin Basics.

Where does Pond's get off pushing you around like that? Honey, we've been living together for 63 years.

There's a lot more to Pond's these days than just cold cream.



Skin Basics by Pond's

How Mrs. Success answered the questions

"Satisfactory income to live as he sires," ranked first with Mrs. Success. "Still has a big career future" is second.

Eighty-one percent of the women are living more comfortable lives than their parents did.

Twenty-five percent of the women have two residences; 34 percent have two or more residences; one woman has seven. Of the women with multiple residences, most had a home in the suburbs plus a summer residence, a winter residence, or a weekend house. Some kept an apartment in town, or if they did, they felt it belonged to the husband's business and not to them.

Most of the husbands (69 percent) are country club members. In addition, friendships are often based on club membership; more than half the men (52 percent) report that half their friends share club membership.

Almost all (95 percent) of the women report that entertaining is done in the home.

"A place where the children can be comfortable" (95 percent) was the most important reason for maintaining a home. "A place to meditate, read, think" (87 percent) ranked next, and "To reflect one's personal taste" (85 percent) was third.

When entertaining, 62 percent of the women personally cook all food, 18 percent depend on caterers or special helpers, and the remainder use regularly employed household help.

The social mobility of Mrs. Success is seen when you find that parties invariably include guests the Successes have known less than a year, many that they have known less than 10 years, and many that they have known more than 10 years. Mrs. Success is obviously loyal to old friends. For parties, 9 percent never invite their husbands' business associates, 7 percent never invite relatives, and 15 percent never invite couples just because they "owe" them a party.

Most husbands participate in two ways: planning the guest list and serving liquor. Mr. Success very seldom buys the food or plans the menu, but one-third of these men occasionally help with the cooking and most of them help their wives straighten up the house after guests leave.

The "toss-the-key-in-the-middle-of-the-room party" that characterized suburbia in the 1950s seems not to exist for the Successes. The most frequently named misbehavior at parties is drinking too much and smoking too much. Mrs. Success admits to occasional flirting. Sometimes, she says, she is too affectionate. But she always gives a party with her own mate, although some (20 percent) have used parties as a place to arrange liaisons.

While business is the basis for many decisions in Mr. Success' life, it is not important in the social decisions: 74 percent of the women claim that few, if any, decisions in regard to places they go and people they see are business-influenced.

Sixty-six percent of the family wealth is jointly owned; 25 percent of the women own homes, stocks, bonds, cars and other tangibles separately; 10 percent own some things jointly,

others separately. Of the women who have money in their own name, 13 percent maintain this arrangement in order to spend from their own incomes (this means they probably have wealth independent of their husbands), and 8 percent accumulate wealth separately in case they should become separated or divorced. Sixty percent, however, maintain separate accounting solely for tax purposes.

13. Three-quarters (75 percent) of the

Mrs. Successes reported that they never have considered having an affair. But 23 percent admit that they have thought about a romantic episode or involvement with a man other than their husband (of that number, 15 percent have been married more than 17 years). Significantly, no woman was asked directly if she had had an affair, but only if she had ever considered having an affair. (Two percent refused to answer the question.)

14. Justification for an affair would be emotional boredom (9 percent), falling in love with another man (8 percent), frequent separations (6 percent), sexual boredom and sexual frustration (total, 10 percent). Interestingly, only 2 percent considered a husband's unfaithfulness a reason for having an affair of their own.

15. Only 18 percent said they are unhappy at times. Of this number, 5 percent recognized the (continued)



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Note: embroidery kits and frame kits are mailed separately.

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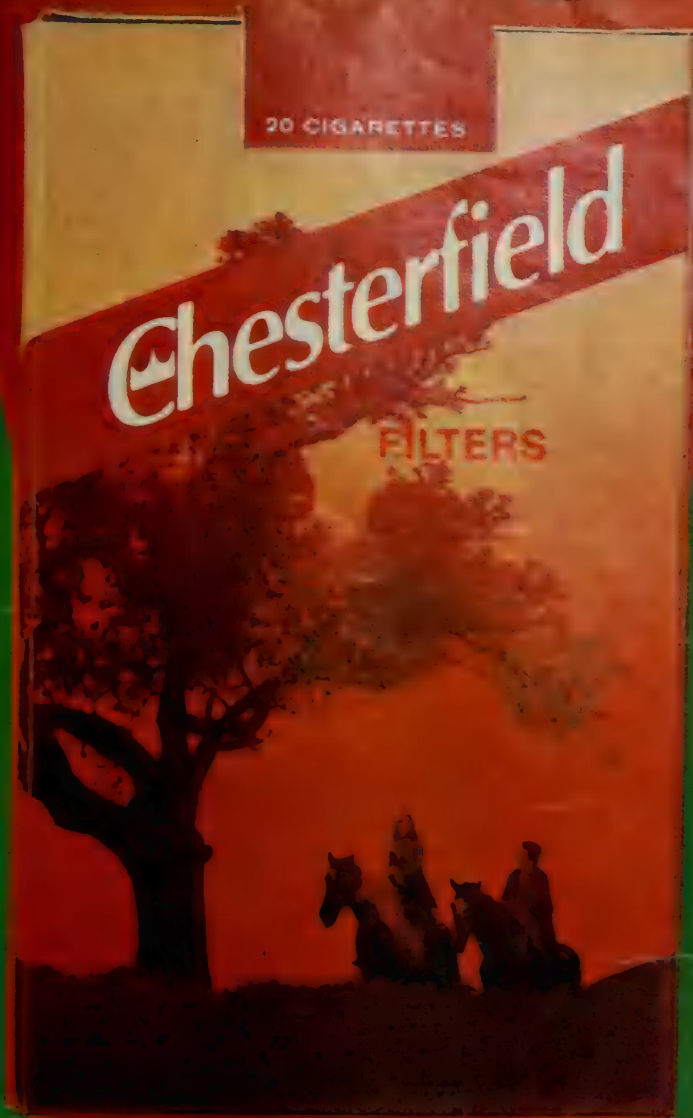


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MRS. SUCCESS *continued*

unhappiness during the first year of marriage, and one woman recognized her unhappiness "about one-half minute after I was married." The next most difficult year was the 10th and then the 17th.

The most dissatisfied wives were married to men who had been made chief executives of companies. Next came the wives of junior executives. In analyzing results it was apparent that unhappiness increased as a husband's recognition in business increased. The oldest child in the family was usually in his teens at the time; hence, the mother and the eldest child were going through difficult periods concurrently. For almost half of the unhappy women, the period of first unhappiness has continued in varying degrees, and they have never gone back to the relative satisfaction they once felt.

16. Only 16 percent of the women think they would have been happier with a career of their own. Forty-eight percent say an emphatic no to careers, while the rest do not know. Of the women surveyed, 10 percent already have careers of their own.

17. Mrs. Success has been to Europe (64 percent), the Caribbean Islands (76 percent), Hawaii (60 percent), Mexico (60 percent), the Far East (20 percent), South America (17 percent), Africa (7 percent), and Russia (3 percent). She is not a one-time tourist. For instance, 24 percent of the women have been to Europe three or more times, 14 percent to Hawaii three or more times and 44 percent to the Caribbean more than three times.

18. Fifty-four percent of Mrs. Successes make breakfast for their husbands every day; 14 percent of the husbands eat no breakfast, and 14 percent are served by someone other than their wives. Fifteen percent of the men make their own breakfast or eat out.

19. Seventy-one percent of the Mrs. Successes cook dinner every night; 10 percent have full-time cooks; 17 percent have maids; 2 percent part-time cooks, and 1 percent a parent living in the home who cooks for the family.

20. Mrs. Success is not especially heedful of organized charities: 18 percent give some time to the PTA; 11 percent are hospital volunteers; 7 percent work for the League of Women Voters; 14 percent are associated with some kind of political action group; 20 percent work on health fund drives; 6 percent are in theater groups; and 4 percent are involved in some kind of paid professional job.

The greatest chunk of time (15 per-

cent) and money (18 percent) is given to the church; 13 percent of the charity contributions go to United Appeal, then the Cancer Society (7 percent), then the United Jewish Appeal (6 percent).

21. The largest number of wives have been trained as teachers, secretaries and nurses (in that order). Other training includes accounting, interior decorating, medical assistantship, art, merchandising, social work, theater, advertising, psychology, journalism, fashion designing. Some (22 percent) have no training at all.

22. The most popular hobby is reading. Others, in order of preference, are: sewing, needlecraft, art, golf, cooking, tennis and badminton.

23. Most of the women buy most of their clothes in specialty shops and some in department stores. Two percent have some clothes made by a dressmaker.

Ten percent of the women shop for clothes once a week; 20 percent twice a month; 35 percent monthly; 1 percent shop for clothes daily. Most husbands pay for their wives' clothes (47 percent of the husbands pay the bills); 29 percent of the women pay out of allowances given them by their husbands; and 7 percent pay from their personal incomes.

24. Almost all of the women go to the hairdresser on a regular basis: 71 percent go at least once a week, and 17 percent go once a month. One-quarter of the wives have a weekly manicure, 13 percent a monthly one. Three percent go to masseuses weekly; 2 percent go each month. The services of a stockbroker are required by 28 percent of the Mrs. Successes; 13 percent use an accountant, and 9 percent use secretarial services.

Vital statistics

Most Mrs. Successes are between the ages of 37 and 44. Eighteen percent are under 35; 24 percent are over 45. Ninety-three percent of the wives are still married to their first husbands; 7 percent of the Mrs. Successes are married for the second time. All but two of the first marriages ended in divorce. Only one Mrs. Success is now married to husband number three.

The numbers in a survey can become overwhelming, but there is one fact that should be firmly in mind throughout this poll and the entire book: Mrs. Success is well educated. For instance, 80 percent of the women attended college; 55 percent of those surveyed earned bachelor degrees, and 4 percent have advanced degrees.

These women are stable and smart. How about you? Could you be a Mrs. Success?

END

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Even the slats on our bed gave way, before I lost 186 pounds

By Marie Van Billiard—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

Poor Harold! Little did he dream when he married me that his Tootsie would turn into a 300-pound mountain that would bend the bedboards to the floor on one side, and send him to the ceiling on the other. For, at our wedding, I weighed as little as I do today—121 pounds. But that's been the story of my life. A series of ups and downs.

I guess you can say it all started in my nonna's Italian kitchen. Pizza, pasta fagiolo, spaghetti, home-made bread. She taught me well. And when I had my own home, I added halupki (cabbage and rice) and pirogies (dough filled with potatoes) and lots of chocolate goodies. Cakes, cookies, candies—and all the peanut butter cups I could afford.

Unfortunately, money never came easily to us. Only problems. Worse yet, no matter how I tried, I never seemed to be able to overcome trouble without eating. It was almost like feeding my nerves. As a result, our food bill went up and clothes became a financial burden. The only thing I didn't have to buy was a heavy coat, even though the weather can get mighty cold here in Bethlehem, Penna. I had my own natural fat wrap. It kept me so warm that, even in the winter, I opened the windows wide.

My family thought I had a thyroid condition. But I was checked and checked and there was nothing there but my appetite. And heartbreak.

Happy, laughing Tootsie. What a joke! I could barely walk and hardly breathe. And my head throbbed from morning to night. If anyone should have developed a heart condition, it should have been me. But fate is strange. It happened to my slim husband, Harold. It was just the kind of trouble I needed to make me eat my way toward 300 pounds.

I went to my doctor often, but all he could prescribe was willpower. No diet pills. My blood pressure was too high. Oh, I tried reducing. More than once I went down 40 to 50 pounds. But never to stay. With my husband in the hospital, and my son to care for, and money to worry about, I'd always go back to eating one meal, a meal that lasted all day!

Then came that one horrible moment when my doctor said: "I can no longer weigh you. Try a meat scale." I wanted to die.

Instead, I went home to a box of candy. Ayds Reducing Plan Candy . . . given to me by my uncle. He had tried them himself, and knowing the terrible sweet tooth I had, he picked up a box at the drugstore and brought them to me.

All I can say now is that without them I wouldn't be what I am today. Don't misunderstand me. There is no magic in this candy. Only help, but the kind I needed. For, at last, I'd accepted the fact that Harold couldn't do anything about his attacks, but I could do something about my fat. So I turned to Ayds.

I took one or two of the fudgy chocolate Ayds before mealtime, like the directions say, and it actually helped cut back my craving. For once in my life, I ate regular meals—vegetables, meat, salads and fruits—only on the Ayds Plan I ate less. This time, you see, I really wanted to help myself and Ayds made it easier. Especially in the lonely afternoons and from suppertime on. I'd take a cup of coffee with an Ayds (sometimes the chocolate mint, for a change,

or the vanilla caramel) and life would be sweet again.

I was so big, it was awhile before any loss even showed. Fact is, it took me more than a year to drop those 186 pounds. But, after all, it took 36 years to put them on. When I visited my husband at the hospital and the doctors saw me, you should have heard them: "See," they said, "we told you you could do it!" But what really made me feel good was I knew it made Harold feel better. Why I even wrote a poem.

I am glad for Ayds which helped me
and made me feel good.
They helped my ugly overweight come down
and now I look like I should.
Who says a fat person is jolly
and often very gay?
Inside they're really crying their heart out.
Every day.

Now that the hardest is over, I watch myself very carefully. Because I never want the weight to creep back. You see, you can't imagine how wonderful it is to be free of headaches. To sleep in a bed without bolting the slats in. To go through a revolving door. To fit behind the wheel of a car, and to know the tires on your side won't wear thin. These were the goals that urged me on, till I finally saw the "hundreds" on the scale again.

Oh, and one other thing. My greatest reward came as gossip. When I finally got way down, and Harold was home, someone accused him of running around with another woman. It was the nicest thing anyone ever said about me. Do you wonder now why I can't say enough about Ayds?

Before and After Measurements

	Before	After
Height	5'1¼"	5'1¼"
Weight	307 lbs.	121 lbs.
Bust	54"	35"
Waist	48"	28"
Hips	56"	36"
Dress	52	10



When I got down to what I am now—121 pounds, I said to my husband, "Step aside, Harold. I'm the new Hollywood ne . . ."

Look at me now. I'm a 300-pound smile. Tootsie. At this point, I thought I was the only place to go for the cure.



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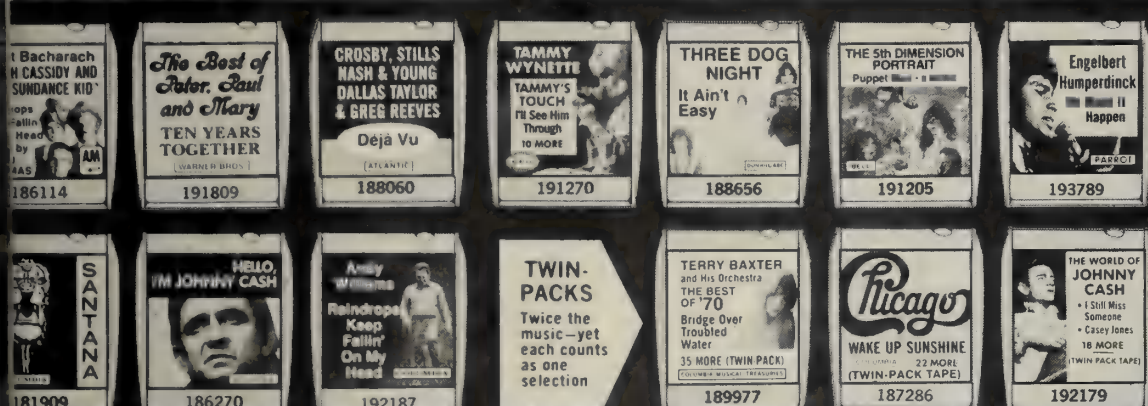
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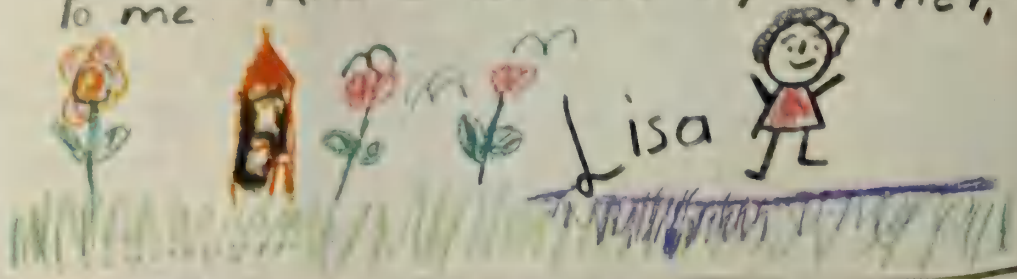
the Columbia 8-Track Cartridge System, have everything you need to enjoy the stereo fidelity, plus the effortless convenience of 8-track cartridges in your home! Cartridges "pop in" at the touch of your finger, play continuously—switch automatically from track to track...and the System, with its two beautiful, matched speaker cabinets, provides superb stereophonic sound!

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I LOVE YOU MOMMY

I like my mommy be cause
She smell so sweet. And I a
also like her cause She is beautiful,
And She wheres beatiful clothes.
And my mother love me to.
And my mother likes to take care
to me And I also love my mother,



"I love you Mommy"...is it only appropriate as long as it doesn't clash with the wallpaper?

It's sad what happens to them...

The lopsided clay bowl an eight year old boy brings home from school. A gift "for holding pins and things."

Or the color-splashed declaration of a little girl's love for her Mommy.

It's sad that in so many homes they're felt to be somehow not appropriate for the living room. And a well-intentioned "wouldn't that look nice with your other things down in the recreation room" shunts these gifts of love into a forgotten corner.

It's sad. For it's these precious little things that give a home the individual warmth and personality every woman wants.

What could be more uniquely expressive of a woman than her children? What they are. What they create. What they feel and say.

So we urge you: include them in your decorating.

Bobby's lopsided bowl? Make it a part of your living room. It'll say nice things about you...that yours is truly a living room for living in. Where a bowl full of "pins and things" is brimful of love as well.

And when Lisa scrawls her affection in rainbow colors, frame it and hang it where it'll brighten the whole house.

Don't worry about it matching

your color scheme. There's not a color on earth or in heaven that'll clash with "I love you, Mommy!"

Of all your furnishings—of all the decorating effects you can choose for your home—nothing can make it as uniquely "you" as the warmth of your children's gifts...the lilt and laughter of their love.

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Women's Lib and Me!"

(OUR READERS SPEAK OUT)

Power of a Woman" page this is devoted to a sampling of letters stimulated by our August 1, "The New Feminism," was in turn evoked by the March 18 sit-in of the Women's Liberation Movement at the National offices. Thousands of letters have poured in. Our assessment (far indicates 46 percent con, 34 percent pro, and 20 percent cheering equal pay, etc., but missing "far-out antics"). Our viewpoint is that pro or con, women's liberation is a new fact of the American scene—and our readers are involved. To all who write in, thanks; we wish we could print everyone's comments.

THE EDITORS

USEFUL": May this letter serve to register my disgust . . . stupid and illogical propaganda . . . an incredible

Mrs. Leslie Lindich
Sudbury, Maine

RE'S MORE: It really just scratches the surface. . . . There's so much more . . . so much bitterness and much frustration.

Carole Dolph
New York, N.Y.

ACTIVITY: With two young ones at home, I do not have time, as suggested in one of your articles, to join a discussion group to hash over subjects as the quality of my life as a woman or when I had my first experience. Good grief! Is nothing wrong between a man and a woman? Identity problem? To three people I am Mary Poppins, Florence Nightingale and Liz Taylor, all in one. For God's sake, women, don't let me from all this!

Sandra Newton Miller
Leesburg, Fla.

GIRL: I enjoyed your Women's Lib articles although I was already tired of everything printed in them. I am a girl who gets straight to the point and enjoys math and science, but I learn about discrimination. Of course, it comes when you can't take a course because all girls are expected to take home economics. So bad they were forced to go to your office to get you to accept responsibility of your job and in your readers of what is happening.

Jill Evensizel
New Jersey

THISTLES UNDER SADDLE: I was tired of the section put thistles under my saddle. My married life has been all honey and wine, but I never have I been trampled under-

foot. My husband and I are extremely compatible sexually. Never do I have a feeling of being forced into intercourse, and we do not take our quarreling to bed. I am 23 years old, we have been married five years, and I don't believe I need search further than a sleeping child's bedroom to find a day's work well done.

(Mrs.) Joy Gibson
Birmingham, Ala.

CANCELED: I hate to think of what may appear next in your magazine, so please cancel my subscription and refund my money. Obviously anyone can get anything printed in the JOURNAL—all they have to do is to occupy your office in large numbers and you will weaken and print whatever they tell you.

Elizabeth P. Ivanson, R.N.
Santa Ana, Calif.

(ED. NOTE: There were about 25 subscription cancellations, along with some 150 declarations from previous nonreaders of their awakened interest in the magazine.)

FOR DAUGHTERS: I am a fifty-year-old small-town housewife who bought your August issue specifically because of this section. I do not expect to benefit from the movement myself, but I do hope that my two teen-age daughters will have a better life because of it. . . . I do not want them to feel, as I did, that they will be socially disgraced if they never marry or have children. I also hope they will find more doors open to them than I did.

Vera Watkins
Logan, Utah

WANTS SHACKLES: Keep your cotton-pickin' hands off my shackles. I don't want to be liberated. I know a good thing when I see it, and I'm hanging on to it.

Constance K. Kimble
Scarsdale, N.Y.

SHOCKING: I found it shocking that you thought it necessary to apologize for the section. Your opinion of the Women's Liberation Movement as very much a minority does not take into account the many quiet questionings of a way of life, the small searches for a neighbor to be honest with, the quick forays into the world of women's clubs and the equally speedy exit from it when one finds petty rivalry and cruel games instead of a steady drive toward a common goal. There is a lot of thinking about one's situation being done which is not being categorized as part of the movement and therefore not earning course credit. The term "Women's Liberation" is scary to many women who identify it with bra burning. But the ideas of

freedom of choice and equality of opportunity are very attractive to the other suburban mothers of Boston's North Shore to whom I've talked. . . .

Caroline Cohen
Beverly, Mass.

FREE CHOICE: Some of the voices in the Women's Lib movement seem a little strident, but I guess only those with strong feelings really "do" anything. Most of us are content in our comfortable little havens. . . . It is only when you try to bridge the gap back into the working world that you find there is no good place to leave your children. Decent day-care centers, equal wages for equal work, and adequate opportunities for advancement are some of the battle cries which I think have much merit. Free choice (to work or not to, at a job one enjoys) is a right women might legitimately ask.

Mrs. Elmer Shuck
Whitesboro, N.Y.

DAY CARE: The article on women and work was interesting to me only in that it relates to free child-care centers. I have worked in such a center and would not send my child to one unless it were absolutely necessary for me to work again. We have, in this country, very few people who are properly trained in early childhood education. . . . The preschool years are the most vital in personality development, and if a day care staff is not properly trained, they can actually do damage to a child.

Elizabeth M. Doepken
Chelmsford, Mass.

HELP!: May their cause fail or God help America.

Belva B. Ashton
Salt Lake City, Utah

LIFE COMES FIRST: As a woman, I understand the drive for new personal freedoms, for self-identification, and for the chance to assert my human awareness. But what are we going to be liberated into? What good is a woman's freedom if it arrives in a dead or dying world? Life comes first. Not just our lives, but those of our children, and of all people. The truth is that if we don't do some constructive work on restoring the world ecology, we aren't going to have a world in which to be liberated. Let's do our liberating for all mankind by saving the air so we can breathe, the water so we can drink, and the soil so we can eat.

Wilma R. Hash
Sacramento, Calif.

DON'S WIFE: I don't want to be married either (continued on page 74)

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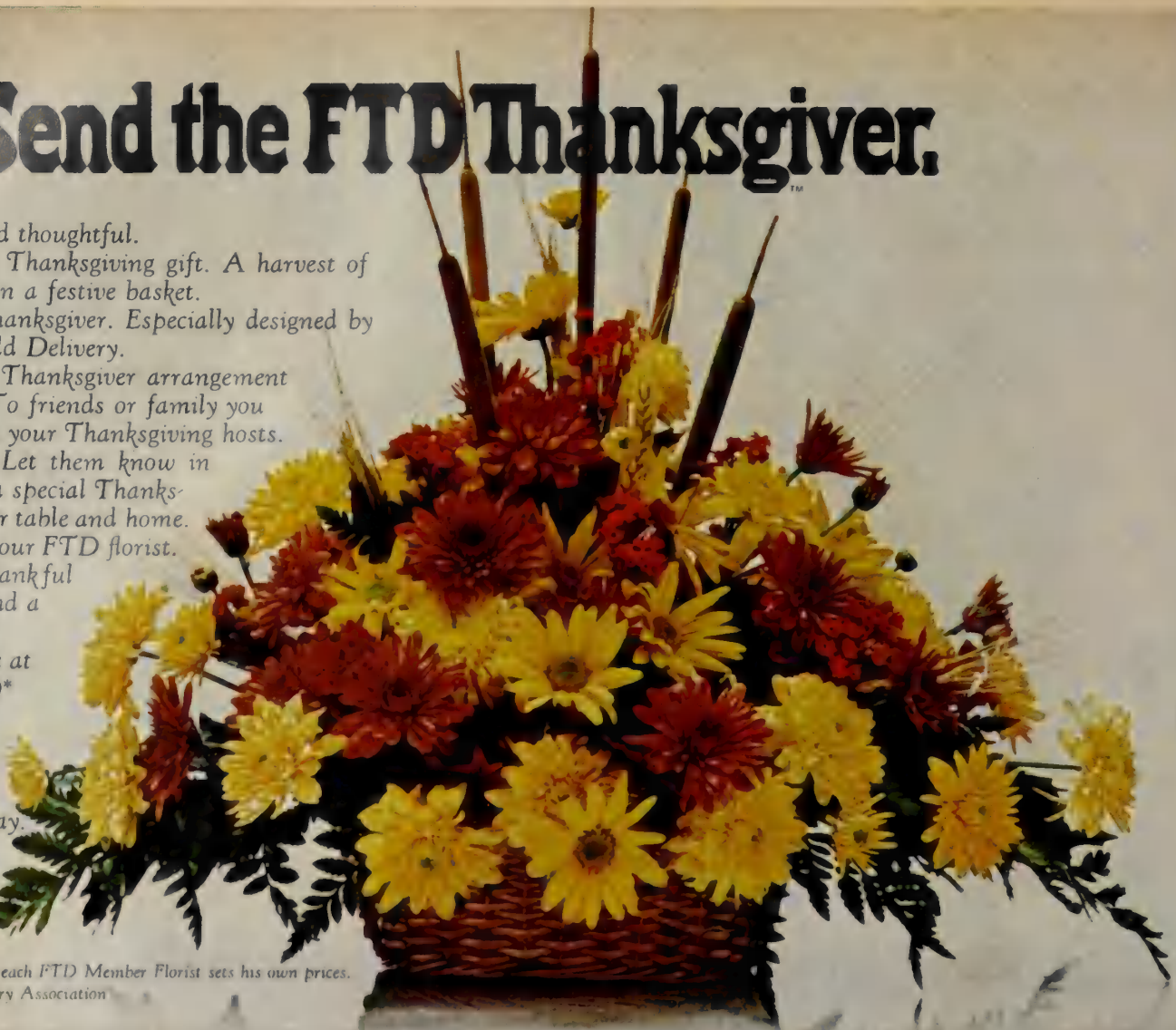
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WOMEN'S LIB continued

although I have been for five years and I don't have the nerve to end it. My husband has a good job and is going to make it, but I look at myself and ask, "Have I made it, too?" No, I am Don's wife, and even my stationery has his name on it. Right now, he's out of town, and I know when he comes home, and I show him the articles, he'll say, "Why should I read all this subversive _____?" He did that when I asked him to read the article on traveling husbands a few months ago. Get this material in men's magazines. We women know how we feel. It is the men who don't understand and who unfortunately hold all the important strings.

S.D.
Cincinnati, Ohio

FASCINATING WOMANHOOD
(ED. NOTE: This is a book, a series of courses, and a letter-writing campaign to the JOURNAL outlining a basic philosophy . . . man as guide, protector and provider; woman as homemaker, wife, mother and inspiration on a pedestal.): I for one cannot see any reason why women would want to be equal with man when we were created to be different in nature from man but not of lesser value. It is my fondest desire to be feminine, which is my natural role in life, and to encourage my spouse to be more masculine according to his nature.

Mrs. M.
Davis, Calif.

picture of a girl wearing a dog collar on your Women's Lib issue?

Happy Housewife
Winnipeg, Canada

INDEPENDENCE: And how about our names? I was born and raised Merleen LaMae Leffler—then I got married and lost my identity to Kenneth E. Cornell. My maiden name is odd, but I like it, and it's ME.

Mrs. Merleen Leffler (Cornell)
Independence, Mo.

GOOSE BUMPS: I'm a tired housewife, weary of being told by frustrated women that my marriage is a failure if I don't have an orgasm every time my husband makes love to me when just his whiskery kiss in the morning, his affectionate pat on my backside, or his big, warm hug can give me goose bumps to my toes!

Judith K. Grieser
Tonawanda, N.Y.

COMMENDATION: I would like to commend you. . . I was prepared for the worst, and was pleasantly surprised by the 8-page insert. . . Although I have mixed feelings about the way in which the Movement foisted itself on you, the overall results do not require any apologies. Thank you for letting some present-day feminists speak out. I hope we'll continue to hear from them.

Judith Gallatin, Ph.D.
Asst. Professor of Psychology
Eastern Michigan University
Ypsilanti, Mich.

article ever presented to a magazine editor. If Mr. Carter is fair-minded, he will publish it:

HOW WOMEN CAN MAKE
A BIGGER MESS OF THE
COUNTRY THAN MEN

Earl F. Keithley
Dumas, Tex.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS: I do believe that the majority of men who discriminate against women are doing so because they lack confidence in their own abilities. I've found that men who consider women their equals are usually well balanced and have a good feeling of their own self-worth. So let us raise our sons to be individuals with a good self-image, and our daughters likewise.

Marguerite Curtis
South Lyon, Mich.

FULFILLMENT: A woman is liberated only when she is fulfilled and fulfillment does not always mean she has to make the front page or stand before a television camera proclaiming her rights as a feminist. A woman makes her own place by contributing to others. The unfulfilled woman contributes nothing to others and least of all to herself, except loneliness and complaints. I feel very sorry for women who talk feminism instead of being feminine. The true woman is truly feminine, even when she knows she can outthink a man, because she never lets the man know it.

Jessyca Gaver
New York

Women's Liberation section to be all the things you suggested: enlightening, baffling and infuriating! Marriage and the "nuclear family structure" seem to be our best bet for survival humans. We have the desire to reproduce as a basic need; it extends to existence. I think this desire must be curbed and moderated, but it will exist. . . It is also hard to believe that all women would want the babies they have produced nurtured in child-care centers like so many heads of cattle. Shades of 1984! In this age of dehumanization, it is little comfort to think this further step. . .

Diane S. Brown
Selma, Ala.

THE DEEPER FEELINGS: I think this is a truly worthwhile thing you have done—bringing the deeper feelings of so many women out into the open. I am 39 years old and have spent the last 13 years as a homemaker, making but microscopic use of the talents I gained through college and graduate school. However, I chose to have no children, and to give them lots of special care. What really hurts now is to realize how little value the world puts on the giving of nurturing love. What hurts even more is the realization that I have been downgrading myself the same way that the masculine world downgrades me. I realized, through reading your articles, that I was militant, too. As we heighten our self-awareness and grow as human beings, we have so much more to offer. Let's hope we can overcome some of the rigid, built-in attitudes that burden us.

Mrs. Geraldine Hill, Waban, Mass.

WOOF!: Did you deliberately use a

FROM A MAN: "This is the shortest

SHADES OF 1984: I found the

out there you need us baby



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FAMILIES ON SKIS: A NEW FASHION (KILLY-APPROVED)

This year, the Winter Woman is out on the ski slopes with her family—and they're probably wearing things she made. Here, Jean-Claude Killy, the great ski champion, gives a few pointers to Judy and Bill Nelson, vacationing with their three youngsters at Sugarbush Valley, Vermont. The Nelsons all wear sweaters you can knit from a JOURNAL pattern (see below).

"Skiing is a sport the whole family can enjoy," says Bill Nelson, a computer executive from New Jersey who learned to ski back in his Cornell University days. Judy, like many a skiing mother, is a recent convert, but is doing well. The children, Alexandra, 10, Charles, 10, and Miles, 8, are also picking up the sport quickly.

"Anyone can join in, each in his own way at his own speed," agreed Jean-Claude Killy, joining in on the JOURNAL's annual Winter Woman ski jaunt. "That's what makes the sport so magnifique." The family ski boom is a growing phenomenon. An estimated million and a half families are involved—far outnumbering those swinging singles who once monopolized the ski country. Organized ski areas exist in 40 states, and ski clubs, most of which welcome family groups, are in all 50.

"There is only one strict rule," says Jean-Claude. "Start by taking lessons from a certified instructor. Friends and parents make bad teachers—and tend to push."

Actually, most Americans learn to ski on weekends, at modest ski centers near the big cities. Lifts and lessons cost less here, and so do meals; many people bring lunches and car snacks with them. From cities like Boston, Chicago, Denver, Milwaukee, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, you can drive to a ski center in the morning and come home to your own beds at night. "Don't put your children into ski school until they are five or six," says Jean-Claude.

"Small ones like to play in the snow with edgeless skis." For too-tiny tots, many American ski areas have day nurseries for youngsters three years old and up; a few offer infant day care. Most charge about \$1 an hour.

When your family starts skiing, you will get lots of advice from friends, but it is always good to seek out professionals, such as ski-minded travel agents. If you prefer to handle the arrangements yourself, you can start by contacting some ski areas and getting full information about transportation, prices and housing facilities. If you have no particular area in mind, try a library, bookstore, ski shop, airline or bus company for suggestions. Start early; skiers tend to plan four months ahead. Few areas publish children's rates for lodging or "ski weeks," as the lodging-plus-ski-lift packages are called. However, most drop their prices 25 to 50 percent for youngsters under 14 who share their parents' rooms.

Skiing is not inexpensive. Last winter, United Airlines found that passengers on its Saturday Snowbird flights spend an average of \$331 each for their vacations of less than 11 days. And 38 percent of them vacation with their families! But there are ways to cut corners. Ski clubs save you money. If you're budgeting, look for the friendly little hills down the road. Or, paradoxically, try Europe. According to Abby Rand's *Ski Guide to Europe*, there are lots of cozy little bargains tucked away in those awesome Alps. Rent rather than buy your equipment at the beginning. And except for ski pants, which are important investments, you can make sportswear for the whole family.

SKI SWEATERS SHOWN: For instructions, send stamped, self-addressed business-size envelope with 25¢ in coin to Coats & Clark, Inc., Box 495, Dept. LHJ 11-70, Fair Lawn, New Jersey.



Above: The Nelson family (Bill and Judy, with their three children, Alexandra, Charles and Miles) get ski pointers from Jean-Claude Killy on the Vermont hills.

Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz. Copyright 1970 International Literary Management, Inc. All Rights Reserved.





SNOW GLOWING

Face-to-face with the great glistening outdoors, the Winter Woman does her own share of the shining. Fabulous faces everywhere nowadays are coming on with a good glow, but on the mountainside it's a matter not only of fashion, but of self-preservation. To protect your skin from the shrill winter wind, design yourself ■ shield of shining translucent color. Our Winter Woman, left, bronzed and moisturized her skin with an instant tanning cream. Then placed ■ generous blush of peach highlighter across the cheekbones. Then an important anti-chapping device—an all-over coating of special weatherproofing cream and a dab of windburn cream on the nose. The eyes light up in three luminous shades of blue, ranging from pale powder to almost lavender. And as a final weapon against the weather, a frosting of ripe peach lipstick.

Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz; hairdresser, Raymond Costantini; fur poncho by Fur & Sport; sweater by Geist & Geist; sunglasses, KJL; makeup by Bonne Bell.

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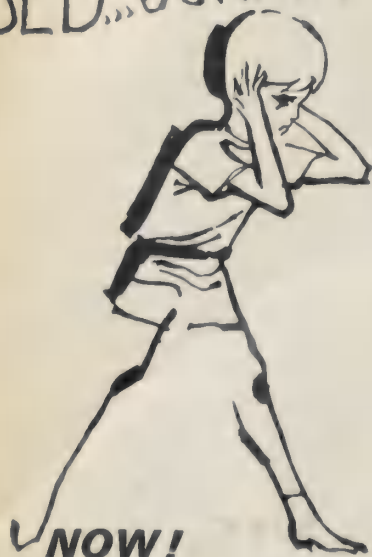
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EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR PET'S SEX LIFE

BY FRANK MANOLSON, D.V.M. On the farm, the sex lives of domestic animals are part of the rhythm of the seasons. In the cities and towns, however, pet owners find themselves helplessly uninformed when a pup starts licking himself in front of company, when a female cat suddenly attracts every tom in the neighborhood, or when a child asks, "Why can't Rover be a daddy so we can have puppies?"

With apologies to Dr. David Reuben—who wrote *Everything You've Always Wanted To Know About Sex* (but were afraid to ask), this year's best seller of blunt questions and answers about humans and sex lives—we asked author and veterinarian Dr. Frank Manolson to give some explicit answers to explicit questions. We believe there is nothing in this information to shock or disturb the children in the family. And we feel that by narrowing the communications gap between pets and their owners, it may create happier homes for animals and their masters.

What is heat?

It's the period when the female animal is sexually responsive. The heat period or season lasts an average of three weeks, although it's dangerous to generalize. Some animals go through the whole stage in less than a week, others take a month and a bit longer. During proestrus (the first stage of heat), the female's external sexual organ

(the vulva) swells and there is a bloody discharge. She may tease the male, but she will vigorously reject any advances. As proestrus becomes estrus (true heat), the bloody discharge becomes clearer—and so do the female's inclinations. In most breeds of dog, heat occurs about every six to nine months. Cats have several heat periods a year with short intervals in between. To their owners, some cats (especially Oriental breeds) seem to be always pregnant, nursing or "calling."

What is "calling"?

It's the cat's way of signaling that she wants a mate. It varies from a beguiling purr to an ear-piercing cry. Those calls are usually accompanied by a fair bit of body signaling. The cat rolls. She rubs herself against objects. She switches her tail in what she must assume to be a seductive manner. Cats are not fussy in their choice of subjects to whom they display their needs. Legs, human or furniture variety, are commonly rubbed against.

Do males have heat periods?

As the old saying goes, a female dog comes on season about twice a year. It lasts about three weeks. The male comes on heat once a year. It lasts a year.

Are there animal nymphomaniacs?

Indeed there are! And the condition is usually caused by cysts on the female animal's ovary. Nymphomaniac cats and dogs tend to be nasty, if not downright vicious. They cannot be successfully impregnated. The only cure is a neu-

tering operation—in which both ovaries are removed—or sometimes a series of expensive injections.

Is there "love" or personal attachment in the animal world?

I know many lady poodles who wouldn't shift their tail except for another poodle. Many female cats have been known to refuse offers from all but the tom of their choice. Is that love? I don't know. We do know that although most animals are promiscuous, many species of geese mate for life. And the wolf is monogamous. We don't know what form the wolves' wedding ceremony takes, but we do know that they take the phrase "till death do us part" very seriously. On the death of their mate, some wolves refuse company and live solitary lives forever after.

Do animals get venereal disease?

Not exactly. Dogs, however, do suffer from a tumor that is called transmissible venereal granuloma or venereal tumor. It can occur in either males or females and takes the form of unsightly growths on and in the genitals. Although many of these growths disappear without any treatment whatsoever, the majority must be removed surgically. The condition is passed from dog to dog during intercourse, but it cannot be transmitted to humans or to other animals.

Are there frigid, impotent or undersexed cats and dogs?

Yes. And these three causes of infertility are relatively common. Sometimes the reason is physical. A long- (continued on page 170)

Dr. Manolson's new book, *My Cat's in Love, Or How to Survive Your Feline's Sex Life, Pregnancy and Kittening*, is being published this month by St. Martin's Press.

Illustration by Blake Hampton

Now! Chuck Wagon.

Instant dinner

for dogs



**Makes
tender,
juicy
chunks**

golden nuggets, loaded with vitamins and minerals and rich meat broth. Just add warm water for a completely nourishing dinner for dogs. Instantly. Chuck Wagon. Next to you, what he likes best and needs most.



On November 27th, six days after observing the seventh anniversary of her father's death, the world's most famous girl child will become a teen-ager, passing out of childhood into young womanhood.

Had John F. Kennedy lived, he would now be 55, and almost three years out of the White House. If he *had* lived, would Caroline Kennedy be different from the somewhat somber, demurely grown-up, often enigmatic girl she is today? Would she have retained more of the ways of that precocious, loquacious, uninhibited White House tot, "Buttons," who called her doting father, the 35th president, simply "Silly Daddy"?

These are unanswerable questions. Her intimates say that Caroline today could hardly be *more* of a Kennedy. She is imbued in all ways with J.F.K.'s Irish good looks, independence, high principles, courage, intelligence, poise and spirit. She has so far been allowed no interviews with the press; no official photographs or portraits. Those who know her tend to protect her with silence. But as one kinswoman puts it, "Caroline knows today exactly where it's at—about Ari, her mother's life, her own destiny, everything. She can cope. Frankly, I think Jackie is a genius to have pulled it off."

And, as another of Jackie's friends says, "Caroline is a perfectly normal child. But she is a child bent to incredible circumstances."

Caroline adores and imitates her mother, Mrs. Jacqueline Onassis, and is said to consider her "Mommy" to be beautiful and fabulous beyond belief. In many ways, the two are alike . . . soft spoken and self-sufficient, with great inner resources, veering between a superior reserve and a kind of manic gaiety, loving animals, history and the arts. Caroline is wild about birds, for instance. Coincidentally, when Jackie was asked what she'd like to have been if not herself, Mrs. Onassis replied, "A bird!" Even in this most difficult month, as Caroline approaches what has been called "the age of dissent," she and Jacqueline still get along in rare harmony. And yet, the fatherless teen-ager is very much her dead father's daughter—more so as she grows to embrace her own identity and to understand more fully her incredible heritage.

For example, Caroline has turned her room in Mrs. Onassis' New York apartment into a shrine to J.F.K., crammed with his pictures and mementoes. When Jackie's brother-in-law, Stash Radziwill, urged her to make Caroline take down some of the pictures and put an end to what might be considered excessive hero worship, Jackie is said to have widened her big, brown eyes and whispered, "Oh, Stash, I couldn't; I simply couldn't. I wouldn't say one word to Caroline about it." It is possible her feelings are sympathetic because Mrs. Onassis, too, knows the importance to girls of lost fathers. Jackie's weekly bouquets of flowers still decorate the grave in



CAROLINE KENNEDY AT THIRTEEN

The famous daughter of the world's most famous woman becomes a teen-ager later this month. What is Caroline Kennedy really like as she reaches the "age of dissent"? Here, friends and relatives discuss her past, present and future. By Liz Smith

out of it. She hasn't the natural gregariousness of the other Kennedy or Bouvier kids. Or maybe she had and lost it." Yet people such as Mrs. Mellon, who see Caroline often, think she is growing more self-confident and super-cool in the true manner of teen-age survival. Her male cousins of comparable age, when asked what they think of her, all characterize Caroline in the same boyish way—"Oh, she's all right"—and Caroline returns the compliment. Asked by Jacqueline if she wouldn't kiss her boy cousins goodbye after a visit, Caroline looked exasperated and made a familiar pre-teen sound, "Really, Mother!"

This year, she'll be going to her first (continued on page 88)

Easthampton, N.Y., where her father, Jack Bouvier, lies under a somewhat anonymously initialed marker of understated simplicity.

Caroline is thoroughly familiar with the maternal side of her family. She was named for her mother's great-grandmother, Caroline Ewing of Philadelphia, who was the spirit behind the creation of the New York Foundling Hospital. Caroline does her homework at a sturdy wooden desk that could remind her of the first Bouvier ancestor to come to the United States—Michel Bouvier, a cabinet-maker and carpenter. Actually, the desk was made for Caroline, to order, by similarly gifted modern craftsmen on the Virginia estate of Jackie's friend, "Bunny" Mellon.

One of the world's richest women, Mrs. Mellon is a kind of perpetual fairy godmother to Caroline, taking her to horse races and giving her things like the large canopied bed that Caroline is finally "growing into." But for all her Bouvier side, her enthusiasm for horses, exemplified by the books on animals strewn about her room, the Kennedy in Caroline dominates.

On her dressing table stands the silver-and-gold custom-made jewelry box and dresser set presented by the 5,000 officers and men of the aircraft carrier *John F. Kennedy*. Her father's voice, on records, is often heard through the 15-room apartment; his dog, Shannon, is forever at Caroline's heels; and her most prized possession is the enormous book holding the valuable and varied blocks of commemorative stamps issued in memory of J.F.K. all over the world.

Caroline will be a very tall woman, predicts a close relative, for "like Jackie, at the same age, she just shot up." She is at that wonderful and terrible age when, the psychologist Carl Jung wrote: "Perception of personal identity and personal continuity appears." A cousin comments: "Though she is generally sweet and quiet, there is an open, unguarded quality about Caroline once she starts talking. Yet I think she'll be reserved all her life. She occasionally falls into a mood of complete silence and only some external stimulus will perk her up or bring her

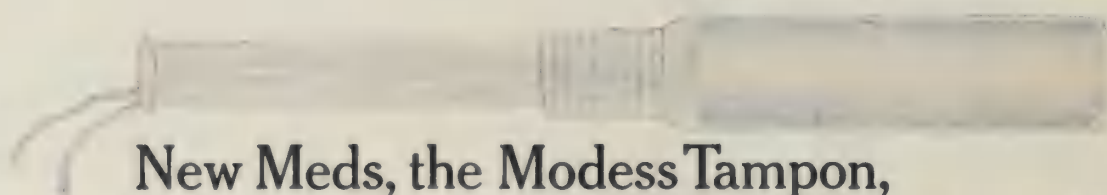
A man and a woman are laughing together. The man is wearing a dark jacket and the woman is wearing a light blue and white striped knit top and a matching skirt. They are standing in front of a large window.

Laughing, weeping,
wanting, keeping:
Italian knits live life more than
any other kind of dressing.
Our new Sears collection
is a beauty. All wool double knit,
fine details and workmanship.
A noteworthy value.
Come try on.

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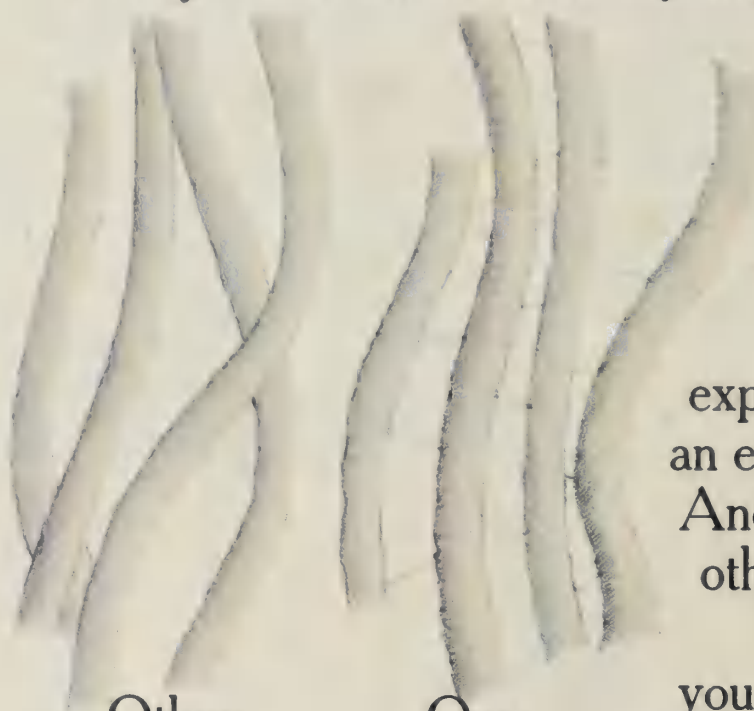
The fashion store

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New Meds, the Modess Tampon,
absorbs over 40% more than the tampon you're
probably wearing. Regular or super.

What makes it so absorbent? Examine the fiber designs
closely. Ours is a series of tiny traps. It's revolutionary—



Others

Ours

the most absorbent fiber ever
made for a tampon.

And we're the only ones who
have it. In fact,
we've even patented it.*

Compact when dry, it
expands when wet to hold
an extraordinary amount of moisture.
And absorbs much faster than
other tampons can.

With the Modess Tampon,
you feel secure. Even on your
worst days and nights,

when you may have worn a napkin, too, you're apt to find
this tampon does the job all by itself.

the most absorbent in applicator.



We wanted this tampon to be more comfortable than any other. Because Modess Tampons are more compact than the ones you're used to, they're easier to insert and more comfortable to wear.

And the soft, flexible polyethylene applicator can't stick or pinch or scratch the way cardboard can.

Which is nice. Because, once a month, every little bit of comfort counts.

Make this test. It's taken us 9 years, testing thousands of women, to develop this tampon. But the test that really counts is for you to wear them the next time you have your period.

Just think. More comfort. More protection. Fewer times to change. And, with this coupon, they cost less, too. New Meds, the Modess Tampon.

STORE COUPON

15 cents off

Save 15¢ on any size package New Meds, the Modess Tampon

Mr. Dealer: We will pay you face value (15¢) plus 3¢ handling for each coupon you redeem, provided you and the consumer have complied with the terms herein. Any other use constitutes fraud. Invoices showing purchases of sufficient stock of MEDS TAMPONS to cover coupons presented for payment must be shown upon request. Coupon good only when redeemed from consumer at time of purchase of MEDS TAMPONS. Consumer must pay any sales tax. Coupons must be identified as the property of the distributor who redeems them. They are not assignable. Coupons to be redeemed should be collected by the retail distributor and forwarded to Personal Products Co., Box 35, Milltown, N.J. 08850. Coupon void if taxed, restricted or prohibited by law. Cash value: 1/20 of one cent. Offer expires June 1, 1971.



school dance, an annual event to which boys from similar educational strata are invited, but for which "dates" are not allowed. That's all right with Mrs. Onassis; she considers Caroline too young for even chaperoned dates.

Although Caroline loves rock music and keeps up with all the latest dance steps, she doesn't seem excited about that first real dance. After all, she's still very much the outdoor, sportive athlete. (Jackie had hoped that Caroline would emulate Princess Caroline of Monaco, who is about the same age and gifted at ballet. But Caroline Kennedy has quit her ballet lessons. "I love ballet, but she just doesn't care about it," sighs Jackie.)

The man for whom Caroline has the most affection—outside the family—is writer-sportsman George Plimpton. After George came as the only male to one of Caroline's birthday parties, Jackie sent along his photo posed with a bevy of little girls, inscribed: "To George: The Serge Obolensky of the year 2000"—referring to the octogenarian Russian prince who has yet to miss a pretty face or society dance. When Plimpton married in 1968, Caroline attended the wedding, wistfully asking, "George, how old will you be when I'm sixteen?"

A little bossiness

Caroline spent much of last summer on Cape Cod at the Kennedy compound that her father loved so much: sailing, water-skiing, swimming, playing tennis, and competing with an assortment of 25 children. In Hyannisport, Caroline is always more vibrant, vivacious and outgoing; secure in the privacy of privilege among her own kind, exhibiting natural leadership and a little bossiness that is rather encouraging after so much inhibition. Here she feels happy and contented under the strong, loving supervision of her Aunt Eunice (who was closest to her father) and near her remarkable grandmother, Rose. (A typical Rose Kennedy ploy is to congratulate Caroline on her swimming prowess, remarking that J.F.K. could free-style 50 yards in 30 seconds. Then she shows the grandchildren the sketch of heroic lieutenant Kennedy towing wounded shipmates through the water with a strap held in his teeth. This makes for earnest teeth-brushing.)

Art Buchwald once wrote: "All Kennedy children look alike. Do not ask your hostess which child belongs to which family. Nobody knows and it will only embarrass them." But he surely didn't have Caroline in mind. She indelibly recalls the physical presence of her father. She has his blue eyes, his walk, his love of plain food, his mannerisms, his way of walking

with hands jammed in pockets, and the same J.F.K. air of questioning. A ceaseless curiosity has always characterized Caroline, from her "Why haven't you got any hair?"—addressed to the late Sam Rayburn—to her put-down when L.B.J. wanted her to call him "Uncle" ("Is he really my uncle?"). to today's burrowing through Jackie's collection of books on Julius Caesar in order to discover exactly what famous persons of Caesarian

world by having secular educations. Jackie evidently feels that what was good enough for the Ambassador, and for Jack, is good enough for Caroline and John, Jr. Friends say she wants Caroline to expand in the wider social atmosphere of Brearley.

Brearley, with its motto, "By Truth and Toil," its seal showing an open book, three beavers and the lighted lamp of knowledge, is known as a private school for children of the socially

selecting her own clothes sin with the exception of one from Jacqueline over a bikini. Onassis tends to dress Caroline and Caroline doesn't really care one fashion designer. "Her likes that English simplicity, the girl' look. But these sissy cloth suit Caroline; she looks best in shirt, sweater, boots, and blue. After all, she is so sportive hasn't any fashion style yet."

Mrs. Onassis does interest Caroline in. She takes her on excursions to Bendoneziano and Halston. But when Jackie wanted Caroline to try anything, Caroline almost always refuses, and they are then sent home for private appraisal.

Halston has commented that "Clothes are between for a girl Caroline. We made a few jersey trousers and outfits for her, but she really turned on by much. I think that the good; anyway, matter—she is a girl and she's going raving beauty."

No makeup

Caroline is more interested in her books than in suppers. She passed to cult Brearley entrance exams with high marks entered the eighth grade in September. Her classmates are already used to line's presence, paying extra attention to her. A few say they are wonderfully heavy blond hair and her complexion, which is still glacially free of adolescent problems. Though Brearley has strictions on cosmetic oline wears no make-

She is hoping to be allowed to work in the annual play, once formed her own stock company in on posh barns at her mother Auchincloss in Newport, R.I. At Caroline goes to school 8:40 A.M. to 4:40 P.M. Wednesdays she gets little earlier, and on her mother can pick up around 1 for a start on the 50-mile of their Peapack, N.J.,

place, where the horses are

At Brearley, Caroline studies English, history, current affairs, Latin, algebra, physical science, music, and French. She is particularly fond of French, thanks to a "French teacher" hired last year to replace her mother's. This pretty and charming woman takes Caroline out on excursions, speaks only French, and is definitely not in the "social" class. She calls herself only "Caroline's friend," but is said to also be the friend of many well-known New York society figures.

One interesting aspect of Caroline's life is her (continued on page 88)

"Ever notice how colds feel worse at night?"

"Maybe it's my imagination.

"But in the wee small hours, a sneeze or cough can sound like a thunderclap.

And the later it gets, the more my aches and pains ache and pain.



"To avoid all that, I use NyQuil.

"NyQuil helps relieve sniffles, sneezes, and stuffed-up noses; eases aches and pains; soothes minor throat irritations; in fact, relieves all these major cold symptoms for hours.

"As a result, when you get NyQuil, you also get the one other thing your cold really needs: a good night's rest.

"Believe me, it's nice for a change

to go to bed with a cold and wake up feeling better."

Vicks NyQuil. The nighttime colds medicine.



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birth (like Caroline and Caesar) have in common.

The strong Kennedy influence was felt this fall in a drastic change for Caroline. Last summer, her mother revealed she had decided to take Caroline out of the gingerbread mansion housing the Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart School and transfer her to the secular Brearley School.

These parental moves resembled those of Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy. The Ambassador had let his wife send their daughters to Catholic schools, but had insisted that all the Kennedy boys become men of the

elite. It is hard to get into and more expensive than the Sacred Heart—tuition being \$2,000 a year "plus extras." But it is progressive, emphasizing self-reliance and self-discipline. Students govern themselves, the rights of the individual are respected, and there are few arbitrary rules and regulations.

The Brearley uniform is a simple navy blue jumper to be worn over white or pastel blouse, but its use is optional. Caroline, now free of her Sacred Heart uniform, still shows little interest in rushing for fashion fads or teeny-bopper threads. She is addicted to knee socks and boots. She has been

Never sit on a mattress.

And other tips on how to avoid a pain in the neck when buying one.

A lot of people never do any more sit on a mattress in a store. But few of these people go to sleep lying up.

So they never know what it feels until they get it home. Which is late. The place to find out is the place where you buy it.

Lie down before you buy.

Try every mattress in sight. The soft ones. The hard ones. Everything in between.

It won't take long to find out which is most comfortable. But do they give you the support you need?

When "firm" is too hard.

Nobody wants a too-soft mattress. So don't talk yourself into the other extreme. Many a restless night has been spent in the name of firmness. If you could look inside a mattress, you could see why so many don't conform to your body.

Most mattresses are made with coils that are all wired together. Push down on one coil and it pulls the others down. Lie down on one of these mattresses and it sags under you. Just like a hammock.

To make a wired-together mattress firm, they put in rigid coils. Then stretch stiffeners across the top, which can make it stiff as a board. Firm it doesn't give under your hips and shoulders...and lets your back sag in between.

Too soft or too firm, it doesn't fit your curves. And you don't get the support you need.

Separate coils support best.

There's one mattress, though, that's made with coils that are not wired together. The Beautyrest®, made only by Simmons.

Each coil has its own individual pocket. So each coil works separately to support whichever part of the body it's under. They can give under the shoulders and hips. While others are free to firmly support the small of your back.

Will it stain?

You can't treat your mattress to a laundering. We treat it so you don't have to. With Scotchgard® Fabric Protector to resist spots and stains. So it stays fresh and clean-looking.

You can't get more from a mattress unless you buy more of a Beautyrest.

A standard double is too small.

Nobody sleeps like a log. In fact, you normally change position 20 to 45 times every night. So you can imagine what happens to two people on an old-fashioned double bed—where each one has less than the width of a baby's crib. We want you to sleep like a baby, but not on a baby-sized bed.

A Queen size is over half a foot wider and almost half a foot longer than the standard double. It fits beautifully in a small bedroom, yet gives you 20% more room to roam.

The King size is almost two feet wider and almost half a foot longer than a double. (Sizes vary slightly on the West Coast.)

You're close enough to touch whenever you want, yet far enough away to get a good night's rest.

Pick your firmness.

Simmons does offer you a choice. The normal-firm Beautyrest Supreme. Or, for people who need extra-firm support (or who just prefer it), the Beautyrest Back Care.

Because each one conforms to your shape, neither has to be hard to be firm, or soft to be comfortable.

Now that you know something about buying a mattress, shop around.

Ask a lot of questions.

Ask the salesmen how each one is made. How it's put together inside. That way, you can make sure you get individual coil construction. And, as we said before, lie down on everything in sight.

You might think it's a pain in the neck to spend so much time choosing a mattress. But it's a lot better than getting a pain in the neck sleeping on one.



**Beautyrest
by Simmons**

It gives every part of your body a good night's rest.



SIMMONS



The women of the Washington press corps are a unique breed. British newspapers dubbed some of them the "Witches of Washington" for their criticism of Princess Anne's demeanor on her visit here last summer, but by and large, they are no more witchy--or bitchy--than other reporters, just harder working and more influential.

News is essentially a man's world. You need to be aggressive to get the news, but even more important, you need to be single-minded. Most successful newsmen would cheerfully sell their grandmother's favorite rocking chair, if not Grandma herself, to get the scoop on a big Presidential story, so that has to go for newswomen, too. You can't make it by sitting back and being ladylike, though being a woman can sometimes be less of a disadvantage than it might at first appear.

In Washington, people talk politics at breakfast, lunch, dinner, and in bed at night. Newswomen not only look for the political angle while covering such obvious places as the White House and the Hill, but at ladies' luncheons and benefit balls.

Except for the syndicated columnists, women reporters in Washington earn relatively little; the average is about \$250 a week. Their reward is what has been called "a ringside seat at the best show on earth."

The elite of the writing press are the political columnists. They write what they think, not just what, when, where, why, how.

Marianne Means of King Features is one of these. She was through college, married, and working full-time at the Lincoln, Neb., Journal when Senator John F. Kennedy visited the University of Nebraska. Marianne and her husband were assigned the job of showing him around. "One thing I remember is Ted Sorensen riding in the back seat with the Senator," says Marianne, "and the Senator was chewing gum. Ted said, 'Presidential candidates don't chew gum in public,' and Kennedy threw it out."

Marianne doesn't like to talk about it, but part of her Cinderella story is that she and her most recent former husband (she's had two) became close personal friends of the Lyndon Johnsons, dining with them privately at the White House several times a month and frequently boating with them down the Potomac on one of the Presidential yachts. Marianne often visited LBJ and Lady Bird at the Texas

ranch, along with the small group who made up the Johnson circle of intimates.

"One of my favorite memories from down at the ranch dates back to when Nicholas Katzenbach was still Attorney General," says Marianne. "Some town had given Johnson its old fire engine--why I don't know--and he climbed into it and raced it around the ranch clanging the bell with Katzenbach in the seat beside him, and as he drove by me standing there watching, Johnson shouted, 'This is why Barry Goldwater wanted to be President!'"

You probably remember that magazine story back in sixty-four about President Johnson speeding around the Texas roads, while I was supposed to be batting my blue eyes and drinking beer on the seat beside him. Well, that was a typical misinterpretation because I hate beer and I was sitting on the back seat, and if I had been batting my blue eyes it would have to have been at his back. What happened was that he invited the members of the press corps

out to the ranch and served beer. Being a gracious host, he said, 'Come on, get in the car and we'll go for a ride.' Lady Bird took another group in her car, and the ones who were left out went back to Austin absolutely furious. Even though I've lectured at Rutgers and to the American Political Science Association, some people think of me only as batting my blue eyes at Lyndon Johnson."

Mary McGrory, a political writer for the Washington Evening Star, feels that old-school politicians still regard the woman political reporter as a contradiction in terms. Senator John Stennis of Mississippi, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, blushes and bows when he sees her. "Good mawnin', Miss Mary," he says, "it's mighty nice to see you....Why no, I wouldn't have anything to say about that matter..." then stomps down the hall to the waiting television cameras to tell the story to the male reporters.

Politicians, Miss McGrory finds, tend to tell women their troubles rather than their news. "I've heard more than I care to know about unhappy wives and wayward children," she says.

Unmarried, Mary says the single woman journalist is a problem to her hostess. The other guests are not quite sure whether to treat her as a woman or a newspaper- (continued)

"DON'T QUOTE ME!"

HOW WASHINGTON NEWSWOMEN GET THEIR SCOOPS

By Winzola McLendon & Scottie Smith





Magnavox stereo!
Within that gorgeous cabinet is just about everything electronic science knows about stereo. But all you'll notice is perfect sound, from a human voice to an entire symphony orchestra. And we have a wide choice of models (many with our revolutionary air suspension speakers). Thoughtfully, we built in flexibility that lets you add tape units or extra speakers. We repeat:
You're home with Magnavox.

You're home with Magnavox.

woman, and the men tend to end sentences with "Now, don't quote me."

It is better, she thinks, to invite people to your own apartment. *Chez elle*, it is not forbidden to discuss the indigestible topics of the day, but it is discouraged. Four senators in all have crossed the McGrory threshold over the years. Robert F. Kennedy won all hearts with his rendition of his old camp song. He sang one stanza, left, and reappeared 15 minutes later saying he had just recalled the second verse. An editor's wife said it was just like her girlhood evenings back on the farm in South Dakota.

So much for the glamorous social life of the Washington reporter.

Fast talkers

Washington columnists Vera Glaser and Malvina Stephenson write a syndicated column called "Off Beat Washington." The two first shared a by-line on election night of 1968 when they fast-talked their way into the inner sanctum of the Nixon campaign headquarters on the 35th floor of the Waldorf Towers in New York while 1,000 of their colleagues were stuck in the third-floor press room.

Vera and Malvina were walking around looking for any story that wasn't a handout from the Nixon press office when they spotted Robert Finch, one of Nixon's closest friends and a key political adviser.

The girls talked Finch into doing a taped interview and convinced him that a quiet corner of the 35th floor would be the best locale in which to tape it. Finch led them through police corridor-blocks and past the Secret Service right into the area where campaign manager John Mitchell (now Attorney General) and top aides Richard Kleindienst, Fred LaRue and Peter Flanagan were ensconced. Vera and Malvina taped short interviews with all of them; they also interviewed Murray Chotiner, who had been Nixon's adviser for many years.

By the time a press aide spotted Vera and Malvina and told them to leave, they had not only the interviews but a mimeographed copy of campaign director Robert Ellsworth's confidential guide to election returns; one of them had casually picked it up from a table.

To make sure of their scoop, the girls stopped by the third-floor press room and innocently asked if there had been any statements from the high command. "They're closeted with Nixon

on the 35th floor, and no one can get through," answered Don Irwin, political reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*. "No kidding!" exclaimed Malvina.

In Washington, the White House is the beat. Those regularly assigned to it belong to a sort of aristocracy of the press.

Covering both news and women's features at the White House are Frances Lewine of The Associated Press and Helen Thomas of United Press In-

"The tables were turned a short time later when Frances observed a swarthy, stocky man sitting in church when the Kennedys were there on Sunday. What worried her was the obvious bulge of a gun in his pocket. She nudged Helen Thomas and gave her a 'let's get him' look. He turned out to be a Secret Service man."

Helen Thomas has managed to have a rapport with all the presidents she has covered. After the birth of John F.

ing been an "inquiring photographer" herself for a Washington news outlet not long after she left Vassar, understood what the press was from its side of the fence.

She herself used the aggressive of reporting she now views with when she followed Ellen Moon, 11-year-old niece of Mrs. Eisenhower home from school and talked child about her baby-sitting job. precocious niece of the new First

ily told Jackie that she was thinking of raising her own family. "I've been charging \$100 cents an hour, but no one would hire me. My uncle is President of the United States, don't you think I should get some business?" Like so many when they find their way into the inner circle, Ellen's mother wasn't pleased about her daughter's story. She asked a paper friend, the late C. Wright Dixon, to "do something to make that brash come to a place where she is, know her place."

Yet when the shoe was on the other foot, Jackie was it hard. She never seemed to have quite understood that there is a price to being the darling of financiers.

No weekend plans

One of the most important appointments the White House makes is that of a secretary to the First Lady. She is the press's official link with the First Lady.

At biweekly briefings, Mrs. Connie Stuart (Nixon's present press secretary) gives out such information as the entertainment for a state visitor, the group of women with whom Mrs. Nixon this week will dine. Julie and David Eisenhower are doing over the holidays, but, most pointedly, where Tricia Nixon is going over the weekend. One briefing, when what Tricia would be doing with her friends, Connie answered, "I guess she's doing whatever friends she wants to do together on weekends. It was before one of our friends revealed that Tricia's group played bridge and that on occasion everyone tried to hide under the bed in the White House Room."

Like all press secretaries before her, Connie tries to ban notebooks and pens. "Please, ladies, you are guests, and guests do not take notes around taking notes, even potted palms," she says. She has outlawed tape recorders, too. "If some of you have gotten excited because you are carrying tape recorders around, I might question how you gained so much weight."

Actually, the only time press relations between a First Lady and Washington newswomen have been so tense was during the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration. (continued on page 92)

The one bowl cleaner that reaches top to bottom. Gets your whole bowl clean and odor-free.



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Just squeeze and brush. LYSOL® Disinfectant Toilet Bowl Cleaner cleans away hard water ring and soil and stains below the water line. Kills germs in the bathroom bowl...including germs that cause odors. Exclusive spout reaches everywhere. Sends full-strength cleaning power against the sides. Gets hidden dirt and germs under the rim.

Your bathroom smells so much fresher.

ternational. They are often called the "Bobbsey Twins," since when one of them covers a news event the other is invariably nearby.

Fran and Helen follow the President and his family so closely that they sometimes cause amusing incidents. Gerry Van der Heuvel, former press secretary to Mrs. Nixon, recalls:

"On a trip down to Palm Beach during the kidnap scare involving Caroline Kennedy, a woman reported to the Secret Service that two suspicious-looking women were following Mrs. Kennedy. The unsavory characters were Frances and Helen."

Kennedy, Jr., President-elect Kennedy got used to seeing Helen in the crowd of women reporters when he visited his wife every day at Georgetown University Hospital. One morning Helen's office sent her to stand in front of the Kennedys' house to see him off for a conference with President Eisenhower. Startled to see her there, Kennedy said, "Helen, you've deserted my baby!"

Every President and First Lady since the Kennedys have called Fran and Helen by their first names, even Jacqueline Kennedy, who was ambivalent about the press—and still is. Hav-

If a word to the wise is sufficient, how come advice always comes in long speeches?

—Poor Woman's Almanac

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SWEEPSTAKES VOUCHER TODAY...

You may be
the winner of
\$1,000.00
a month
or a year...

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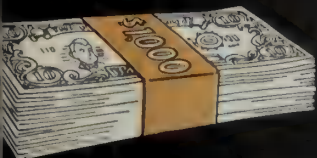
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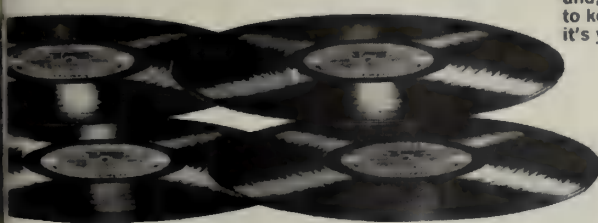
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big prize. We will also send you a special FREE "Mystery Gift" that's yours to keep as an extra bonus—just for listening to the exciting Tom Jones set. (Of course, you can say "no" to the free trial offer and still be eligible for all prizes. But you may regret it later, because then you won't receive your FREE Mystery Gift.)

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And remember, you may be a big prize winner simply by mailing the above sweepstakes voucher. Every prize will be given away (but the only way to get a prize is to enter the sweepstakes). So be sure to fill in the voucher and mail it in right now.

FREE MYSTERY GIFT!



Good news! If you act today, you'll automatically receive a FREE MYSTERY GIFT that's yours to keep always—just for listening to the Tom Jones set. So, be sure to mail the sweepstakes voucher right now.



Thrill to Tom Jones, the world's hottest performer, singing all his greatest hits! Over 40 glittering songs, HOURS OF SUPERCHARGED ENTERTAINMENT AND EXCITEMENT—YOURS TO ENJOY FOR 10 DAYS FREE!

TOM JONES —LIVE!

It's Not Unusual
What's New, Pussycat?
I Can't Stop Loving You
Hello, Young Lovers
I Believe
Not Responsible
My Yiddische Momme
Shake
Good News
That Lucky Old Sun
Land Of A Thousand Dances

TOM JONES —FEVER ZONE

Delilah
Danny Boy
I Was Made To Love Her
Get Ready
I Wake Up Crying
I Know
Don't Fight It
You Keep Me Hanging On
Hold On, I'm Coming
Keep On Running
It's A Man's World
Funny How Time Slips Away

THIS IS TOM JONES

Let It Be Me
I'm A Fool To Want You
Little Green Apples
Fly Me To The Moon
That's All Any Man Can Say
Hey Jude
That Wonderful Sound
Dance Of Love
Only Once
Wichita Lineman
Without You
(Sitting On) The Dock Of The Bay

GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME

Green, Green Grass Of Home
A Taste Of Honey
When I Fall In Love
If Ever I Would Leave You
Georgia On My Mind
That Old Black Magic
Some Day
My Prayer
Kansas City
Any Day Now
You Came A Long Way From St. Louis
My Mother's Eyes

COLUMBIA MUSICAL TREASURIES
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA 47808

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Columbia Musical Treasuries has reserved prizes described for holders of the winners' names selected under the direction of M. Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. All

prizes returned will be entered against the list of winning names. Prizes awarded to winning names which have been returned will be awarded to the next name drawn within 30 days of the date of return. Offers open to residents of the United States

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Extra: a 2 ounce undie that stretches to three times its size in both directions to slim you comfortably.

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Jules Jürgensen.

He didn't get to be 230 years old with a bum ticker.

Jules Jürgensen is probably the oldest brand name in continuous existence. That says something about the performance of a product of any kind. Think of what it means in watches. Where minute differences can make or break a reputation.

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We're tougher on our watches before they're shipped out than you'll be on them after you get them.

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Our designers are just as finicky as our watchmakers. About the width of the hands, the finish of the case, the proportion of the numerals.



Small wonder so many Jules Jürgensen watches find their way into museum horological exhibits.

Remember, there's no present like the time. Especially this 2-button chronograph with stop-go-return action.

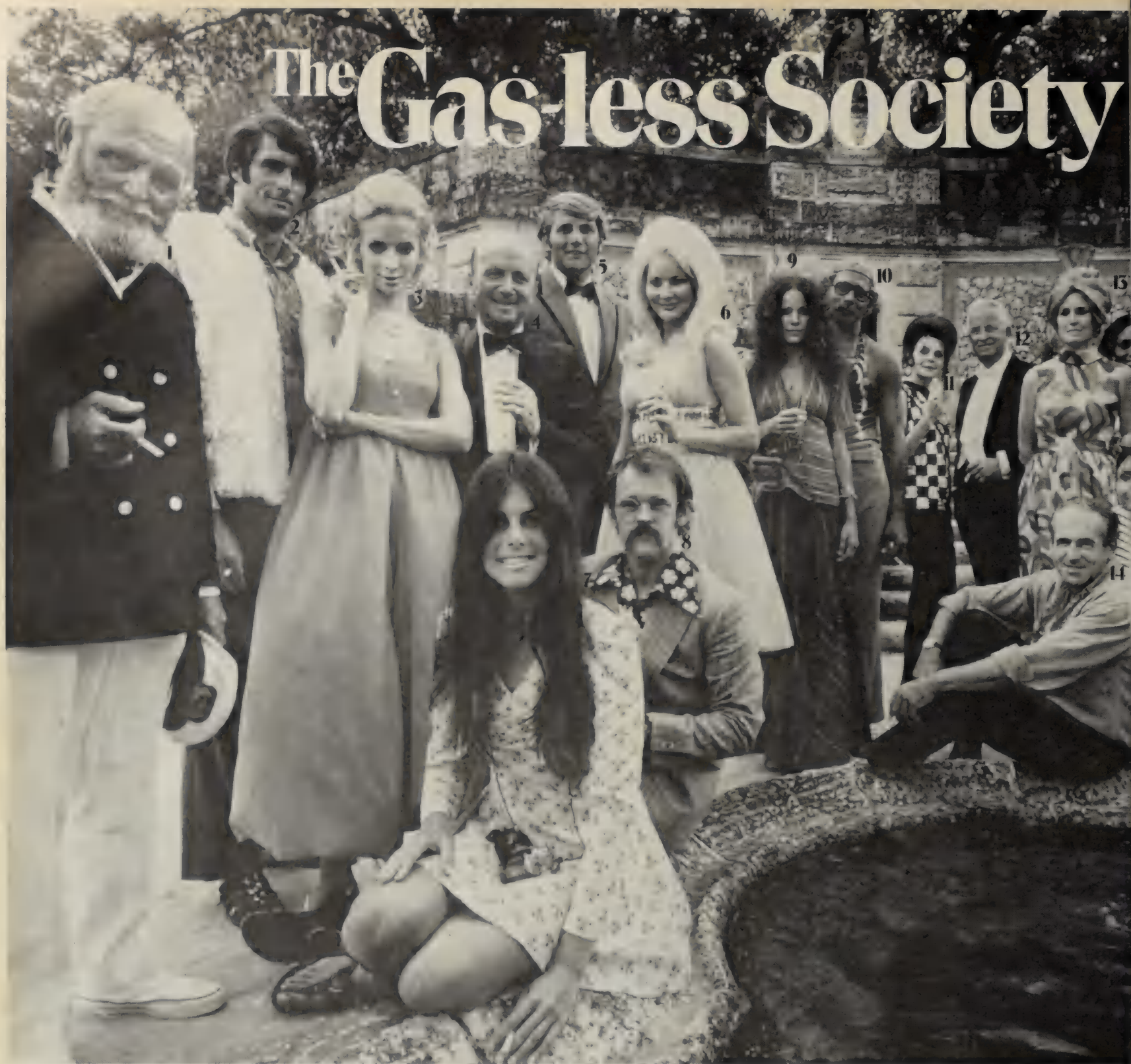
It features a 60 second dial, 45 minute indicator, and stainless steel racing attachment. 17 jewel movement, of course. Give a man the stainless steel Manor B and he'll find something to time. Surprisingly priced at about \$135. Other Jules Jürgensen watches from \$80 to \$10,000 at fine stores everywhere. Write for an illustrated brochure and name of your nearest authorized dealer.

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The Gas-less Society



Different people like Lark for different reasons.

For instance, the Captain (1), Nina (3) and Tony (8) like Lark because they know that most of cigarette smoke is gas. That certain of these gases are harsh tasting. And that Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter does a better job of reducing these gases than any Other Popular Brand on the scene.

On the other hand, Kay (15), and Bob (14), like us because, to clean smoke, our Gas-Trap™ filter is made from the same kind of charcoal that space capsules use to clean air.

Barbara's reason is that she thinks our filter looks cute (6).

The Gas-less Society: All in all, they have only one thing in common — an uncommon cigarette.

If you like the taste of gas you'll hate the taste of Lark.



Reasons 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 are all a simple matter of taste. They hate the taste of gas, which means they love the taste of Lark.

While he lived, Bishop James A. Pike claimed to have communicated with the dead. Now, more than a year after his death, his wife reveals his attempts to contact her from "the other side."

"Jim is *dead*!" The reality thrust into my innermost being like a knife. "Dead, dead, dead, *dead*." I struck out at the silence with my words as I walked in circles around our bedroom, hoping against hope that they would meet some resistance. But there was no countervailing evidence. Jim was dead — utterly, finally, irrevocably.

Six weeks had passed since he had fallen to his death while trying to walk out of the Israeli wilderness last September. A few hours before

searchers found his body, I had had a vision that had sustained me during those first weeks after his death, a vision that had made me feel certain that Jim not only lived on but had found great joy in passing over to the other side of death.

In that vision I had seen Jim's body lying on the side of the steep cliff on which he was later found. I watched as his spirit, which appeared to be composed of a white, cloud-like substance, left his body. The spirit — I call it that for lack of a better word — was clearly recognizable to me as Jim, though I could not distinguish individual features such as eyes, nose, arms and legs. I shared the sense of peace and victory that filled him as

he experienced the power of Life to survive physical death. The joy and love were so profound that I would not have wanted him to be back with me — not even for my own comfort.

Yet, six weeks later, our home in Santa Barbara, Calif., seemed like a hollow shell. I found myself resenting the material objects that surrounded me. Those things that had provided the background for so much joy and fulfillment between Jim and me had been so relatively unimportant. Yet now they were all I had. Jim was gone.

For a long time I was unable to form any image of Jim in my mind's eye. I couldn't remember what he looked like without seeing a picture of him, (continued on page 148)

Bishop Pike's Messages from Beyond the Grave

By his widow

Diane Kennedy Pike



MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS: A NEW FREEDOM TO BE THEMSELVES

BY LYNDA ROBB



The interviews on these pages are the work of JOURNAL Contributing Editor Lynda Robb, 25. Mrs. Robb is shown here with her mother, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, and her two daughters, Lucinda Desha Robb, two, and Catherine Lewis Robb, who is six months old. Lynda begins with her own filial tribute:

My mother and I have a special relationship. We have an agreement that I can tell her my problems as I would tell a friend, and she will give advice from a friend's standpoint. This has kept us very close, although the unique pressures of her life have often separated her physically from my sister Luci and myself.

I admire my mother more than anyone in the world. Yet I would not like to be exactly like her. She is too disciplined. Although she has a great sense of humor, she does not show it to many people, and I am one of the few people with whom she can joke. She has a strong response to duty that (continued on page 158)



THE HARRISES: LaDonna Harris, half-Irish, half-Indian, is shown here with daughter Laura, 9, "Little Dark One," who along with Byron, 15, and Kathryn, 20, are enrolled members of the Comanche tribe and proud of it. Their father is Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma.



THE BLACKS: UN delegate Shirley Temple Black poses with her daughter, Linda Susan Black, 22, the child of Shirley's first marriage to actor John Agar. Says Linda, "We leave the politics to Mom. I'll probably go into art." Shirley's other children are Lori, 16, and Charles, Jr., 18.

THE MITCHELLS (below right): Martha Mitchell, 52, with daughter Marty, 9. Blue-eyed Marty (Martha, Jr.) is a shy but determined young lady who favors her father, Attorney General John N. Mitchell. (Mrs. Mitchell also has a grown son by a former marriage.) The Mitchells live at the Watergate apartments in Washington, D.C., where there are few children, but Marty has a frilly room, lots of toys and a poodle. Martha on Marty: "We treat her like an adult." Marty on Martha: "I refuse to talk about my mother on the grounds it might incriminate me."

THE JOHNSONS

Virginia E. Johnson (of Masters and Johnson, the sex researchers) and daughter Lisa E. Johnson. They're both close but far apart... predictable for 15 and 45," says Mrs. Johnson. "I've never asked my mother about sex," says individualist Lisa, who is in tenth grade at a St. Louis public high school, loves books, and would rather "be like myself than like my mother." Mrs. Johnson also has an 18-year-old son from her marriage to Lisa's father, a physician, which ended in divorce when Lisa was a year old.)



CAROL BURNETT

The TV star with the youngest of her three daughters, Erin Kate—there's also Carrie, 6, and Jody, 3. (Carol's husband, TV producer Joe Hamilton, has eight children by a previous marriage.) Says Carol: "Kids feel things so, and trust adults so much. Too bad—because we're only human and we make mistakes."



THE BROWNES (above left): On the right, vivacious Cheryl Brownne, 19, Miss Iowa, first black girl to be a contestant in the Miss America Pageant. A psychology student at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, Cheryl comes from a devout Lutheran family. On the left, in her New York City home, Mrs. Mercedes Brownne, who is half American Indian and manages a TB clinic in a local hospital. (Cheryl's father is a narcotics policeman at Kennedy airport.) Says Mrs. Brownne: "Things I dreamed came out in Cheryl. But I have mixed emotions about her fame."

FASHION GIVE & TAKE

In fashion some stuffy notions about what's for adults and what's kids' stuff is fast going by the boards. Take all those romper suits.

They're looking suspiciously like Mother's jumpsuit. And although you wouldn't steal candy from a baby,

how about some baby smocking or calico? There is a new kind of give and take in

fashion that's letting mothers and daughters listen to the same drummer—though each in her

own way.

To show what it's all about we photographed four well known and well dressed mothers and their daughters in four charming contemporary looks.

By Trudy Owett,
Fashion Editor.

ULLA ANDERSON & MARTINA-LISA

Top model Ulla Anderson and daughter Martina-Lisa, 4, make great-looking calico kids.

Ulla, wife of Hollywood composer Quincy Jones (*The Out-of-Towners*), goes calico in a long, empire-waisted, cotton-quilted gown trimmed in rickrack. Bodice is cotton knit. By Dutchess, \$28, 5-15. Martina-Lisa keeps her calico short in a dirndl dress with a laced midriff waist and flounces of ruffles at hem and collar. In cotton, by Cinderella, \$40, 5-6x.





**CHER
BONO
& CHASTITY**

Singer Cher (of Sonny & Cher fame) wears a smocked bodice dress that is a grown-up version of 20-month-old Chastity's classic baby frock. Cher's is ankle-length with puffed sleeves and a square neck. Of matte rayon jersey by Stan Herman for Mr. Mort, \$85, 4-14. Chastity Bono's dress has lace trim at wrists and neck and tiny rosebuds embroidered in the smocked bodice. In Kodol and cotton, by Polly Flinders, \$9, 9-24 months.

ANGIE DICKINSON & NIKKI

Actress Angie Dickinson, wife of composer Burt Bacharach, and 4½-year old Nikki both wear soft velour jumpsuits. Nikki's suit zips up the front and has its own soft belt. In Arnel and nylon by Moppets, \$14, 5-6x. Angie, who stars in the forthcoming Roger Vadim film, *Pretty Maids All in a Row*, wears a more sophisticated version of a jumpsuit. It has a clingy top, wide-legged pants and a laced belt. In cotton velour. By Getty Miller for Pranx, \$36, 5-15.





**JENNIFER
O'NEILL
& AIMÉE**

Jennifer O'Neill, who has her first starring role in *Rio Lobo* (a new John Wayne Western), and her daughter Aimée both go the Tyrolean route. Jennifer (Mrs. Deed Rossiter) is all velvet and peasant embroidery in this short dress with long, puffed sleeves. In cotton by Liz Claiborne for Youth Guild, \$68, 3-15. Aimée is a proper-looking Heidi in this floral-braid-trimmed jersey dress with rickrack. Of bonded Orlon by Sunny Lee, \$11, 4-6x.

HIS &

The trim's the thing in these 33 Christmas presents to make yourself. Buy or make the basic item and personalize with embroidered braids, ribbons, fringe and other trims. They make the giving as much fun as the getting. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor.

For him, how about: 1. A vinyl tennis racket cover in tiald in braid, studded with nailheads. 2. Vinyl go club covers with braid trim. 3. A yardstick cover th hangs from a wall. 4. More braid stitched together t make a book jacket. 5. For the cowboy in your lif



HERS

Wouldn't she like: 1. A cummerbund made of three pretty braids fastened with brass hooks. 2. Heart-shaped pillow covered in a Liberty print with a ruffle. 3. A reversible braid belt edged in rickrack. 4. The braid spells Love; make a belt. 5. A stuffed Raggedy

Ann doll (from Simplicity pattern #9137). 6. Little baskets of matchbooks covered in braid. 7. Transform a bread basket with a handmade cotton liner and braid-trim cover. 8. Stacked boxes covered with trim. Add handmade labels. 9. A drawstring lining for bus

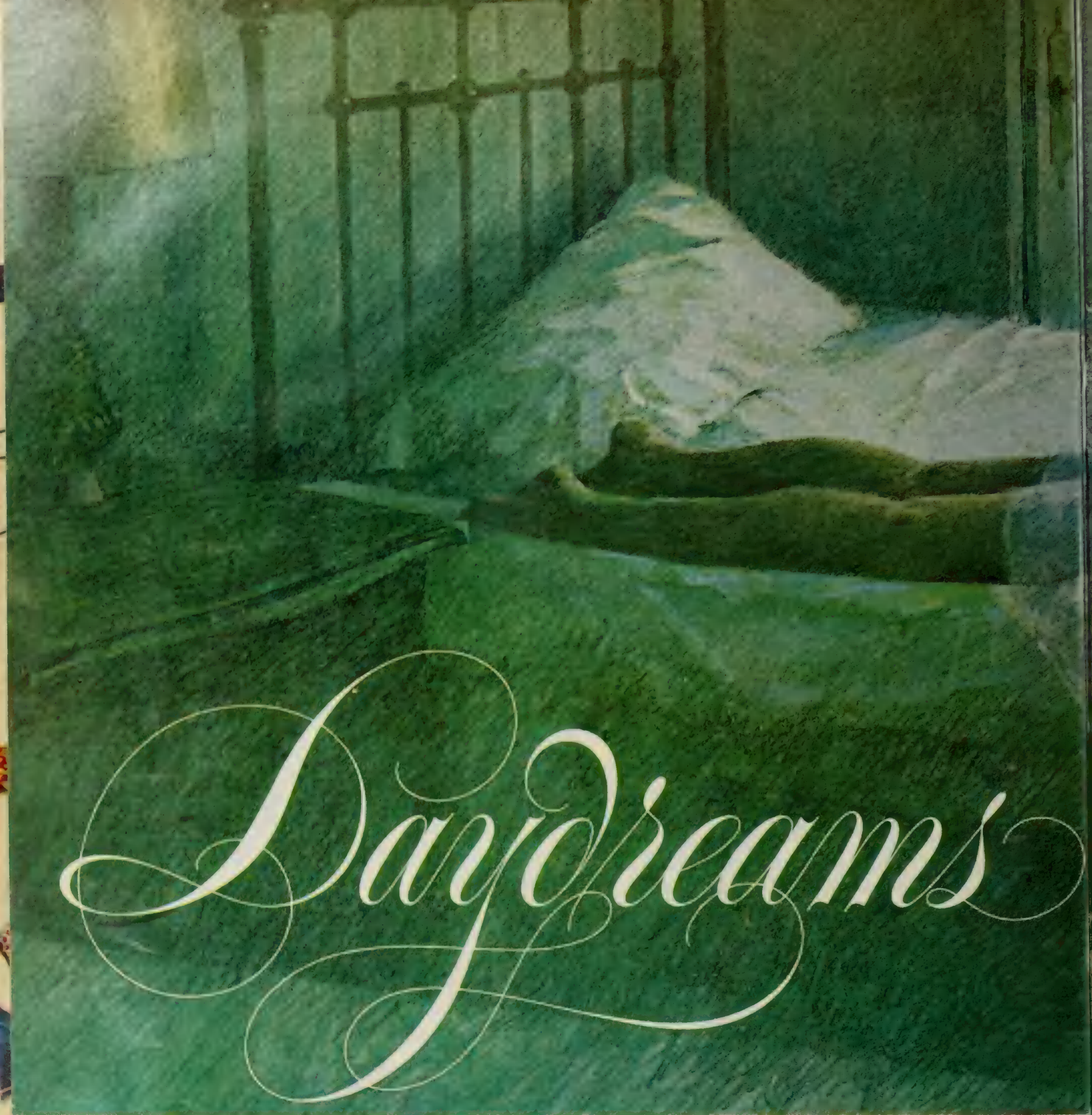
uede Christmas stocking. 6. A braid eyeglass
e. 7. A quilted pillow cover. The trim pictures
ac signs. 8. Buy terry scuffs, trim in geometric
d and make matching case. 9. Dresser-top bent-
d boxes wrapped in tape. 10. Two military rib-

bons back-to-back for reversible belt. 11. A holiday
trimmed vest. 12. A strip of novelty trim reading
"Peace." Sew into a belt. 13. A butler's apron with
zodiac tape. 14. A fringed-tape belt. 15. Two tapes
studded with nailheads to make into a reversible belt.



asket sewing box. 10. Young-looking braid head-
ds, neckbands. 11. Border a bright velvet pillow
braid. 12. Trim terry scuffs with Love tape. Make
ching case. 13. Braid belt is fringed with suede.
ded with nailheads. 14. A Christmas cowgirl

stocking in suede. 15. Trimmed apron is made of crin-
kled unbleached muslin. 16. A tote bag in quilted
paisley with braid border. 17. A feminine yardstick
cover in flowered tape with wool tassel. Instructions
for making gifts on page 173.



It was a good marriage, but after ten years of it she invited disaster by looking up the man she had loved in college. By Merrill Joan Gerber

You know how it is about daydreaming. You're doing something like folding the laundry, having to turn each and every one of your husband's socks right side out, and the only notations on your social calendar for the month are the dentist appointments for the children and the PTA meeting, and suddenly a picture comes

into your mind of an old sweetheart placing in your arm a dozen American Beauty roses, or of dancing in white satin shoes till the sun rises on a certain New Year's morning.

I suppose it makes sense to daydream—it reminds you of a time of freedom, when the choice was not what-to-defrost-for-dinner, but who the dinner was going to be made for, day after day, for the rest of your life. When you do get to the day-after-day part, I'm saying, you sometimes get a little tired of it. But being



d of it is one thing, and doing what I did is another. the last month, I know that I had been very tired. r seven-year-old daughter picked up the current germ school and vomited for nearly fifteen hours with very ten minutes, and as soon as I had gotten her ler control and washed all the bedding, and mpooed the rug, well, our kindergarten girl caught germ, and then the baby caught it. By the time I re down with it, I didn't care whether I lived or died, as so exhausted, and I just lay there, letting the

dirty laundry pile up, watching old movies on daytime television.

When I saw Gregory Peck as that gallant Southern lawyer, marching handsomely around that Southern town, without a wife at home to defrost anything for him, I got the most terrible pang of longing for Stanley, my gallant Southern lawyer from my college days, and in my fevered state, I wondered who he was defending now, and if he had ever found anyone to fend for him, at home.

(continued on page 146)

GREAT NEW LOOK FOR A GIRL ON THE GO

Pretty German-born airline stewardess Crystal Haick likes to describe her job as "fly now, sleep later." Assigned to Pan Am's international route, Crystal regularly flies half way around the world to Hong Kong, losing a full day due to the time changes—a hectic situation that cuts in not only on her beauty sleep, but also on her beauty routine. With so little time to pamper herself, Crystal had fallen into a makeup rut. Time for a fresh new Seventies approach. See below for our idea of a transformation geared to the girl who has no time to lose.

Aldo's blunt cut was carefully done section by section. For busy Crystal, less hair means less drying time and faster setting. Livelier hair color was achieved by blending old streaks with a toner to match new honey streaks.



To ensure a lasting set, Aldo applied a setting lotion. The set starts with medium-sized rollers turned under, with smaller rollers used in the back. Aldo then brushed hair back and flipped up to form a flattering frame.



We asked our experts to design a new, updated and softer look for Crystal that would also be easy to manage. Colorist Leslie Blanchard added a few lively honey highlights to her bleached out head. Stylist Aldo of Saks Fifth Avenue blunt-cut her thick, wavy hair to a versatile shoulder length that can flip under or up when set, or pull into a ponytail in emergencies. Makeup expert Jackie Reiss thinned Crystal's naturally heavy eyebrows, then persuaded her to abandon her dark eyeliner and instead light up her green eyes with pastel shadow and delicate individual lashes. "I can't believe it's me," said Crystal when she saw her shining new looks! By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor

Jackie Reiss moisturized skin and used a coverup cream for dark under-eye area. Then a light liquid makeup and a highlighter on cheekbones reaching to hairline. A rosy cream rouge accentuates her good cheekbones.



Instead of harsh eyeliner, Jackie used lavender eyeshadow on lid and in a thin line just under lower lashes. Then a soft-brown line of the crease and under lower lashes. Finally, mascara, then individual false lashes on both lids.



Pack a trunk and stay at home. Trunks of all sizes and styles are making their biggest inroads at home as the new place to put things in—or on. Trunks appear at the side

of a chair as an end table, by a sofa as a coffee table. A trunk is a game table, a blanket chest, a small bar. It is made of wicker, of wood, of metal, of leather, of fake py-

thon. It is most often old, but sometimes new. At its most ingenious, a trunk comes cost-free, ferreted for in the attic or paid for in pennies at the thrift shop, then waxed, pol-

Family of rattan—
for hi-fi equipment.

Horn inlay—
writing table.

Old treasure
chest—sewing box.

Chinese lacquer
—in the bath
for towels.

Striped canvas
for scarves, etc.

Stagecoach trunk
—blanket chest.

YOGA



The ancient art of yoga has been practiced and talked about in mystic tones for centuries. Recently, however, as Indian gurus and their disciples have been forming classes across the country, yoga has come into the 20th century as a "new" way, through exercise, to develop and preserve a person's natural beauty. In a reaction against the huffing and puffing of routine calisthenics, women in increasing numbers are going through the graceful, flowing motions of yoga as a way to achieve smooth skin and a supple figure. An added dimension of yoga, for those who pursue its disciplines seriously, is the serenity and clarity of mind that develop naturally as the body becomes relaxed and poised. Typical of the new practitioners is Anne Harris, a New York model who recently turned to yoga by attending weekly classes in

Hatha Yoga, which takes a primarily physical rather than spiritual approach. "Basically the goal of Hatha Yoga is to reunite the mind with the body," Anne explained. "On a less mystical level, the exercises gradually make you mentally aware of what your body is doing." There are no age limitations to yoga, but it should always be performed in private surroundings and at the same time of day for about 30 minutes. You'll need a mat, a towel or a folded blanket to exercise on, and clothing should be loose to give you complete freedom of movement. All exercises, like these, should be approached gradually, but as you become more proficient, you will feel your body become more supple. At the same time, you may begin to understand that mystic relationship between a relaxed body and a clear mind. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor

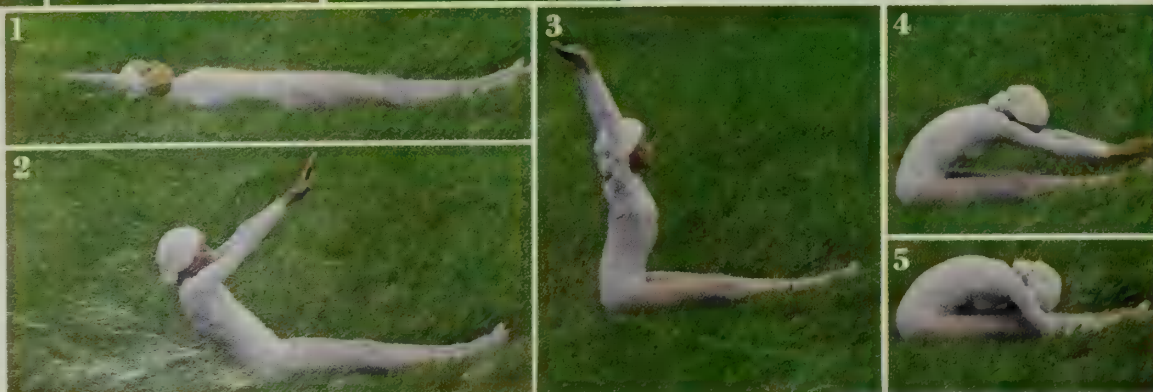
First, Anne demonstrates the Spinal Twist, at right, which strengthens the back and massages the spinal column. Seated with legs extended (1), place right foot over left knee (2). With left hand behind you for balance, raise right arm and bring it over left leg (3). Turn head and trunk as far to the left as possible and twist (4). Reverse (5) and hold. Opposite, Anne assumes the Pelvic Stretch position.

Photographs by Kourkan Pakchavian; leotard and tights by Danskin.



The Fish is an advanced yoga position. Students should attempt to do this exercise gradually, patiently. Seated on the floor with spine arched (1), gradually drop head back as far as possible (2-3), placing hands on lower hip. The extreme posture completed (5), the head is lowered to rest on the floor and hands rest on thighs. Neck tension is relieved as chest and leg muscles are strengthened and stretched. "The intensity of concentration in yoga," Anne told us, "is almost like the effort a baby makes in trying to take his first step." Seek your doctor's advice if you are in poor health before pursuing yoga or any other exercise routine.

At right, Anne demonstrates the Posterior Stretch, which strengthens back, leg and stomach muscles. In a slow, graceful movement, gradually raise arms and back forward, continuing full forward until fingers can clasp toes and elbows are bent as far down as possible. Most beginners can only reach their knees or calves at first, but gradually they touch and then grasp their toes. Remember: the point is to relax muscles, not strain them.



Anne demonstrates the Lotus, the classic meditative yoga posture, in three steps. Seated with legs extended, place right foot on left thigh (1), then left foot on right thigh (2) with heels drawn into the body as close as possible. Gradually with knees flush to the ground, assume full Lotus (3). This stretches the legs, thighs. The Head Stand, near left (1 & 2), strengthens back, neck, shoulder muscles, improves circulation. For advanced students only.

Splendid Fare Some of the most sensational desserts to hit America since strawberry shortcake come by way of Swiss-born Albert Stockli, architect of the fabulous dessert cart at New York's Four Seasons Restaurant, where he was the original gastronome in residence. Stockli, now proprietor of his own restaurant, Stonehenge, in Connecticut, has finally published a cookbook—*"Splendid Fare: The Albert Stockli Cookbook"* (Knopf, \$10)—with an ample section devoted to his glorious desserts. Finally one can duplicate his Baked

JOURNAL
COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH
NUMBER 56 OF A SERIES

Reprinted from "Splendid Fare: The Albert Stockli Cookbook," by Albert Stockli, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright © 1970 by Albert Stockli, Inc.



Alaska Flambé with citrus fruits, orange liqueur and Zuger Kirschtorte (see below). "There are cakes and there is Zuger Kirschtorte," says Stockli of his light, kirsch-soaked sponge cake with meringue. The dessert, like all of the chef's recipes, are his own particular blend of Europe and America. They combine an Old World grandeur and New World ingredients and practicality. "They are all very elegant, but you don't have to spend three hours making them," Stockli says. "I have simplified the techniques, but not the quality." He says his Frozen Orange Soufflé (below, right) takes only 15 minutes to prepare. "Making a dessert doesn't have to be a big deal. But the right dessert can make a dinner," he says. "It's the last impression people go away with that counts."

THE QUINTESSENCE OF QUICHE

Start with a creamy custard filling replete with the aromatic herbs, cheese, vegetables and perhaps delicate bits of bacon, chicken or fish for flavor and texture. Bake in a flaky pie crust, and *voilà!*—you got a quiche (pronounced *keesh*). This classic custard tart of French origin can have infinite variety, but whether served hot or cold, as an appetizer or midday entrée, it is always a memorable experience. Below are three quiches: two easy-to-make variations and one thoroughly traditional. Whichever way you go, all are remarkable. Recipes on page 132. By Margaret Happel, Food Editor

Photograph by Ar

1

Tarte aux Tomates. The filling of tomato, garlic, onion and herbs is baked in a prepared pie shell. Custardy egg topping is added last and browned under broiler.

2

Soufflé-Quiche aux Epinards. Into a baked pie crust goes a layer of mushroom filling and then a prepackaged frozen spinach soufflé. Bake until golden.





3

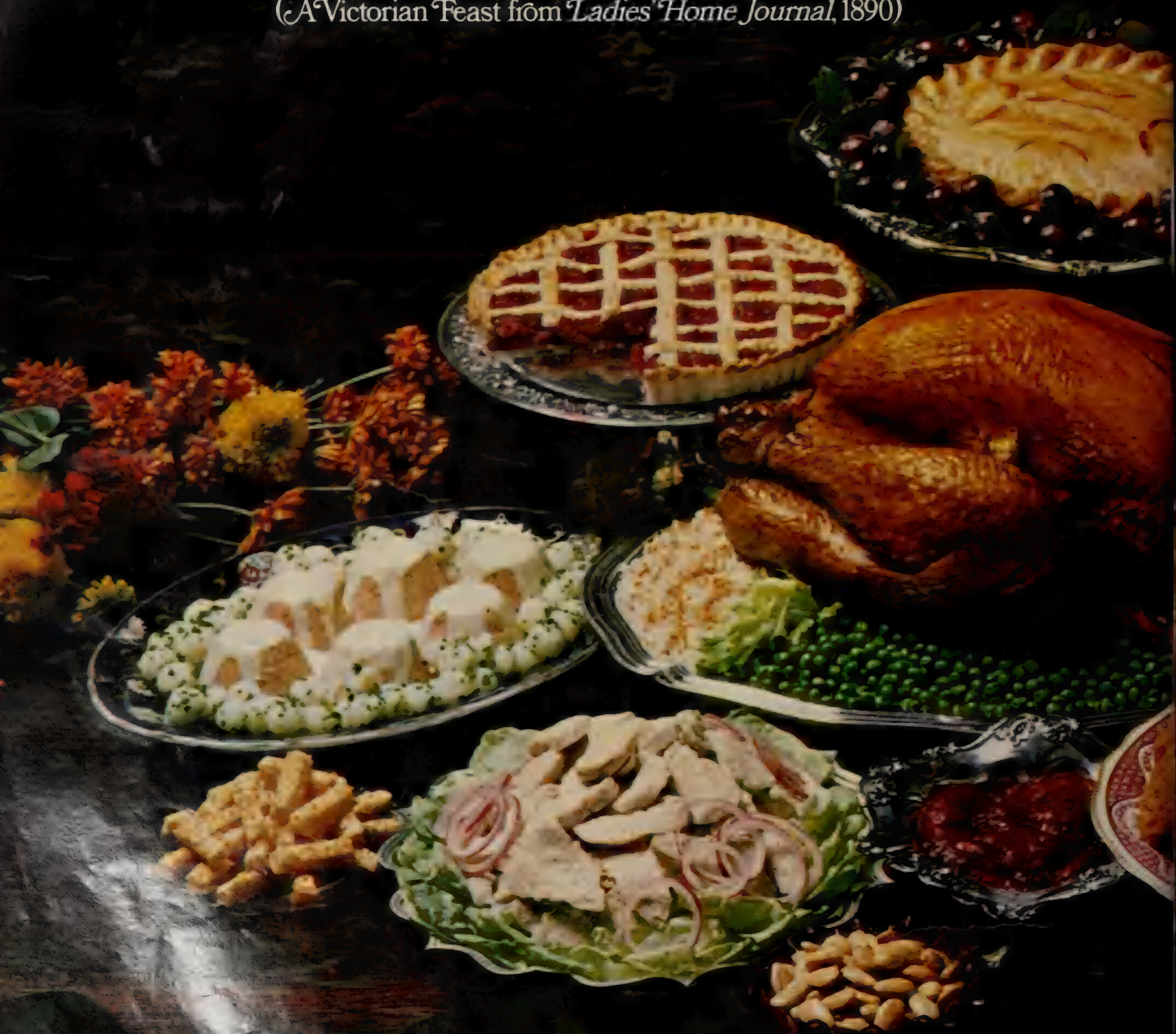
Quiche aux Asperges.
classically prepared quiche with
custard filling with asparagus
tips in uncooked pie crust until
golden and puffed.

Thanksgiving, noted the JOURNAL's editors 80 years ago, is an occasion to "celebrate with a little extra feasting and open-hearted hospitality." And feast they did, our food-loving Victorian ancestors, judging from the quite spectacular menu recommended to readers by Food Editor of that time Mrs. S. T. Rorer. The bountiful meal, photographed here, starts with oysters and ends some seven courses later with, of course, nuts. In between, among many appetizing ideas, are salmon timbales with hollandaise,

a sweetbreads salad, three pies, including an unusual double-crusted pumpkin, and naturally the traditional turkey. To prepare the same menu in 1970 we made a few minor adjustments in the recipes—especially in the seasonings, which seemed a little light by modern standards. But otherwise we remained faithful to the original menu and the ebullient spirit of this splendid feast. "Follow the directions," as we wrote in 1890, "and you will set before your guests a dainty yet elegant meal." Turn to page 128 for recipes.

Thanksgiving Past

(A Victorian Feast from *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1890)







WORK WONDERS WITH RAISINS

When the first raisins were produced from the sun-drenched vineyards of California's San Joaquin Valley almost 100 years ago, no one suspected that these tiny, exotic tasting "dried grapes" would become a 250,000-ton-a-year industry. Today, a third of all raisins produced in this country turn up on the baker's shelves in breads, pies, cakes and cookies. But with their distinctive nutty flavor and natural sweetness, raisins can go gracefully almost anywhere on the menu. Below, we've used both the golden and the dark varieties of raisins in a number of delectable ways: in shrimp and raisin canapés, in the fruity stuffing of a beef roulade, in the filling of an ice cream bombe and for festive holiday fruit bars. More ways with raisins are given in our recipes on page 140.

Photograph by Tosh Matsumoto

Raisin Ice Cream Bombe



Holiday Fruit Bars



Siamese Canapés



Beef Roulades with Raisin Stuffing



TWINKLE, TWINKLE BIGGER STARS!



Campbell's Chicken & Stars Soup is brighter than ever.
Because the stars are bigger than ever.
Now bigger macaroni stars of enriched
durum wheat twinkle in a broth made with not
one, but two chicken stocks for extra
chicken flavor. You get the best parts of the
chicken, too. Campbell's Chicken & Stars,
now with bigger stars, is out-of-this-world-delicious.

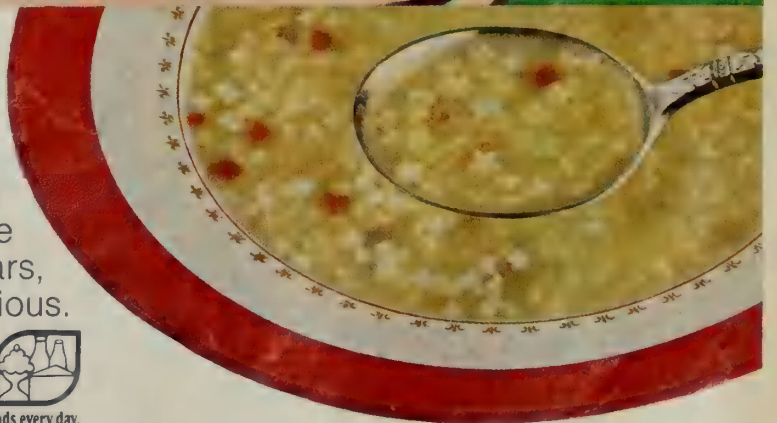
M'm! M'm! Good!



Eat the basic 4 foods every day.



A variety from each group means good nutrition.



BREAKFAST



THE MEAL YOU SHOULDN'T SKIP

The American breakfast has been defined as the blur between brushing one's teeth and starting the car. An exaggeration, perhaps, but all too true in too many families. Actually, breakfast is a very important meal—one that should not be skimmed on or skipped by your children—or by you. Among children, especially adolescents, non-breakfast-eaters have been shown to lag in school; they're often restless and inattentive, tire easily, and have little energy for outdoor activity. On these pages we stress the importance of breakfast. You'll find sound advice from a leading nutritional expert as well as tempting new menu and recipe ideas from our own food department.

Cereals? You Bet!—By Fredrick J. Stare, M.D.

I recently returned from three weeks in the Soviet Union, and what do you think I found children eating for breakfast? You guessed it—cereals. That didn't surprise me because since the beginnings of agriculture, cereals have been the mainstay of man's diet any place in the world. There are really only three foods that nourish the masses of humanity—rice, wheat, and corn—and cereal is one of the products made from them.

Now, the Soviet children were not eating prepared breakfast cereals, either American- or Russian-made, but rather cereal foods—bread and a cereal gruel. I doubt that anyone would accuse the Soviet Union of undermining the health of their children by feeding them largely cereals—nor are American food companies undermining the health of our children by pushing or, as one critic put it, "huckstering" prepared cereals!

My first meal in Moscow featured two eggs, sunny side up. Not my choice, as anyone who knows me can tell you. I frequently caution against too many eggs because of their high cholesterol content. But they were served and I ate them because I know only three words of Russian: *da* (yes), *nyet* (no), and *spasebo* (thank you). So it was eggs or nothing. They tasted good, however.

My wife was amused by the incident, since our trip to the Soviet Union had been delayed 24 hours so that I could appear before a Senate subcommittee to defend cereals and caution against too many eggs.

What I testified to in Washington was that dry cereals are nutritionally good when served with milk—still better when served with milk and fruit. This applies to any breakfast cereal, because they're all good foods. Served with milk (which is the way 95 percent of them are consumed), fruit, a slice of toast or a roll, some polyunsaturated margarine and a little jelly or jam, dry cereals are just as nutritious as a bacon-and-egg breakfast with fruit, toast and something to put on the toast.

Cereals contribute importantly to the nutritional quality of the total breakfast. They provide approximately the same amount of protein and calories as a bacon-and-egg breakfast, substantially more calcium, riboflavin and iron, and substantially less saturated fat and cholesterol. These are all health plusses.

Why then all this recent rumpus about dry

cereals? It all came about from testimony given before that same Senate subcommittee by Robert B. Choate, Jr., a friend of mine, who testified as a private person and "citizen-lobbyist on the issue of hunger." Bob ranked 60 cereals by brand name, according to what he called the "cumulative nutrient content" of the dry cereal. At the top was a favorite, Kellogg's Product 19, but at the bottom was another favorite, Nabisco's Shredded Wheat.

Ever tried eating Shredded Wheat dry? Don't! But when you add milk, strawberries, peaches, or bananas, it's delicious—and comprises the main part of a good, nutritious breakfast. "Empty calories," said Mr. Choate, impugning 40 popular brands of breakfast cereals. Hardly! All of the 60 products he listed in what I consider a meaningless list contain 7 to 10 percent protein, and some contain 18 to 20 percent. Most have various amounts of certain vitamins added and, frequently, the mineral iron.

Any food that has 7 to 10 percent protein, plus the other nutrients in cereals, does not fit the concept of "empty" calories. In any case, what do we mean by "empty calories"? I think we mean the kind that add zest to a meal but little else—like sugar, honey and cooking oils or fats that do not provide any of the fat-soluble vitamins or the essential fatty acids.

The average dry-cereal serving is one ounce, and this amount contains an average of two or three grams of protein. Four ounces of milk—the usual amount used with cereal—would provide three to four grams of protein (plus riboflavin, calcium and the many other nutrients of milk). This means you receive a total of five to seven grams of protein—about the same amount as in an egg plus two strips of bacon. And the combination of cereal and milk proteins is equally nutritious. That includes the cereals with sugar added, those Mr. Choate accuses of programming our children "to demand sugar and sweetness in every food."

What's wrong with sugar as a part of any good meal? Not a thing. Physiologically, sugar only represents calories, but calories are necessary and important. They're really the first requirement for life. Psychologically, they make many foods taste better and hence help get the food eaten. What good does it do to have some "super food," nutritionally speaking, if people don't like its taste, texture, or color and refuse to eat it? Ever succeed in giving a youngster a breakfast food he dislikes, no matter how nutritious it is?

This is not to say we should approve of

cereals that are all taste and little nutrition. But, as eaten—with milk, as part of breakfast—none of them are all taste and little nutrition. As for critics who demand cereals be made a perfect food, nonsense! There is no such thing—not even mother's milk. I've been asked, "Should breakfast cereals provide 33 percent of the Minimum Daily Requirements of basic nutrients?" I don't think any meal necessarily needs to provide any arbitrary percentage of the total daily nutrient requirements. People who eat a large lunch or dinner should have a smaller breakfast and vice versa. Those who snack should have smaller meals. What's important is the total daily intake over 24 (continued)

Nutrition—a Journal Refresher Course

With all the continuing talk about nutrition, it's good every once in a while to stop and remember just what the various elements involved are and what they do for us. The five broad categories of nutrition are: protein, fat, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins. We get them from the food groups that Dr. Stare talks about in this way: (1) Meat, fish, poultry, eggs, legumes supply protein, fat, minerals (iron, potassium) and vitamins (A, B, D). (2) Milk and dairy products supply protein, fat, minerals (calcium) and vitamins (A, B, D). (3) Vegetables and fruits supply carbohydrates, minerals (potassium, iron) and vitamins (A, B, C). (4) Cereals—breads, pasta and breakfast cereals—supply carbohydrates, protein, minerals (potassium, iron) and vitamins (B). Here, in the simplest of terms, is what each of the various elements does for us:

Protein: Basic to all body building and repair; necessary to fight infection.

Fat: Used in keeping skin smooth and building nerve tissue; stored for reserve energy.

Carbohydrates: Used for "ready" energy; help in digestion of fat and carbohydrates. Conserve proteins.

Minerals: Calcium—for strong bones and teeth; helps muscles work.

Iron—essential for healthy red blood cells.

Potassium—for proper muscle and nerve function.

Vitamins: A—for healthy eyes and skin and high resistance to infection. Essential to growth.

B—a whole group including thiamin, riboflavin, niacin and B12.

Essential for proper working of nervous and digestive systems, for growth and strong heart; for healthy skin and eyes. Prevents fatigue.

C—for all-over health, resistance to infection, recovery from injury.

D—necessary to proper bodily use of calcium.

Dr. Stare is Professor and Chairman, Department of Nutrition, School of Public Health, Harvard University, and the author of a nationally syndicated column, Food and Your Health.



Should an 8-year-old worry about cholesterol?

He can't worry about something he doesn't know about. But *you* should.

Cholesterol can start building up in a kid. Up and up until he grows up with a real health risk.

Heart specialists recommend reducing one important risk of coronary disease tomorrow by starting your family on low cholesterol meals today.



Foods low in saturated fats, high in polyunsaturates... to help reduce serum cholesterol. Foods like Fleischmann's® Margarine. It's made from 100% corn oil. And there's no better oil to help lower cholesterol levels.

And no better tasting margarine. Fleischmann's—the corn oil margarine doctors name most... and people like best.

hours and not the amount at any one meal.

Of course, a good breakfast is healthy for you—and your children. Children who do not eat breakfast have a less desirable food intake than those who eat breakfast. Among all groups, especially adolescents, non-breakfast-eaters have the most inadequate nutrition records. Youngsters who skip breakfast may not do well in school. They're often restless and inattentive, tire easily, and have little energy for outdoor activity. So by all means encourage youngsters to eat the right kind of breakfast. And if you're interested in your own health (as who isn't?), join them.

But whether we should require food manufacturers to increase the vitamins, minerals and other nutrients in a vast army of foods, including breakfast cereals, is open to question. Those who favor more fortification reason that since we can't be sure what foods people will eat we should fortify them heavily. In effect this theory abandons the "balanced diet" concept dear to the hearts of all nutritionists who have worked hard to promote it.

The balanced diet involves eating from the Basic Four Food Groups, devised by Harvard's Department of Nutrition many years ago and subsequently adopted by the Department of Agriculture as a guide to healthful eating. It recommends that foods be chosen daily from each of the following four groups, preferably at each meal:

1. Meat, fish, poultry, eggs, legumes (2 or more servings per day).
2. Milk and dairy products (2 glasses for adults, 3–4 for children per day).
3. Vegetables and fruits (4 or more servings per day).
4. Cereals and foods made from them—breads, pastas, breakfast cereals (4 or more servings per day).

Why should cereal carry the burden of being the "perfect food"? My colleague Dr. Jean Mayer has written, "Cereals should be as nutritious as possible. . . . Many cereal products could readily be nutritionally upgraded."

Why isn't that done? Because there is no need for a few *all-purpose nutritionally complete foods*. After all, eating is one of the pleasures of life. Varied tastes, textures, aromas, colors are what make eating a joy. We'd all be bored to death if we had only a few foods to eat. Also, there are economic factors involved in nutritionally upgrading foods. Vitamins, minerals and proteins cost money, as does the technology involved. And foods already take up the largest percentage of the family budget. That's why I believe neither cereals nor any other food should be made "as nutritious as possible." Rather we should improve foods that really need improvement, and we should eat a variety of foods every day—some from each of the Basic Four Groups.

Even if the cereal companies were to follow Dr. Mayer's suggestion and make their many products "as nutritious as possible,"

they would run into problems with the U.S. Food and Drug Administration because it is against the law to add more nutrients to breakfast cereals. There is even a good chance that the FDA may even require that the level of certain nutrients already added to some cereals be reduced. Why? Because the FDA knows that you get these nutrients from other foods and wants you to eat a variety of foods. You may find it hard to believe, but the FDA is interested in your pocketbook! So am I. So is Bob Choate. So why all the noise?

Thus far we have discussed only prepared breakfast cereals as an important component of good, nutritious breakfasts. I don't want to imply that there are no other good breakfasts besides cereal breakfasts. Far from it. Waffles and pancakes, for example, are excellent—but again, they're cereal products. Or bacon and eggs, ham and grits, even hamburger or hot dogs can be a part of a good breakfast. More recently the so-called instant breakfasts have become popular. They provide what I consider a complete breakfast, and contain only half the calories of our more typical breakfasts. And, like our prepared breakfast cereals—what a convenience!

Cereals pull their weight and then some in the total nutritional picture, but don't expect them to be your vitamin pill. Get your vitamins from a well-balanced diet that combines a wide variety of the safe foods available in this country at all seasons of the year.

MENUS FOR BREAKFAST

There are four basic types of breakfast—weekday breakfast for adults, weekday breakfasts for children, diet breakfasts, and the hearty weekend breakfast, or brunch. The danger in all four is that little attention will be paid to nutrition or, on the other hand, to variety. Here are the JOURNAL's suggestions for keeping the meal fast—if that's important, and it often is—and yet increasing its food value for you and your family.

WEEKDAY BREAKFAST FOR ADULTS

Menu 1

Instant dehydrated or frozen breakfast drink

Instant hot oat cereal made with milk

Coffee/Tea/Milk

Menu 2

Fruit out-of-hand (the best are oranges, apricots, melons, peaches)

Whole-grain toast with cottage cheese

Coffee/Tea/Milk

Menu 3

Glass of powdered instant breakfast

Buttered whole wheat crackers Apple

Coffee/Tea/Milk

Reminder: Coffee and tea are only as good as the milk and sugar you add. For a nutritious change of pace, have instant hot chocolate.

WEEKDAY MENUS FOR CHILDREN

It's especially important that children through their teens have a nutritious breakfast. The adult menus above can be used for children, provided they are supplemented with another protein food.

Menu 1

Orange juice

Unsweetened cold cereal with eggnog (can be made quickly by beating egg, sugar, and vanilla into cold milk)

Buttered raisin toast

Milk

Menu 2

Applesauce

Bologna sandwich on whole wheat toast

Milk

Menu 3

Bran flakes with bananas and milk
Corn toasties with cheese fingers or ham slices or bacon strips

Milk

Reminder: Children may drink coffee or tea for breakfast, but it should be made with at least half whole milk. For additional food value, include instant chocolate or cocoa in the menu pattern. Many children will eat familiar protein food at breakfast, i.e., hamburger, bologna, franks and cold chicken. Do not discourage them just because to you this food seems untraditional at the breakfast table.

WEEKDAY DIET MENUS

Many adults on a diet think the best beginning to a diet day is to skip breakfast. Wrong! Eating regularly and in small quantities will help you stick to your diet. We encourage you to eat breakfast with three skinny menus below.

Menu 1 = 339 calories

Fruit compote

(4 halves stewed dried apricot,

3 stewed prunes)

Slice whole wheat toast

1 oz. (1 slice) Cheddar cheese melted on top

1 cup skim milk

Coffee

Menu 2 = 295 calories

1 cup orange juice

Poached Egg on Toast

½ cup skim milk

Coffee (continued on page 127)

THE BLENDER BREAKFAST

The instant "drinkable" breakfast—a whole meal in a glass—is the most recent innovation on the breakfast scene. These packets of various-flavored powders are easily mixed with a wire whisk or in the blender and provide a well-balanced, quick start to the day. And, as with so many convenience foods, you can introduce your own variations for different flavors, and as you'll see in our suggestions, you can at the same time increase their nutritional value by adding vitamins, minerals, and in some cases protein.

Whir in the blender, in addition to the milk called for . . .

Chocolate instant breakfast with

1 sliced banana

1 peeled juicy pear

1 cup pitted cherries

Eggnog instant breakfast with

1 cup sliced strawberries

½ cup cubed canteloupe or

any fresh yellow melon

Vanilla instant breakfast with

1 cup blueberries

3 whole, sliced apricots

Strawberry instant breakfast with
1 unpeeled juicy apple, sliced and cored

1 sliced peach

In all of the above, the proportions aren't terribly important, but we find that quantity of fruit added should be between a half and a whole cup. Fresh fruits in season are your best budget/nutrition buy; out of season, use canned or frozen fruit. Do not use citrus fruits in milk drinks, for they will curdle. For more protein in all drinks, add ½ cup dry skim milk to the ingredients called for.

You can improvise your own instant breakfast from scratch by whirring together ½ cup skim milk with 1 cup water, orange juice or milk. For a creamier texture, blend in a 2-oz. package powdered whipped topping mix. And, of course, any of the fruits mentioned above.

A woman with frosting on her face and a man eating cake in a kitchen. The woman is in the foreground, wearing a yellow and white checkered shirt, with her hand to her mouth. The man is in the background, wearing a red and black plaid shirt, eating a slice of cake. A box of Betty Crocker Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix is visible on the table.

When he compliments
you on your homemade
frosting, why bother him
with unnecessary details?

Betty Crocker Frosting
Mix has good taste and
creamy texture like the best
homemade. It's the mix
that doesn't taste like a mix.
And that's all that's
necessary.



This is the best toaster you can buy. Even if it only toasted bread.

No, we're not putting you on. It's true. Our toaster does more than anybody else's. That's because it's an oven, too.

We call it **Toast-R-Oven***. It bakes potatoes, makes a mini-meat loaf,

pops popovers, top browns cheese sandwiches. Does hors d'oeuvres, biscuits, croissants, muffins.

Even if it only toasted bread, this Toast-R-Oven still would be great. It takes on almost any shape or size

bread. Even thinks for you. Opens its door when the toast is done.

From General Electric, where else.

*TM General Electric Company

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

MENU 3 = 301 calories

nd orange
up cornflakes plus 2 tablespoons
ns plus
p skim milk
ee

inder: For added food value, flavor
milk with cocoa plus artificial
tender to taste. This must not be
weetened cocoa. Flavored extract,
e not adding food value or calories
dim milk, will enhance the taste
al for some people.

OLD-FASHIONED SUNDAY
MORNING BREAKFASTS

type of breakfast is a once-a-week
ience. The danger (temptation?)
at too much starch and sugar will
aten, so we have designed the fol-
g menus to be old-fashioned in
r, new-fashioned in food values.

MENU 1

h fruit compote
se omelets with scrapple or
usage
le wheat muffins
e/Tea/Milk

MENU 2

ge frappe (orange juice with
ange sherbet)
idual ham steaks
-nut bread with cream cheese
e/Tea/Milk

MENU 3

nd apples with dried fruit stuffing
orricots, figs, and prunes)
urt topping
dded wheat with butter, brown
gar and hot milk
n and eggs
e/Tea/Milk

nder: These menus could also be
into brunch (which is often the
meal to be eaten on Sunday) by
ituting a sophisticated, high-pro-
meat dish for the omelets, ham
s or bacon and eggs. Chicken
see, cream chipped beef on corn
l, or broiled trout are ideal.

Work Wonders
with Cereals

real with sliced bananas or peach-
a few berries . . . an old favorite.
don't stop there—we have all kinds
er ideas. Try a bowl of cereal and
a fresh sliced orange, or a sliced
sliced apple, sliced pink grape-
dried raisins, diced, dried mixed
cubed melon or pineapple or ap-
uce, broken nuts—walnuts, pecans
monds. We could go on, but you
e idea—the list is endless.

r a change of flavor and super-
tion, pour over cereal milk into
n your favorite "instant" pow-
breakfast has been stirred. Or
one of our suggested blender
fasts and pour over a bowl of
l.

iss breakfast or Mussli provides
best nutritional beginning to the
for much of Europe and Scandi-
l. Mix together ½ cup quick-cook-
ats and 1 cup milk. Add ¼ cup
diced dried mixed fruit, raisins,
n nuts. Refrigerate 15 minutes to
(can be as long as overnight) be-
adding ¼ cup sliced fresh fruit.
e with a sprinkling of cinnamon.

A light sprinkling of a spice over
cereals gives lots of zest and appetite
appeal. The best ones to use are cinna-
mon, ginger, nutmeg, allspice and car-
damon. But remember, spices do not
have food value.

Two-in-one cereal: Add extra
crunchiness and value to hot oat cereal
by sprinkling it with crispy ready-to-
eat bran cereal.

Leftover ham? Heat it in a cheese-
flavored white sauce, add Italian green

beans, stir in ready-to-eat unsweet-
ened, fortified cereal and you have a
company casserole.

Quick croutons: Use ready-to-eat,
oat-vitamin cereals in Caesar salad or
soups in place of croutons. Melt butter
or margarine in a pan. Add cereal. Stir
till evenly browned.

Top your favorite custard, pudding
or ice cream with ¼ cup cereal "nuts."

Finish with a light sprinkle of nutmeg.

Crispy broiled tomatoes: Mix

crushed, vitamin-fortified cereal
crumbs with butter and other season-
ings, if desired. Sprinkle tomato halves
with crumbs. Broil 6 inches from heat,
4 to 5 minutes.

END

*You need someone with you to
enjoy being happy, but you have
to be alone to get the most out of
being depressed.*

—Poor Woman's Almanac



Remember arguing with your little brother
about what kind of pie Mom should make?
Pepperidge Farm remembers,
and makes peace with individual Pie Tarts.

We have a tasty answer to settle
the argument: our personal Pie
Tarts. Each ~~has~~ delicious piece of pie,
richly filled in a squared-off, flaky
crust. You buy them frozen, bake
about 15 minutes at home. Try
any of our delicious varieties
tonight: Apple, Blueberry,
Lemon or Coconut Creme.

5¢

PEPPERIDGE FARM

5¢

Save 5¢ on
any flavor of Pie Tarts

MR. GROCER: When all terms of this offer have been fulfilled by the consumer and by you, this coupon will be redeemed for face value. See us for handling. Mail to: Coupon Redemption, Pepperidge Farm, P.O. Box 18, Danbury, N.C. 27820.

(CLAUSE: Any other indication constitutes an invoice proving a change of efficient stock. Your coupon presented must be shown upon request. Failure to do so may, at our option, void all coupons submitted for redemption or which no proof of purchase is shown. Subject to state and local regulations. Void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law or if presented by resale agencies, coupon brokers or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise. Cash value 1/20¢. Pepperidge Farm, Incorporated, Norwalk, Conn. 06852. Offer expires November 30, 1971.

In your grocer's freezer



STORE COUPON

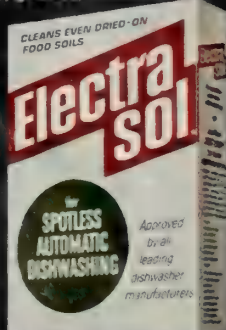
The first dishwasher detergent for dry-hards. Electrasol.

Dry-Hards are tough-to-clean foods—like baked beans, eggs, oatmeal, sauces—that dry and cake and stick. And stick. And stick. To plates. On forks. Filming glasses. Electrasol, fortified with 20% more active cleaning ingredients than other leading dishwasher detergents, really removes Dry-Hards. Lets your dishwasher give you cleaner, brighter, film-free dishes.



Test proves fortified Electrasol's superiority against Dry-Hards. Bean Crock with Dry-Hard mixture of baked beans in milk sauce, 200° F., soaked on for 45 minutes at 125° F. came out looking like this. Washed in another leading dishwasher detergent.

Identical Dry-Hard baked-bean crock, but cleaned in Electrasol, fortified with 20% more active cleaning ingredients than other leading brands. Try Electrasol. It removes Dry-Hard soils, prevents them from drying into spots on dishes, glassware, silverware.



Paul, Minnesota

THANKSGIVING 1890 continued from page 118

- OYSTERS ON THE HALF SHELL
- CLEAR TOMATO SOUP
- SALTED ALMONDS ☐ OLIVES, CELERY
- TIMBALE OF SALMON
- SAUCE HOLLANDAISE
- POTATO BALLS WITH PARSLEY SAUCE
- TURKEY ☐ CRANBERRY SAUCE
- BOILED RICE ☐ PEAS
- SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES
- SWEETBREAD SALAD ☐ CHEESE FINGERS
- PUMPKIN PIE ☐ MINCE PIE
- CRANBERRY TART
- NUTS ☐ RAISINS ☐ FRUIT
- COFFEE

OYSTERS ON THE HALF SHELL, or BAKED OYSTERS

We give this recipe for baked oysters (also from an 1890 JOURNAL) in case you can't get fresh-shucked ones to serve on the half shell.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1 pt. fresh or | Milk |
| 2 (8-oz.) cans | 2 egg yolks |
| oysters | 1 Tb. lemon juice |
| 3 Tb. butter or | 1 Tb. chopped |
| margarine | parsley |
| 2 Tb. flour | 1 cup fine fresh |
| 1/2 tsp. salt | bread crumbs |
| 1/2 tsp. paprika | |
| 1/4 tsp. pepper | |

Butter 6 scrubbed scallop shells or ramekin dishes. Preheat oven to 375°. Drain and wash 1 pint fresh oysters. Place in hot saucepan, stirring until oysters curl around edge. Remove from pan. Set aside. Pour off and reserve liquid. (If using canned oysters, drain off liquid and reserve.) In same pan, melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine (reserving remaining 2 tablespoons), blend in 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon each salt and paprika and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Remove from heat.

Add milk to oyster liquid to make 1 1/2 cups and stir into flour mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens and comes to a boil. Beat 2 egg yolks, slightly. Stir about 1/4 cup hot sauce into egg yolks then return to remaining sauce, stirring constantly until again thickened, but do not let boil. Stir in oysters, 1 tablespoon each lemon juice and chopped parsley and heat 1 minute. Spoon into buttered scallop shells or ramekin dishes.

In small saucepan melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 1 cup fine fresh bread crumbs. Toss until evenly mixed. Sprinkle over top of oysters in shells. Bake at 375° for 20 minutes or until crumbs are golden and sauce is bubbling around edge.

Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley sprigs to serve. Serves 6.

CLEAR TOMATO SOUP

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1 (28-oz.) can | 1 Tb. sugar |
| Italian plum | 1 Tb. lemon juice |
| tomatoes | 1 tsp. salt |
| 1 qt. water | 1/4 tsp. pepper |
| 1 cup chopped | 1/4 tsp. grated |
| onion | lemon rind |
| 1 bay leaf | 2 Tb. butter or |
| 1/4 cup cornstarch | margarine |
| | 1/4 lb. cooked ham |

In large saucepan heat 1 (28-oz.) can Italian plum tomatoes, 1 quart water, 1 cup chopped onion and 1 bay leaf to a boil. Reduce heat, simmer 15 minutes. Strain through a sieve to remove seeds. Return mixture to saucepan.

In a small bowl, mix 1/4 cup cornstarch and 1 tablespoon sugar. Stir in a small amount tomato mixture to make a smooth paste, then stir paste into remaining tomato mixture. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon each pepper and grated lemon rind.

Return to heat and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly and comes to a boil. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat; stir in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until melted. Pour into soup tureen. Cut 1/4 cooked ham into 1/2-inch dice and sprinkle over tomato soup. Serve with croutons. Serves 6 to 8.

TIMBALE OF SALMON

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1 (16-oz.) can red | 1/2 tsp. salt |
| salmon | 1/8 tsp. pepper |
| 1/4 cup heavy cream | 4 eggs |

Preheat oven to 400°. Drain 1 (16-oz.) can red salmon and remove and discard skin and bones. Flake salmon in a bowl, mash with a fork, gradually work in 1/4 cup heavy cream. Sprinkle with 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper.

Separate eggs. Beat egg whites until they form soft peaks. Beat egg yolks well then stir into salmon mixture. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into 6 buttered 6-oz. custard cups, filling two-thirds full. Place cups in 11x9x2-inch baking pan and set in oven. Pour boiling water into pan to depth of 1 inch. Bake 15 minutes or until small knife inserted in center of timbale comes out clean.

To unmold: Run a small sharp knife around edge, invert onto small platter. Arrange unmolded timbales on serving platter, surround with hot parsley buttered potato balls, and spoon sauce. Hollandaise Sauce (recipe below) may be served with each, if you wish.

SAUCE HOLLANDAISE

Even in 1890, we were looking for—found—a foolproof hollandaise.

Bring 2 cups water to boiling. Add 1 cup sliced onion, 1 bay leaf and 1/4 spoon mace. Remove from heat. Stand 10 minutes.

Blend 2 tablespoons flour and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until smooth. Gradually stir in the hot, seasoned water, discarding onions and leaf. Stir until mixture is smooth, then return it to saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Remove from heat.

Beat 2 egg yolks slightly. Stir about 1/4 cup hot mixture into egg yolks, then return to remaining mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and bubbles around edge. Remove from heat.

Stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper. Strain and spoon over Salmon Timbales or pour into a sauce boat to serve separately. Makes 2 cups.

ROAST TURKEY

In 1890 our food editor advised, in selecting a turkey, to make sure its "bill and toes are soft." The goodness for our modern butchers and packaging.

8- to 10-lb. ready-to-stuff turkey

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Dressing: | 1/2 tsp. pepper |
| 1 cup chopped | 6 cups fresh bread |
| onion | crumbs (about |
| 1 clove garlic, | slices) |
| crushed | 1 egg |
| 1 cup butter or | 1/2 cup water |
| margarine | |
| 1 1/2 tsp. salt | 1/2 cup butter or |
| 1 tsp. poultry | margarine, melted |
| seasoning | 3 3/4 cups water |
| | 1/4 cup lemon juice |

Remove giblets and neck from an 8- to 10-lb. ready-to-stuff turkey. Wash turkey thoroughly inside and out, under cold water, then pat dry with paper towels. Remove excess fat. (continues)

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Make Dressing: In large skillet, sauté 1 cup chopped onion and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 1 cup butter or margarine until golden. Stir in 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning and ½ teaspoon pepper. Add 6 cups fresh bread crumbs. Toss with onion mixture until well combined. Beat 1 egg with ½ cup water. Pour over bread crumb mixture. Toss until evenly moistened.

Preheat oven to 325°. Stuff and truss turkey. Spoon dressing into neck cavity. Bring skin of neck over; fasten to back with poultry pins. Spoon remaining dressing into body cavity and insert poultry pins across opening; lace closed with twine. Bend wing tips under back; tie legs together.

Brush turkey all over with some of ½ cup melted butter or margarine. Insert meat thermometer in inside of thigh at thickest part and place turkey breast side down on rack in roasting pan. Pour ¾ cups water and ¼ cup lemon juice or 2 cups water and 2 cups dry white wine into pan.

Roast turkey, uncovered, 1½ hours, basting with reserved melted butter or margarine every half hour. Turn bird, breast side up. Roast 1½ hours longer, continuing to baste with butter or margarine and pan drippings, until meat thermometer registers 185° or until juice shows no pink when breast is pierced with a fork. Remove poultry pins and twine. Place turkey on heated serving platter. Let stand 20 to 30 minutes before carving.

Meanwhile, pour fat and liquid from roasting pan into a bowl. Skim off all fat from liquid. Return 2 tablespoons fat to roasting pan, discard remaining. Measure liquid and add water or dry white wine to make 2 cups.

Place roasting pan over medium heat. Blend 2 tablespoons flour with fat until smooth and lightly browned. Gradually stir in the 2 cups liquid. Cook, stirring constantly, until gravy thickens and comes to a boil. Add ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning, salt and pepper to taste, few drops gravy seasoning. Strain. Serves 8 to 10.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

Wash 4 cups (1-lb.) fresh cranberries. Drain. Remove any stems. Place in large saucepan and add 2 cups water. Bring to a boil, cover and reduce heat to simmer for 10 minutes or until berries have popped. Press through a coarse sieve to remove skins. Return fruit to saucepan, add 2¼ cups sugar. Heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Remove from heat; pour into a bowl to cool. Makes 1 quart.

I hate to think of all the memorable things I've forgotten.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES

A simple and sophisticated way with sweets.

6 large sweet potatoes
1 Tb. butter or margarine
1 Tb. sugar
1 tsp. salt

⅛ tsp. pepper
2 eggs
2 cups fine dry bread crumbs
Salad oil for deep-fat frying

Scrub 6 large sweet potatoes. Place in large saucepan, add water to cover. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer, covered, 25 to 30 minutes or until

until golden brown. Remove to pan lined with paper towels. Set in a warm place to drain and keep warm. Serves 6 to 8.

SWEETBREAD SALAD

Wash 1 pair sweetbreads under cold running water. Drain. Bring 1 quart water to a boil and add 1 onion, sliced, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 12 whole cloves, 1 bay leaf and the sweetbreads. Reduce heat, cover and simmer sweet-

ways be cooked the same day they been purchased. They may be cooked a day ahead for the salad.

CHEESE FINGERS

This recipe was new to us and it will be to you, too, unless it was one your grandmother taught you. Of course, pie crust mix is from the 20th century.

Prepare 1 (9½- to 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix according to pkg. directions. S

into a ball; divide in half. Roll out half into a 10-inch rectangle. Trim edges and place on greased cookie sheet. Sprinkle 1 cup grated sharp cheddar cheese over pastry. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon paprika. Roll out other half of pastry to 10-inch rectangle. Place cheese; trim edges with lower pastry. Beat egg white slightly and brush over pastry. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sesame seeds.

Using a long sharp knife, press through pastry on cookie sheet to cut pastries into 3x½-inch strips.

Bake at 400° for 20 minutes or until golden. Remove to wire rack to cool. Store in tightly covered container. Makes 80 finger

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TRADEMARK



COVERED PUMPKIN PIE

Pumpkin pie with a delicious crust—old-fashioned enough to be new.

1 (9½- to 11-oz.) pie crust mix
2 eggs
1 cup cooked or canned pumpkin
1 cup half-and-half
⅓ cup sugar
½ tsp. ground ginger
¼ tsp. mace
¼ tsp. cinnamon

Preheat oven to 350°. Prepare 1 (9½- to 11-oz.) pie crust mix according to pkg. directions. Shape into a ball, then divide in half. Roll out half to ⅛-inch thick and fit into a 9-inch plate. Trim overhang to 1 inch.

In large bowl, beat 2 eggs well. Stir in 1 cup each cooked pumpkin and half-and-half, ⅓ cup sugar, ½ cup ground ginger and ¼ cup each mace and cinnamon. Mix until well blended and pour into pastry-lined pie plate.

Roll out remaining half dough to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut design as desired. Roll pastry around rolling pin, then unroll on top of pie. Trim overhang to 1 inch, then fold over edge of lower crust. Pinch together to seal and make a rope edge.

Bake at 350° for 1 hour or until filling inserted in center comes out clean. Serve warm or cold. Serves 6 to 8.

potatoes are tender. Drain, cook slightly, then peel.

Mash until smooth. Stir in 1 tablespoon each butter or margarine, and sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Shape into croquettes, using ¼ cup mashed sweet potato for each.

Beat 2 eggs just until frothy. Spread ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs in a pie plate. Dip croquettes, one at a time, in egg, then roll in fine dry bread crumbs, adding more crumbs as needed.

In deep electric skillet or large saucepan, heat 2 inches salad oil to 400° on deep-fat-frying thermometer. Fry croquettes a few at a time, turning once,

breads and seasonings 45 minutes.

Remove sweetbreads from boiling water and place in cold water for 15 minutes. Drain, remove skin and membrane, and refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Meanwhile, combine ¼ cup each white wine vinegar and mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper.

To serve: Arrange leaves of 1 head washed, chilled Boston lettuce on serving plate. Slice sweetbreads and arrange on lettuce with 2 red onions, sliced and separated into rings. Pass mayonnaise dressing. Serves 6 to 8.

Editor's note: Sweetbreads should al-

MEAT PIE
puff pastry from scratch, as our
s in 1890 had to; but we count
our blessings the frozen puff
shells.

12-oz.) pkg. frozen pattie shells
homemade mincemeat (recipe below)
(10-oz.) pkg. frozen pattie shells
at room temperature 1½ hours,
thawed. (If you wish to de-
pie as pictured, thaw an addi-
pattie shell from another pkg.)
lightly floured pastry cloth or
place 4 shells in a square with
touching. Press edges together
out to a 14-inch circle. Fit into
ch pie plate. Trim overhang to
1. Place remaining 2 shells touch-
roll out to an 11-inch circle.
ut trimmings and additional shell
ut ¼-inch thickness. With leaf-
l cutter or cardboard pattern,
t pastry leaves for decoration.
pastry shell with 1 quart Home-
Mincemeat. Moisten edge of
with cold water. Cover with past-
cle and trim evenly with lower
Press edges together to seal.
ge pastry leaves slightly overlap-
round edge. Slash center.
e pie in freezer for 30 minutes.
at oven to 450°, place pie in oven.
heat to 400°, bake for 30 min-
r until golden and juice bubbles
ter. Serve warm. Serves 8 to 10.

MADE MINCEMEAT

large kettle, combine 5 cups
ed, peeled, tart apples, 1 (15-oz.)
ark raisins, 1½ cups dried cur-
½ lb. chopped suet, 2 (4-oz.)
ners chopped candied citron, 1
ugar, 2 tablespoons grated lemon
1 tablespoon each ground mace,
non, allspice and nutmeg, 1½
ons ground cloves and 2 cups
cider. Bring to a boil, reduce
nd simmer, covered, 1 hour. Re-
cover, simmer 1 hour longer.
into 2 quart jars. Cool.

ERRY TART

Victorian food was not heavy, as
ght tart proves.

fresh berries, ½ cup coarsely
chopped walnuts
ed ¼ cup water
chopped, 1 tsp. ground ginger
ed apples 1 (9½ to 11-oz.)
sugar pkg. pie crust mix
ge saucepan, combine 2 cups
fresh cranberries, washed, and
ed, peeled apples, 1 cup sugar.
p coarsely chopped walnuts. ¼
water and 1 teaspoon ground gin-
ring to a boil, stirring constantly.
e heat, simmer 10 minutes. Let
while making pastry.
pare 1 (9½- or 11-oz.) pkg. pie
mix according to pkg. directions.
into a ball. On lightly floured
cloth or board, roll out two-
to ⅛-inch thickness. Fit into a
h fluted flan pan or pie plate.
overhang to 1 inch. Roll out re-
ng pastry to an 11-inch circle.
with pastry wheel or knife, into
h wide strips.
heat oven to 400°. Fill pastry
with cooled cranberry filling.
en edge of shell with cold water.
ge 5 pastry strips 1 inch apart
filling. Weave 5 pastry strips
and over first ones, at right an-
o make lattice top. Press ends of
to edge of shell. Fold overhang
ends and make a standing edge.
edge. Bake at 400° for 20 to 25
tes. Serves 6 to 8.

END

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The simplest form of savory pie or tart is made by cooking both pastry and filling separately, then baking them together for a short time. There is no risk of the egg mixture separating during baking, and the crust always turns out crisp and flaky. Foolproof—and delicious.

Prepare 1 (9½- to 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix according to pkg. directions. Shape into a ball. Divide in half. On lightly floured pastry cloth or board roll out half to a 13-inch circle and fit into a 9-inch pie plate. Trim overhang to ¾ inch then fold it to make a standing edge. Flute edge.

Prick side and bottom of shell all over with a fork. Cut a piece of foil 13 inches in diameter and fit carefully into pastry shell. Half fill foil with rice, dried beans or elbow macaroni. Refrigerate while preheating oven to 400°. Bake for 10 minutes, lift out foil and rice. Bake 5 to 8 minutes longer or until golden.

Filling:

- 2 cups chopped onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1/4 cup butter or margarine
2 (32-oz.) cans Italian plum tomatoes
1/2 cup chopped parsley
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. sugar
3/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. dried thyme leaves
1 tsp. anise seeds
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 cup fresh bread crumbs (2 slices)
1 (9-inch) baked pie shell
- Topping:**
2 eggs
3 Tb. milk
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 cup butter or margarine
2 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese

Make filling: Sauté 2 cups chopped onion and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine until golden.

Meanwhile, drain 2 (32-oz.) cans Italian plum tomatoes well. (Save juice for another use.) To onion mixture, add tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each dried thyme leaves and anise seed, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Simmer, stirring occasionally, 20 minutes. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh bread crumbs. Pour into baked pie shell and keep warm in low oven.

Make topping: Beat 6 eggs with 3 tablespoons milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper until well blended. In large skillet, heat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine just until foamy. Pour in egg mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring gently until eggs are set but still moist. Spoon over tomato mixture in pie shell and sprinkle with 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Place a strip of foil around edge of pastry shell to prevent crust from scorching.

Broil 6 inches from heat 2 or 3 min-

utes or until cheese and eggs are lightly browned. Cut into wedges and serve immediately. Serves 6.

2 cups chopped onion
1/2 tsp. dried chervil leaves
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 cup butter or margarine

- 1 large potato,
cooked and diced
(1 cup)
- 1 cup shredded
Cheddar cheese
- 1 (2-oz.) can
anchovy fillets,
drained
- 1 (9-inch) baked
pie shell

2 lbs. fillets of sole
1 (13³/₄-oz.) can
chicken broth
1 onion, sliced
2 stalks celery
1/4 tsp. pepper
2 cups sliced fresh
mushrooms
1/4 cup chopped
parsley

- 1 tsp. dried tarragon leaves
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 1/2 tsp. flour
1 (9-inch) baked pie shell
2 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese

Rinse 2 lbs. fillets of sole under cold water. Drain. Cut fillets in half cross-wise. In large skillet, combine 1 (13 $\frac{3}{4}$ -

stirring constantly until sauce thickens and comes to a boil. Remove from

In 1 (9-inch) baked pie shell, the poached sole and mushrooms in 2 alternate layers of each. sauce evenly over all and sprinkle 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Bake at 400° for 15 minutes. The sole is hot and cheese lightly browned. Cut in wedges and serve immediately. Serves 6 to 8.

A little more sophisticated method for making ■ is to partly bake the shell and use a partly egg-custard mixture. ■ frozen soufflé, for the ■ ing. In this way you avoid the danger of ■ tion of the filling and underbaked or soggy cr

Proceed as for baked (above) but remove from oven after 10 m. Lift out foil and rice, beans or macaroni, shell with egg white, fill and bake as directed the filling.

2 (12-oz.) pkgs. frozen spinach soufflé
2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms
1 medium onion, sliced
1 tsp. dried tarragon leaves
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 (9-inch) partly baked pie shell (above)

Let 2 (12-oz.) pkgs. spinach soufflé stand at room temperature until the soufflé is barely thawed. Re-serve at 375°.

Sauté 2 cups sliced mushrooms and 1 medium onion, sliced, with 1 teaspoon dried tarragon leaves in 1 cup butter or margarine for 7 minutes or until onion is tender. Spread mixture evenly in 1 (9-inch) baked pie shell. Spoon lightly thawed spinach over top, making layers. Bake 30 minutes, but working soufflé as possible.

Bake at 375° for 1 1/2 hours until soufflé is puffed and golden. If necessary, place a strip of foil around edge of pastry shell to prevent from scorching. Cut into wedges and serve immediately. Serve with fruit wedges, if desired. Serves 8.

2 (12-oz) pkgs.
frozen cheese
souffle
1½ cups diced
cooked ham
½ cup chopped
green onions
½ tsp. dried
leaves
¼ tsp. pepp
2 Tb. butter
margarine
1 (9-inch) pa
baked pie
(above)

Let 2 (12-oz.) pkgs. frozen cheese
flé stand at room temperature
barely thawed. Re-set oven to 375°

Sauté $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced cooked ham and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green onion in 2 tablespoons oil. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. dried thyme leaves and 1 tsp. black pepper in 2 tablespoons oil or margarine 3 to 4 minutes until ham is soft and ham brown. (cont)

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Preheat oven to 400°. Sauté 2 cups chopped onion with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried chervil leaves and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each salt and pepper in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine 15 to 20 minutes or until golden. Remove from heat. Add 1 large potato, cooked and diced (1 cup) and 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese. Toss to mix all ingredients, then place them in (9-inch) baked pie shell. (See recipe above.) Arrange 1 (2-oz.) can anchovy fillets, drained, in lattice pattern over filling.

Bake at 400° for 15 minutes or until cheese is melted. Cut into wedges and serve hot. Serves 6.

oz.) can chicken broth, 1 onion, sliced, 2 stalks celery, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil; reduce heat. Poach sole, a few pieces at a time, and turning once, 5 or 6 minutes. Remove with slotted spatula. Place poached sole on platter to drain. Strain remaining broth and set aside.

Sauté 2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon dried tarragon leaves in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine 5 minutes or until mushrooms are golden. Remove from pan and set aside. Stir $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons flour into butter in pan until blended. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup saved broth and continue

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bottom of 1 (9-in.) unbaked pie shell. Then sprinkle 1 cup shredded gruyère cheese evenly over bacon. Pour in egg mixture. Place in oven and reduce heat to 375°. Bake for 35 to 40 minutes or until puffed and golden and a small knife, when inserted in center, comes out clean. Let pie cool in pan on wire rack 15 minutes, then cut into wedges and serve. Serves 6 to 8.

PUFF PASTRY SHELL

A tricky but delicious variation on the classic quiche is to use puff-pastry for the shell. We simplified here by using frozen pattie shell dough.

To make pie shell: Let 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen pattie shells stand at room temperature 1½ hours or until completely thawed. On lightly floured pastry cloth or board, place shells touching in 2 rows of 3. Press edges together and roll out to a 14-inch circle. Fit into a 10-inch pie plate or flan pan. Trim overhang evenly. Fold to make a standing edge, then flute edge. Cut a 14-inch square of foil and carefully fit into pie shell. Half fill foil lining with rice, dried beans or pasta. Freeze 15 minutes.

CRAB QUICHE

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 (7-oz.) pkg. frozen king crabmeat, thawed | 1 (10-inch) unbaked puff pastry pie shell (above) |
| ¼ cup chopped onion | 4 eggs |
| ¼ cup chopped celery | 1½ cups milk |
| 2 Tb. butter or margarine | 1½ tsp. dry mustard |
| | ½ tsp. salt |
| | ¼ tsp. nutmeg |
| | ¼ tsp. pepper |
| | 1 egg white |

Preheat oven to 400°. Drain and flake 1 (7-oz.) pkg. frozen king crabmeat, removing any cartilage. Sauté ¼ cup each chopped onion and celery in 2

tablespoons butter or margarine golden. Bake 1 (10-inch) puff pie shell at 400° for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, in large bowl beat 4 slightly. Beat in 1½ cups milk, 1½ spoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon and ¼ teaspoon each nutmeg and per until well blended. Stir in meat and onion mixture.

Remove pie shell from oven. Reheat to 375°. Brush pie shell with white and pour in crabmeat filling. Bake at 375° for 35 to 40 minutes until filling is puffed and golden and a small knife, when inserted in center, comes out clean. Let pie cool in pan on wire rack 15 minutes, then cut into wedges and serve. Serves 6 to 8.

SALMON QUICHE

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1 (8-oz.) can red salmon | ½ tsp. dried dill weed |
| 1 (10-inch) unbaked puff pastry pie shell (above) | ¼ tsp. pepper |
| 4 eggs | ¼ tsp. hot pepper sauce |
| 1½ cups milk | 1 egg white |

Preheat oven to 400°. Drain and flake 1 (8-oz.) can salmon, removing skin and bones. Bake 1 (10-inch) puff pie shell at 400° for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, in large bowl beat 4 spoon dried dill weed, ¼ teaspoon pepper and hot pepper seasoning well blended. Stir in salmon. Remove pie shell from oven and reduce heat to 375°. Brush pie shell with egg white and pour in salmon filling. Bake at 375° for 35 to 40 minutes or until filling is puffed and golden and a small knife, when inserted in center, comes out clean. Let pie cool in pan on wire rack 15 minutes, then cut into wedges and serve. Serve with caper sauce if wish. Serves 6 to 8.

QUICHE *continued*

Spread mixture evenly in 1 (9-inch) partly baked pie shell. Spoon cheese soufflé over top, making layer even but working soufflé as little as possible. Bake at 375° for 1 hour or until soufflé is puffed and golden. If necessary, place a strip of foil around edge of pastry shell to prevent crust from scorching.

Cut into wedges and serve immediately. Serves 6 to 8.

STEP 3.

Here is the classic quiche—a cheese-egg mixture baked in an unbaked pastry shell—cooked together so the filling becomes a smooth set custard in a crisp and flaky crust. Master this technique and you have one of the most delicious and versatile dishes ever created.

For a crisp crust the unbaked shell may be brushed with egg white or spread with butter, then refrigerated so the egg white will dry or the butter harden. This will keep the filling from seeping into the crust before it sets.

For a smooth custard filling, the baking temperature must not be too high, but it must be high enough to cook the pastry. The way to compromise is to put the quiche in a 400° oven, then immediately reset so the baking will be at a lower temperature (375°).

UNBAKED PIE SHELL

Prepare 1 (9½- or 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix, and fit it into a 9-inch pie plate according to pkg. directions for an unbaked shell. Brush shell with egg

white. Refrigerate while preparing filling. Fill and bake as directed for the filling.

QUICHE AUX ASPERGES (pictured)

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| 4 eggs | 1 cup shredded gruyère cheese |
| 1½ cups milk | 1 (9-in.) unbaked pie shell (above) |
| ½ tsp. salt | 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen asparagus spears, cooked and drained |
| ¼ tsp. pepper | |
| ¼ tsp. nutmeg | |
| ¼ tsp. hot pepper sauce | |

Preheat oven to 400°. In large bowl beat 4 eggs slightly. Beat in 1½ cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon each pepper, nutmeg and hot pepper sauce until well blended. Sprinkle 1 cup shredded gruyère cheese over bottom of 1 (9-in.) unbaked pie shell. Arrange 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen asparagus spears, cooked and drained, over cheese. Pour in egg mixture. Place in oven and reduce heat to 375°. Bake for 35 to 40 minutes or until puffed and golden and a small knife, when inserted in center, comes out clean. Let pie cool in pan on wire rack, 15 minutes, then cut into wedges and serve. Serves 6 to 8.

QUICHE LORRAINE

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| 4 eggs | ½ lb. bacon slices, crisp-cooked |
| 1½ cups milk | 1 (9-in.) unbaked pie shell (above) |
| ¼ tsp. nutmeg | 1 cup shredded gruyère or Swiss cheese |
| ¼ tsp. pepper | |
| ¼ tsp. hot pepper sauce | |

Preheat oven to 400°. In large bowl beat 4 eggs slightly. Beat in 1½ cups milk, ¼ teaspoon each nutmeg, pepper and hot pepper sauce until well blended. Crumble bacon and sprinkle over

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nice anytime. They're
a sign of good taste.



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NDID FARE
ued from page 115

are 8 desserts from Albert
li's Splendid Fare. The com-
included are the author's.

ALASKA FLAMBÉE (pictured)
gest you prepare this filled cake
st one day in advance of serving
ore in the freezer. The final prep-
n can be done just before serving
duce a gala and delicious dessert
special occasion.

- | | |
|-------------|----------------------|
| inch cake | 4 oz. (½ cup) |
| ic Roulade, | orange-flavored |
| (w) | liqueur |
| t. vanilla | Meringue: |
| cream, | 3 eggs |
| ened to | 2 Tb. confectioners' |
| ading | sugar |
| sistency | Flambée: |
| orange | ½ stick (4 Tb.) |
| ions (If | unsalted butter |
| red, drain | 1 Tb. granulated |
|) | sugar |
| grapefruit | |
| ions (If | |
| red, drain | |
|) | |

cake on platter. Spread half of
softened ice cream on the cake.
ate the orange and grapefruit
ns on the ice cream. Sprinkle
half of the orange-flavored li-
e. Cover the fruit with other half
cream. Place in freezer.

Meringue: Preheat oven to 400°
at broiler. Separate the eggs and
he yolks and confectioners' sugar
er until the mixture is light yel-
Beat the whites until they begin
m soft peaks; then fold in the egg
and continue beating until they
peaks. Don't be alarmed if the egg
soften the whites at first; they
firm up as you continue beating.
h a spatula, completely cover the
and top of ice cream with me-
e. Place in oven (400°) for about
utes or under the broiler for
½ minute or until the meringue
tly browned.

a chafing dish at the table or in a
saucepan, melt the butter and
until it takes on a golden color,
e sugar and remaining half of the
r. While very hot, set alight and
it flaming over the meringue. Cut
ck slices and serve immediately.
s 6 to 8.

Note: We baked the Basic Sponge
Roulade in two 8x8x2-inch bak-
ans for 20 to 25 minutes. We used
e as the base for the Baked Alas-
nd wrapped and froze the other
other use. A few flecks of orange
grapefruit were stirred into the
ed ice cream.

SPONGE CAKE ROULADE
easily prepared basic roulade. a
but surprisingly resilient, firm
e cake, may be used as the cake
for Baked Alaska Flambée or
d with a wide variety of fillings,
ed pastry creams, or ice cream
soft fresh fruits. Or it may be
and covered with your favorite
as the Wine Cream Roll, or dec-
l as a Bûche de Noël (Christmas

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| s | ½ cup all-purpose |
| p granulated | flour, sifted |
| ar (¼ cup | Grated rind of |
| yolks, ¼ cup | 1 lemon |
| whites) | |

ere are enough things to do with-
one thing leading to another.
—Poor Woman's Almanac

Preheat oven to 400°. Cut piece of
waxed paper 12 by 18 inches to fit a
baking pan. Butter the paper, lay
butter side up on pan and set aside.

Separate the eggs: the yolks in one
large mixing bowl and the whites in
another. Add ¼ cup sugar to the yolks
and beat until light yellow. Add re-
maining sugar to the whites and beat
until they form soft peaks. Fold half
of the egg-white mixture into the yolks;
blend in the sifted flour and grated

lemon rind. Fold in remaining whites.

With a palet knife or spatula,
spread the roulade mixture over the
prepared paper on the baking sheet.
Bake at 400° for about 10 minutes, or
until lightly browned but still moist.

Remove the roulade from the oven
and cool on the baking pan for at least
10 to 15 minutes, then turn it upside
down onto another piece of paper light-
ly sprinkled with sugar and carefully
peel off the baked paper. Roll the rou-

lade in the sugared paper and wrap in
a dry kitchen towel until ready to fill.
Ed. Note: This may be baked in a 15x-
10x1-inch jelly roll pan. (continued)

Now that some of our national
holidays are going to be celebrated
officially on Mondays, could we
talk about the possibility of mov-
ing Thanksgiving to a Friday?
—Poor Woman's Almanac

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and
blend,
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FROZEN ORANGE SOUFFLE GRAND MARNIER (pictured)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 6 egg yolks | 3 oz. (1/3 cup) orange-flavored liqueur |
| 3/4 cup sugar | 8 cleaned orange shells or soufflé cups |
| 2 3/4 cups heavy cream, whipped (2 cups for soufflé, 3/4 cup for topping) | Powdered cocoa (optional) |

Combine egg yolks and sugar. Beat until stiff. Fold 2 cups of the whipped cream into the egg yolk mixture, then fold in the orange-flavored liqueur. Fill the orange shells or soufflé cups with the mixture and place in the freezer for at least 2 hours.

At serving time, top the soufflés with the additional 3/4 cup of whipped cream, using a pastry tube, spoon or spatula. Sprinkle with powdered cocoa, if desired. Serves 8.

WINE CREAM ROLL

- 1 sponge cake roulade (see page 135)
 1 1/2 cups dry white wine
 1/2 cup granulated sugar (1/4 cup for wine mixture, 1/4 cup for eggs)
 4 Tb. (1/2 stick) butter
 3 eggs
 2 Tb. cornstarch
 Confectioners' sugar
 Seedless grapes (optional)

Prepare roulade according to directions. Combine the white wine, 1/4 cup of the sugar, and the butter in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Remove from heat.

In a bowl, combine the eggs, remaining 1/4 cup sugar and the cornstarch. Mix well and add to the wine mixture. Return to low heat and stir rapidly until the custard is thick and smooth. Set aside to cool.

Remove the towel from the roulade, spread out flat and cover the surface with the wine cream filling. Carefully roll like a jelly roll and refrigerate for at least 1 hour before serving. Then sprinkle top with confectioners' sugar.

Note: If you have some seedless grapes available, spread them on the cream filling before rolling. Serves 6.

ZUGER KIRSCHTORTE

There are cakes and there is the Zuger Kirschtorte. Whether you're on a diet or not, I doubt if you will be able to resist the rare flavor of this cake.

The torte—a crumbly combination of textures—is a light sponge cake, soaked when cool with a heavily kirsch-flavored syrup and covered with butter cream and crisp, golden meringue; then coated on the top and the sides with flaky toasted almonds.

You don't have to decide whether you like hot weather better than cold weather to admit it's easier to get comfortably warm in winter than it is to get comfortably cool in summer.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

- Sponge Cake:**
 4 whole eggs
 2 egg yolks
 3/4 cup granulated sugar
 1/2 cup sifted all-purpose flour

Preheat oven to 350°. Butter a 9-inch round cake pan and dust lightly with flour. The cake pan must have at least a 2-inch rim. If it does not, tie on a collar of waxed paper or aluminum foil, buttered.

In a large bowl, combine the eggs,

- 6 Tb. sifted cornstarch
 5 Tb. butter, melted and cooled to lukewarm

- Almonde Meringue:**
 1/2 cup (4) egg whites
 1 cup granulated sugar

Reduce oven to 275°. Beat egg whites with 1/3 cup sugar until they form soft peaks. Gradually add another 1/3 cup sugar until it is absorbed and the egg whites form stiff peaks. Mix together 1/3 cup sugar, ground almonds and flour, and fold into the beaten egg white mixture until thoroughly blended.

- 1/3 cup blanched almonds, finely ground
 1/2 Tb. flour

Turn off the oven and let the ringes cool in the oven.

- Kirsch Syrup:**
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/2 cup water

Bring the sugar and water to a boil and then let cool. Add kirsch.

- Additional Ingredients:**
 Basic Butter Cream recipe (below) flavored with 1 Tb. kirsch

- 2 Tb. kirsch

- 1/2 cup toasted almonds (for decoration) (for decoration)

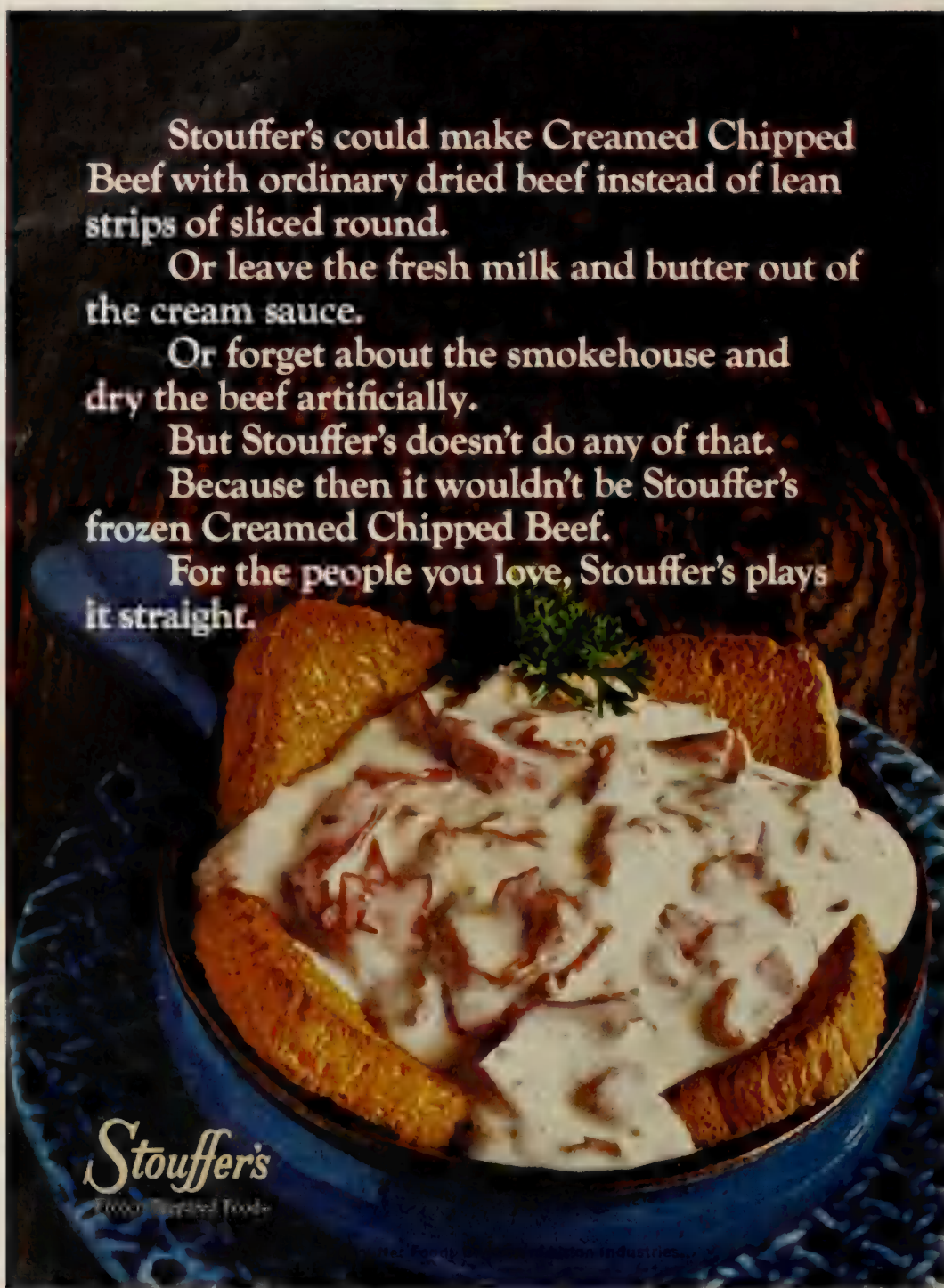
Stouffer's could make Creamed Chipped Beef with ordinary dried beef instead of lean strips of sliced round.

Or leave the fresh milk and butter out of the cream sauce.

Or forget about the smokehouse and dry the beef artificially.

But Stouffer's doesn't do any of that. Because then it wouldn't be Stouffer's frozen Creamed Chipped Beef.

For the people you love, Stouffer's plays it straight.



To assemble the cake, cover a paper-thin layer of brown crust from the bottom of the sponge cake with the kirsch-soaked sponge cake on the meringue.

Cover one meringue about 1/4 inch of the cream. Place the kirsch-soaked sponge cake on the meringue.

Spread the top of the sponge cake with about 1/4 inch of the cream. Place the second ring on top of the first cream. Trim the meringue all around to fit exactly size of the cake.

Holding the bottom of the cake in one hand, press the toasted almonds around side of the cake. Lightly sprinkle confectioners' sugar on top of the cake. Serves 8.

BASIC BUTTER CREAM

1 cup granulated sugar
 3/4 cup water
 4 egg yolks
 1 cup confectioners' sugar, sifted
 1/2 lb. (2 sticks) unsalted butter
 In a saucepan, bring granulated sugar and water to a boil and cook until registers 234° on a candy thermometer, or until reaches the medium-soft stage.

Place egg yolks in a bowl and stir in confectioners' sugar. Add the boiled sugar mixture thin stream and beat at medium speed, until mixture cooled.

In another bowl, whip butter until creamy, beat into the egg yolk mixture until well blended light. (Keep in a cool place until ready to use. Do not refrigerate before use. Makes 2 cups.

SWISS CHOCOLATE CAKE

- Cake:**
 3 (8-oz.) bars semi-sweet chocolate
 Pinch salt
 2/3 cup cold water

- 4 1/2 cups all-purpose flour, sifted
 1 lb. (4 sticks) unsalted butter, cold

It is important to roll out the dough in a cool part of the kitchen. An over-heated room will melt the butter and the dough will become too sticky to roll. The dough should become sticky, but not a sheet of waxed paper on top of the dough and roll the dough out. Peel the waxed paper after you have finished rolling the dough out.

Cut 1 (8-oz.) bar of the chocolate into little pieces and melt in a saucepan.

egg yolks, and sugar and beat at high speed until thick and light yellow. The mixture will triple in volume.

Sift together the flour and cornstarch and, with a spatula, fold into the egg mixture. Next, add the melted and cooled butter and mix only until the butter has been completely absorbed by the mixture.

Pour the batter into the cake pan and bake at 350° for 25 to 30 minutes or until golden brown on top and springy to the touch. Cool the cake in the pan for 5 to 10 minutes and unmold onto a sugared square of waxed paper.

Using waxed freezer wrap (or baking paper), cut off two square pieces and, with a pencil, trace a 9-inch circle on each square. Dust lightly with flour and place each square on a baking sheet.

Using a pastry bag with a small tube (# 3), cover the circles with meringue. Start with a small dot in the center and continue circling until the drawn circle is completely covered (like a coiled rope). Or, use a spatula and spread the meringue to the size of the circle and about 1/2 inch thick.

Bake at 275° for about 30 minutes or until a light gold color and crisp.

over a pan of simmering water. Stir the flour into a large bowl. Cut up, one stick at a time, into pieces, add the salt, then with knives or a pastry blender, work into the flour until the dough is a large, coarse crumbs. Add cold water and mix with a fork until the water is completely absorbed. In the melted chocolate and mix lightly with a fork. Scrape the bottom of the bowl. Form into a ball and place in the refrigerator for 30 minutes.

Preheat oven to 375°. Flour a flat surface and sprinkle the dough with flour. Roll into a rectangle. The dough is heavily marbled with butter. Cut the third of the dough to the center, fold again, and roll out a second time. Cut the dough into two equal pieces. Lay one 12x15-inch piece of freezer wrap or baking paper on surface and cover generously with flour. Place one piece of dough in water. Roll dough to fit the paper and press the edges to fit. Remove the paper and the dough onto a sheet, sprinkle with flour, and bake (375°) in the middle rack of the oven for 25 minutes while preparing second sheet of dough. Repeat the procedure. When the dough is done, remove it from the baking sheet and slide it onto grease-proof paper to cool.

Filling:
1/3 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup heavy cream
1/2 cup chocolate
1/2 cup heavy cream

Put the chocolate into small pieces and place in a small bowl over simmering water.

Combine the cream and sugar and stir until the cream forms soft peaks. Gradually pour in the melted, cooled chocolate and continue to whip until the mixture is smooth, the chocolate is completely absorbed and the color is a light brown.

For the cake: Cut the cooled chocolate in half and peel off the top layer. Place one layer of cake on a surface and cover with a quarter of the chocolate cream. Add the remaining chocolate cream, covering each one equal part of the chocolate cream. Reserve the chocolate cream to frost the cake. Decorate with chocolate curls.

Chocolate Curls:
1/2 bar semi-sweet chocolate
1/2 cup heavy cream

Put the chocolate into small pieces and place in a small bowl over simmering water.

Spread the melted chocolate onto a cool surface and spread as thin as possible. Allow the chocolate to set, but not dry, for several minutes. Then, holding a large kitchen knife so that only the last half-inch of the blade is in the chocolate, start in an upper corner, an inch from the top, and scrape the hardened chocolate from you. If the chocolate is at room temperature—not completely melted—it will form a curl. Repeat until the chocolate has been made into curls. If your kitchen is too hot, the chocolate will melt, but you can, as you melt it, put them on a plate and let them cool. Then, sprinkle the chocolate curls over the top of the cake. The cake should be stored in the refrigerator until you are ready to cut into squares and serve. Cut into squares and serve. 6 to 8.

SWEET PIE DOUGH

4 Tb. almond paste
Dash of vanilla
1 egg yolk
12 Tb. (1 1/2 sticks) butter

1/2 cup granulated sugar
1 Tb. heavy cream
2 3/4 cups all-purpose flour, sifted

Mix almond paste, vanilla and egg yolk to make a smooth paste. In another bowl, cream the butter and sugar, then blend in the almond paste mixture. Mix in the heavy cream.

Put the sifted flour on a pastry board

and make a well in the center. Put the egg mixture in the well. With your fingers, mix in a little at a time, only until the flour and egg mixture becomes absorbed. Do not overmix. Form dough into a ball and flatten out slightly with your hand. Wrap in a damp cloth and refrigerate for one hour or until cool.

Preheat oven to 375°. Lightly butter a pie plate. Roll out dough and line the pie plate. Trim edges and press rim with fingers to prevent shrinkage.

Lightly butter the bottom of another pie plate and set inside lined plate, on top of dough.

Turn the plates over and bake, bottom side up, at 375° for 5 minutes, then turn them over and bake for 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes 2 (9- or 10-inch) pie crusts. (For 1 crust, cut ingredients in half and eliminate heavy cream.)

Ed. Note: If using glass pie plates, prick shells. Bake right side up. **END**

Your bird and our rice make beautiful stuffings together.

Uncle Ben's
SEASONED
LONG GRAIN & WILD RICE

or add ham, cranberry, nuts and almonds

or add oysters and sliced mushrooms

or add raisins, diced apples, chunks of pineapple

or add sherry and chopped pecans

Here's 50¢ to prove us right.

UNCLE BEN'S WILD NEW STUFFING

1 pkg. UNCLE BEN'S® LONG GRAIN & WILD RICE MIX	1 cup hot water
1 1/2 cups sliced celery	1 jar (2 oz.) sliced pimientos, drained
1 1/2 cups sliced mushrooms	1/2 cup chopped parsley
1/4 lb. butter or margarine	1 pkg. (8 oz.) herb stuffing mix

Cook UNCLE BEN'S LONG GRAIN & WILD RICE MIX as directed on package. Meanwhile, sauté celery and mushrooms in butter 2 minutes. Add seasoned bread crumbs with hot water, add pimientos and parsley; mix well. Add hot cooked rice and mix. Use to stuff any fowl or use as side dish. (Complete recipes for all stuffings will be sent with your refund, or they can be obtained at your store or by writing to Recipe Offer, P.O. Box 19510, Houston, Texas 77024.)

From the makers of UNCLE BEN'S CONVERTED® RICE and QUICK RICE.



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UNCLE BEN'S, Inc.

Gentlemen, send my 50¢ cash refund to the address below. I enclose the price mark from my holiday bird (or meat) and the boxtop from the package of UNCLE BEN'S LONG GRAIN & WILD RICE. This mail-in order blank must accompany request

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Be sure to include zip code for a prompt refund. Limit one to a family. Subject to state and local regulations. Offer expires June 30, 1971.

Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-day Menus

Each month Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-Day brings the great world into your kitchen—the old world of kitchen lore, the new one of fine convenience foods and the best ways to fit them into your busy life.

1. Chilled milk, always served on All Saint's Day for brunch. Try it over rocks, with a spot of honey, a jigger of rum or frozen undiluted orange juice, a dash of allspice!

Cold Milk Punch
Brown-and-Serve Sausage Links
Fried Eggs ☐ *Grilled Tomatoes*
Apricot Coffee Cake (frozen or mix)

2. After All Saint's . . . All Soul's Day with nut cookies, shaped like beans. Cut refrigerated cookie dough into 1/4-inch slices; halve. Shape into broad beans. Bake; toss in cinnamon sugar.

Split Pea Soup ☐ *Fried Chicken*
Whipped Potato Entrée ☐ *Leaf Spinach*
Fruit Salad ☐ *Nut Cookies*

3. In Portugal, they honor Hubert, Patron Saint of Hunters. For a wild-game feast, simply add 2 teaspoons crushed juniper berries to packaged instant marinade for thin pork chops. Panbroil chops. Blaze with gin!

Sardine Romaine Salad
Hunters' Pork Chops
Applesauce ☐ *Kale* (frozen)
Sponge Cake (mix)

4. British Beef Pie made quickly by brushing a frozen beef pie with cream. Heat as always; sprinkle with grated sharp Cheddar cheese and powdered rosemary. Set under broiler till cheese melts.

Herring Snacks
Beef Pies with Rosemary
Brussels Sprouts in Lemon Butter
Sliced Tomato Aspic (can) on *Escarole*
Damson Plum Jam Tarts

5. Sensation at a Beverly Hills cocktail party . . . super colossal black olives, heated in their own brine. Serve torrid.

Hot Black Olives ☐ *Garlic Popcorn*
Casserole of Chicken Baronet (pkg.)
Chef's Salad ☐ *French Pastries*

6. Because royalty was supposedly all-knowing, all-seeing, the Swedes jokingly served Sun-Eye—the yolk of an egg surrounded by circles of chopped anchovy fillets and chopped onions on toast. Mix at table. Serves two.

Sun-Eyes ☐ *Pumpnickel Toast*
Swedish Meatballs ☐ *Jacket Potatoes*
Green Beans ☐ *Cucumber Salad*
Tiny Cream Puffs

7. For the Pilgrim Festival in Claremont—Clam Puffs. For 4: add 1 (7-oz.) can minced drained clams, 1/4 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon prepared yellow mustard and celery salt. Fold into 4 stiffly beaten egg whites and pile onto 8 slices white bread, lightly toasted. Broil 50 seconds. Serve instantly.

Corn Chowder with Clam Puffs
Assorted Pickles and Relishes
Mixed Cooked Vegetable Salad
Baked Pie Crust with Raisin Filling (can)

8. In line with World Eating for World Fellowship Week, Bird's Eye has International Vegetables—Mexican, Japanese, Bavarian, Spanish, Danish.

Bavarian Beans with Spaetzle (frozen)
Chicken in White Wine Cream Sauce
Artichoke and Tomato Salad
Mixed Fruit (frozen) ☐ *Ginger Waters*

9. Consider our quick version of a Far Eastern entrée of sliced cooked ham or tongue, warmed in a sauce made by heating a can of cherry pie filling with 1/2 cup sherry, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Cocktail of Crabmeat (frozen)
Ham or Tongue in Cherry-Sherry Sauce
Wild and Long-Grain Rice (mix) ☐ *Peas*
Cheeses ☐ *Assorted Crackers*

10. Blaze a new trail! Fill drained, canned pear halves with pecan pie filling (from a jar) mixed with a little grated lemon rind and coarsely chopped pecans. Top with more chopped pecans. At the table, blaze with peach cordial.

Caesar Salad ☐ *Spare Ribs*
Hominy Grits ☐ *Beets*
Giblet Gravy (can) ☐ *Pecan Pears*

11. Splendid, broiled, are sea scallops, thawed, brushed with butter and lemon juice. Cook on skewers about 4 minutes, turning twice.

Black Bean Soup (can) with *Lemon Slices*
Broiled Scallops ☐ *Tartar Sauce* (jar)
Hash-brown Potatoes
Tomato with Okra (can)
Macaroon-topped Butterscotch Pudding

12. Your own thing is this delectable relish—equal parts prepared corn relish and coarsely chopped mustard chow-chow pickle (undrained).

Celery Sticks ☐ *Olives* ☐ *Hamburgers*
Your Own Thing Relish
French Fries ☐ *Baby Carrots*
Citrus Fruit Salad ☐ *Honey Dressing*

13. Japanese Culture Day: Tempura, much like Italian Fritto Misto, is one of the few dishes to travel from Europe to the Orient. Dip raw shrimp, green beans, and cauliflowerettes into batter made of 1 cup each flour and beer and 1/2 teaspoon garlic salt. Deep-fry until pale gold in oil at 385°.

Chicken Consommé with Scallions
Tempura ☐ *Soy Sauce Dip*
Orange Sherbet ☐ *Almond Cookies*

14. At least once during Les Trois Glorieuses (three Burgundian Feast Days), serve Burgundian Beef Stew (frozen) crowned with mushrooms and onions—all browned in pork fat.

Frozen Burgundian Beef Stew
Mushrooms and Onions ☐ *French Bread*
Green Salad ☐ *Brie Cheese* ☐ *Grapes*

15. In Austria on Leopoldstag (or any day), parsley is not just for pretty, but to eat. Deep-fry, a handful at a time, for one minute at 380°. Drain on paper.

Chicken and Dumpling Soup (can)
Veal Cutlets ☐ *Crisp-fried Parsley*
Wax Beans ☐ *Red Cabbage*
Heated Cheese Strudel (frozen)

16. Discovery: To melt chocolate without a double boiler, let small, heavy skillet get blazing hot. Take off heat. For a new sauce, add all at once 6 oz. semi-sweet chocolate pieces, 1/4 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons each dry instant coffee and rum. Stir 15 seconds, then over low heat 5 to 8 minutes or until smooth.

Avocado Salad ☐ *Lamb Chops*
Mint Jelly
Tomato Halves ☐ *Potatoes au Gratin*
Pecan Ice Cream
New Chocolate Sauce

17. Celebrate Czechoslovakian Students' Day with a typical soup-stew. Combine one package frozen goulash, 1 can each condensed onion and tomato soup, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 2 teaspoons caraway seed, 1 soup can each beer and water. Bring to a boil; cook 8 minutes. Season at table with vinegar to taste.

Czechoslovakian Gulyas Goulash Soup
Raw Mushroom Salad
Poppy Seed Pastry

18. Onions, onions everywhere. Their big season! Cook in salted water 10 minutes; drain, toss 10 minutes till tawny in 1/2 cup butter. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons sugar, shaking pan 5 minutes more till onions are fully coated and glossy.

Broiled Flank Steak
Glazed Onions ☐ *Asparagus*
Chicory Salad ☐ *Berried Rice Pudding*

19. Nothing short of sensational—Betty Crocker's new feather-light Apple Cinnamon Upside-Down Cake.

Salisbury Steak ☐ *Crinkle Cut Potatoes*
Italian Green Beans ☐ *Endive Salad*
Apple Cinnamon Upside-Down Cake

20. From Milwaukee's Holiday Folk Fair come sweet and sparkling carrots: Combine 2 tablespoons each orange juice, pink catawba wine (or sherry) and butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon brown sugar and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Heat; pour over 16-oz. can carrots, drained.

Browned Ham Steaks ☐ *Kernel Corn*
Sweet and Sparkling Carrots
Romaine and Radish Salad
Pineapple Slices Topped with Lime Sherbet

21. Use Pillsbury's Sloppy Joe Seasoning Mix for Big Joe Loaf. Cut top from round, crusty loaf of bread. Remove crumb to hollow inside. Fill with Sloppy Joe mixture. Replace top. Cut in wedges and serve to the family for a hearty supper.

Tray of Raw Vegetable Relishes
Big Joe Loaf
Baked Apples ☐ *Hard Sauce* (jar)

22. A Green Fricassee adapted from an early 18th century "rule." Combine with 2 (15 1/4-oz.) cans chicken in gravy; 2 packages creamed, cooked spinach, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1/4 teaspoon powdered mace. Serve in shallow casserole, topped with 2 pkgs. cooked, drained asparagus spears. Serves 4 to 6.

Green Chicken Fricassee
Yellow Rice (pkg.) ☐ *Waldorf Salad*
Gingerbread Squares (mix)

23. Turnip time again. Remember whites are milder and cook faster than yellows.

Individual Cheese Soufflés (frozen)
Broiled Bluefish ☐ *Turnips in Cream*
Tomato-Celery Salad
Blueberry Turnovers (frozen)

24. Birthday of President Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready." Though a teetotaler, he doted on this sauce: Mix 2 tablespoons butter with 1 cup brown sugar, 1/8 teaspoon salt. Stir and warm till smooth. Add 2 tablespoons bourbon, 1 cup heavy cream, whipped.

Chicken Gumbo Soup
Fried Oysters ☐ *Chili Sauce*
Parslied Rice ☐ *Zucchini*
Date-Nut Cake ☐ *Buttery Bourbon Sauce*

25. Make Parisian Bisque by heating 1 cup cooked and mashed, or canned pumpkin with 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup, 1 soup can milk. Sprinkle with nutmeg and chives.

Parisian Pumpkin Bisque
Minute Steak ☐ *Julienne Potatoes*
Broccoli with Lemon Butter
Frozen Eclairs

26. To start your Thanksgiving . . . Hot Cider Cup served before or at the beginning of dinner, with or without a spike of applejack.

Hot Cider Cup
Relishes ☐ *Turkey* ☐ *Cranberry Sauce*
Cornbread Stuffing ☐ *Giblet Gravy*
Sweet Potatoes ☐ *Brussels Sprouts*
Pumpkin or Mince Pie

27. After the holiday—utter simplicity! Hamburgers make themselves when you use the new General Foods Seasoned Coating Mix. Shape and shake patties in bag with mix. Bake at 400° about 9 minutes (rare).

Hearty Stock Pot Vegetable Soup (can)
Oven-baked Hamburgers ☐ *Onion Rings*
Green Peas with Cream Sauce (frozen)
Black Cherry Gelatin (pkg.)

28. Way Down East they add about 3 tablespoons each brandy, black coffee and chili sauce plus a small 8-oz. can pineapple chunks, drained to 2 (16-oz.) cans Boston-style baked beans. Heat, uncovered, 15 minutes. Serve sauce and beans to 4 or 5.

Clam Broth ☐ *Down East Baked Beans*
Steamed Brown Bread (can)
Cucumber and Pimiento Salad
Lemon Pudding with Raspberries (frozen)

29. New! Gorton's Home-Style Breaded Shrimp. Stay crunchy and crisp even when you add a sauce.

Watercress and Onion Salad
Home-Style Breaded Shrimp (frozen)
Marinara Sauce (jar) with *Oregano*
Succotash ☐ *Spinach*
Nesselrode Pudding (pkg.)

30. Feast for St. Andrew—known fondly by the real Scots as "Himsel." Bakers in the 17th century made Tandy Cakes in his honor—like our refrigerated crescent rolls filled with plumped-up raisins and sprinkled with caraway seeds.

Scotch Broth ☐ *Salmon Steaks* (frozen)
Lemon Wedges ☐ *Carrots*
Parsley Potatoes ☐ *Warm Tandy Cakes*



Memories are made of this

A child remembers what his father makes something special, just for him. The happiest baking memories of all start with Gold Medal. And because Gold Medal's the flour that gives you a magical recipe, you'll have a delicious memory, even if little things go wrong (then you smile).

And only Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk makes Will and Billy Pies so rich, so creamy, so memory-making good. Eagle Brand is an exclusive blend of fresh whole milk and pure sugar. It makes plain pumpkin pie filling taste unforgettable...and go further.

Bake a Gold Medal Memory for someone today
It's easy with Borden Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

WILL & BILLY PUMPKIN PIES

PECAN PASTRY
2 cups GOLD MEDAL Flour *
1 cup finely chopped pecans
1 tsp. salt
3/4 cup plus 2 tbsp. shortening
4 to 5 tbsp. water

Heat oven to 375°. Measure flour, nuts and salt into bowl. Cut in shortening thoroughly. Sprinkle in water, 1 tbsp. at a time, mixing until flour is moistened and dough almost cleans bowl. Gather into ball; divide and shape into four Roll one round 1/4" thick; cut into four 5 1/2" circles. Line 4 med. muffin cups with circles; flute. Roll second round of dough into 12" circle; ease into 9" pie pan. Roll pastry under, flute.

* If using self-Rising Flour, omit salt.
Note: This recipe can make two 8 pies; bake 40 to 45 min.

PUMPKIN FILLING

1 can (30 oz.) pumpkin pie mix
1 egg
1 can EAGLE BRAND Sweetened Condensed Milk (not evaporated)
Blend all ingredients. Fill each muffin cup with pumpkin mixture; pour remaining mixture into pie shell.

STREUSEL TOPPING

1/2 cup brown sugar (packed)
1/2 cup GOLD MEDAL Flour
1/2 cup chopped pecans
1/2 cup firm butter
1/2 tsp cinnamon

Mix all ingredients with fork until crumbly. Sprinkle 1 tbsp. Streusel on each tart; sprinkle remaining Streusel on pie. Bake tarts 30 to 35 min., pie 50 to 55 min., or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool. Chill.

SIAMESE CANAPES (pictured)

Don't try to figure out how this will taste from reading the recipe. Throw caution to the winds and proceed as directed—for an authentic, if mysterious, taste of the Far East.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup creamy peanut butter | 1/2 cup finely chopped golden raisins |
| 1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing | 1/4 cup grated apple |
| 1 Tb. lemon juice | 1/4 cup chopped onion |
| 1 tsp. curry powder | 4 slices thin-sliced white bread |
| 1 clove garlic, crushed | 2 Tb. butter or margarine, softened |
| 1 cup diced cooked shrimp | 1/4 cup chopped parsley |
| 1/2 cup finely chopped celery | |

In a large bowl, beat 1/2 cup creamy peanut butter with 1/4 cup mayonnaise until blended. Beat in 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon curry powder and 1 clove garlic, crushed, until well combined. Add 1 cup diced cooked shrimp, 1/2 cup each finely chopped celery and golden raisins, 1/4 cup grated apple and 1/4 cup chopped onion. Mix together well. Toast 4 slices thin-sliced white bread. Remove crusts. Spread with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, softened, sprinkle with 1/4 cup chopped parsley, then spread with shrimp mixture. Cut slices diagonally into quarters. Refrigerate until serving time.

To make hot canapés: Spread unbuttered toast with shrimp mixture. Broil, 6 inches from heat, 3 or 4 minutes or until tops are golden. Cut slices diagonally into quarters. Serve hot. Makes 16 canapés.

BEEF ROULADES WITH RAISIN STUFFING (pictured)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 flank steak or 2 1/2 lb. round steak | 2 Tb. flour |
| Raisin Stuffing (recipe below) | 1 (10 1/2-oz.) can condensed beef broth |
| 1/4 cup salad oil | 2 bay leaves |
| 6 pared carrots, cut in 1-inch pieces | 1 tsp. dried thyme leaves |
| 6 peeled small white onions | 1/2 tsp. salt |
| | 1/4 tsp. black pepper |

Wipe 1 flank steak with damp paper towel. Cut in half lengthwise, then crosswise; then with sharp knife split each piece into two, making 8 pieces in all. Or cut 2 1/2 lb. round steak into 6x2 1/2-inch pieces. Pound with a mallet until 1/4 inch thick.

Make Raisin Stuffing (recipe below). Preheat oven to 350°. Mound stuffing, divided evenly, toward one end of each piece of meat. Starting at same end, roll up meat around stuffing. Fasten with wooden picks or with string. Sauté rolls 2 or 3 at a time in 1/4 cup salad oil over medium heat until browned on all sides. Remove as browned to large, shallow baking dish. When all are browned, sauté 6 carrots cut in 1-inch pieces and 6 peeled small white onions in same skillet until lightly browned. Place around the meat roulades.

Reduce heat and add 2 tablespoons flour to drippings in skillet and stir until well blended. Slowly stir in 1 (10 1/2-oz.) can condensed beef broth and 1 soup can water. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Stir in 2 bay leaves, 1 teaspoon dried thyme leaves, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon black pepper. Pour over beef and vegetables.

Cover baking dish with lid or foil. Bake at 350° for 3/4 hour, turn rolls, baste with sauce and bake 3/4 hour longer or until beef is tender. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving, if desired. Serves 4 to 6.

A tastier turkey, the with real old-time



RAISIN STUFFING

This stuffing can be made one or two days ahead and stored in the refrigerator.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1/2 cup chopped onion | 1 cup pkgd. herb-seasoned dry bread stuffing |
| 1 clove garlic, crushed | 1/2 cup golden raisins |
| 1/4 cup butter or margarine | 1/2 tsp. salt |
| 1/2 cup chopped celery | 1/4 tsp. black pepper |

In a large skillet, sauté 1/2 cup chopped

onion and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 1/4 cup butter or margarine until onion is golden. Add 1/2 cup chopped celery and sauté 4 or 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in 1 cup pkgd. herb-seasoned dry bread stuffing, 1/2 cup golden raisins, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon black pepper. Makes 2 1/2 cups.

RAISIN ICE CREAM BOMBE (pictured)

Just in time for the holidays—an easy “special” dessert.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 1/3 cup golden raisins | 1/3 cup coarsely crushed almond macaroons |
| 2 Tb. white rum | 1/4 cup toasted slivered almonds |
| 1/3 cup semisweet chocolate pieces | 1/4 tsp. almond extract |
| 1/3 cup chopped mixed candied fruit | 1 quart vanilla ice cream |

In a small bowl, combine 1/3 cup gold raisins with 2 tablespoons white rum. Let stand at room temperature 1 hour. To raisin-rum mixture add 1/3 cup ea semisweet chocolate pieces, chopp

Easy modern way, stuffing.



Easy directions for stuffing and roasting on Kellogg's Croutettes packages.

1. Stuff your bird with perfectly-seasoned Kellogg's Croutettes Stuffing.

Here's real old-time stuffing that's even tastier than Grandma used to make. So easy to fix, too. You start with Kellogg's® Croutettes® Stuffing Herb Seasoned Croutons, the modern croutons with the old-fashioned flavor of eight different seasonings. They're made from herb-seasoned bread baked especially for Kellogg's Croutettes, then neatly cubed and slowly oven-toasted. All you do is add liquids and the stuffing is ready to "pop" into your bird.

Festive Suggestion: Most families want more Croutettes Stuffing than their bird will hold, so satisfy 'em all by baking some foil-wrapped "Stuffin' Muffins", too. The easy recipe is on the Kellogg's Croutettes package.

2. Roast it golden brown the easy, no-baste way under a "tent" of Reynolds Wrap.

Your turkey browns beautifully, stays moist and tender, when you roast it under a "tent" of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. The foil eliminates the need for basting and prevents oven spattering. And, if you line your roasting pan with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap, you'll save yourself a scouring job. What could be easier?

Strong, tear-resistant Reynolds Wrap is Oven-Tempered for Flexible Strength.

Poppy
Cannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus

© 1969 by Kellogg Company

ixed candied fruits and coarsely
ushed almond macaroons; then add
cup toasted slivered almonds and ¼
aspoon almond extract. Mix well.
Place 1 quart vanilla ice cream in
frigerator to soften for 15 minutes.
Press two-thirds of the ice cream into
bottom and up side of an 11x4½-inch
iddle pan or loaf pan, lining pan with
even layer about 1-inch thick. Set in
e freezer. Mix fruit mixture into remain-
ing ice cream. Spoon into ice-cream-

lined pan. Freeze 6 hours or until firm.
To unmold: Loosen around edge with
small spatula. Quickly dip mold in
warm water and invert onto chilled
serving platter. Shake to release. Re-
turn unmolded bombe to freezer un-
til serving time. Decorate edge with
whipped topping and additional rais-
ins and mixed fruit. Serves 6 to 8.

HOLIDAY FRUIT CAKE (pictured)

If you like to send food gifts through

the mail, this is an excellent choice.

Butterscotch Cookie Layer:

1 (6-oz.) pkg. but-
terscotch pieces
½ cup butter or
margarine
1½ cups sifted all-
purpose flour
¾ tsp. baking
powder
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup dark brown
sugar, packed
Fruit Layer:
■ eggs

¼ cup dark brown
sugar, packed
¼ cup butter or
margarine, melted
1 (8-oz.) can slivered
almonds, chopped
½ cup dark raisins
½ cup golden
raisins
2 Tb. chopped
red candied
cherries
2 tsp. lemon rind
¼ tsp. allspice
¼ tsp. cinnamon

Preheat oven to 350°.

Make cookie layer: In top of double boiler over simmering water melt 1 (6-oz.) pkg. butterscotch pieces and ½ cup butter or margarine. Sift together 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour, ¾ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Remove double boiler top from water. Stir ½ cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed, into butterscotch mixture, stirring until smooth. Mix in flour mixture until completely blended.

Pat dough evenly over bottom of a 13x9x2-inch baking pan. Bake at 350° for 12 to 15 minutes.

Make fruit layer: While dough bakes, beat 3 eggs slightly in medium bowl; stir in ¼ cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed, and ¼ cup butter or margarine, melted. Then add 1 (8-oz.) can slivered almonds, chopped, ½ cup each dark and golden raisins, 2 tablespoons chopped red candied cherries, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind and ¼ teaspoon each allspice and cinnamon. When pastry is baked, remove from oven. Spread with almond and fruit mixture. Return to oven, bake 15 to 20 minutes longer or until top is firm.

Cool completely in pan on wire rack. Cut into about 2x2-inch squares. Makes 24 squares. **END**

Journal Shopping Center

FASHION—GIVE AND TAKE

PAGE 100: DUTCHESS gown available at Bloomingdale's, New York; Carson Pir Scott & Co., Chicago; Foley's, Houston; Emporium, Northern Calif. CINDERELLA dress available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

PAGE 101: MR. MORT dress available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores. POLY FLINKERS dress available at B. Altman & Co., New York; Filene's, Boston; Joseph Horne & Co., Pittsburgh; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; J. W. Robinson's, Southern Calif.

PAGE 102: FRANK jumpsuit available at Macy's, New York; G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.; all Casual Corner stores, Southern States; Jacobson's, Michigan; Contempo Casuals, Southern Calif. MOPPETS jumpsuit available at Lord & Taylor, New York; L. L. Berger, Buffalo; Joseph Horne & Co., Pittsburgh; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Sakowitz, Inc., Houston; Neusteter's, Denver.

PAGE 103: YOUTH GUILD dress available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Joseph Magnin, Calif. & Nevada.

SUNNY LEE dress available at B. Altman & Co., New York; Filene's, Boston; Gimbels, Milwaukee; Bullock's Wilshire & Palm Springs.

TRUNKS THAT STAY HOME

PAGES 110-111. Clockwise, starting at front center: Blue and yellow trunk tables, 11" x 11" x 19" high, \$40 ea., from B. Altman & Co., Fifth Ave. at 34th Street, N.Y.C. Emorodered heart-shaped boxes from Hungary, large, \$6, and small, \$4.50, from Paper Moon, 112 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. "Spring in a Cage" design for a needlepoint pillow, stamped canvas and yarns for working, \$35, from Titillations, 211 E. 60th St., N.Y.C. Chinese lacquer red trunks, 26" x 16" x 11½" high, \$230, and 23" x 13" x 9½" high, \$130, on special order from Kirk-Brumel Associates*, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. "Chez Elle" bath towel in Majestic purple, \$2, by Cannon. Antique brass table mirror, round cinnabar box, crystal and gilt bottles and perfume atomizer, all from David Weiss Importers*, 969 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Old trunks will vary in size and shape, and price depends upon their condition and rarity; the three shown are from The Antique Box, 203 E. 92nd St., N.Y.C. "Morocco" pattern yellow and green cotton, 36" w., \$3.15 yd., by Cyrus Clark. Trunk covered in squares of horn, 35" x 16" x 16" high, \$570, from Lutten Clary Stern*, 1159 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Antique English lap desk, and crystal and silver inkstand are from David Weiss Importers*. Horn pencil cup with pencils, \$7.50, from Paper Moon.

Rattan trunks with polished brass trim, large, \$150; medium, \$80, and small, \$45, from Thalia Falk Inc., 225 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Lyre music stand in mahogany is from David Weiss Importers*.

Black, leather-covered trunk with brass nameplate and trim, 38" x 19" x 16" high, \$225, from R.M.H. International, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.C.

Old Indian chest with inlaid design and brass trim, \$336, from Sona, 11 E. 55th St., N.Y.C. Trunk hamper in lizard pattern, 24" x 12" x 25" high, \$90, by B/L Designs. Victorian silverplate tureen, \$499, from Fortunoff's, 124 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Antique Worcester dessert plates from David Weiss Importers*.

Mexican trunk with suede sides overlaid with an openwork design of metal, \$290, from Rees & Orr*, 225 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Georgian-gilt Shetfield candelabra (one of a pair), \$1275 pr., and silver candle snuffer with rosewood handles, \$37.50, from James Robinson Inc., 12 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Indian box of wood inlaid with brass, \$82.50, from Sona.

Lucite table, trimmed with aluminum and brass to resemble a trunk, \$200, from B. Altman & Co. Lucite obelisk, \$65; four-, three- and two-inch lucite cubes, \$15, \$10, and \$7; faceted lucite cube, \$15; clear glass egg, and clear and aqua glass spheres, \$7 ea.; lucite stands for spheres and eggs, \$6, \$4, and \$2 ea., all from John Roselli, 225 E. 72nd St., N.Y.C.

Cocktail chest in Galaxy tortoise finish, 28" x 20" x 17", \$189, from the Circus '75 Collection by Henredon. Hoya cut-crystal decanters, \$30, \$27.50, and \$32.50, and Pasco old-fashioned glasses, \$4.50 ea., at fine jewelry stores and better department stores. Round brass box with domed cover, \$64, from Sona. Large box of green opaline glass from David Weiss Importers*.

Fur patchwork trunk, 16" cube, \$225, from Lutten Clary Stern*. Old English desk globe, and leather bound books, from David Weiss Importers*.

*Through decorators or the decorating departments of local stores.

NAPOLEON DIDN'T FIND THE MUSHROOMS IN THIS ROYAL CHICKEN DISH.

Napoleon's chef created this dish to celebrate a victory in the field. But he couldn't scout up the mushrooms. Napoleon approved it anyway.

You'll approve it even more when you add choice B in B Mushrooms, the plump, brown kind, all sliced and broiled in butter and packed in their own butter-rich broth. Broth you add to your cooking...not

brine you throw away, like you get with other brands! They come 3 ways: Whole Crowns, Sliced or Chopped.



Try this royal chicken dish on your Napoleon.

CHICKEN MARENGO

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 broiler-fryer,
about 2½ lb., cut up | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| ¼ cup vegetable oil | ¼ cup dry white wine
or chicken broth |
| ½ cup chopped onion | 1 can (3-oz.) B in B Sliced
or Chopped Mushrooms |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 2 tomatoes, peeled |
| ¼ teaspoon marjoram, crushed | Chopped parsley |
| 1 teaspoon salt | |

Brown chicken slowly in hot vegetable oil. Add onion, garlic and marjoram; cook until onion is soft. Season with salt and pepper. Add wine and broth drained from mushrooms. Scrape bottom of pan to loosen browned bits. Cover and cook over low heat until chicken is tender, about 35 minutes. Skim off any fat. Cut tomatoes into quarters or eighths and add with mushrooms to chicken. Continue cooking, covered, for 5 minutes. Garnish with parsley. 4 servings.

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET. 32 pages of mushroom magic. For your copy, send label from B in B Mushroom can with your name and address to B in B Mushrooms, Dept. LH1170, P.O. Box 88, Lancaster, Penna. 17604.

B IN B MUSHROOMS

A DAY AT THE OFFICE WITH CARY GRANT

By Doris Lilly, Author of *How to Marry A Millionaire*



It was 8:30 A.M. in Cary Grant's suite at New York's Warwick Hotel, where I had come to ask my favorite movie star what the devil he was doing selling perfume. Bill Weaver, Cary's secretary, led me into a spacious red and green sitting room that overlooks a sun-filled terrace. The view was all right, but it was Cary I wanted and I found him in the bedroom, where he was finishing dressing.

"Come in, come in," he said (I already was) in that clipped voice that has been sharpening women's libido for more than a generation. "Sit down, sit down," and he indicated a corner of the bed. A cream-colored pongee sleeping coat lay under my hand. It was still warm.

Hollywood's superstar of the '30's, '40's, '50's, '60's and probably forever looked down at me and smiled. There it was. The perfect face. The jutting jaw, wide-set brown eyes, a fringe of black lashes and that thick gray hair. It was like looking straight into the sun.

To face a day of his 66th year Cary wore a tasteful, beautifully cut dark-blue suit with a small, faint pattern. It could have been Savile Row; it might have been Hart, Schaffner and Marx. Whoever made it—on Cary, it was perfect.

On second thought, he removed his coat. "Breakfast is here," he said. He placed a pair of Grant arms across my back, and a Grant kiss brushed my cheek. My arms across his back told me the icy blue shirt he wore was silky and soft and the flesh under it firm and taut. I was Ingrid Bergman in *Notorious* and a Rolls Continental was waiting downstairs to take him away from me, maybe forever.

These thoughts were but a scented memory as Cary complimented me with, "I like a girl who's on time." We walked together through the sitting room, where our breakfast waited under silver domes, and out onto the sunny terrace.

I remembered why I was here.

Cary Grant has gone into big business as a member of the Board of Directors of Fabergé, a company that sells beauty products—Fabergé cosmetic

Photograph by Jill Krementz

ics, nail preparations and toiletries for men and women, Caryl Richards products. Aqua-Net hair spray. Cary is also called a "creative consultant," and he is concerned with merchandising.

Wasn't this awfully different acting in front of the cameras?

With admirable patience, Cary to explain how his new job in the fragrance business (he concentrates on this part alone) is no different from what he was doing when he had climbing walls in the movies.

"I have always merchandised my own films," he reminded me. To be sure that his pictures played at New York's Radio City Music Hall (and sold 28 have), Grant the merchant would screen the film for potential exhibitors in a large theater so the audience would experience a maximum action. If your picture makes the Radio City Hall you don't have to persuade smaller theaters to take it.

"The same kind of merchandising works for the fragrance business," said. "If you sell the large department stores, the smaller ones follow."

Cary fingered a slice of bacon, fully crumbling off the burned edge. He believes charcoal broiling is food radioactive. With the bacon and poached eggs on toast, Earl muffins and coffee.

"Cooperative advertising is also the same for films as it is for fragrance. Theaters and movie companies share the price of advertising. We share advertising costs with the department stores we do business with. Also there is the researching to do. We researched Fabergé's (a men's scent) just as you research a screenplay. Then we put ourselves where the raw essence can be found (which would be like film locations for a movie) and how to get the quantities (the prints) in which we've got a hit."

"Perfumes are dramatic, you know," he continued. "You start a fragrance with a working title. For instance, *Midnight in Rome*. No good! It comes from another department. It comes in and suggests Kiku (a fragrance hit) and you sense it's just right."

the same thing before we titled the *Operation Petticoat*. In this business, of course, my reviews come out in shopping columns. Part of my job is traveling around to the department stores meeting executives and people. I guess you'd call them onal appearances. I like to think helps."

According to Fabergé's president, former musician George Barrie helps a lot. "When we purchased Fabergé seven years ago," Barrie says, "the company was doing eleven million dollars of business. Last year it was about one hundred and forty million and I attribute some of that to G."

Cary is one of the richest actors in show business, with a fortune said to be around \$25 million. His salary at Fabergé is \$15,000 a year with an additional \$200 tossed in for each board meeting he attends. The pay is chickenfeed, perhaps, but an important requisite since only an employee can benefit from stock options—and indication is that Grant also received a large block of Fabergé stock. Cary's job has a fringe benefit that a celebrity can fully appreciate. It gives him the privacy for which he is famous. With three company jets and helicopters at his disposal night and day, it's adieu to the misery of commercial air travel, with its flatulent but eventually irritating auto-graph seekers and camera pests.

After breakfast, Cary and I toured the suite he has leased—it once belonged to the late Marion Davies. The med ceilings are painted gray, but all this is unimpressive. It is a place, Cary says, "Someone lives here, but I don't call me home." Cary also owns a house in Palm Springs, Beverly Hills, Tibu Beach, Calif., and Great Harbor in the Bahamas.

Photographs, mostly of Cary's 12-year-old daughter, the sunny-haired, blue-eyed Jennifer, are laid down on the bed, rather than propped up. Cary is operately protective of his daughter. "I don't want her face to be known," he tells you with visible fear of a kidnapping attempt.

At 10 A.M. we left the hotel for Cary's apartment opposite the Museum of Modern Art. It is a walk of less than half a mile down West 54th St., and during this pleasant stroll, I asked him about every normal, red-blooded woman could ask Cary Grant: "Do you prefer a double bed to a twin bed?"

Of course I do," he said. "Twin beds unite you. All this His and Her business is a lot of rot. Young people should marry in their early teens so they can get into bed sooner and have more children. Women wait too long to get married. Foolishly, they go to work and compete with men—and before you know it they are so tough no man wants to marry them. Think of all the children they're not having. Having children gives a man confidence. A man should fill a woman up with children." For better or for worse, no Woman's Lib for Cary Grant.

He stopped dead in his tracks and sniffed with his nose. "Smell that? That's the smell of the streets," he said. "They stink. If I had my way, I'd pave the streets of New York with Fabergé."

On that note we trotted up the stone steps of the Fabergé townhouse and through a black iron grill door. The

GIVE FESTIVE DINNER NEW FLAIR with these easy ALMOND recipes

MAKE AN ELEGANT ALMOND CRANBERRY SAUCE WITH WHOLE BLANCHED ALMONDS: Spread $\frac{1}{3}$ cup whole blanched almonds in shallow pan and place in 350-degree oven to warm for 5 minutes. Split almonds into halves with paring knife (they split easily when warm). Combine in saucepan 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water, bring to boil without stirring. Cook this syrup for 5 minutes over medium heat. Meanwhile wash 1 lb. raw cranberries, add to syrup and cook them for 3 to 5 minutes or until they burst. Remove from heat; stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup apricot jam and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice. Chill sauce, then add almonds. Makes about 1 quart.

SURPRISE GUESTS WITH AN ALMOND CHEESE BALL MADE WITH SLICED NATURAL ALMONDS: Grate $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sharp Cheddar cheese; mix with 3 oz. softened cream cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced pimiento, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sliced natural almonds, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire, 1 teaspoon grated onion and dash of cayenne. Shape into a ball. Coat with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup more almonds. Serve chilled.

MAKE FESTIVE ALMOND CRESCENT COOKIES WITH WHOLE NATURAL ALMONDS: Cream 1 cup butter or margarine with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup confectioners' sugar until light. Mix in 1 tablespoon brandy and 2 teaspoons water. Chop 1 cup whole natural almonds and add with 2 cups flour to creamed mixture. Chill. Shape small pieces of dough into crescents. Dip into additional chopped almonds. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 350 degrees 12-15 minutes.

USE SLIVERED ALMONDS TO STUFF THE TURKEY: To each quart prepared stuffing, add about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup slivered almonds that have been roasted in a skillet coated with oil. Add a few snipped dried apricots or pitted prunes if you wish.



The choice fresh almonds from California, in cells packs and tins are BLUE DIAMOND ALMONDS

CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS EXCHANGE
P. O. Box 1756, Sacramento, California 95898

Poppy Cannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus



house, which once belonged to the Rockefeller family, has been done over in brilliant yellows and lush greens, and it has a perfect Japanese garden in the back. Cary's office faces the street. The walls are upholstered in green brocade, and the paneling has been rubbed to the luster of a roan's rump. It is extremely neat—no drifting paper and none of the usual office clutter. It is an office that, like Cary's hotel suite, says, "Don't call me permanent."

Answering my thoughts Cary said, "I'm not here often. It seems I'm traveling constantly."

I asked him what he wanted Jennifer to grow up to be.

"I pray that she will get married and have children. I hope she has a fair start. I'll do everything I can, but it would have been better for her if she had united parents."

He returned the glasses to the bridge of his perfect nose, peered down at his

watch with its black silk band and remembered that there was a meeting upstairs in George Barrie's office.

We ate corned beef sandwiches and drank coffee out of porcelain cups while Barrie and his associates conducted a business meeting. Shortly thereafter it was home to the Warwick.

We still love you, Cary Grant, and if we have to go to Filene's in Boston to catch you at the perfume counter—we will. You can count on us.

END

less expensive foods when certain items go into a price upsurge; and *shopping, shopping, shopping* for the best possible deal on foods that you must have.

But there are a few other hints that may not have occurred to you.

What about checking the bargains that may be available on off-days at small neighborhood food stores? Not all the "specials" are to be found at the supermarket.

And if your property permits, how about planting a vegetable garden next summer and dividing the upkeep chore among yourselves? If you don't count the value of your time, you'll slash the cost of vegetables and certain easily grown fruits for a three- to four-month period. And of course, it's excellent exercise.

And what about cutting deeply into your entertainment bills, particularly in restaurants? The cost of eating out has soared more than 55 percent during the past 12 years, almost double the rise in the cost of eating meals at home. Today, it's not unusual to spend \$10 a person for dinner and a couple of drinks at a restaurant, and in the New York-Connecticut region, \$10 a person for dinner is cheap. Also when you entertain at home, concentrate on doing it in a less expensive way. Your friends will appreciate why you're shifting away from the murderously expensive cocktail-dinner syndrome; they well may yearn to do precisely the same thing in order to cut expenses, too. You also can curb your liquor bills by shopping for sales.

In clothing, there are dozens of ways to shave costs without perceptibly reducing your fashion standards, and in the \$30,000 income bracket, the clothing bill usually is a major area of extravagance.

A skiing family should wait until off-season, beginning about March or April and continuing through the summer, to buy parkas, pants, boots and other equipment. Frequently ski clothes are reduced by as much as 40 to 50 percent during the off-season, a saving that can translate into hundreds of dollars for an avid skiing family.

Don't dismiss secondhand clothes shops or local clothes-swapping sprees (especially important for children). Thrift shops are where the wealthy frequently unload their ultra-expensive but little worn coats and dresses, usually freshly cleaned and neatly packaged. You can then pick them up at ridiculously low prices.

Also don't overlook other low-cost outlets such as Army-Navy stores, factory outlet stores and discount houses for routine clothing items such as underwear, nightgowns, pajamas, socks,

stockings, sports clothes, sneakers, camping equipment and accessories (headbands, buttons, etc.). This sort of item often can be bought at these low-cost outlets for 25 to 50 percent less than at a department store.

In your regular wardrobe, stick to basic colors and styles that are always less subject to fashion fluctuations than are way-out styles (and this holds even when hemlines are going down). Think in terms of "outfits" in which every-

ing especially in a \$30,000 a year family with one child at college and the other a high school senior.

Cut down by confining your long-distance telephoning to after 5 P.M., when the maximum cost for a station-to-station call within the continental U.S. is only 85¢. Between 11 P.M. and 8 A.M., you can dial a one-minute call anywhere in the U.S. for just 35¢. And special low rates apply on weekends as well. Double-check each phone bill

overloading of electric power facilities and a massive power blackout. I slash our electricity bill in the process, simply by turning off unnecessary light fixtures in the daytime, turning radio and TV sets when no one is listening or watching, shutting off air conditioners when no one was home. Easy and obvious, really.

In transportation, savings of 20 percent can be a minimum achievement.

If you're buying a new car, forego expensive options: air conditioning, automatic transmission, power brakes, steering, tinted glass, factory vinyl roof, etc., which can add more than \$1,000 to your purchase price. Take a good look at the latest model leftovers, especially in compact cars, for you may find outstanding bargains. Admittedly, leftovers will have depreciated a full year's worth in value, but unless you plan to sell the car or trade it in within a very few years, it won't matter to you.

See if you can have your engine adjusted to use regular rather than high-octane gas. This alone could save you \$100 a year in fuel and maintenance costs.

Control your downtown parking costs by getting in a car pool, by paying monthly versus a daily garage rate or by parking your car a dozen or so blocks away from the city center (where your office is probably located) and walking this last leg of your daily commute. You can also save on parking costs by commuting in a compact car. Frequently garages charge lower rates for small cars. If you can save just a day in parking costs by such techniques, your total annual savings can mount into the \$250 range.

When you fly, not only economy class but also your trips so that you benefit from the significantly lower air fares available during week days, off-season and off-peak hours. Or consider taking trains instead of planes on hops of 20 to 250 miles.

When you rent a car, patronize wherever you find the lower-cost car-rental firms. Their offices will be less convenient and their cars may be a year old

than those offered by the leading companies, but you'll save as much as 20 to 30 percent.

A final note in this area: one of the "secret" ways of saving on transportation costs is: I WALK. Just by walking back and forth from the office whenever weather permits, I save star totals in taxi and subway fares.

You would be well advised not to go into a butcher shop to buy good steak at 5:55 if the sign outside says they close at 6:00.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

"Big enough to make the team. That's how big I want to be."

He'll never need Wonder Bread more than right now.

The time to grow bigger and stronger is during the "Wonder Years"—ages one through twelve—when a child reaches 90% of his adult height. So help your child by serving Wonder Enriched Bread. Each slice supplies vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates and protein. Delicious Wonder Bread!



Helps build strong bodies 12 ways!®



Poppy Gannon's Meal-a-day Menus

November sandwich idea: Have you tried chicken salad and bacon sandwiches?

thing fits together and makes a whole, rather than in terms of individually good-looking clothes items. Set aside a part of your clothes budget to take advantage of the post-Christmas sales (the 1970-71 sales might be especially attractive because of the 1970 recession). Do this sort of shopping during the summer sales, too.

Let your children handle as large a part of their clothes shopping as is reasonable out of their allowances. Kids tend to be more economical in their clothes shopping than their parents.

In the household itself, a major "leak" may be long-distance telephon-

when it comes in and if you detect any possible errors, report them to the telephone company business office before you pay the bill. Finally, when you call long distance, dial the number you want to reach, and you'll save as much as 25 to 30 percent over operator-assisted calls.

As in food and clothing, there are dozens of areas in the category of the household itself which are wide open for cuts. All you need do is think in terms of economizing, of eliminating casual extravagance. I found that out in my own household this past summer when we were trying to help avert an

health, you'll find spending hard-cut down, and it would be a grave mistake to forego any of the regular medical and dental checkups and diagnostic tests in which you have been investing over the years. But there are three steps you can take to deal with this staggeringly large—and growing—cost of living.

Make sure your health insurance covers a major part of the costs of a serious accident or illness for any member of your family. Ask your insurance agent if you can trade for overall maximums on your medical and hospitalization coverages for higher deductibles.

Have your druggist standing instructions to slash your prescriptions by 20 percent—or by whatever proportion your family regularly accumulates extra pills. Then, if your supplies run out before your need for the pills you usually can get the prescription refilled.

Shop locally for the outlet that fills prescriptions at lowest cost.

Simple and varied as these hints have been, they still are a mere sampling. The limitations prohibit me from continuing to suggest ways you can save costs in every category of your living—and I mean *every one*. If I have a question that, permit me to substitute exhibit number one my young 100-a-year friend who proudly told me earlier this year that he had found a way to buy chemicals for purifying pool in bulk. "Saves \$20 a year," he bragged. The day you start thinking in your friend's terms, cutting your spending by 20 percent will become a cinch.

You, the husband

Finally, let's turn to you, the breadwinner whose pay is being cut, whose job is in jeopardy and whose speculative go-go holdings of mutual funds are quoted 75 percent below what you paid. At this prime time of our life and in this period when your living expenses are climbing toward new peaks, this is a triple blow indeed. The basic advice that has underlined the word in this answer to your fam-

ily applies to you as well: **DON'T PANIC!**

Of course, you'll cooperate with your family's decisions on earning, spending and economizing. Of course, you'll take the initiative in these plans, too. What's more, you'll probably not lose your job and if you aren't holding the worst of the go-go mutual funds, your shares will come back in price.

But why not turn this emergency to your own advantage? Why not use it as an opportunity to reappraise your entire life and career? Ask yourself: is your job one that you find truly rewarding? Or do you feel trapped in it? Has it become overspecialized or too narrow in scope? Are you bored? Frustrated? How did you get into your present career in the first place, and do the reasons still make sense to you?

If a new job or new career sounds attractive and challenging to you, don't quit your present job. But use this time to explore another career in detail through more education or more training, an exploratory moonlighting job or whatever other means is feasible. Now is the time to think hard about *yourself*. Interview yourself: prepare a résumé of your own career, your qualifications, your objectives; decide whether or not you like the man who is you. In shortest summary, "do your thing."

Cutbacks in spending while you find a job you really enjoy won't hurt nearly as much when you weigh them against heavy spending to dull the pain of a job that you subconsciously hate. And a new career in midlife can be a glorious adventure.

And when you have straightened out your career, surmounted this crisis and are riding high again, don't repeat your investment mistakes. Invest in quality securities that will grow in value as our economy expands. Always have a basic nest egg in cash or its equivalent to tide you over unanticipated emergencies.

The long-term trend of the U.S. economy is unmistakably, indisputably up—and so is the long-term trend of the stock market. That means your long-term trend is UP, too. **END**



Lipton's New Country Vegetable Soup Mix keeps the fresh country vegetables tasting like fresh country vegetables.

Lipton doesn't make the soup. We only get all the good things together.

The best the good earth had to offer: Vegetables for the family. Carefully selected tomatoes. Fresh-tasting carrots, potatoes, parsley, peppers and peas. We add our man-size egg noodles but it's still not soup.

Until you make it soup. Just boil and simmer for five minutes. And if you make it soup, how could it be fresher?



TOMATO VEGETABLE • VEGETABLE BEEF • BEEF NOODLE
CHICKEN RICE • GREEN PEA • CHICKEN NOODLE WITH MEAT • MUSHROOM • RING-O NOODLE
ONION • POTATO • CHICKEN VEGETABLE • TURKEY NOODLE • BEEF FLAVOR MUSHROOM

SPECIAL DIET DISHES YOUR WHOLE FAMILY WILL DIG INTO



CHICKEN 'N' RICE SCRAPPLE (for low-salt diets)

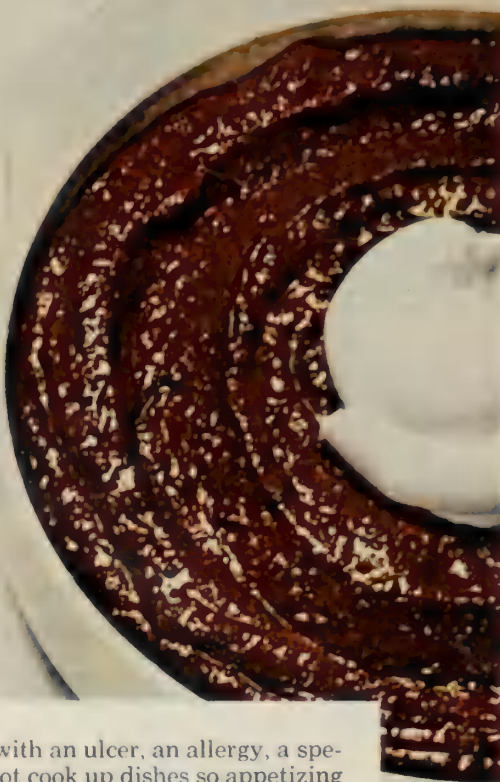
3 cups unsalted chicken
or turkey broth
¼ cup minced celery
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup Cream of RICE
1 cup finely chopped, unsalted
cooked chicken or turkey

Combine broth, celery, onion
and parsley; bring to a boil.
Sprinkle in Cream of RICE and
cook, stirring constantly, for 30
seconds. Remove from heat,
cover, let stand 5 minutes. Stir
in chicken. Pour into a lightly
oiled loaf pan, about 8x4x2
inches. Chill at least 8 hours.
Unmold, cut into 12 slices.
Dust with flour, brown in skillet
with a little vegetable oil.
Serve with cheese sauce.
4 to 6 servings.

MOCHA PUDDING (for egg-free diets)

2 cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup Cream of RICE
1 teaspoon instant coffee
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 squares (1 oz. size)
unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 cup dark brown sugar

Combine milk and salt; scald.
Slowly add Cream of RICE and
cook, stirring constantly, for
1 minute. Remove from heat,
cover, let stand 4 minutes. Stir
in rest of ingredients. Pour
into individual dishes or
1-quart serving dish. Chill.
6 to 8 servings.



If you're cooking for someone with an ulcer, an allergy, a special digestive problem... why not cook up dishes so appetizing the rest of the family will enjoy the same meals?

Cream of RICE has a whole bookletful of imaginative recipes, keyed to specific diets. And Cream of RICE itself is easier to digest than any other type of cereal... gives faster energy... rich vitamin-mineral nutrition. It's the cereal everyone can enjoy.

Free 32-page Recipe Book, "Cooking With Imagination for Special Diets," send name and address to Cream of RICE, Dept. LH1170, P. O. Box 88, Lancaster, Penna. 17604



CREAM OF RICE

DAYDREAMS

continued from page 107

I lay there in bed, while my children played outside in the yard, and in my idle fantasy, I imagined him knocking once again at my door, bowing low, saying to me, in his drawling, dignified, inimitable way, "How do you do, Madam?" Or, "Where would you like to go tonight, Anna Ruth Wilson?"

No one else had ever called me by my whole name, all the time, even in the most private of places. "Good-night, Anna Ruth Wilson," he would say, kissing my hand in a most courtly fashion. Sometimes, as he was letting me into the dormitory, even as the security guard hastened the girls, one by one, through the door, he would whisper loudly to me, "Come live with me and be my love, Anna Ruth Wilson."

I knew he was not for me, and he knew it, too. He was far too despairing in his soul for me to ever come to accept his way of looking at life. I don't know whether it was his "Southernness" that made him so different from me (I went to a Southern university by accident of geography, but I was born in the North) or whether it was his being from a broken home. His father had custody of him, and he never talked to me about his mother. His father had said no son of his need be bothered with school unless he wanted to come out a lawyer. So Stanley was going through the machinery that would press him into form for the law profession.

Stanley and I played elaborate games with each other—I would pass the law building on campus at night, and see the light on in the law journal office, and I knew he was working late there, on an article. If I saw his bicycle outside, I would write a note and attach it to his handlebars: "Passed your lit window, no courage to knock. Your Shy Irish Rose."

Once Stanley, seeing my books on a table in the library while I was doing research in the stacks, left me a greeting card. On the outside, it was covered with passionate declarations of love, set at crazy angles to one another: "Fly to me." "I will go to the ends of the earth for you." "Life without you is no life for me." "You have branded your name on my heart."

On the inside of the card were the two words, "BURN THIS," and his initial, "S."

If we were playing with fire, we wore asbestos gloves, and we were not in danger. Stanley's greeting card message was really the key to our relationship—it meant "I am only kidding. Let us be frivolous, it is so pleasant, it is so delightful."

When he caught the Asian flu, I came to his rooming house with hot food and medicine. I made a confession to him: "Stanley, you make me feel that I'm playing house. It's so much fun to go up and down the aisles of the supermarket, instead of sitting all day in the library. I shop for you and I cook for you in the dormitory kitchen, and when I come here, I sweep up and put all your things away, and I take your laundry down to the laundromat. It's so strange and different."

"Play house a little more," he said. "Come lie down here on the bed with

me." He patted his narrow bed, and said, "Do you really want me to do what you've got?" and Stanley said, "The worst thing that you could do that I've got is myself."

He didn't pat the bed again, and wasn't kidding, and though I always protested, we both knew it was true. He had much tougher requirements than the man who would go to the end of the earth for me.

So—always—I reserved myself, his approval, and we continued to these charming games together, always flattering to me, always amusing in some cynical way to him.

Graduation day was the last time I saw him. We were in the basement of the gym, donning our black gowns, having the scholar's square caps fitted to our heads, and there was Stanley tall as Abraham Lincoln, so pale. "You look very fine, Stanley," said to him, and he said, "You know, Anna Ruth Wilson, my father is even coming today," and I said, "You must bear up, Stanley," and he said, "What the hell. You just be good, Anna Ruth Wilson, and you remember me."

He kissed me on the forehead, and he went out the door where the graduates were to meet, and I went through the door for the Bachelor's Degree people, and coming up the stairs, I looked up and saw my parents waiting for me at the top, as he had said they would. But not knowing that I was coming at that moment, they had stepped together to kiss me, other in pride of me, and in happiness at whatever this day meant to the wished Stanley's father had taken trouble to come to his graduation.

I know Stanley was not in my room five times between then and the ten years later when I saw Gregory Peck on a re-run movie while I was in bed with a fever.

But after that, he was in my room every moment: all that day, and the next, and the next. When I was finally able to get out of bed, and strain on the house, and get the child bathed, and still had energy left over, I did a daring thing. I called the formation operator in that South town in which Stanley and his father had lived, and I asked for his address and phone number.

"Do you want the home address of the attorney's office?" the operator said, and in that instant I knew Stanley was still alive somehow, and I had found him. And I did yes I did—remember him.

I wrote him a note, a silly, frivolous note about my being my own attorney and wanting to say hello to my old friend. "I have three children and six camelia bushes," I wrote. "What have you got?"

I mailed the note, and as soon as it was in the mailbox, the reversal came in that brought me back to my normal state of mind. My children got well, recovered enough strength to be my ordinary life of chauffeuring to Brownie meetings and piano classes, and with my returned health I began to make some very unusual dishes to surprise my husband with dinner. Almost immediately, after remembering Stanley again, I stopped remembering Stanley.

That is, until tonight. Let me put the picture clearly: it is a Sunday

ht. All five of us—my husband, our
ree little girls and myself—are on
r king-sized bed, watching televi-
n. It is one of these Walt Disney
ows where animals and young boys
committed to one another with love
d devotion. In this movie there are
rses and dogs, and—to suit the mood
ny husband has taken it upon him-
f to be a horse for the children. First
baby rides upon his stomach, and
n the two big girls.

Then he offers me a turn. He is
iling at me in a certain beautiful
y, and he flops me over on top of
n, and I am so delighted that, with
face buried in the side of his warm
ck, I only hear, but do not see, the
untain lion and the brave Irish set-
fighting on the precipice. I also
ir the phone in the kitchen ring.

"Oh nuts," I whisper to my hus-
nd, and he says, "Come right back."
t is in this state of flushed cheek
l pumping heart that I hear the
ce that answers my hello:

Hello there, Anna Ruth Wilson."
Yes," I say. "Hello." Now my
rt nearly stops with the shock, and
ins again, a slow, shaking thump
t makes it hard for me to hear.

How are you, Anna Ruth Wilson?
e of you to write me a note."
Oh well," I say. "I—I guess I think
friends should keep in touch."
Yes, yes," he says. "Yes, old
nds, touch." His voice is shaky. I
hardly understand him. Is it his
ent, so deep-South, that I can
dly decipher what he says? Or
e I forgotten how he used to talk?

Where are you?" I say.
I'm right here where I always am,"
says. "But the question is, Anna
th Wilson, where are you?"
I'm right here in California, Stan-
y. My children are watching tele-
on."

You know who I am?"
Of course I do. How are you?"
Oh, not good, not good," he says.
Are you sick? What's wrong?"
It's life, Anna Ruth Wilson."
Stanley, what is wrong? You sound
ad."

Oh, you were always so wise, so
e, Anna Ruth Wilson. You were so
fident, you always knew just what
were going to do. You knew what
is going to do, too."

Stanley, have you been drinking?"
I've had something to drink. Yes, I
e."

Do you drink all the time?"

Yuh, I do."

Why do you? Are you all alone?
you married?"

"Yah," he says.

"Do you like your wife?"

"It's all right," he says.

"Do you have children?"

"Two. Look—what's the difference?"

Oh, I am thinking to myself, *I am
so sorry to have done this to you. I am
thinking that I have done a terrible,
terrible, thing.*

"Anna Ruth Wilson," he says. "I've
gone bad."

"How?" I cry, from over three thou-
sand miles away. "Why? Is it drink-
ing? What is it, what can I do? Are
you working? Are you a lawyer now?"

"Yes," he says.

"Do you like it?"

"Not very much."

"Are you successful?"

"Oh yah," he says. "Successful.
What do you need? I have money."

"I don't need anything, Stanley."

"What about your old man?"

"My father?"

"No, no. Your husband. Your old
man."

"He's fine, Stanley."

"But what about him?"

"He's a teacher."

"Oh. And what do you do out there
in California? Go to the movies all
the time?"

"Mostly I take care of my children,
Stanley. I'm a mother now. I'm much
older than I was, you know. I have
three children now. I have some gray
hairs, Stanley."

"Say, Anna Ruth Wilson, can you
talk to me awhile?"

"I've been talking to you, Stanley.
This is a very expensive call, you
know."

"I have a lot of change here, I have
a mountain of silver quarters here on
the ledge, up to the ceiling. So, tell
me, my old girl, how you are. And
your old man, how he is."

I hold the phone away to take a deep
breath. A commercial is on in the bed-
room. I pray my husband will stay
there. I don't know how I will ever get
out of this. On a whim, not so innocent
as I thought, I have almost brought the
world down on my head.

"My husband is fine," I say. "I like
him, Stanley, if that is what you are
asking. It's fine here—with him. I just
—meant to write and ask how you are.
That's all. That's all I meant."

"I have this basic plan," Stanley
says. "I could take an airplane. You
were always so nice to me. I need to
take an airplane."

"Oh no!" I say. "Please, Stanley,
you must stay there. I only wrote you
a little note. I only meant (continued)

Taste what honey does for the flavor of a Rath Ham.



If you think you've tasted the most flavor-
ful ham in the world, just wait 'til you try our
Honey Glazed. It's absolutely fantastic. Every
Rath Honey Glazed Ham is individually selec-
ted, then deep cooked in fresh farm honey and
topped with a rich, honey glaze. The mingling
of flavors is delicious. Serve up a Rath Honey
Glazed Ham soon. It'll do you proud.



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"I remember a time when
honey was a luxury."

WHAT YOU PUT ON TOP MAKES ALL THE REST TASTE BETTER

HONEY HAM GLAZE.

So-o-o good. Just blend 2 tablespoons honey with 1 teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet and brush on ham during last 30 minutes of baking. Double the recipe for a big ham. Result: a shiny, sweet, golden-brown glaze that looks lovely... tastes even more so.



BROWN CHICKEN GRAVY.

Remove cooked chicken to hot platter. Pour all but 3 tablespoons fat from pan, retaining crisp drippings. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Add 2 cups water; cook and stir until gravy thickens and boils. Season to taste. Stir in 1 teaspoon (or more) Kitchen Bouquet...and watch that pale gravy turn rich, rich brown.



HOME-MADE MUSHROOM SAUCE.

Ready at a minute's notice. In small saucepan combine 1 can (3-oz.) BinB Sliced Mushrooms and their broth, ½ cup water, dash Tabasco, ¼ teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet, 2 teaspoons cornstarch, 1 teaspoon sherry. Mix well. Cook and stir until sauce thickens and starts to boil. Salt to taste. M-m-m as in mushrooms!



Kitchen Bouquet is a topper in many ways. Brush it on steak, poultry, chops or fish... before you broil them, indoors or out. It helps them stay juicy and tender inside...brown and crisp outside. This special blend with delicate herbs and spices is the secret of many tasty main dishes, too.

Free Recipe Booklet. 32 pages of delicious main-course dishes, gravies, marinades. Just send Kitchen Bouquet boxtop with your name and address to Kitchen Bouquet, P.O. Box 88, Lancaster, Penna. 17604.

KITCHEN BOUQUET



DAYDREAMS continued

to say hello. You misunderstood me."

"I thought I understood you," Stanley says.

Oh God, maybe you did, I think to myself. "Listen, Stanley, this is not possible at all. I can hardly understand anything you are saying. I was sick myself when I thought of writing to you, I had a high fever. I saw an old movie and it reminded me of you, and I thought it would be nice to hear from you again. Please—we are not thinking clearly, Stanley. Why don't you call me some time when you haven't been drinking, and we can talk sensibly? And you can tell me some news, and I can tell you some things about myself, too."

"That's right," Stanley says. "You always think clearly. That was your trouble. And my trouble is I always think of how you used to be with me. I think of you when things get so bad."

"But you mustn't!" I cry. "You must not think of me, Stanley. I am not a possibility. And look—I have to go now. I really thank you for calling."

"That's right," Stanley says. "But please—" His voice is so sick, so sad. "I'm so sorry," I say. "Goodbye, Stanley."

I am crying and sweating and shivering as I hang the phone up on him, and then I go and slide the bolt into place on the front door. I don't really think he would come to find me—he is so weak, so ruined, he would never break down my door to get me. He would never go to the ends of the earth for me, I always knew he wouldn't.

But what have I done? What has Gregory Peck made me do? What a foolish, daydreaming thing I have done, and what damage I have caused! And for what? An indulgent, self-pitying wish for a gallant bow? A kiss on the hand? A little temporary salvation from taking temperatures and feeding jello to sick children? And what will happen to him now that I have refused him? How could I have known his memories of me were even more dangerous than mine of him?

I go back into the bedroom, and the T.V. boy and his dog are embracing and rolling over each other, rough and tumble, down a green hill. The screen spins to show their ecstasy, and the program is over. My children begin to take turns again, riding on their daddy's stomach. He raises his head from the pillow, grunting as the baby jumps on him, and he smiles at me. He doesn't even ask me who has called. He assumes it was my mother, or a salesman, or some parent of my children's friends. My husband has no reason to be suspicious of me.

It is an idyllic scene here in the bedroom. The rug is soft, the drapes close out the night, and the bed is big and wide, wide as the world, and all the people that I love are on it. Thirty years from now, my daydreams may very well be about this bed, and my young family on it, playing like cubs with their father.

But that daydream will not be so treacherous as the one that has just left a man, sick to heart, in a phone booth on the other side of the country, simply because a woman wanted to remember when she was young and just beginning to have power. **END**

BISHOP PIKE'S MESSAGES

continued from page 97

what his voice sounded like with hearing a tape-recording of it, or he acted in the many situation which I had known him except as ers shared their recollections with

Then one day as I started out the kitchen into the entrance hall, I recalled an occasion when I had Jim there and we had embraced. The mental impression was so vivid that I literally spun backwards from the fact. I returned to the dining room sobbing from the pain of a fleeting memory. More than an hour later I began to recover from the blow, realized what a great gift it was I had been unable during those days and weeks to remember clearly. It was as though some conscious intelligence within me saw how much awareness I could bear with the rest until I had regained enough strength to cope with it.

The months which followed were anguishing. Waves of intense emotion washed over me, drowning and reason in their wake. For some time I wished I had stayed in desert with Jim, or that in some awful way death would take me so I could be with him again.

But family and friends surrounded me, supported me, loved me—patiently listening to my accounts of deeply felt phases of grief and loneliness, holding me in their arms, offering physical assurance that I was loved and cared for. Their acceptance made it possible to endure the acute suffering, and the awareness that I could not recapture the past nor control the future eventually won out over despair. I realized I had to learn to live with the separation.

I say separation because I had doubt of Jim's ongoing life. Even during the most intense periods of grief, I felt confident of an unbroken relationship with him at a deep, inner level. But the assurance that he was alive in some new sense—and that I had found the joy and victory of death that is man's greatest liberation—could not lessen the trauma of physical separation.

I found myself sending thoughts to him, feeling the same assurance that they were being received as I feel when I send thoughts, or prayers, to God. This is not to say that I confused myself with God; he was still Jim, the familiar man I had known and loved in flesh. But somehow the process of opening my mind and heart to the felt similarity to that I had long practiced in opening myself to God.

So I would turn my thoughts to thoughts of how much I missed him, of how much I loved him. Thoughts of gratitude, too, for all we had shared and for the deep relationship that had been ours. Occasionally something would happen that I knew would please Jim. Then I would wait and think: "I hope you're aware, and I hope you are taking this in."

When I turned my thoughts to Jim, I did not try to picture him as he had been. Rather, I tried to put myself in harmony with the vitality that used to fill and vibrate through his body. I was sure those vibrations of life force lived on past the death of his physical body.

There are many theories about

and substance of our life and after death. I find the analogy electrical energy helpful to me as to imagine what it must be like. None of us has ever seen electricity. All of us have witnessed its manifestation in light, heat, power and sound. We have also heard it in static, in thunder and in the crackling and crackling of a short circuit. Most of us hold no image of electricity itself. Instead, we relate to effects, or manifestations.

We have learned how it can be produced and how to use it. Most of us feel quite comfortable with electrical power, even though we have not seen it in its pure form. We feel that the life force is something like that. We do not see the life force, but we feel that when it ceases to be in the body, the body dies. Now some people are "alive" with it than others. We feel it emanating from persons through positive or negative vibrations attract us to some persons and make us feel ill at times with others.

We also sense that energy exists in ourselves. Sometimes it is physically, other times emotionally, psychologically or spiritually. We know it to be our "essence" coming through in different ways, and we come to know the "personality" of our friends, as well as our own, as the familiar patterns of manifestations of life.

"Spirit bodies"

Some people talk about the manifestation of life as "a body," which has no beginning and death. The physically usually dies first on the plane. Some say the spirit body can be seen both before death (as an "aura") and after death (as "spirit bodies," or white, cloudlike forms).

However, the life force can manifest itself as emotion or desire, as some call it, and as mind (or consciousness). But the spirit, or life force, is not visible. We can only sense its presence or experience its manifestations.

Before I try not to "see" Jim when I think of him now. Rather I try to listen to his life force.

To relate to it in any of its manifestations or in its pure state. Several of my early experiences of parent communications with Jim seemed to be trying to express his love and concern for me while also being clear that we had to find a new way of relating to each other: he could never satisfy my need for his physical presence.

These apparent messages came to me in several very vivid dreams. I was fully aware in each dream that Jim was dead and therefore that he was in some sense "returning" in order to be with me. I do not mean to say

that Jim literally appeared in my dreams, but it does seem entirely possible that by some process of ESP he was able to transmit his thoughts to my unconscious mind, which dramatized them in a dream. Jim had been able to do that while he was still alive.

In the first of these dreams, for example, Jim came into my bedroom, looking rested and well. He was tan, as he had been just before his death, and was wearing his green sport shirt.

"Oh, please," I said, grabbing hold of him again with both hands, "while you're here let's..."

He interrupted me. "Make love? Do you want to make love now?"

"Oh, yes," I said. Jim smiled, seeming to understand. But he made no move toward me. Instead, he got up and walked around the room.

I felt there was some mystery about his being with me—that he hadn't simply come back unharmed. I started to

understand. I expressed that feeling to a woman who also had appeared in the dream, and she answered that she understood it all perfectly. Her statement seemed to release the understanding in me.

It was as though Jim had waited to come back to me until I had had an opportunity to see that I could get along without him. It was like a trial period, so that when he left for good (that is, no longer appeared physically to me) I would have the assurance that I could live without him.

And even though Jim had appeared to me physically—so much so that "touching" the back of his head and his hair made such a vivid impression on me that I could still feel it on my left hand for days afterward—he did not relate to me physically. He could understand me, but he could not be physical with me anymore.

Very personal

Those insights, and others, seemed clear to me on awakening. After each of the dreams in which Jim "returned," the meaning, or message, seemed clear to me immediately on awakening, and I usually wrote it down before recording the dream itself—a reversal of my customary procedure. Moreover, the content of the dreams, though very personal, never moved into the realm of fantasy: there was no wish fulfillment or recreation of our past relationship. This added to my feeling that Jim "came back" to me, by ESP or some other means I don't yet understand, to interact with me in my dreams. During those early weeks we seemed able to use dreams as one means of working out a new relationship.

On one or two occasions, however, such dreams also seemed to convey understanding that I felt reflected the essence of Jim's thought on other subjects. For example, one morning during the time I was writing *Search*, my book about our wilderness journey, I awakened after such a dream. My first thoughts flowed quickly onto paper, yielding the titles and outlines of the contents of the interpretive chapters of the book. When I later

wrote out those passages I felt I was recording what Jim wanted me to say as well as what I myself felt. The thoughts seemed somehow written to me as well as by me.

There were some occasions when I had an almost physical sense of Jim's presence. I didn't literally see him or touch him, but several times I "felt" him near me as one senses the presence of someone who has entered a room or stepped up close behind, even before seeing the person. On those occasions I acknowledged him and tried to express how much I loved and missed him. But I knew his (continued)



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ALCOA

Alcoa Wrap the something else foil.

I threw my arms around him and held him close. I wanted just to hold him—to cling to him.

But I was aware that something was different. Though Jim seemed to receive my embrace and the warmth and love in it, he did not return it. I backed away and said, desperately, "You don't know what it's been like," meaning my trying to adjust to his death and to living without him.

"I think I do," he answered quietly, sympathetically. He sat down on the bed next to me and I suddenly realized he would probably leave again right away.

tell him again how awful it had been without him. "You've gotten along, haven't you?" he asked matter-of-factly.

"Yes," I said, "of course I have, but it's been just awful."

"In fact, you've done all right," he added, moving into the next room. I was so happy to have him back that I kept touching him. However, though he was sympathetic, he seemed almost unmoved, as though he were not really engaged in my plane of reality.

At the end of the dream—which is too long and involved to relate in its entirety—I was puzzled by the experience. It seemed so strange and hard to

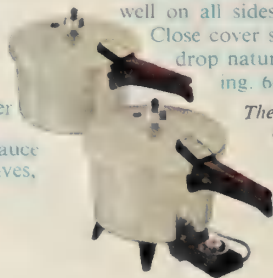


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4-lb. beef pot roast
1 small onion
1/2 green pepper
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1/2 tsp. seasoned pepper
2 tbsp. oil
1 cup tomato sauce
1 cup green olives, sliced
1 cup hot sauce



Cut pocket in roast as shown. Chop vegetables, add seasonings and mix well. Fill meat with stuffing, pressing it in well. Tie roast firmly. Heat cooker; add oil. Brown roast well on all sides. Add remaining ingredients to cooker. Close cover securely. Cook 40 minutes. Let pressure drop naturally. Pour sauce over meat before serving. 6-8 servings.

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BISHOP PIKE *continued*

mode of being there was entirely new and things could never again be as they had been.

I felt in touch with him, then, from the very first, and I wanted, even needed, that sense of contact. At the same time, I made a genuine effort to let go of him—to let him be fully involved with his new life, as I knew I had to be with mine. I didn't want to pull Jim's attention back toward me when I felt that he needed to be making adjustments to his new life. I didn't want my grief to detract from the richness of his new experience.

The first real request I made of Jim was prompted by the death of the 21-year-old son of some friends of ours. I went into meditation then, telling Jim that Russ had died and asking him to be there to help Russ over to the other side.

After nearly an hour, I knew Jim's response: he knew Russ had died, but somehow it was not his role or function to receive him. Others would, however, and once Russ had made the original adjustment to "the other side," Jim would be able to be in contact with him. The message was as clear to me as if I had called Jim on the telephone. I did not hear his voice, but rather received his answer at a deep, inner level.

Freeing channels

In spite of my certainty of Jim's survival and of my belief that I had been in communication with him, I was extremely reluctant to sit with a medium after Jim's death. So many thoughts and prayers were focused on Jim when he was lost and after his death that I felt sure that if there is a collective unconscious, or "public memory bank," as psychologist C. G. Jung postulated, it would be filled with endless data about Jim—both factual and speculative.

To serve as a medium, or instrument for psychic communication, an individual apparently needs to get "out of the way" consciously and, as much as possible, unconsciously, leaving channels of thought free for reception and transmission from those on the other side. Public interest in communication from Jim was so great that I felt almost any medium would

feel a desire, perhaps even a burden to give me a message of some kind, order not to disappoint me—through me, others. Such eagerness, even though well meaning, would, almost inevitably interfere with genuine communication, if indeed were to occur. Therefore I waited the level of anticipation to subside before attempting contact through medium.

A large number of purported "messages" from Jim were sent to me by mail, however, during the months after his death. Many of them seemed to justify my feeling that there would be difficult to get any evidence of communications—that is, messages would enable me, by a reasonable process of evaluation, to identify as the communicator.

Many of the messages sent were general ("He sends you his love") or offer any identification. Others contained information that could have been garnered from newspapers or other public sources, or that I had drawn out of that public memory bank, if in fact something of Jung's collective unconscious existed. Finally, a few of the purported messages were simply contrary to known facts.

A popular author in the psychic field, for example, went so far as to suggest, by citing a series of alleged sages purportedly from Jim, that he had been murdered—was involved in Jim's death. Both the facts revealed by the autopsy and the circumstances in which the body was discovered not only contradicted the conjectures but actually made them absurd. That such fantasy should be published as "psychic evidence" without being examined factually is a call of irresponsibility and ineptitude over the whole field of psychic investigation.

It is my conviction—a conviction that Jim shared—that objective, careful evaluation of medium messages is essential if we are to have in our understanding of the natural laws that govern such communication. I have been very cautious in evaluating what has been sent to me, and I do believe that mediums are sometimes able to establish contact with the other side. For example, I have carefully evaluated the tape recordings



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We know you can't wait to get out the good dishes. And put on your fancy apron.

This year serve an Eggnog Bavarian with festive raspberry-red Melba Sauce. And Diamond Walnuts. Just for old times' sake.

EGGNOG WALNUT BAVARIAN

3 envelopes	2 egg whites
unflavored gelatin	2 tbsp. sugar
1/2 cup milk	3/4 cup whipping cream
1 qt. dairy eggnog	1 cup finely chopped
1/8 tsp. salt	toasted Diamond
1/4 to 1/2 cup rum	Walnuts
(or 1 tbsp. rum extract)	

Stir gelatin into milk to soften. Add one cup eggnog, and heat gently, just until gelatin melts. Stir in remaining eggnog, salt and rum. Cool until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg whites stiff, and gradually beat in sugar; whip cream. Fold egg whites, cream and 3/4 cup of the walnuts into gelatin. Turn into 2-quart mold, and chill until firm, for several hours. (Large molds should chill overnight. Individual molds will set in four to five hours.) Unmold, and top with Melba Sauce and remaining walnuts. Serves eight or more.

Melba Sauce: Turn one 10-oz. package of frozen raspberries into saucepan, and heat until berries are thawed and soft. Press through a sieve to remove seeds. Re-

turn strained raspberries to saucepan, and add 1/2 cup currant jelly and two teaspoons cornstarch mixed with one tablespoon cold water. Cook until clear and thickened, stirring frequently. Chill before serving. Makes about 1 1/4 cups sauce.

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Convincing evidence

seems to me that communication departed spirits through another on, a medium, serves two princi-
functions for persons on this side. those who do not believe in life death, it can offer (though it not always) convincing evidence the survival of a loved one. And for e who are not aware of having extrasensory experiences of their it may open up a whole new a of possibility and reality. In own case, I had no doubt of Jim's val of death and have had suffi- personal experiences to satisfy need I may have had for reas-

surance of our ongoing relationship. But for others, as for Jim after his son's death, mediumistic communica- tion can play an important role.

There seems to be no way to avoid grief, however, if Jim's experience after his son's death and mine after Jim's are in any way typical. Both of us were able to affirm life after death and had experiences of apparent con- tact and communication from time to time. But we both also had to go

through the intense pain that physical separation brings in order to emerge as integrated persons, accepting physi- cal death as a fact of life and affirm- ing our ongoing lives as meaningful both in the present and for the future.

Dying seems, as Jim suggested not long before his death, something like moving to a new country. I feel sure Jim lives, and it may even be possible for me to be with him again some day. But for now I must live my life with-

out him, missing him a great deal, sending and receiving an occasional message, and being content in the knowledge that a whole new world of experience and growth lies before him as it does before me. I pray that both of us will continue to grow in under- standing, in knowledge, in sensitivity and in our ability to love and be loved so that we can each eventually realize the fullness of our human potential, here and hereafter.

END

Would you take a quarter from three little elves?



Snap! Crackle! and Pop! want to give you 25¢ for making **MARSHMALLOW TREATS** with Kellogg's Rice Krispies

Snap! Crackle! or Pop! will send you a quarter just for making Marshmallow Treats. They're fun to make 'cause they're so easy. All you need is 3 ingredients (¼ cup regular margarine or butter, 6-10 ounces (about 40) regular marshmallows, or 4 cups miniature marshmallows, and 5 cups Kellogg's® Rice Krispies® cereal) to follow these 3 easy steps

1. Melt margarine in 3-quart saucepan. Add marshmallows and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until marshmallows are melted and mixture is very syrupy. Remove from heat.

2. Add Rice Krispies cereal and stir until well coated.

3. Press warm mixture evenly and firmly into buttered 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan. Cut into squares when cool.

Yield: 24 squares, 2 x 2 inches

Note: About 2 cups marshmallow creme may be substituted for marshmallows.

Add to melted margarine and cook over low heat about 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Proceed as directed in step number 2 above.

About your quarter. Send your name and address to: Marshmallow Treats, P.O. Box 1971, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Include the refund form from the specially-marked packages of Kellogg's Rice Krispies cereal (6-oz. or larger), and a brand name and weight cut from a marshmallow package (6-oz. or larger) or label from a marshmallow creme jar.

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Offer limited one per family. Each family's refund form should be mailed separately; multiple requests will not be honored.

Kellogg's



DON'T QUOTE ME

continued from page 92

era, when Mrs. Roosevelt was her own press secretary. She held regular press conferences and, by categorically refusing to let male reporters attend, forced editors to assign women reporters to the White House. A news-woman with a query simply picked up the telephone, called the White House and asked to speak to Mrs. Roosevelt, who took the call and answered the question, hard as that might be for a present-day reporter to believe.

Liz Carpenter, who had been a reporter for several Texas papers before she became Lady Bird Johnson's press secretary, was the next best thing to a First Lady who acts as her own press secretary, most newswomen felt. Liz knew the pressures of deadline reporting. She didn't think it was her job to "protect" the First Lady from the press, and she was always available to answer questions.

Like Mrs. Roosevelt, Liz saw that reporters had colorful stories. Occasionally a colorful story out of the White House was not intentional. In a release giving information about Luci's wedding, the press was informed that the bridesmaids would be taught how to *sm* on the back seats of White House limousines without wrinkling their dresses.

Nan Robertson of The New York Times thinks Lady Bird's whistle-stop train tour through the South during the 1964 Presidential campaign was the classic trip of all time. It lasted four days, with 47 stops in eight states and a speech at each stop. The train was 19 cars long with the press car in the middle; this meant that at each stop reporters had to jump off the train, run down the cinder track to the last car, record Lady Bird's remarks, interview people in the crowd, take note of a few signs, then sprint back to the press car to start typing.

"It was physically the most grueling of all campaign trips, and if you could survive it and turn out good copy, you could survive anything," says Nan. "Within a few days the train was a traveling slum. Bathing was a problem which Mary Packerham of the Chicago Tribune solved by taking a garment bag, tying one end, stepping into it and sloshing water on herself."

Early one morning, without benefit of garment bag, Nan was stark naked, taking a sponge bath, as the train rolled slowly through the Southern countryside. The window was open

and suddenly a frieze of fasci-faces was watching Nan scrubbing soaping. The train had slowed for a little station and a crowd gathered to see Lady Bird roll by.

On Pat Nixon's first solo trip as First Lady, in June 1969, 39 reporters and photographers, Mrs. Nixon, and others (members of her White House staff, the Secret Service, and Eastern Airlines representatives) traveled giant Eastern DC-8 that could hold 203 passengers.

Reporters representing the top news magazines and radio-TV networks had barely settled down to their press releases and background material when, to their surprise, Nixon and Julie appeared. They came back from the first-class section, where on such flights is always reserved the First Lady and her official party.

It was the first time the women had a chance to question Mrs. Nixon and Julie at any length since the campaign, so the conversation ranged from the purpose of the trip—volunteering—to who took a bite out of Patricia Nixon's Yorkshire terrier.

Julie revealed that her father was the only one in the family who had a diet: "He does it with cottage cheese and catsup." Mrs. Nixon, asked she was giving her husband for a wedding anniversary present, said, "I'll get the present."

Dance with the President

A White House party can be pretty dazzling. This is especially true at state dinners, one of the few occasions when a woman reporter has an advantage over her male colleagues. Newsmen have never been known to dance with a President or a President, but practically all the time covering the social side of the White House have.

It's awfully easy to pull a bone when you're in the presence of a great without adequate preparation. Once, Wauhullau La Hay arrived at Secretary of State Dean Rusk's annual dinner for the heads of foreign missions. She was flustered to find that Secretary Rusk had been ill in Florida at the last minute and nobody knew exactly who was in charge of what for the evening. Wauhullau was trying to find out what was going on when she heard someone say, "What are you doing here?" It was President Johnson, who had dropped in with Vice-President Humphrey.

"I was so surprised to see him," she blurted out. "Why, hello, (contin-



So now we know not to chew gum and play the harmonica at the same time . . . right?

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"honey, how are you?" right in front of all those ambassadors in their white ties. Then I went into shock and, trying to pull myself together, said, in a very dignified manner, 'Good evening, Mr. Vice-President.' Hubert responded, 'What's the matter? Don't you love me anymore?' At that moment I had the strongest death wish of my life. It took me about an hour to

realize that, thank God, they thought it was funny."

Wauhillaau likes to stay in the background at large parties since "you hear funny things there." While the Johnsons were in the White House, they gave a large reception for Democratic women. Wauhillaau picked up the following item for her syndicated column: "Four-month-old Rachel Marie Gordon of Lakewood, Ohio, is going to have something to tell her

friends when she grows up," Wauhillaau wrote. Then she told how Rachel Marie got hungry and her mother, Mrs. Stephanie Gordon, nursed her as thousands milled around. Wauhillaau noted that "the event took place in the main hall of the President's house as the Marine Band, led by imperturbable Captain James King, played *The Donkey Serenade*."

"It was hysterical," Wauhillaau said later. "This Secret Service Agent and

I were dying of embarrassment. My baby was yelling, so the mother opened her dress and—bam—breasted the child. A White House aide standing there and we both groined around her; he turned his back to the band leader. I'll never forget looking over and the music got faster and faster."

Washington is the most sophisticated town on earth, from the point of view of number of parties and dollars spent on entertaining. It is, however, a paradox in that the things usually associated with society, where count for very little here.

Washington society is based on makes the news. Liz Carpenter put this way: "Washington's a town where a Supreme Court Justice may pick teeth, but he is still the star at party because he is a Supreme Court Justice."

It is also a place where you can get important Tuesday and utterly unimportant Wednesday. Even Hollywood isn't as fickle as Washington, where all the stars don't come crashing down at once as they do here every four or eight years.

Something that happened at a dinner soon after President Nixon's office shows just how dramatic Washington can symbolize its changing priorities. Dorothy McCard, the *Washington Post* covered the party, a farewell for Tunisian ambassador and Mrs. Rachid Driss told how former Secretary Dean found himself in the out-of-office position of being seated at the foot of the table. His host, Sidney Zlotnick, worried greatly about this. Twice Zlotnick phoned the protocol office at the State Department to determine whether a man who used to be a head of every table in Washington, Secretary of State now really longed at the bottom. He was assured that all the other guests now ranked the Rusks.

Society in Washington, unlike society in Paris, London or Rome, is sophisticated. It is more small. As writers have noted for years, the essentially a company town in which everyone's business is intertwined with everyone else's.

Ostentatious action

Two of the most successful reporters of the treacherous waters of reporting are Betty Beale of *Washington Star* and her principal rival, columnist Maxine Cheshin of the *Washington Post*. The only thing these two women of the press have in common is that they are not friends. Carpenter loves to tell this story about Betty and Maxine:

Life magazine was preparing a story on their rivalry and wanted to photograph them at a White House party. Betty and Maxine were dressed to the nines, highly sensitive to the fact that they were being regarded as competitors. They didn't want to be photographed together, stayed on opposite sides of the room. Both spent the reception hour ostentatiously in action. "There was no time," says Liz, "when" (continues)

Sometimes it takes me so long to decide which household job to do first that there's no time left to sit.
—Poor Woman's Alma



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3 eggs, slightly beaten
1 lb. can (2 cups) Pumpkin
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3/4 teaspoon ginger
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1 1/2 cups evaporated milk
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2 unbaked PET-RITZ® Pie Crust Shells
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Preheat oven to 375. In Large mixing bowl, combine eggs and pumpkin. Add sugar, salt and spices to pumpkin mixture. Stir in evaporated milk. Add molasses, blend. Place pie crust shells on cookie sheet; pour one-half mixture into each shell. Bake on cookie sheet 40 to 45 minutes or until knife inserted 2 inches from edge comes out clean. Cool. Garnish with whip topping. Each pie serves 6.

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D

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DON'T QUOTE ME *continued*

the photographer couldn't have caught either one in a good pose. But the photographer knew that the key picture would show them together. He found a red velvet circular sofa in the China Room, which he immediately dubbed the love seat, and asked me if I could get the two of them on it." Liz did, "simply because by this time I had gotten so carried away by the whole project, it was amusing me and all the newswomen who were there. I just told Betty and Maxine that they were both to come and sit on the velvet seat." They took their time getting there, prima donna fashion, and finally they sat down on opposite sides. The photographer needed a wide lens to get them both in. "They wouldn't move closer together, and each tried to catch whoever was passing by in conversation so she would look as if *she* was the one being pursued. I don't think either one spoke to the other during the entire evening."

Society reporters are constantly looking for tidbits to spice up their stories, and smart politicians know this. At the first Congressional reception given by President and Mrs. Nixon, the new President held up the receiving line many times to say a few words to a senator or a representative. Each time, a newspaper woman would ask what the President had discussed. Most congressmen would frown and brush off the question. Not Senator Jacob Javits of New York. He replied, "Sex!" Then, observing another reporter jotting down what the women were wearing, he added, "I'm wearing basic black." Naturally he was quoted, and his constituents knew he'd been a guest at the White House.

With all the luncheons, dinners, fashion shows and concerts, a reporter on the embassy beat can be choosy. Embassies are usually covered according to their social desirability.

Finland was quite important, socially, when Ambassador Seppala and his vivacious wife were here, although Mme. Seppala did upset a group of society writers when she asked them over for dinner and insisted they try out her new sauna. The women, freshly coiffed, took off their fancy cocktail dresses and bravely, if reluctantly, went through the whole sauna routine: hot steam room, cold shower, circulation whipped up by hitting themselves with birch leaves, and another cold shower. Mme. Seppala ex-

pressed regret that there wasn't snow to walk through from the room to the showers, as in Finland. The reporters expressed vast relief.

Reporters aren't the only ones who encounter hazards at embassy parties. Pretty Ann Hand, wife of the Chief of Protocol Lloyd Hand, served an unfamiliar appetizer at the Tunisian Embassy, a pastry with a slightly cooked egg inside. As Ann put it into the yolk dripped down her décolleté dress. "She had to go there and mop up," reported an guest who had fortunately been warned by her dinner partner to over her plate.

"One of the best stories I ever heard," said Dorothy McCardle, "was when the Johnsons gave their first party to members of Congress, in December 1963. After the party President Johnson asked Fran Lewine, Hazel McCardle (of Palm Beach Life) and me to stay. He talked to us for about a half hour about foreign affairs. Then he asked we had seen his office. When we were there, Johnson autographed pictures of his whole family and gave us one. Then he said, 'I think I'll call Jackie.' He told us we could stay, but not to report the conversation, because 'I don't think he would like it.'"

"President Johnson said, 'Jackie, how are you?' and then, 'are you coming to see me?' She apparently laughed it off, and he said, 'you don't come to see me, I am coming out there and picket your house.' The rest of it was about the children. Then, 'Oh, he is?' He whispered to me, 'John is playing with the fire truck. He's playing with the fire truck.'"

Dorothy reports that the scene felt unreal.

The TV girls

Few Washington newswomen are called fashion plates, but by and by they are trimmer, slimmer and better dressed today than 30 years ago, members of the corps sloshed in raincoats and "sensible" shoes. Credit for changing the appearance of women in the press, making it look younger, goes to those newswomen on the television girls.

Members of the writing press, knowing that many of their TV sisters selected for their looks, rapidly went on diets, tinted their hair, started paying attention to their clothes and, incidentally, lost the name "newswoman."

Undoubtedly one of the TV girls

Why not give him a little rice tonight, instead.

Sure, he likes potatoes. But not every night. The rice will do him good. It's more than a change. It's a hundred changes all in one little carton or package. It's a chance to freshen up your weekly menu. There are so many ways to cook rice, you could serve it every day for a year and not repeat yourself. Your husband will appreciate that.

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"Would you care for a second opinion?"

spurred the writing press to glamorize itself is NBC's Nancy Dickerson. After President Kennedy had delivered his inaugural address on a cold January day in 1961, the public words he spoke were, "Thank you, Nancy." After President Johnson's inaugural, the first time the public heard from him on television were, "Hello, Nancy." With Richard Nixon it was a shade different. As the White House limousine drove up the Capitol steps, President-elect Nixon nudged President Johnson and said, "There's Nancy," and both turned up to her NBC mike and discussed what they'd been talking about.

Nothing new, however. Probably the most aggressive Washington newsman on record was the belligerent newspaperman Anne Royall, who got an interview with President John Quincy Adams by the simple expedient of hanging on his clothes while he was walking in the Potomac and refusing to leave until he talked with her. Today's newswomen work in subtler ways. Here's how Myra MacPherson, Judith Martin of the Washington Post, got details of the Julie Nixon-Eisenhower wedding reception: Myra and Judy—both mothers of children—posed as college girls to crash the wedding reception at the Waldorf Hotel in New York.

After their paper published their "thank you" note to Julie Eisenhower, which they told how Judy (Welles, 59) and Myra (Michigan State) got past the Secret Service and the police (they followed a bridesmaid from the ladies' room, chatting with her all the while), and about the boys from Amherst ("You girls go Smith?") who gave Myra and Judy their admission cards so they could get back in after leaving to "Mother" (their editor); then the reporters apologized to Julie in print, upsetting her when they asked her about her wedding trip. "We got the correct impression, from the long look she then gave us," wrote the newswomen, "that it was time to leave; your paper's press secretary thought so." Both thought that being thrown out made their story even better.

"No pants"

Just as women reporters are becoming more fashion conscious, so are Washington's fashion writers becoming more news oriented. Nina Hyde of the Washington *Daily News* says: "Fashion starts at the White House. If a woman is going to be in the public eye, other women are influenced by what she wears—witness Jackie Kennedy and Mrs. Johnson."

Nina thinks Mrs. Nixon will also have an impact on fashion. "She starts timidly, but she is coming around," she says. She thinks Mrs. Nixon would like to wear bolder fashions. When Nina wore a St. Laurent pantsuit to cover a luncheon, she went up to Mrs. Nixon, who promptly took her. "You look great," the First Lady said. "You make me so jealous; I can't wear pants."

To which Nina replied, "Mrs. Nixon, you would look divine in pants." When the First Lady told her about the party the Nixons gave in their New York apartment, not long before coming to the White House, a woman who wore pantsuit and "curled up



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Good coffee starts with a clean coffee maker. The new Presto is completely submersible. It's all stainless steel, including the perk tube and basket. You get the easiest cleaning possible. The best coffee possible.

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PRESTO

on the sofa with her legs underneath her all the time." When the party was over Mr. Nixon turned to his wife and asked, "Is that the latest thing, those pants?" Pat said it was. "Well," Mr. Nixon said firmly, "no one in my family will ever wear them." (*Editor's note:* But times change: Tricia wore a pantsuit while posing for a fashion story in the June 1970 JOURNAL.)

Are women reporters more aggressive than men? Back in 1951, the now-

defunct Washington *Times-Herald* asked that question of several newswomen. Liz Carpenter, then writing for eight Texas papers, replied, "They definitely are. Men like to avoid arguments, while women don't mind controversy. Women have had to work hard to get where they are in the newspaper business, so they are not cowed by anything."

If nothing else, Washington newswomen would make H. L. Mencken of

the Baltimore *Sun*, possibly the greatest newsmen of his time, proud. An ardent crusader for women's rights, he pronounced in 1919: "That it should still be necessary, at this late date in the history of the human race, to argue that women are gifted with an acute and valuable form of intelligence is surely an eloquent proof of the defective observation, incurable superstitiousness, and general dunderheadedness of man."

END

I inherited only in part. In the White House, she would feel guilty if she "ran away" to an art gallery, a movie, or a game of bridge. I hope I can instill in my daughters a sense of discipline, but with a love of life that allows them to gnaw through the chain of self-control.

Often I find myself scoffing at some of the manners I have had instilled in me. My mother's own mother died when my mother was five years old. She was reared by a maiden aunt who tried to shelter her and make old-fashioned courtesies a part of her life. Some of her etiquette rules I've given short shrift, such as wearing gloves and carrying a linen handkerchief. But others I followed for her sake have come to be important to me, and I will pass them along to my daughters.

Another gift my mother gave me was the gift of trust. Trust carries an enormous burden, and I know I didn't always welcome it completely. I hope I can give my daughters the assurance that they are trusted.

I don't mean to imply that my mother is a strait-laced, rigid lady. She is optimistic, thoughtful, complex, aware; above all, she has a great love of life. "Think of it as a great adventure," she'd say when I couldn't bear one more campaign trip. Paradoxically, she tends to be more liberal about people's habits and attitudes than I am, more forgiving of human foibles and weaknesses. She's also very fashion-minded. Not only does she approve of my father's longer hair (he had long hair when she first met him), but she en-

courages him to wear wide ties and flashy shirts. She's even using the same approach on my staid husband.

My mother and I share dreams and experiences and look to each other for advice and solace. When I had Cathy this year, my mother looked at me meaningfully and said, "Daughters are wonderful!" My father's highest compliment has always been to say that I like my mother.

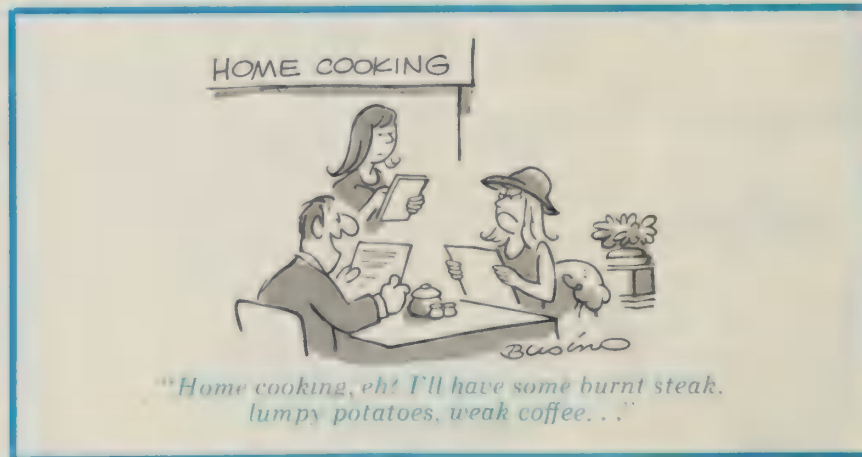
And in her style, I hope my daughters will pursue their individual interests, and be tied to me only by the thread of love and the knowledge that they are always welcome in my arms.

Other quotes from mothers and daughters interviewed by Lynda Robb

VIRGINIA JOHNSON—"Having a mother who was well known in the field of sex, as I am, while at the same time being raised in a conservative atmosphere, was difficult for Lisa. I've no

idea whether she'd like to be like me. I'm sure she doesn't like the public part of my job. And yet people who talk with her, teachers, etc., say that her conversation is filled with her mother." LISA JOHNSON (asked if she got her basic sex information from her mother)—"I seemed to know everything. I was always around older kids. I never asked my mother. Mom tried to give me a speech about it, and I started laughing. . . . It isn't that I don't want to be like my mother because of what she is. It's just that I'd rather do what I turn out to do." MARTHA MITCHELL—"Women I admire? I have always gotten along better with men. I went through my life with women being jealous and it somehow turns you against the female sex. . . . Women can be pretty mean and wicked." MARTY MITCHELL (when asked what she'd do if her mother bought her a dress she didn't like)—"Why, I would just refuse to wear it.

I like to pick out my own cloth." CAROL BURNETT—"I loved my grandmother very much, but she was too encompassing. I was so dependent when she went out one time to me p.j.'s—I was nine and had chicken pox—I got up and went up and down Hollywood Boulevard looking for I never want my kids that dependent. I want them to know I love them will be back. CARRIE (aged six)—"Favorite TV show? Dark Shadows." MRS. BROWNE—"I think that when I was young, I was always so aware of color that I decided that when I had children, I'd never let them feel different because of color. . . . When Cheryl went off to Iowa, I said to her to rub a little bit of you rub off on them, don't go out and segregate your children, which people have a tendency to do. . . . I said to her, things can't change overnight. I told both my children you feel you want a change, don't go to a white college, because things can't change that fast. You just have to hope that through education, things will really change. . . . I always thought it was money that got girls into the Miss America contest. . . . I think if you take the color away, you'd never realize the difference. . . . They selected to represent all the states. . . . Our whole family are devout Methodists. I feel you have to have faith to believe, because without it, you have the rebellion and the bitterness. And you just don't find your way back." CHERYL BROWNE—"Sex? My mother didn't leave me to find it all out at school. Actually, she was and I came to her whenever I had questions, and she'd answer them."



"Home cooking, eh? I'll have some burnt steak, lumpy potatoes, weak coffee. . ."

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Have a good careful look at all our Fisher-Price toys. We think you'll agree with us that they do a lot to brighten up toyland.

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Mrs. Rosalyn Massei and daughter Lynn, 5.

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Now you can machine-wash many delicate clothes you used to hand-wash in this new Westinghouse. Simply lift off the regular agitator. Inside you'll find the Westinghouse extra-gentle action, Hand-Wash Agitator. It's even gentle enough for woolens and beaded sweaters. Of course, the washer also does a beautiful job on giant, family-size loads.

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The makers of 22 leading washers pack Tide XK in every top-loading automatic.

Most of them are young Americans. Turned off by the war in Vietnam, hating corrupt authority and despising their elders, they travel from country to country in search of fulfillment. Their story is told by James A. Michener, author of so many best sellers, in his forthcoming novel, *The Drifters*, excerpted here. Among the characters are many that readers will recognize with a pang. For example:

JOE, a college student radicalized by police brutality, has become a draft dodger living in Spain. . . . YICAL, an under-age hero of the Arab-Israeli war, feels his loyalty, like his family, divided between Israel and the United States. . . . GRETCHEN was working for Senator McCarthy in Chicago when cops clubbed her senseless. Her stupid father sided with the cops. . . . CATO, a young black man, is on the run after a Black Panther scene escalated into gunfire in his hometown, Philadelphia. . . . MONICA is a teen-age English girl whose hatred for her racist father impels her to sleep with blacks and to experiment with drugs.

All these young people meet in Torremolinos, a resort town in Spain. But there is one more, a beautiful, amoral Norwegian girl, Britta Bjørndahl. It is with her story, told by an aging American, that we begin.



THE DRIFTERS

BY JAMES A. MICHENER

everything I relate in this narrative I either saw myself or heard directly from those involved. For example, the flaxen-haired Norwegian girl of whom I now speak once spent several days enchanting me with tales of her childhood in northern Norway.

Britta Bjørndahl was born more than two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle on the island of Tromsø. In the summer there was no night, and she lived in a kind of never-never-land of dreams and fantasies, while in the winter there was no day. Britta was one of the most beautiful girls in Tromsø, an island noted for its handsome women. She did not tell me that she was counted among the beauties in Tromsø, for she was modest; but I could see for myself that spring, when we met in Spain and talked so often. She was eighteen then, superbly proportioned, with a flawless northern complexion and soft, white hair with a touch of amber champagne.

In her fifteenth summer Britta struck up a serious friendship with a young fellow named Gunnar. He had a job, and it seemed likely that one day he and Britta would drift into a standard Tromsø marriage. As her eighteenth birthday approached, Britta had to go to work in an office, for there was no money in the Bjørndahl household for further education. Her first serious glimpses into the future came one night when Gunnar, having seen his parents off to the movies, took her to his home.

Later, as she lay in bed, she idly speculated upon how pleasant it would be when she could live with Gunnar openly, but just then she happened to look at him, hunched over a shortwave radio. At this unpropitious moment Gunnar cried, "Listen, Britta! It's that fellow in Samoa I told you about!" As he fiddled with the dials, she could visualize him decades from now, wasting his days on some trivial job, filling his nights with radio.

But a problem even more profound was also maturing: in early November Tromsø entered "the tunnel," forcing Britta to question the values of life in Norway. Even at midday the sun remained hidden below the horizon; the nights were interminable. As December approached, the people of Tromsø said, "We are heading into the tunnel."

On the morning of December 16, Britta awoke sensing a spirit of Christmas, as if Laplanders might be in the streets with their reindeer. On her way to work she saw in the window of a travel agency a poster showing a Scandinavian girl in a

swimsuit standing on a white beach. The caption read, "Come to Torremolinos. You too can enjoy sunny Spain for less than you think."

That evening she entered the travel office. A clerk hurried up to her as if she had thousands to spend. "My name is Sven Sverdrup," he said pleasantly. "And what does milady desire? A trip to Oslo for the Christmas vacation?"

"I was thinking about Torremolinos," she said. "How much?"

"You get fifteen glorious, sun-filled days." He handed her a brightly colored brochure to show her the hotel in Torremolinos, the swimming pool, the dining facilities.

"How much?"

"For fifteen days, every single expense including tips . . . a mere ninety-five dollars—that's less than seven hundred kroner. Imagine yourself in the sun, with the blue Mediterranean ten feet from where you are dining."

Britta decided that whether she got to Spain or not, she was going to look around Tromsø for a new young man. Then, unpredictably, Gunnar said, "Britta, I've been promoted to general supervisor, so I think we should get married. We could live with your parents, or mine."

"I think I'm going to Spain," Britta said.

"Spain!" He put his hand on her breast. "What about this?"

"I enjoy sex," she admitted. "But I don't think we'd make a good family."

She got her passport in order, said her good-byes to Gunnar—who was certain she would be back to marry him—and grew closer to her father than she had ever been. Her mother asked about Gunnar. Britta said she was afraid the affair had ended.

At the airport she kissed Gunnar perfunctorily—he had brought some friends and would be embarrassed if she didn't pretend they were still lovers. When the time came for her to say good-bye to her mother she experienced a flood of emotion, thinking, *I can't abide the dull orderliness here—the years that never change—the heavy system of the same old things. I don't want to wait ten years before I begin my life. I want no more of the tunnel.*

She blurted out the truth to her mother. "I'll not be coming back. Not ever. Tell Father." And she ran to the plane.

the Germans, but for a Norwegian I suppose that's out. What's left is the American soldiers who flock down here weekends. The big thing in their lives is to set up an apartment with a Swedish girl. They're generous, because they get paid well, but they're loud and damned near illiterate. I thought about it, but what would you talk about with an American soldier?" She sighed. "So on Friday I fly back to Sweden, if I don't jump out this window first."

Every morning when Britta wakened she realized that the time of her departure was one day closer, and the prospect depressed her. She asked the hotel manager if he had any jobs.

He threw up his hands. "Girls who get jobs here don't leave," he said.

On Friday Sigrid left, with tears in her eyes. Her bed was taken by Mette, a delightful girl from Copenhagen. Mette had firm ideas about how a vacation should be spent, and on the first night invited Britta to accompany her to the Arc de Triomphe, a discotheque, explaining, "When two blondes walk in together, a nicer type of boy swings into action, because he has to have a bud-

accusation that Sweden was a degenerate, so cialistic, immoral nation where suicide was common. Where could they see her the next day?

"On the beach," she said. "Where else?"

"You mean you go swimming? In February?"

"I'm Norwegian. We are real sea people, no little boys in blue suits."

One of the Americans caught her by the shoulders and gave her a good-bye kiss, shouting, "You're the little Viking I've been looking for!"

On the final Sunday afternoon, when Britta had to admit that her bright dream of staying in Spain had disintegrated, she dressed in her bikini, threw on her robe and went down to the beach for the last time. After a sunbath, she ran into the icy waters and swam vigorously for twenty minutes. When she dashed back, a Scandinavian girl was standing by her discarded robe.

"You're a real mermaid," she told Britta. "I've seen you the last four days from our apartment. admire the way you take the water."

They talked for a few minutes. Then Britta voiced her question for the last time. "How can girl find a job here?"

"Not easy. It took me three months."

"How do you live?"

"A very sweet guy let me sleep in his room. He had his own girl. Every night when I went to bed I prayed. I don't know what for, but I prayed. And one day a Belgian businessman came to him and said, 'I own a bar here but I have to go back to Antwerp. I'll sell it for what it cost.' And it was in that bar that I got my job."

"Is it decent work?"

"It's better than Stockholm in winter." She suggested that when Britta was dressed she might want to stop by the apartment for a drink. "I'm going home to be married."

Britta froze into position. "But if you're going home, your job at the bar . . ."

"That's what I came here to speak about."

Britta wanted to cry with happiness. "What kind of bar is it?"

"Like the rest. Small, dirty, noisy. An American can joint they call The Alamo."

"Oh!" Britta cried. "I was there last night. But I didn't see you."

"Some Swedes gave me a farewell party."

"This sounds ridiculous," Britta whispered, "but when I was in your bar last night, watching the man run back and forth—tend the bar, wait on tables—I said, 'He ought to have a helper.' You really think I might get the job?"

"Yes. My name's Ingrid. Let's go along and fetch your clothes from the hotel."

The remainder of that Sunday, the fourteenth day of Britta's vacation, was a compound of hope and anxiety. Her hope was based on Ingrid's confidence that she could pass her job along to Britta; the anxiety came when the two girls got to the apartment where Ingrid was staying and found nobody there. There were two large beds covered with men's and women's clothes intermixed; it was obvious that two couples were occupying the room.

Britta pointed to the beds and asked, "Is this part of the job?"

"Not necessarily. The owner has his girl. He's very nice. An Italian boy from Lugano. This boy is mine. The tall bartender you saw used to sleep in a bag on the floor. After a while I asked him to join me, so we put the bag away. If you prefer the sleeping bag, I'm sure they won't mind."

"You mean they'll let me sleep here?"

"You may want to take over the bed when I'm gone. He's a very sweet guy . . . gentle . . . not like an American at all."

They waited for an hour, talking about Spain and Scandinavia. Ingrid said that the young Swede she was marrying was an architect. "I think we'll be happy. This vacation in Spain . . ."

"How long were you here?"

"Eight months. I tried the Spanish businessman once, but it didn't work out. All I wanted was a place to stay and enough money to feed myself, but he had these complicated tricks. . . . I had a coin in my purse, but Jean-Victor met me in

Police brutality made Joe a radical hiding in Spain and forever on the run from the draft.



The bus trip from the Malaga airport to Torremolinos took less than twenty minutes, but it represented a journey from one civilization to another: long links waiting in the sun, restaurants with patios open to the sky, glimpses of a sapphire sea. The buses, bringing hundreds of Scandinavian tourists, pulled up before a new seventeen-story hotel called The Northern Lights. Britta was directed to a double room on the sixteenth floor, where she found a Swedish girl who introduced herself as Sigrid.

"I have to go back on Friday," Sigrid said.

Britta's first question was one she would repeat constantly for the next two weeks. "Is it possible to find work here?"

"Impossible. There's not a job to be had."

"But suppose there was. How would I go about finding it?"

"Select some bar and hang around. If anything's available, they'll tell you. The Swedish bars are the cleanest, but you don't meet men with money—or men who can give you a job. The American bars are ugly and noisy, but you meet men from the military bases, and they have plenty of money."

"Can they find you a job?"

"No, but the money you can scrounge helps you to hang on till you do find a job."

"Then there are jobs?"

"Darling! More than a hundred Scandinavian girls work in Torremolinos. None found a job at first, but somehow they held on."

"Please—how did they manage, really?"

"Three ways," Sigrid said, standing by the window and looking eastward toward Malaga, which lay in sunlight between the mountains and the sea. "On weekends Torremolinos gets Spanish businessmen from Madrid, all hoping to find a Scandinavian mistress. They're generous, and they don't expect it to last forever. Second way is

dy, and to have a buddy you must be at least human. If a blonde goes out alone, she's likely to pick up creeps."

Before midnight Mette had arranged dates with two American soldiers from the base near Sevilla. The men were young and noisy, and had an apartment near the ocean. Mette said she'd like to see it, but Britta demurred.

"I'm not a prude about sex," she told Mette the next morning, when the Danish girl returned to the hotel. "In a crisis I'll take an apartment from the Americans. But what I really want is a job."

Each day at noon she astonished the Americans by appearing in her bikini, covered by a loose robe, headed for the seashore. "You're not going swimming?" hotel guests asked.

"Why not?" she asked. "Sun's out."

After lying in whatever sun there might be for an hour or so, Britta would plunge into the ice-cold sea.

Saturday was the worst day of her vacation. It was the thirteenth day, an ominous fact. She could not bear to think of leaving Spain, returning to the gloomy shadows of Norway, losing her glimpse of another life. That evening she passed a small bar she had not noticed before. From the noise issuing from its open door it had to be American, and its sign read, "The Alamo." Hesitantly, she entered and slipped into a seat in the corner. The bartender, a tall, bearded American, walked over to ask what she wanted.

"How about a beer?" she said.

He brought her one. "You just in?"

"Yes. Norway." She had nothing to add, so he returned to his work at the bar.

At two in the morning she was taken in tow by three American sailors from the base at Rota. Since she was blonde and Scandinavian, they insisted she was Swedish, and wanted to know what she thought about President Eisenhower's famous

... he's the one who owns the place..." She hed. "It's been a good eight months and I think I'm ready to go home."

"When are they coming?" Britta pleaded. "My plane leaves at two tomorrow."

"They'll be here," Ingrid reassured her.

But night fell and no one came. Britta started cry. "If he won't hire me at the bar I'm going proposition the first man I see. I will not fly back to Norway." She grabbed her topcoat and unlocked the door. Ingrid followed her, saying, "We'll go to the bar. They'll have to be here."

They walked up the hill away from the beach, The Alamo. Inside, American soldiers and sailors were having the last drink of the weekend. They greeted Ingrid with cheers and kisses, and the sailors who had entertained Britta the night before made whirlwind proposals. They had an apartment... she could use it... there was food in the refrigerator... the next weekend she could decide whether she wanted to live permanently with one of them.

Sometime around ten the bartender appeared, tall, long-haired and generally presentable. Britta waited until Ingrid called her over. "Joe, this is Britta. The Norwegian girl I've been telling you about."

Joe looked up from his beer bottles. "I noticed you last night. Think you could run the place?"

"Yes... if you'd be patient the first days."

"Can you start work Wednesday?"

"Oh, yes!" She had not wanted to sound too eager, but she could not restrain herself.

"I'll have to move her things into the apartment," Ingrid said. "I suppose she can use the sleeping bag."

"Why not?"

When Joe went back to the bar, Britta told Ingrid, "I want to move in right now. I won't wait tomorrow—he might see another girl who looks better, but if I'm sleeping at the foot of his bed—" "Few girls look better than you," Ingrid assured her. "Come along. We'll get your gear."

When they took her clothes to the apartment, Jean-Victor was in bed with his girl, Sandra. Without getting up they welcomed Britta, told her how to find the sleeping bag with the tartan cover, and directed its placement on the floor. Sandra said, "You'd better pin a note to it. 'This bed belongs to... what's your name?'"

"Britta. I'm from a little town in northern Norway—Tromsø."

"Daddy was there too!" Sandra exclaimed. "He was a destroyer. British Navy. He says it's wildly beautiful."

Britta said, "My father was in the mountains making your ships," whereupon Sandra leaped from her bed, and ran to kiss their new guest. "You'll like it here," she said warmly.

In the second week, Britta lay one night in the tartan sleeping bag and heard Jean-Victor and Sandra in their bed and thought of Joe sleeping in the big bed over her head. The arrangement seemed ridiculous, so she crept out of her sleeping bag, walked to Joe's bed, and shook him gently by the shoulder, saying, "It's no fun down here."

He said sleepily, "Come in here where it's warm," and the pathway back to Tromsø closed forever.

Whatever financial luck I've had in my later years has sprung primarily from my working with tech reps, those tough, difficult men who live at the frontiers of modern industry. What is a tech rep? Look at it this way. Pan American Airways sells outmoded planes to some small country that is just organizing its own airline—Y, Burma. A team of six technical representatives is sent along to show the Burmese how to run and maintain the planes. After some months, some of the tech reps return to the United States for reassignment. The sixth man stays in Burma, working for all the airliners in the country. Alone, he settles into an apartment in Rangoon, a hangout in Mandalay, a bar in Myitkyina where he makes a change of clothing, and a hut in the mountains at the far end of the line. He often

takes a Burmese mistress, or two or three at different airfields.

In the remote areas of the world I have known hundreds of tech reps—aviation, heavy tractors, communications, x-ray technicians, soft drink bottlers, automotive maintenance. All were intelligent and difficult to manage, and all of them had trouble with women. If you summoned one hundred tech reps to a convention in Bombay, you would find that at least eighty of them were divorced. "I don't know what happened. She couldn't stand life away from home, I guess."

I have said that the tech reps were responsible for my financial security. It happened this way. When I got out of the Navy in 1945 I drifted into selling mutual funds. Eventually I volunteered for all the out-of-the-way countries that no other salesmen wanted. It was in these outposts that I first met the heavy-spending tech reps and became a specialist in selling them common sense. World Mutual published a lot of fancy manuals on salesmanship, but none includes the kind of pitch I used.

"Listen, you idiot! You threw away twenty thousand dollars last year on booze and Singapore cuties, and what did it get you—a swollen liver? I'm not arguing any more. I'm signing you up for fifteen thousand."

"Who says?"

"I already said. Sign here."

One of the first to invest with me was a man I found working in Turkey, Harvey Holt. I was forty-six at the time, and Holt was twenty-eight, a former Marine captain recently divorced. Bitter, tough, capable, he was serving his first overseas stint as a tech rep for United Communications of New York, which had recently installed an airport communications system for Turkey.

Holt himself had known good schooling and had profited from it. At Laramie High, in eastern Wyoming, he had taken advanced electronics in an after-school club; when he was seventeen, and lied about his age to join the Marines, they made him a communications specialist. At Iwo Jima he was on the beach running the radio that controlled the landings, and at Okinawa he won decorations for bravery. At the outbreak of the Korean war he volunteered to rejoin the Marines, and was in the fighting north of Seoul.

After Turkey, I met Holt in Sumatra, Thailand, the western desert of Australia, and most memorable of all, Afghanistan, where I had last seen him in his meticulous house, a tiger rug on the floor, a fantastic hi-fi set playing "A String of Pearls," and in the kitchen a pretty young secretary from the Iraqi embassy helping to prepare our supper.

It was not easy to talk with him. He never referred to cities or nations, only to the airports where he had installed Unicom systems: "It was when I was at Yesilkoy, putting in the Big Rally II." This meant that he had been working at the airport for Constantinople, installing a complex communications system—radar, side bands, closed circuit television and half a dozen relay stations around the country.

Harvey Holt could not abide life in the United States, yet he loved the country and all it stood for: "By and large, it's the best nation on earth, and if you can't trust us you can't trust anybody." Although he didn't understand the trouble in Vietnam too clearly, he supported our government and felt that Eisenhower and Kennedy had known what they were doing; but he wasn't too sure about Johnson.

When I first met Holt he offered me a bedroom while I peddled World Mutual to other technicians in the Constantinople area. One day I ran into him leaving the bathroom with a towel about his middle. Across his chest I saw a vivid wound like a jagged streak of lightning.

"You got that in Korea?" I asked.

"Nope. Pamplona."

"Isn't that the town in northern Spain that Hemingway wrote about?"

"Yep."

"You mean a bull did that?"

"Yep." That was all he said that day, but a

couple of evenings later, when a friend of his had some Spanish records he wanted transferred to tape, and the trumpets and flourishes had died away, Holt said, "We were putting in a Big Rally II at Portela and in late June some of the men asked me if I was going up to Pamplona for the running of the bulls."

"So I went, and for three mornings I watched others run before the bulls, and on the fourth morning—why I'll never know—I was there in the narrow street running before the bulls myself. A big Pablo Romero caught me right in the chest. But for horn wounds, Pamplona has the best doctors in the world. They get enough practice."

That's how I myself came to know Pamplona. Holt's contract with Unicom provided that his vacation begin July 1 each year. Late in the afternoon of July 3 he would fly to Madrid, where I would be waiting. On the fifth we would rent a car and be on our way. We planned our arrival in Pamplona for late afternoon, and on the sixth we would watch the fireworks and meet old friends from all parts of Europe. Five-thirty of the morning of the seventh all hell would break loose from the marching bands assembled in the plaza before Bar Vasca. Holt would climb out of bed and put on tennis shoes, white pants, red belt, white shirt, red scarf. Clad in this costume he would go forth to meet the bulls.

For Holt, this running had become an almost religious ritual. When I first saw it for myself in 1954, it was nothing more than insanity in the streets. Then someone who knew that I knew Holt said, "Has he shown you the photographs of his goring? They're on display at the camera store around the corner."

We went over to see them. In 1970 the series was still on display in the same shop, and copies were sold each year. One shows Holt running a few inches ahead of the stampeding bulls. A second shows him looking back over his shoulder, laughing. Another shows him stumbling in front of the charging bulls. Then five bulls and seven steers run right over him as if he were a paving block. And most spectacular of all, the camera shows the final bull sinking his right horn into Holt's chest and throwing him in the air.

In Pamplona, Holt and I always stayed at Bar Vasca, a rambling arrangement of rooms above a dark, low-ceilinged bar. The food should have been served with a shovel, but it was good. Holt had the same meal three times a day—a mixture of heavy white beans cooked with ham ends and aromatic herbs—a dish call *pochas*.

When Holt and I arrived, Raquel La Vasca, owner of the bar, said to me, "Señor Fairbanks, the young people you sent me came early this afternoon. They're upstairs."

"I didn't send you anyone."

"They said you did. Three boys, three girls. I gave them my last rooms. From Torremolinos."

"Oh! My young drifters!" I started upstairs to greet them, but the big woman shouted, "Finish your supper! Eh, Manolo! Fetch the young Americans," and soon there was a clatter on the stairs as the team rushed down to greet me—Gretchen, Britta and Joe, Cato, Monica, Yigal.

"Didn't you see our car?" Monica cried as she leaned over the table to give me a kiss. She pointed out the window to a yellow VW camper with a pop-top.

"We were tired of sleeping so cooped up," Gretchen explained, and I guessed that she was paying for the rooms in Bar Vasca.

"I want you to meet my long-time friend," I said. "He knows more about Pamplona than anyone you'll meet—Harvey Holt from Afghanistan."

The young people moved forward to introduce themselves, and I could see that Holt was disturbed by the presence of Cato, the young black man from Philadelphia.

"How often have you been to Pamplona?" Monica asked him.

"This is my seventeenth year," Holt said.

"Like wow!"

Holt looked at the English girl as if asking her to translate, but before he could say anything the others pressed in with questions about

Pamplona. After dinner they volunteered to show us to our rooms, and Cato took Holt's bag while Joe grabbed mine. They led us to the third floor, where we had stayed for many years. There were the dark, small cubicles which had become home to us, the balconies, the dingy bathroom.

"We're on this hall too," Gretchen said, and she led us to a room in which she and Britta had their gear. Beside them was a room in which Joe and Yigal stayed. That left a third room, extremely small, with only Monica and Cato to fit in. Their gear was on the bed.

When Holt and I were alone in my room he asked, "Are Monica and the black boy sleeping together?"

Gretchen grabbed his arm and pulled him back to his chair. "Mr. Holt, this is all new to us and we're trying to find out. Please."

"All right. If you want to understand Pamplona, get up early on the morning of the seventh, go out on your balcony, listen to the noise, wait for the rocket to fire down at the end of our street, then watch as six bulls and ten steers gallop by. You'll say, 'So what's so big about that?' And maybe one of you, maybe this pretty girl"—he put his hand on Britta's—"maybe in that flashing moment when the bulls go past she'll catch a glimpse of one man's face—it will be the face of a man running in terror a few inches ahead of a bull—and she'll be the only one who will understand.

ers, white shirt, red scarf, red belt, white tennis shoes with red laces and rope soles. I wore rop-soled shoes, a faded blue navy costume and beret. Joe wore a heavy beard, tight slacks, a shirt, a leather vest with a sheepskin lining and Texas-style boots. Cato kept his beard trimmed and his modern clothes meticulous, while Yigal wore whipcord pants, army boots, and a military jacket.

The girls wanted to wear their pretty dresses but quickly found that to do so in the free-wheeling crowd at Pamplona led to adventure they were not ready to pursue. Britta said, "I never knew a thousand men could have eight thousand hands." The girls quickly decided to wear slacks.

Holt disliked our three young men, Joe because of his pacifism and his beard, Yigal because of his hesitancy about choosing America over Israel as his home, Cato because he spoke ill of religion and was sleeping with a white girl. His reaction to the three girls was more complex. He distrusted Gretchen's attitude toward the police, believing that anybody who got on the wrong side of the law probably had it coming. Also, he was suspicious of young people who fought with their parents, although he had fought with his to get in the Marines—but that was different. He thought Monica considered herself superior because she was English, and he despised her for having an affair with a Negro. Britta was suspect because how could a girl like that smoke marijuana? And speak disrespectfully of her father?

"Life is so damned easy for these girls," he told me one day, "no problems at all, and yet they want to make waves."

When I said that Gretchen really had a miserable time with the police he snapped, "Probably smoking pot and they caught her."

On July 8 the 5:30 A.M. serenade outside Basca consisted of three bass drums of overpowering intensity, thumped for thirty minutes, one extended fugue. At six-thirty I took the young people to the town hall, where we took perches on the barricades. But an attendant in uniform whispered, "Hsst! The señoritas like a good spot?" For a few pesetas he led us into the town hall and up a flight of stairs to a balcony that commanded the entire portion of the run.

I explained: "The bulls will be charging up the hill, and here they must turn sharp left, then dash straight down that lovely street called Doña Blanca de Navarra. At the end the bulls turn right and enter the greatest of the streets, Estafeta, which we'll see tomorrow."

Joe asked if we would see Harvey Holt from this spot. I said, "No, in a different place. The ones who run here love the openness, the speed, the thrill of seeing the bulls come up over the rise."

At seven the first rocket went off and promptly the second. Runners exploded from the street to our right, followed by those dark, torpedolike bodies. In an instant all was past and men who would never dare to face a bull were leaving the safety of the barricades and climbing into the street so that they could say, "I ran with the bulls at town hall."

There were bullfights each afternoon, but they were usually bad, and the crowds were rowdy. Joe and Cato and the girls struck up friendships with some of their neighbors, but Yigal grumbled. This irritated Holt, who asked at dinner on the fourth night, "If you don't like the bullfight, why bother with Pamplona?"

"It's just that I'm disturbed by the silly behavior of grown men who seek their thrills that way," Yigal said. "Twenty thousand men in a ring, tormenting a defenseless calf whose horns have been padded."

"You ever been hit by one of those defenseless calves?"

"Or running down Estafeta with six bulls on your tail. Who needs thrills like that?"

"Have you ever been in danger . . . just for the hell of it?"

I could have warned Holt that he was heading into the wrong alley with that question, but it had

Monica's hatred for a racist father impels her to take revenge by sleeping with blacks and taking drugs.



"They have been for some months," I said.

"I should think her mother's heart would break," Holt said with great intensity.

"Her mother's dead," I said.

The next day we took the gang to the central square and found seats for them at the Bar Txoco. Habitues from all over Europe came to greet Holt. One German girl had a set of the famous postcards for Holt to autograph. Joe asked what they were, and the girl said, "You're sitting with this man and you don't know who he is?" She spread the pictures before the young people, and I watched their jaws drop.

"Did the bull's horn really go in," Britta asked, "as deep as it looks here? You must have been near death."

"Actually," Holt said, "the horn never came within inches of a vital area. Like saber scars in German dueling."

Gretchen picked up the analogy with university dueling. "Are men like you compelled to run with the bulls of Pamplona because of the pressure of your society?"

Holt stared at her. "What do you mean, men like me?"

"What she means," Cato broke in, "something's bugging you and you feel driven to get down there and do your thing."

Holt looked from one face to another. "You kids may be driven by the force of your society. I'm having fun. I work my tail off eleven months a year, and on the twelfth I come to Pamplona to have fun."

The German girl leaned across the table and kissed Holt on the cheek. "He is the bravest, and if you keep your eye on him the next few days you'll find out what it means to be a real man . . . all of you."

This did not satisfy Gretchen. "You mean, Mr. Holt, that you are not driven by any inner compulsion? Any sense of insufficiency?"

Holt shook his head. "Lady, are you here in Pamplona because you have an inner sense of insufficiency?"

"Yes."

The reply startled him. He rose. "You came to a damned good place to get it satisfied." But

Yigal moved forward. "But you do it as compensation for something, don't you?"

I could see that Holt had taken a dislike to Yigal, and now he turned on him. "Son, I don't know what's eating you. From the worry in your face I'd say it's plenty—but I'm okay. Now if you'll excuse me—"

Joe leaned across the table and slowly unbuttoned Holt's shirt until the scar was exposed. Staring at it, he said, "You were there."

Britta looked Holt straight in the face. "Now that we've seen, tell us why you do it."

Holt stared back. "Now that I've seen you young people—Mr. Fairbanks told me about you—you tell me, why do you do it?"

"Do what?" Britta asked.

"Run away from home. Knock around Europe. Smoke marijuana. Sleep with each other." He stared at Monica.

"It's very simple," Monica replied. "We do it because life at home is unutterably boring."

"And you?" Holt asked Gretchen. "You look intelligent. Tell me."

"Police and people," Gretchen said.

"What does she mean?" Holt asked me.

"The police gave her a bad time."

"She probably deserved it."

"And the people," Gretchen said evenly, "were the slobs in my own family."

Holt flushed. "A good-looking, well-bred girl like you oughtn't to speak of her parents that way."

Cato said, "I'm here, Mister Holt, because men like you in Philadelphia drove me here."

Britta said, "I am the one who is really escaping. I'm escaping the darkness, the cold, of northern Norway."

Holt turned to Joe. "And you?"

"I'm here to avoid the draft," Joe said, fingering his beard.

Holt froze. "They called you to serve? And you ran away?"

"Yes."

Holt rose and said with finality, "I don't drink with draft dodgers. If you want to, Fairbanks, you can, but I'll be damned if I will," and he stalked off across the square.

Harvey Holt dressed every day in white trousers,

asked, so all of us who knew Yigal's fighting
ord in the Arab-Israel war of 1967 sat back
ling. The young Jew preferred not to answer.
t, believing that he had struck a tender nerve,
l, "You bookish fellows often miss the main
nt."

What is the main point?" Yigal asked.
That the male animal, throughout history, has
ayed testing himself."

What if you don't need a test?"
No man can be sure of his courage until he has
n tested. Everyone requires a test."

What I meant was, what if it has been tested?"
Son," Holt said expansively, "I don't mean
er, or climbing some hill."

igal rose, pointed to Cato, and said, "I'm
g to the john."

hen he was gone Cato said, "Mr. Holt, did
ever hear of Al-Quarash?"

Holt thought a minute. "Wasn't that one of the
in the Six-Day War?"

There was silence around the table, and after a
e Holt asked, "You mean Yigal—?"

He was seventeen," Monica said, "and he
n't even in the army. Just went along for the
of it."

You've read about it," Cato added. "Surround-
y six tanks and a bunch of these kids de-
ved four of them."

That little jerk?" Holt asked, and Cato re-
l, "That's what Nasser said."

hen Yigal returned, Holt stood up, and there
a moment of embarrassment, for he could
k of nothing to say. Then he remembered
e of the details about Quarash, and asked,
l you happen to be the guy who worked on
radio?" When Yigal nodded, Holt grew ex-
cive and said, "You must know a lot about
ronics," and we left them at the table, dis-
ing Big Rallies and tape recorders.

In the morning of July 10 we rose early, fought
the bathroom, went down to greet the singers
the bar, and proceeded down Santo Domingo.
ing several locations, Joe and Yigal finally
ied that we should stand where we could
the men run down the hill, turn, and run back
the military hospital. When the girls saw the
ownness of the street up which the bulls would
ge they began to appreciate what a power-
cene was about to unfold.

was not until a quarter to seven that Britta
s, "Look! There's Mr. Holt." In the front
s at the barrier stood Harvey with his
ish friends. Whooooosh! With a loud roar the
et exploded. Deftly, the police swung away
barrier and fled to safety. The second rocket
oded. Holt and his companions raced down-
directly at the oncoming bulls. When it
ed that the horns must catch them, they
ed and ran like mad ahead of the pressing
als.

Britta screamed as the lead bull gained on Holt,
ing out as if to knock him over. Holt dove
he crevice where the high wall and the paved
t met, and over him passed two bulls and
steers who were running wide that morning.
etchen saw that he was safe, and she said,
s getting up." Britta opened her eyes and
Holt dusting himself off, but now Monica
med, "Look!"

Men came running down Santo Domingo
a spot in front of Bar Vasca carrying a
g boy who had been gored. He was covered
blood. Across from us the big doors of the
ary hospital swung open. Two other groups
unning men dashed down the hill bearing
g men who had been hit. "Just broken ribs,"
d confidently. But Monica kept shouting,
k at them hauling in the corpses!"
ter Holt led us to our alcove at Bar Vasca,
e a crowd gathered to discuss the accidents.
n men had been hauled to hospitals, but
was seriously injured. One Spaniard
ped by our table to report. "They didn't even
to call a priest. Very satisfactory run."

July 11, following the running of the bulls,

the girls filled the yellow pop-top with food and
invited Holt and me to a picnic—partly because
they wanted Holt to bring his tape recorder.

His first tape—the one he considered his mas-
terpiece—proved a disaster. It contained the best
songs of the big band era, and when the reedy
voices of the male singers came from the ma-
chine, like ghosts mouthing formal conceits from
some courtly age, the young people laughed. All
the songs we had loved—"Just One of Those
Things," "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," "I'll
Never Smile Again"—they treated with amused
contempt.

Holt asked what they found so funny, and Joe
said, "Didn't they ever go to bed together back
in those days?"

"Yes, they went to bed," Holt snapped. "But
they didn't talk about it all the time."

"Well, frankly, the music stinks," Joe said.

Monica interrupted. "The tunes are dull, the
lyrics absolutely juvenile—intellectual age, about
nine years old."

"Harvey," I said, "I think you have 'Night and
Day' on that tape. See if you can find it."

As the words unfolded, so handsomely matched
to the melody, I asked the young critics what they
thought of it.

"Same reaction," Joe said. "Didn't you cats
ever get the girls into bed?"

"Damn it! Listen to the words!"

"I am listening, and it's sentimental hogwash.
No wonder the world's in the shape it's in if your
generation listened to that slop."

Holt turned off his machine and began to laugh.
"I'm looking forward to that day in July 1998
when some of you wiseacres are gray-haired, and
here on a picnic with a bunch of young kids.
And you try to explain to them how in your youth
you got a bang out of the unmitigated slop you
call music." He closed his machine, slamming
the cover.

That night, before turning in, I stopped by
Holt's room for a private talk. As I started push-
ing the door open—there were no locks in Bar
Vasca—I realized there was a chair propped against
it. I started to retreat, but Holt growled at me
from the bed and I, like a fool, stopped to answer.

For the last several days I had noticed that

**Cato ran away
from the States to
avoid arrest as
a Black Panther
type involved in
a gun incident.**



Britta was increasingly deferential to Holt's opin-
ions. Politically and socially he was a stranger,
but in his rocklike simplicity he resembled some
of the men she had known in Tromsø.

"With them, you felt that if you got into a
fight. . . . Let's suppose we were in a real fight,"
she said to me. "I could trust you to decide which
side was morally right. I could depend on Cato to
make a speech. I could depend on Yigal to know
what to do if the going got tough. And I could
depend on Joe to give me sympathy if things went
wrong. Mr. Holt I could depend upon to do the
fighting. In this respect he is very much like my
father."

I suspected that Britta had spotted Holt as her
best chance of escaping Tromsø. Her affair with

Joe had ended, and she had only the money that
Gretchen gave her. Holt, for his part, found Brit-
ta fascinating, a window into a new world.

Now, on this night when Holt growled at me for
pushing aside his chair, I saw that he had good
reason to block the door: one of Joe's college girls
was in bed beside him. As I backed out Holt said,
"Pull the chair against the door, if you can."

Each summer, Bar Vasca converted itself into
an ipso facto tourist agency. At almost any hour,
young people would drop by to ask if anyone was
traveling to Brussels or Istanbul. At that time
not one of my young people had ever spoken of
Moçambique. It came into the conversation
obliquely when Holt said, "Watching that young
lady leave for Split reminded me of how Hum-
phrey Bogart decided to go down the river with
Miss Hepburn."

"What are you talking about?" Joe asked testily.

"One of Bogart's best. I saw it at a movie
house at Gago Coutinho."

"Where's Gago Coutinho?"

"Moçambique," I explained. "Southern part of
Africa, but on the Indian Ocean side. I once did a
feasibility study there."

"Ninety-seven percent Negroes," Holt said.

"But the Portuguese are in control."

"It would be interesting for you," I told Cato.

"To the south you have South Africa, where the
Negroes are subdued. To the north Tanzania,
where they govern. Moçambique is in the middle,
geographically and spiritually."

"Can we drive there?" Gretchen asked.

"No possibility," I said. "But boats go down,
cheap too—shipping the car wouldn't cost much."

"There's a Greek boat that leaves Barcelona
on the afternoon of the fifteenth," Holt said.

"How do you know that?" Monica asked.

"It's my business to know transportation. Sails
fifteenth of every month from Barcelona."

"What kind of country is it?" Cato asked.

I answered: "You've heard the phrase, 'Miles
of beach?' Moçambique has thousands of miles of
the most beautiful vacant beaches in the world.
Jungle, huge rivers, good cities. I think it would
be a good idea, if you could afford the boat fare."

Gretchen said, "If Joe and Britta need funds, I

can let them have some. I wonder if we could call
the shipping line in Barcelona?"

They got on the phone and in a surprisingly
short time, for Spain, were talking with the Greek
line: Yes, a boat did sail from Barcelona on
July 15. Yes, at four in the afternoon. And it had
three cabins. . . . "If you telegraph five thousand
pesetas now, you can pay the rest in American
traveler's checks when you arrive. . . . Yes, we can
take a Volkswagen pop-top."

July 13 brought us a real surprise. When I took
the girls down to the museum to watch Holt run,
we were in position for half an hour before he ap-
peared. The number of men who were willing to
test the bulls on the slope was somewhat great-

er than before, as if the carnage of yesterday had whetted their appetites for a true test. We were commenting on this when Monica screamed, "Look who's down there!"

It was Joe, conspicuous in tight Levis, boots and leather vest, leaning nonchalantly against the wall and looking completely out of place. He had stationed himself near the spot where the bulls had gored so many men the day before.

Monica called down to Holt, "Guess who's running with you!" Harvey looked around. He yelled at Joe, "You can't run in those shoes!" Just then the rocket exploded and the bulls came charging up the hill. Joe was hit squarely in the rump by a big steer.

"It happened so damned fast," he told us later at Bar Vasca as we ate breakfast. "I had seen how Holt did it. But those animals are so big!"

When Holt arrived he spoke harshly to Joe. "You should have asked me. I'd have warned you not to run in that spot. The steers always take that bend close."

"I'm going to run tomorrow," Joe said.

"And so am I," Cato said.

"And so am I," I added, on the spur of the moment.

"Now wait a minute!" Holt protested. "I will not be responsible for three clowns like you on the slopes of Santo Domingo."

"I didn't ask for your protection today," Joe pointed out.

"Yes and you got knocked on your can, because you were stupid." Holt rose and stormed about the bar, calling Raquel as his witness. "They want to run tomorrow. A dumb oaf who runs straight into a steer. A bedroom athlete. And a tired old man with white hair."

But he gave in. "All right. Tomorrow the four of us will run. But not in Santo Domingo. You're so dumb you'd get killed." He led us into the street and up to Town Hall, where he blocked out a reasonable program. "You, Fairbanks, stand in this corner of the barricade. You don't run, and if a bull should happen to hit you, there's nothing we can do about it. Cato, Joe and I will start here, right in front of Town Hall, and we'll wait until the bulls pass Fairbanks. We will then run like hell to the next corner, which is about as far as we can make before the bulls overtake us. Now let's go down there and decide more or less what we're going to do."

We walked down to the corner where the bulls turn into Estafeta. Cato had spotted a shop that sold baby clothes. It stood on the corner, and its base was at an angle that provided unusual protection. "I'm going to throw myself into that wedge under the store window," Cato said. "What do you think?"

"It's each man for himself, but that's a good spot. All right, that's Cato's drill. Joe?"

"I am going to run right into the barricade and hold fast."

"And you?" Cato asked me.

"I feel safer in the street," I said. "I'll run till they gain on me, then twist away."

"Is that safer?" Cato asked.

"I know when to twist," I said, "and how. You stick to your own plan."

At dinner time Holt suggested that Joe and I join him upstairs in a small dining room where we could talk, and after the inevitable chatter about the bullfight, Holt said, "Joe, I hope you're not serious about dodging the draft."

"Most serious."

"Are you afraid to die? We all are."

"Please, don't ladle out that tired soup."

Holt kept his temper. "If it isn't a problem of courage, what is it?"

"The war's wrong. A decent man can have no part of it."

"You mean, you're going to place your judgment above that of the President of the United States, the Congress . . ."

"I don't think these last four Presidents had good judgment. Congress hasn't been consulted, so the war's not only wrong, it's illegal."

"You don't believe that Communism threatens all of us?"

"Problems at home threaten us a great deal more."

They stayed on this merry-go-round through the *pochas*, but when the beef stew was served, Holt asked: "Would you have fought Hitler?"

"That question doesn't face my generation," Joe said.

"It faces every generation. In different form. And the question of courage faces every life. Ask Mr. Fairbanks."

"I have courage," Joe said. "I couldn't be here—look, if the government catches me, I go to jail. I've been willing to lay it on the line."

"You would flee your nation?" Holt asked in disbelief.

Joe laughed. "Do you know that we have clinics instructing us how to beat the physical exam? Eight aspirin an hour before. Go into the doctor's at the end of an LSD trip. Come to Europe one week before your eighteenth birthday and certify this as your legal residence. I know at least twenty ways to beat the rap, and if they all fail, I can still fall back on Little Casino."

"What's that?" Holt asked.

"Little Casino, you get a doctor to certify that you are an habitual user of LSD, heroin and opium."

"You'd put that in writing?" Holt asked.

"I may have to before the year's out."

"But Joe! It would stand there in your record. . . . Suppose you wanted a job?"

"I wouldn't accept any kind of job in which my military record would be taken into account."

"But almost any job. A bank, World Mutual that Mr. Fairbanks works for, my outfit—"

"I wouldn't take a job with any of them. The system is corrupt and I'm not going to become a part of it."

"But how about getting married? Suppose you wanted to marry—wouldn't the girl's father naturally look into your background?"

Joe laughed. "We're living in totally different societies. Look at these chicks around here. You ever see prettier girls? You think I couldn't marry any of them if I wanted to? You think they're going to ask their parents first? 'Is Joe an acceptable young man? Will he fit in at the First National Bank?' Hell, we'd get married and tell them about it on a postcard from Tangier three months later."

Neither Holt nor I could answer. We had been reared in a different society. He had paid a formal visit to the parents of his fiancée; I had done the same.

"We reject all the ideas you've been throwing at us, Mr. Holt," Joe said. "But on our own terms we're going to live good and constructive lives."

"In the long run, the terms have got to be the same. You can laugh at Horatius standing firm at his bridge, but unless you identify your bridges and develop the guts to defend them . . ."

"We have defined our first bridge. The Vietnam war is an insult to man's intelligence and we will have none of it."

"Was the second World War also an insult to man's intelligence?"

Joe refused to answer, so Holt continued, "Then how about Korea?"

"How about it? Isn't that where the trouble really started? America refused to declare war, because she didn't want to upset the internal economy. Nine men made a lot of money and the tenth went to war. We found we could get away with it that time, so in Vietnam we tried the same filthy trick. And it exploded in our faces. It is a corrupt war. Mr. Holt, how would you like to be drafted into such a war?"

"I volunteered," Holt said.

Joe looked at his plate.

"The same way I volunteered in World War II and Korea," Holt continued. "I considered the Korean War a noble enterprise. We saved Japan from Communism and stabilized that part of Asia. I feel the same way about Vietnam."

"The gap is wider than I thought," Joe said.

"Joe, you're a valuable human being," Holt said. "Don't do anything that would destroy

your later years. They're long, and you'll need all the character you can muster."

On July 14 Pamplona reached its apex. Bands assembled at Bar Vasca at 5:30 A.M., crashing like artillery. By six a varied group of young people had assembled in Holt's room, including two pretty American girls from Wells, whom Joe had found trying to sleep in the square.

Holt instructed the girls to find places at barricades leading into Estafeta: "Better right now. All good spots, will be gone by fifteen."

Joe, Holt, Cato and I walked up the hill, reminded us of our strategy, adding, "No aleck movements when you think the bulls safely past. They might turn back and rub out."

I watched as he led Cato and Joe into position. They were smothered by the crowd, but when the police allowed the front men to filter through the barricade Holt and the boys were precisely where they had planned to be, in the front ranks.

At seven the rocket exploded. I looked down the hill toward the corrals and in a moment I saw the bulls rushing up the slope, past the military hospital and into the narrow alley that would deliver them right into my lap.

Now they were here, six charging bulls and huge steers bearing down upon me. I felt my legs grow faint, but at the last moment, as they veered left and passed me with a few feet to spare. I started to run after them because I wanted to see what had happened with Holt and the boys, but a lean Spaniard grabbed me by the back of the neck and jerked me back, shouting, "Señor, otro!"

A last bull, who had strayed behind the others, came roaring up and charged into the spot I had just vacated. I ran after him and was thus able to see fairly close at hand what happened as he turned into Estafeta.

In my first glance I saw that Cato was wedged into the corner of wall and pavement beneath a baby shop while Joe was pressed against the store window. Holt was safe in the middle of the street, but he had counted the passing bulls and knew that one was still to come. Shouting "Stay down!" at Cato and "Keep back!" to Joe, he took steps to protect himself. But he did not know that he was stepping in front of a frightened young Spaniard who had had a terrifying morning.

Sashaying into the city hall plaza at about a quarter to seven, he had announced grandly to his friends that he would run with the bulls. When the rocket had sounded he moved amiably down Dona Blanca. But when he reached Estafeta and looked down that long, thoroughfare where manhood is tested, he was suddenly frightened.

In his panic he attempted to crawl under the barricades. A policeman pushed him back onto the runway. Shaken, he ran to where the other boys were perched, only to be thrust back by a policeman, who punched him in the face, shouting, "You wanted to run—run!"

The young man looked down Estafeta, standing in its darkness, then back toward the square, where the bulls had turned the corner and come directly at him. In sheer terror he screamed. Holt knocked him to the ground and showed him how to lie wedged against the wall of a building. There he lay while the first five bulls rushed past him.

When they had gone by, he got up and started to walk into the middle of the street. At that moment the final bull appeared. The young man froze in terror. Holt pushed him backward toward the wall and drew himself into a motionless monument as the stray bull rushed past. It was an exciting moment, and all who were watching applauded.

So all would have gone well, except that this stray bull turned into Estafeta he was moving too fast and fell down. When the bull reared up on its feet he was facing backwards. Peering over his shoulder Estafeta he could see none of his fellow runners in confusion he began lashing at whatever was before him.

With a savage swipe of his left horn he ripped the barricade, then leaped across the street at the body of Cato, who lay against the wall. His knees drawn up to protect his stomach. Cato died, but the horns never struck him for at that crucial moment Holt leaped before the bull, with his arms, jiggled his rolled-up newspaper and kicked the bull into forgetting Cato.

He was magnificent, and a sharp-eyed photographer caught the scene in full beauty. You see the infuriated animal a few inches from Cato. You see Cato cringing on the street. You see Holt kicking the bull onto himself. And you see one more in this famous photograph: a terrified man standing behind Holt is about to grab the bull by the nose as a shield.

Holt would have pirouetted out of the bull's path but when the Frenchman grabbed him there was nothing he could do. Gripped from behind Holt could not escape the bull's lunge. I ran a few feet from the scene, and I watched with amazement as the bull drove its right horn into Holt's back while the Frenchman held him steady. Finally, the workman with a pole goaded the bull and the clown Estafeta.

I was among the first to reach Holt as he collapsed on the pavement. I grabbed one leg and blood streaming down it, but my last memory of the ugly corner is of Cato punching the Frenchman. Two Spanish policemen dragged Cato and began punching the Frenchman.

I ran down Santo Domingo past Bar Vasca and Holt to the military hospital. The doors were already opened and we rushed upstairs to the operating room, where the doctors took one look at the gut wound and said, "Very grave." They saw the chest scar, and one surgeon said, "Ah, el Americano. He will be all right. This man knows how to fight back." And they began the operation.

When I reached the street I found the three waiting at the hospital door. Monica was behind Gretchen's lips were in a tight line. She pressed her head against my chest. "I love you so much," she whispered.

"How," I said. "He'll live. Another might he will."

When I stood there Joe and Cato came up. "He sacrificed himself to save me," Cato kept saying.

"There was something to see," Joe said. "One of the newspapers."

"The Frenchman was a beauty, wasn't he?" Joe asked.

"I wanted to kill him," Cato said.

"Fairbanks," Britta whispered, "I'd like to go to the church."

One of us walked away from the hospital and he told me the Church of Santo Domingo, where the mass was being said.

When a priest came to Bar Vasca to tell me I should now see Holt, who seemed strong after the operation. I hurried down the street, with young people following me. At the entrance to the hospital they were stopped by a guard in a white jacket. I was led to the operating room, where I found Harvey Holt propped up, very white in the face but smiling. "A prick," he said.

"It's quite a save you made," I said.

"The Frenchman was a sweetheart . . . yes? Gretchen I'd like to talk with her."

"He translated this the doctor nodded, so I led her guide down to get Gretchen. When she was nervous and pale, Holt laughed at her. "So tragic?" he asked.

"It happened right at my feet. I could have hit that Frenchman."

"What I wanted to tell you was—that boat to Barcelona. Take the gang to the unique."

"Mr. Holt! We couldn't leave while you—were mending you. Catch that boat!"

"We're going to stay here. We've discussed it and decided . . ."

"Then, the boat is important."

"More important. Do you think Cato could tell you're well?"

"The last thing I saw before I fainted was Cato punching the Frenchman. That's his exit visa." He closed his eyes.

I said, "He's right. He's going to recover—no sense disrupting everyone's plans."

Holt was weaker than he pretended, the loss of blood having been considerable. The doctor indicated that we had better go, but as I reached the door Holt said again, "Make sure the kids catch their boat."

At the entrance Britta asked if she could go up but the guard said, "Nada mas." At two o'clock we trailed back to Bar Vasca and had a lunch of *pochas*, and after lunch Britta returned to the hospital. Again she was refused entrance.

I insisted that the young people pack the yellow pop-top so they could depart immediately after the last bull fight.

"It's a long haul to Barcelona, so if you want to make that boat, get cracking."

Britta had tears in her eyes as she packed, but I assured her that Holt would be all right; she could write to him at the hospital. Later, at the arena, I saw all the young people except her. Monica told me, "She wants to say goodbye to Holt. She'll meet us at the car."

When the fight was over, the last bullfight of this year, the young people hurried through the

When we got to the door the guard peeked in; Holt was awake. I pushed the door wider and shoved Britta into the room.

"*Su esposa esta aqui*," I said, and the guard departed. I started to leave but Britta and Harvey wanted me to stay.

She went to the bed and took his hands. "We prayed for you in the church," she said.

"I told them you were to catch the boat," he said. "I'm all right."

"No. You're not all right. You're an unhappy, lonely man. It's ridiculous. A man your age . . . cheap one-night stands—and when the years go by you're going to be even more unhappy and lonely. Mr. Holt, I want you to marry me."

Harvey turned ashen. All he could do was repeat, "I told them you were to catch the boat."

"I'm not catching any boat, Mr. Holt. I'm going to stay here with you. And as soon as you can walk again, you're going to marry me."

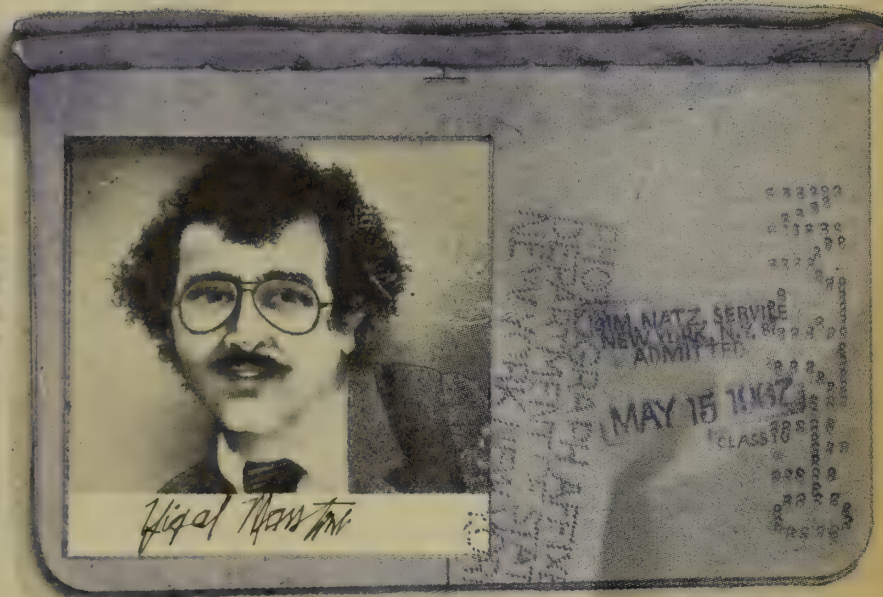
"That's crazy!" Holt said.

"I can work, Mr. Holt. I can bring in money to help us along, if that's what you're worried about."

Holt closed his eyes. He could think of nothing to say, and I knew his stomach must be throbbing with pain.

"I'm not going to leave you, Mr. Holt. If you're

Yigal can't
decide whether Israel
or the United
States should claim
his loyalty
and allegiance.



crowd to where the pop-top was parked. There stood Britta, her duffel bag on the sidewalk.

"I cannot go with you," she told them, and I was astonished at how casually everyone accepted this decision.

"Write us *poste restante*, Lourenço Marques," Gretchen said. "Tell us how he is."

"So long, Mr. Fairbanks," they shouted, and the pop-top headed for the coast.

Britta and I started for the central square. After a few blocks we were mired in an enormous throng of people seeking to march with the bands on this special night. The noise was tremendous, with everyone shouting and three bands making a kind of frenzied music. Then suddenly the music stopped, the singers fell silent and all in the street fell prone and began knocking their foreheads on the paving stones. From the silence came one voice, then many, singing the traditional song for this solemn moment:

Poor me, poor me! How sad am I
Now the feria of San Fermín
Has ended. Woe is me.

Tears came into Britta's eyes, and she pressed her hand over her mouth. She knocked her forehead against the stones. "Mr. Fairbanks, you must take me to the hospital. Now. Tell them I am his wife . . . just in from Madrid."

I thought this insanity, but I accompanied her down the dark street to the military hospital, where I spoke to the sleepy guard.

"Tell her to come in the morning."

"But she's just arrived from Madrid."

Protesting, the man in the white smock said, "All right, if she's his wife." He started upstairs.

going to this place Ratmalana, I'm going with you." She hesitated, then looked at me imploringly. "Where is Ratmalana, Mr. Fairbanks?"

"It's an airport somewhere."

"In Ceylon," said Holt.

Britta's eyes filled with tears. She turned away, and addressing a statue of the Virgin that decorated the wall, she said softly, "All his life my father dreamed of leaving Tromsø and going to Ceylon. He buys every book about that island. He is a good man, my father, like you, Mr. Holt, a true hero when the Germans occupied us. But he never got to Ceylon. I am going there with you, Mr. Holt, whether you want me as your wife or not." She came to the bed and kissed him. "Get well soon," she said.

When the guard let Britta and me out we walked up Santo Domingo. Britta took my hand. "Tell him tomorrow that I won't be a financial drag on him. I can type, you know."

I said, "Britta, we'd better have some *pochas*, if the fire's still hot." So we went into the bar, where some men were singing the old sad songs of Navarra and I asked Raquel for some *pochas*; but when they came they were cold, for the fires were banked.

"You're entitled to know one thing about Holt," I said. "He won't need the money you might earn on the side. He has managed to save almost a million dollars."

"United States dollars?"

When I nodded she stared at the table. "To be a millionaire in dollars—and to live so poorly." In the distance we could hear the bands still marching, at three in the morning. She said, "Mr.

Fairbanks, I must walk with the mourners." I took her back to town hall, where I last saw her falling in behind one of the bands that was making a great noise. When the music stopped, Britta fell to the street and began beating her head against the stones. I left her there.

July 15 in Pamplona was hell. No rockets exploded, there were no singers in the cafés, the wooden barricades were carted off to storage for another year. Bar Vasca had only four customers at noon, and two of them were Britta and me.

"This town is too lonely to bear," she said. "But I will not leave Mr. Holt."

"If you're going to marry him, shouldn't you call him Harvey?"

"He's afraid of marrying. But I'm going with him to Ceylon."

that wound, Mr. Holt. I mean the terrible wound in your heart. This wound I shall cure." She kissed him on the lips, lay down beside him, pulled up the covers and motioned to me that I might leave.

In Lourenço Marques, in Beira and on the island of Moçambique, Gretchen had gone often to the *Poste Restante* only to be disappointed, but this day she found a batch of mail sent north by the young man from the consulate. There was a letter from her mother, which she laid aside. Mr. Holt had written to Joe. from Lausanne.

What pleased her even more was a letter addressed to her, also from Lausanne, in Britta's precise European hand.

Hurrying to Bar Africa she ordered a glass of white wine and began to read.

little Cato a kiss for me. I like to hear him arguing about things he knows nothing about. And to you, as we Spaniards say, *abrazo grande*. I would stain the page with tears if I told you how indebted to you I am not only for the kindness, but for the money. Without it I'd never have met Harvey, and my life would have been frustrated and barren. We shall meet somewhere and I will try to tell you, but I'm sure you know.

Love,
Britta

Gretchen smiled as she envisioned Holt trying to remain indifferent to Britta while she thought about him an intricate web of love. She went back to the pop-top, where she distributed mail, telling the others they could share her from Britta when they had finished their own. The letter to Joe read:

Hotel Splendide
Lausanne, Switzerland
September 3, 1969

Dear Joe,

That night we discussed the draft. In Pamplona I didn't express myself clearly. What I wanted to say was that a young man twenty-one years old or whatever you are is a very precious thing, and the older a man like me gets the more he appreciates it. Almost every good thing that will be done in the world from now on will have to be done by young fellows like you, and to lose even one of you would be a tragedy.

I don't want the world to lose you, Joe. I am anywhere around when you decide to claim you're a drug addict to beat the draft. I'm going to do everything in my power to stop you. I will have you beaten up, thrown into jail, but I will not allow you to make an error which would scar you for life.

Joe, I am going to be in Lausanne for a few weeks and after that I'll be on the job at Ratmalana. There will always be a home for you. There will always be someone to talk with, even if he is as you once said, another goddamned Marine.

What I have to say next is not easy, as you will guess. If at the end you need some place to hide from the draft, you can come to Ratmalana. I still think you're dead without me about evading the draft, but I am now willing to grant that you may be sincere in your position. But your other idea of rejecting the draft itself I could never understand. Please think this over before you do something that you would regret the rest of your days.

If you need money, let me know. But I happen to be in town and sends her love.

Love,
Harvey Holt

Some months later I intercepted Holt and Britta in Morocco, where they had paused on their way to Ceylon.

"I want to be there by December twenty-first," Britta told me.

"The company isn't going to get itchy if you wait a week or two late," Holt said.

Britta blushed and said in a low voice, "I've sent my father an airplane ticket to visit me in Ceylon."

"Where'd you get the money?" Holt asked with an obvious surprise.

Britta put her hand on his. "Whenever I gave me money for anything, I put a little aside."

Holt stared at her in astonishment, and his lined face came that look of loving bewilderment that husbands sometimes cast at their wives whom they have loved for many years, and they love increasingly.

"But you told me once," I said, "that your father never saw Ceylon as it actually was. It collapsed."

"I said so," Britta confessed, "but now I believe that men ought to inspect their dreams and know them for what they are."

Gretchen fled to Spain after cops clubbed her in a raid on Senator McCarthy's Chicago headquarters.



At three I went back to the hospital and found Holt deeply agitated by Britta's visit the preceding night.

"That Norwegian is plain nuts," he said.

"And you loved it."

"I can name forty young girls who married old men. But not one of the men was poor."

"She thought you were. You heard her offer to go to work."

"An act. An act. What would I do mixed up with that gang of hippies?"

"How's the stomach?"

"Fine. I get out in a day or two. These doctors are unbelievable." He showed me the bandages and gave them a hearty slap.

"When can we drive to Madrid?" I asked.

"Day after tomorrow. You drive."

"Britta's a good driver, too," I suggested.

"Keep her out of it. She's eighteen years old, and I'm forty-three."

"She's also in love with you. Harvey, this one is going to Ceylon with you. Whether you like it or not. It's your last chance. If you throw her out you're going to wind up a crabbed old man . . . and quite alone."

Apparently the going was not so trivial as he had made it out to be, for now he sucked in his breath. I left, and at dusk Britta came to my room.

"Last night I was lonely and thinking only of myself," she said. "I felt I had to escape Tromsø at any cost. . . . I was scared." She covered her face. "But this night my sorrow is for others . . . all of us—you growing old and watching younger men come along with better ideas, Mr. Holt afraid of everything except the bulls . . . how he hates Cato." She pressed the tears from her eyes. "Now you must take me into the hospital again."

I told the guard that the señora was back and he let us in. When we entered the room Britta kicked off her sandals and proceeded to undress. She walked to the bed and said, "Mr. Holt, you are a man who has been sorely wounded and I am here to care for you."

Holt, astonished by her beauty and her daring, placed his hand over his bandages but as she drew down the covers she said, "I do not mean

Hotel Splendide
Lausanne, Switzerland
2 September, 1969

Dearest Gretchen,

Not a day goes by but that Harvey and I ask ourselves, "How are the kids doing in Moçambique?"

How did I get here? Well, after you left Pamplona to catch the boat in Barcelona I went back to the military hospital, told the guide I was Mrs. Harvey Holt just in from Madrid, broke into the room and asked Harvey to marry me. He and Mr. Fairbanks tried to make me get out but I saw what was right for him and for me, and I refused to leave.

We drove to Madrid . . . Harvey got well so soon you'd never believe it. The doctors said he must have been raised on tiger milk. There's a real hole in his belly, but the doctors said it would fill in as the muscle grew back into place.

I suppose you want the big news. Harvey refused to marry me, but I'm going to Ceylon with him. That much I insist on. I'm sort of unhappy that he doesn't want to get married, but between you and me I think he'll gradually get used to the idea. For the present, though, no babies.

How did we wind up in Lausanne? Dear Mr. Fairbanks persuaded Harvey when we got to Madrid that he ought to have a recuperation, besides all his savings are invested in World Mutual here in Geneva and he ought to see the head office. I think really Mr. Fairbanks wanted to encourage Harvey to marry me.

Gretchen, I want you to do something very important. Harvey thinks of Joe all the time. Something Joe said in Pamplona has worried Harvey very much and he thinks that maybe when they were talking he didn't express himself very well, so he is going to write Joe a letter. He's afraid that Joe won't take it seriously. But Joe will listen to you.

Give my love to Monica. And give sweet

Buy a grapefruit more intelligently than a sanitary napkin.

Think about it. When you buy a grapefruit, you look for differences. You compare one grapefruit with another. To make sure you've got the best one around.

You don't do the same when you buy a sanitary napkin, do you? You buy one particular brand because you're in the habit of buying it.

If there were no differences between sanitary napkins, it would be all right to buy a sanitary napkin that way. But there are differences. And big ones.

For instance. Do you know if the plastic lining of your sanitary napkin covers all of the bottom—to protect you against accidents? Or part of the bottom?

Modess has a protective cradle of blue polyethylene that covers every inch of its bottom. And both sides, where accidents also happen. Nobody else has that.

And what's your sanitary napkin made of? Paper and tissue may be soft and good. But it's not very good for absorbing moisture.

Modess is made of high-absorption material. We've also discovered a wick-cross system—that's been patented.* It distributes moisture throughout the entire napkin. So the napkin absorbs better and you're protected from one-spot soak-through.

Does the top layer of your napkin absorb slowly and leave the mess next to you?

The top layer of Modess is made to absorb moisture quickly, into its inner layers, to keep you drier.

Think over these differences. So you can buy a sanitary napkin as intelligently as you buy a grapefruit.

Modess



standing illness, an injury to the essential organs, or a tumor, cyst or abscess may all interfere with normal reproduction. Quite often a vet can easily cure these conditions. More often, however, the sterility is due to either an insufficient flow of hormones or a mental block. Many too-well-loved pets appear to have all the proper working parts and all the parts working properly, but have more interest in the security of their owners' arms than in other animals. Many orphan animals, hand-reared in isolation from birth, fall into this category. Females so afflicted are often successfully impregnated artificially. When they give birth their maternal instinct takes over. Some, however, despite all the aids of modern veterinary know-how, remain disinterested in sex or impotent. This is nature's way of discontinuing a strain of animal that is not very healthy.

Why do dogs lick themselves so embarrassingly?

Dogs will lick or scratch any source of irritation or pleasure. And they have no inhibitions about when they do it. I have been asked why dogs seem to lick more when their owners have visitors. Actually, they don't; it just seems that way. My wife disagrees with me; she has come up with a theory that only she could think of: she says dogs certainly lick themselves more in front of visitors. The guests arrive and are greeted with a joyful wag from the dog, in return for which he or she is given a friendly pat. There's commotion while glasses and seats are filled, and it is great fun for the dog. Sometimes, even at the duller parties, a dog can manage to trip someone or manage to have a guest spill something on the floor. But then the inevitable happens: the people settle down and talk to each other. For the dog, it's too dull for words—so he begins to lick himself. "Naughty dog!" say master and mistress. "Poor dog," says a guest, "he's frustrated." "He's got a flea," says another guest. "Nonsense," says a kindly lady. "he's just hungry"—and she'll dump four platters of canapés on the carpet. "I know it's undignified," thinks the dog, "but by golly it's worked again."

Are cats affectionate after having sex?
It depends on the circumstances and how well they know each other. If the

queen is surrounded by a circle of toms, she'll be far too busy to waste time on such civilized refinements. Cat couples who know each other will often react quite differently. During the queen's "after-reaction," she will lick herself and may allow the tom to lick her (if he's interested). That display is more passionate than affectionate—but it cannot take place unless there's a certain amount of mutual trust. People who live closely with cat couples be-

Can a male and female dog who share the same home be "just friends"?

Yes, for 46 weeks of the year. But during biannual heats, not even true friendship can stop the course of true sex.

But what if the male and female are completely different—one huge and one small?

Where such a basic drive as animal sex is involved, a way will be found. They'll

necessarily a permanent condition. Mimi certainly was pregnant by Sam. We decided to operate and move pup, uterus, ovaries—everything. Tiny Chihuahuas, even when bred even smaller Chihuahuas, often need caesarians. In Mimi's case, chances were that she wouldn't have been to carry the one huge Labrador to term. Her owners were quite right, more worried about her than about her progeny.

What can be done about an overly sexy male dog?

Discuss the problem with your veterinarian. He can dispense tranquilizers or male hormones to neutralize the dog's drives during awkward maturing. If the problem looks like a permanently embarrassing castration might be suggested.

Is castration unnatural?

Yes, but so is the life we expect many of our pets to lead.

Is it harmful to deprive a male animal of sex?

Many pet males lead quite happy lives without it. During their adolescence and for their first or two the males may undergo a fair bit of frustration but a bit later they settle down to a life in which activities like hunting, eating and pleasing their masters take priority.

Is it better to allow a female dog to have a litter?

It can be quite an experience for you and the children to let a female have a litter. Motherhood appears to confer a certain "maturity" on her. Most people, however, find it more convenient to have their female animals spayed.

Do neutered dogs and cats get fat and lazy?

One of the most elegant and ambitious dogs I know is a spayed female Labrador. It is a seeing-eye dog. In the majority of seeing-eye dogs are spayed females and they participate in the highest relationship maintained by man and animal. Many animals, after amputation, may fall into the habit of lying about anything. The neutering of

tion deprives the animal of some basic drives and hormones, so it quite often becomes a substitute activity. Sometimes a hormone seems to control the weight of breeds (spaniels, Labradors, St. Bernards, long-haired cats, etc.) that are prone to fat. One interesting observation veterinarians make is that weight pets are very often accompanied by overweight owners.

Everyone vacuums, some still mop but does anyone dust anymore?
—Poor Woman's Almanac

Now there's a can of beefy dog food with nothing to hide.

It's Gaines Prime®. In see-through cellophane cans. You can actually see what's in there. It's got beef by-products and real beef for all the good taste a dog could ask for. And you can feel the moist, beefy chunks with everything a dog is known to need. Like vitamins. Minerals. Even vegetables. Same for Prime Variety. Complete beef, liver and chicken flavor dinners in one box. There's no better dogfood for your dog. Easy beefy Prime—in the cellophane cans.

lieve that such a mixture of trust and passion may be called affection.

Are there homosexual animals?

Millions—but not by preference. If there are no females available, frustrated males will attempt to mount each other. In other words, the sexual drives of an animal may be so strong that they simply must find a release. Occasionally, a hermaphrodite is born, containing some or most of the sexual organs of both sexes. Almost always the veterinarian will recommend that such aberrations of nature be completely neutered.

drive each other crazy until they accidentally stumble on some ingenious way to overcome their physical incongruity. A man I know owns a large, black Labrador male named Big Sam. His wife has a three-pound Chihuahua called Mimi. Three weeks after Mimi's season, they brought her to me and said, "She's swelling up." She was indeed pregnant—but my friends protested that this state of affairs was impossible. "The only dog that's been near her is Big Sam, and considering how big he is, that's out of the question. Besides, Sam's a virgin." To which I replied, "Even in the best families that's not

Opera stars aren't nearly as temperamental as professional athletes these days. The Joe Namaths are the Maria Callas's of yesterday.
—Poor Woman's Almanac

there birth-control pills, shots or
er devices that can be used on ani-
als?

s, but unhappily, the safest ones
n't terribly effective, while the effec-
e ones aren't terribly safe. The des-
es show little improvement in either
agination or design over medieval
stity belts. They are, in the main,
dified napkins held over the crucial
a by a harness. But the area har-
sed includes organs with other func-
ns which simply can't be stopped.
other contraceptive method, slightly
re sophisticated, is to give the fe-
le pills and smear her with sub-
nces to disguise her inviting odor.
is has two main disadvantages. The
t is that many people find the re-
ting odor appalling; the second is
t most male dogs know what that
pervading disguise really means.
birth control, there are all sorts of
dified forms of progesterone, which
he basis for birth-control pills. One
m, an injection, was introduced with
ch fanfare a few years ago. The shot
to be given before the onset of heat
l, if it worked, it postponed the
le business for six months—at which
nt the injection was repeated, if de-
ed. Gradually, disquieting results
e reported in the veterinary jour-
s and the manufacturers decided to
continue the product. (I might add
t the human form is still on the
rket.) We also have available for
mals various forms of The Pill—in
form. Their formulae and methods
use vary, but so far I have not read
orts of any pill that is 100 percent
and 100 percent effective. In fact, I
not recommend any of these con-

traceptive medications to my clients.

When does a cat's sex life begin?

Puberty for the female usually occurs
toward her sixth birthday (a cat has a
birthday every month). Puberty is
when she has her first heat. Although
she's little more than a kitten herself,
she will almost certainly become preg-
nant unless she's kept away from the
courting toms. So although nature says
"go," considerate owners say "no."
Toms, on the other hand, reach puber-
ty when they are a year of age or older.

Do cats and dogs go through meno-
pause?

Although males may slow down a bit
after they reach middle-aged respecta-
bility at eight or nine, they lose neither
the interest nor the ability as long as
they enjoy good health. Female cats
and dogs do not experience menopause.
Old age is no hindrance to reproduction
but, obviously, reproduction is a hin-
drance to old age. So, here again, con-
siderate breeders lighten their pets'
burden after the easy reproductive
years by having them altered.

Do pets enjoy sex? Do they experience
orgasm?

If the female cat didn't enjoy copu-
lation we would expect her to run away
afterwards. Just the opposite occurs;
she becomes more interested. Admit-
tedly, we may be guilty of applying
human reactions to animal behavior,
but I do not believe that cats and dogs
would copulate so eagerly if the expe-
rience were not enjoyable. The male
cat utters a low growl or cry during his
relatively brief (five to 15 seconds)



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Quilted satin sock for comfort.
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sparked with a festive pom pom.
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ejaculation. It is usually not heard be-
cause at the same time the female ut-
ters a much louder cry.

**How long does copulation between cats
last?**

It may last until the tom is exhausted
or the queen has finished her heat. In
the beginning, the tom is more avid to
consummate the relationship, but later
the female assumes the more demand-
ing role. The actual act of copulation
averages about four minutes. These ob-
servations must, however, be qualified.
We do not know if cats who are ob-
served act like cats who have privacy.
We know very little about felines who
live a semi-wild existence. We do know,
however, that more often than not a
female "on season" may be surrounded
by a ring of toms competing for her
favors. That many of them are success-
ful is proved by the fact that it is not
unusual for a queen to produce a litter
of several kittens, each quite obviously
sired by a different tom.

**What is the best aphrodisiac for ani-
mals?**

Good health and an eager partner.

**Sometimes humans must assist animals
to copulate. Why is this?**

There are many reasons. Natural ani-
mals need no "assists," but modern pets
bear little resemblance to their natural
ancestors. Selective breeding has seen to
this. Then, too, many normal or
average-shaped breeds have difficulty
at mating time simply because of inex-
perience or shyness. They may need
reassurance, tranquilizers or, more
often, an experienced human assistant
to guide them through the motions

with an experienced mate. Finally,
some pets are so people-oriented that
they find members of their own species
repugnant.

**What should a parent say to a child
who sees cats or dogs performing on
the street and asks, "Are they making
love?"**

I should think it painfully obvious that
what we see on the streets and in parks
is too impersonal to be considered love.
It is mechanical sex. How you explain
it to a child depends on his or her age
and background. A child reared on a
farm, for example, doesn't need to be
told. A city child, however, may have
to be carefully told that the male dog
is planting his seeds inside the female
dog in order to produce puppies . . .
and that in the animal world it almost
always doesn't matter if the father and
mother don't really love each other be-
cause immediately after planting his
seed the male dog disappears. And
even if he were ever to meet his own
puppies he would not even recognize
them. And that is why the union of ani-
mals, though not shameful in the least,
often involves no feelings, responsibil-
ities or personal attachments. **END**

UNTITLED
by Kerry Johnson

*fickle, I, a faithless soul,
pledged, last evening, to the Sea.
then, weeping, did I part.
but as the same sun falls today,
I lie down in far-off lands
and Mountains have my heart.*

continued from page 32

new to the mother, she reacts more to her own anxiety than to the distress that caused her daughter to take drugs, and the girl senses this. If the mother is worried about what the neighbors will think or how the girl's schoolwork will suffer or what the bad company she keeps will do to her—even though all these worries reflect concern for the girl's well-being—it seems to the daughter that her mother is anxious about her own hang-ups, not about her daughter's deep distress. The concern with schoolwork is particularly counterproductive here because, likely as not, the daughter's inability to live up to the parental demand for success was among the reasons she sought relief from overwhelming pressure through a chemically induced dream world where all problems are solved.

If the mother realizes that the real issue is not the use of drugs but her daughter's fear of failure, of not measuring up socially, intellectually and—most of all—sexually, she will find that her daughter's problems, though possibly more acute than what mother went through in adolescence, are essentially not beyond her ken. On this basis she will be able to help her daughter cope with her problems, and when the girl begins to cope, she will no longer feel a pressing need to escape by using drugs.

But for parents to be able to do that, they must free themselves from high opinions of their own virtues. We want so much to believe that we make life easy for our children, that we understand them and their problems better than our parents understood ours. No other single factor drives our children more completely to desperation than this belief of ours. (They show it by throwing it in our face that this world of our creation is impossible to live in; hence their need to deny it and to escape from it.) It drives them to desperation because if we really have made life so easy for them and they still cannot manage it, then indeed they are total failures.

If we told our children all along the way that the world, including what we create for them, is only occasionally a paradise but often (despite our best efforts) a vale of tears, they would not feel they had failed every time they were unhappy. If we were honest about our own shortcomings and failures, without burdening our children with them, they would find little wrong with themselves when they ran into the same difficulties.

But if the moment the issue of drugs comes up, the daughter sees only fright in her mother's eyes—when she most needs her mother's

understanding help, most needs to be able to rely on her mother's inner security to help her in her confusion—then the daughter feels she has failed again and keeps her despair to herself. Having been made to feel all her life that she is supposed to be a success, how can she now admit that she escapes through drugs because she feels herself to be a failure? So she pretends that she takes drugs because it's a better way of life. There is a dif-

though their daughters give them clear signs that they take drugs, dare not recognize it. If the mother is too frightened to face the truth and dismisses the danger as nonexistent because "my girl wouldn't do such a thing," she deprives her daughter of the support she most needs.

Despite their strange language and dress, despite their frequently outrageous accusations against the adult world, what our daughters need most

we should be more able to share lives with them. The generation exists only where parents are unwilling to accept the disparity in material that exists between them and children, and to make their peace it. Parents and children cannot equals, cannot even be friends cause friendship presupposes not equality but also independence each other. Closeness need not equality. We can take what they

and do very seriously—out being bowled over by and we don't have to our own values because children don't like them.

There is a very dangerous consequence to our way to be friends with our children rather than their torturers. Consider our confusion about their sexual behavior. Children always want much of anything as can possibly get, be it clothes and toys when they are little, or sex when they are older. How much of anything is good for them learn by the reaction of their parents. If the parents doubt their own values, tell them, "We really don't know how much is good for you," then they have clear guidelines, and they are not lost.

The same goes for drugs. We must neither be intimidated by it nor shaken into convictions because the children tell us: "It's no worse than alcohol," or "All the other kids do it." Nor should we lecture them on the wrong of their position, lecturing rarely improves things. Taking a stand based on one's own convictions usually does. But such conviction must be tempered by understanding of the despair that drives them to use drugs, and determination to do something about the underlying cause.

Maybe what is wrong between some mother and daughters is that the mothers want to be popular, their girls, rather than respected for knowing their own minds; they want to be loved by them now rather than to do what they believe is right. Mothers of previous generations didn't worry about being up to the task. They stood their ground, knew their minds, and

respected for it—though they were always loved. The tragedy of the so-called modern mothers is that the no more loved by their daughters the old-fashioned ones were, and respected less.

If mothers act on the basis of convictions, as mothers did in the past, then their daughters may hate them in adolescence, but once they are past this hazardous age they respect and admire their mothers for the rest of their lives. A few years of trouble with our children when they are young does not seem too high a price for that.

In about an hour, you'll be all washed up.

"Hoover's little Washer", people call it. Because it's compact and portable. Hooks up to any faucet. Even stores in a closet. But you shouldn't be misled by its size. Hoover's unique turbo-action agitation gets clothes amazingly clean, amazingly fast. It washes a full load in just four minutes. Spin-dries in two. The Hoover Spin-Drying Washer can finish off 48 pounds of laundry in about one hour. And that's no small job.



ference here between how mothers were brought up and how they raise their daughters. In previous generations, aspirations for a daughter were less elaborate, and hence feelings of defeat were not so likely. Since girls were not expected to "succeed" as they increasingly are today, since they were even expected to be weak, they could readily admit when life became too much for them. With such honesty, help was much more easily available and acceptable.

The mother who recognizes honestly that her daughter is on drugs is at least this far ahead of those who,

is for us to see the child behind it all and her inability to make a go of life by herself. If their mothers are not ready to take seriously the wounds their daughters suffer, and to help heal them, they have no other way out than to turn to their agemates, who are equally distressed.

To be able to help our children we must not be fooled into believing that they have become alien to us, that we don't know them any more and cannot understand them. To a large degree their show of alienation is a reaction to our false expectation that they should be our friends and that

or the shiny vinyl tennis racket
ver, use an old cover for a pat-
rn. Personalize it with cotton-
pe initials studded with nail-
ads. ½ yd. of 36-in. vinyl; 2 yd.
tton braid; 14-in. zipper.

For nailhead machine send
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s in two tapes. 1 yd.
r outside strips, ½ yd.
r inside strip; ⅛ yd.
oric for lining.

ake a bright quilted
llow cover and trim it
th the newest zodiac
pe. In the center his
m, naturally. ½ yd. of
ilted cotton velveteen;
¼ yd. of zodiac tape.
ay terry scuff slippers
d add Orlon geometric
m as shown. Make a
atching vinyl carrying
se. 2 yd. trim; ½ yd.
36-in. vinyl for drawstring case.

raduated bentwood boxes
mmed with braid and paper la-
ls. Measure circumference of
ps of boxes for yardage. For cata-
g of boxes, send to: E.B. Frye
d Sons, Wilton, N.H. 03086.

vo ribbons make reversible belt.
easure waist; allow ¼ yd. extra
each ribbon. Add buckle.

or a VIP, a holiday vest; stitch
gether peasant braids in com-
tible colors. Use Simplicity pat-
n #7973 as a guide.

penwork Orlon embroidery
atched to grosgrain ribbon for a

belt. 1 yd. of braid; 1 yd. of gros-
grain. Add a buckle.

13. A butler's apron with zodiac tape on the pocket and top. Use Simplicity pattern #7974. 1½ yd. of 45-in. fabric; 1 yd. of tape.
14. Stud Orlon tape with nailheads; add real suede fringe and a buckle. 1 yd. each tape and fringe.
15. A handsome double tape with nailheads makes a reversible belt with link closing. 1¼ yd. of each tape.

HERS

1. A cummerbund of three braids stitched together and fastened with brass hooks. Yardage is waist measure plus seam allowance.
2. Make a heart-shaped pillow of muslin and stuff with foam. Cover it in a Liberty lawn; border with 2-in. ruffle trimmed with ribbon.
3. Sew together a zodiac and striped braid, inserting rickrack between the two. Close with double hoops.

1¼ yd. each braid; 1 pkg. rickrack.

4. A handsome novelty braid spelling "Love" for this belt. Use 2 yd. of braid—doubling for durability.
5. An engaging stuffed doll made from Simplicity pattern #9137. Multicolored braid for the skirt.
6. Token gifts of matches covered with braid. Pack sets of three in tiny baskets. Measure match covers, buy braid to fit, and glue.
7. An ordinary bread basket becomes

special when you make a quilted cotton liner and a braid-trimmed cover. Cut liner to fit basket and overlap for elastic casing.

8. A set of four boxes to stack—trimmed with braid. Handmade labels complete the idea. Circumference of boxes gives yardage. To order see HIS #9.

9. A miniature "bushel" basket becomes an enchanting sewing basket. Make a drawstring bag to fit inside and attach to the basket with Velcro. Add braid trim outside. ½ yd. quilted fabric; 1½ yd. braid.

10. Neckbands and headbands are a young fashion. Please teen-agers with a "Love" headband or a neckband studded with nailheads. ¾ yd. for headband; ½ yd. for neckband.

11. Buy a velvet pillow and add a border of trimming with a hand-embroidered look. Measure circumference of pillow for exact yardage.

12. Buy inexpensive chenille terry scuffs and add the charming Orlon embroidered "Love" trim as shown. Make a matching drawstring carrying case. ⅝ yd. of trim; ½ yd. of terry cloth for drawstring bag.

13. Braid (studded with nailheads) is stitched to real suede fringe. Important brass ornament in front, with hook in back. 1 yd. each of braid and suede fringe.

14. This cowgirl Christmas stocking is for all ages. Suede skins may be ordered at Singer Sewing Centers where fabrics are sold. For sewing instructions see HIS #5.

15. A broomstick apron of unbleached muslin bright with braid. Tie wet fabric to a broomstick with string for rough, crinkled effect. ½ yd. 39" unbleached muslin; 6 yd. of 2-in. braid.

16. Make tote bag in quilted paisley with a braid border. Allow ½ yd. quilted paisley; 1 yd. of 2-in. braid; 2¾ yd. of 1-in. braid for handles.

17. A feminine slipcover for "her" yardstick has a woolen tassel at the bottom. A nice idea for a desk ruler, too. 2¼ yd. of 1¼-in. braid.

Decorative trims: Franken, Greyblock, Wright's, Streamline. Buckles and brass by La Mode.

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Of the leading hemorrhoid preparations, Nupercainal, and only Nupercainal, contains the anesthetic Dibucaine. That's why only Nupercainal

can work the way it does. Nupercainal helps reduce irritation of troubled tissues, aids in reducing inflammation, and allows the natural healing process to function with a unique combination of ingredients that also make bowel movements more comfortable.

When hemorrhoids attack, get Nupercainal Ointment or Suppositories. Both work fast and work correctly to help make you feel better. And the Suppositories offer an extra advantage. They melt at a lower temperature so they can start to work that much faster.

We wish hemorrhoids did not exist. But since hemorrhoids are often a fact of life, it's good to know you can go to your drug department and get Nupercainal.

No prescription needed.



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3 simple stitches create this
needlework picture



This handsome needlework seascape started out as a painting by designer Don Henning. His wife Carol transferred the design onto cotton homespun, size 19 by 25 inches (finished), then embroidered the appealing scene. If you have always wanted to embroider but shied away from the lovely florals that are so popular, this is a good beginning in a new vein. And you don't have to be an expert because the whole design is embroidered with only three easy stitches: straight, split and French knots. All three are clearly explained with how-to illustrations in the stitch chart included in the kit.

Here is an opportunity to become an artist in your own right. If you have never been able to paint with a brush, you will be able to paint with a needle and be proud of your masterpiece. The antique ivory and gold edged frame hanging on the wall is also available.

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME



Mrs. John Hunt of Farmingdale, N. Y., gift wraps packages and conducts a personalized gift buying service for people in her community. Beverlee Hunt had always wrapped the kind of packages that caused comment, and then about two years ago, someone noticed a wedding present that Beverlee had wrapped and told her she should go into gift wrapping as a business. Beverlee didn't think any more about it at the time, but a year ago, she just suddenly decided she would give it a try.

She wrapped two empty boxes as samples and hung them in the window of her station wagon with a homemade sign announcing her service; she also asked the owners of the local drug store if she could put up a display. They were delighted to have her attractive display of gift packages and gave her a five-foot sign to go with it. She also put a display in a nearby beauty parlor.

Beverlee's packages are usually done in various shades of the same color, such as a pink foil with deeper pink, tiny bows attached and a big red rose on top. Beverlee likes packages that are pretty rather than gimmicky. "I'll put tiny plastic utensils on a shower present if people want it," Beverlee says, "but I'd rather just make a gift pretty. I use very good wrapping paper that you don't see everywhere you go and handmade bows. I'll spend practically all afternoon on a package if it takes that long to make it look the way I want it."

Beverlee thinks people are willing to pay a little extra and use her service because they know their gifts will make an impression. "I've seen people at parties take pictures of my packages instead of what's inside," she says. The Bruce-Hunt gift-buying service started after the wrapping business was well under way (Bruce was Beverlee's maiden name). Beverlee made arrangements with a wholesale gift house nearby to carry their catalogue of gift items with her. Her clients can choose an item from the catalogue, then Beverlee will buy it and wrap it free of charge. She purchases the items at wholesale prices and sells them to her clients at the normal retail price.

Beverlee charges from one dollar to \$3.50 for her gift-wrapping work, the price generally varying with the size of

the package. Beverlee figures that she invested about \$750 during her first year of business; most of that went for a large inventory of wrapping supplies. Last year her gross sales were around \$1,500, her profit about \$300. "The profit is small because I bought so many supplies," Beverlee explains. "Now I have so much that I won't have to buy anything for a long time." Beverlee guesses that she might make from \$750 to \$1,000 during the Christmas

season this year just from repeat business from satisfied customers.

Beverlee's husband John is delighted with her "at home" business. Like so many housewives who are "doing their own thing," Beverlee says, "I think having my own business makes me a more interesting person to my husband." The Hunt's five-year-old son, Scott, takes no interest at all in his mother's business, but seven-year-old Robert has appointed himself advertis-

ing director of sorts. He made him- self a sign, attached it to his bicycle, rides around the neighborhood drumming up customers.—JOYCE KUH

Are you a housewife who starts a profitable business in your spare time? If you are, or know a woman who is, we would like to know about it. Write to: Spare-Time Moneymakers, Ladies Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10022.

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Prices come casual. In sets of 8, Prado Accent costs about \$8.50, Florentine Casual, about \$6.50.*

*Prices may vary regionally.

Libbey
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Toledo, Ohio 43601

UNTITLED by Kerry Johnson

twice
the ice
was broken
twice
did i
fall through.
my smile
will be
a token
but i'll
not skate
with you.

h to Brearley is that her mother's cousin, Maud Davis, has taught her for seven years. It is thought she have influenced Jackie's choice. Since Miss Davis teaches remedial math, she isn't apt to get Caroline for a pupil. Like both of her parents, Caroline loves to read and races through books.

The Brearley people are simply devoted to have such a promising talent. And today, all that Mother MacDonald of the Sacred Heart school will say is: "We were deeply sorry to have lost Caroline. Yes, she had continued and graduated from school here. But as Mrs. Onassis asked us not to give any statements, we feel we must abide by her wishes." Mother MacDonald pauses, then says again, rather emotionally: "We were very deeply sorry to lose Caroline."

Caroline was an exemplary Sacred Heart student. The nuns there, not so different as the Mother Superior, rave about her and those Kennedy straight girls. She was well-liked by fellow students; one summed her up as "terrifically bright... she'd stand out in any crowd even if she wasn't Caroline Kennedy." About the only criticism comes from the mother of a basketball chum befriended by Caroline with all that old Kennedy compound gung-ho: "Caroline locked my daughter so vigorously the air came out of the child as if it was a punctured inner tube." Besides Uncle Joe, Uncle Bobby, and a very competitive Daddy! Caro-

line is indubitably ■ Kennedy, crazy about waffles and scrambled eggs, baseball and football, saying "eech!" and "terrific" to express herself. She has ■ firm handshake and ■ direct gaze that makes some grownups feel silly. Mad as she is for Phebe's Whamburgers, Schrafft's ice cream cones, Blum's sundaes, and the Sybarite East's gooey strawberry concoction, Caroline is ■ big girl who has to watch her weight. (Her Astroflash, a computerized horoscope run off for us at Grand Central Station, noting she was born Nov. 27, 1957, at 8:32 A.M. in New York, says she is the strongest of strong Sagittarians, taking that sign not only for her birth, but for her ascending star as well. The Astroflash says emphatically that Sagittarians of this persuasion must avoid a tendency to obesity.)

A serious mother

Jacqueline Onassis tries hard to fulfill what she considers to be her first duty—to raise her children well. Charlotte Curtis, women's page editor of the prestigious New York Times, calls her "an extremely dedicated and serious mother," one who feels it is "creative" to make a house ■ happy place to live. Contrary to exaggerated press reports, Mrs. Onassis is not an absentee mother. She spends more meaningful time with her family than the average woman, doing everything to stave off any hint of that atmosphere which besets the badly fragmented lives of international Jet Set children. She lets Caroline's best friends "sleep over"—most often Caroline's closest chum, Mary Nelson. The Fifth Avenue apartment is also a stop-

off for young Kennedy-Bouvier-Auchincloss kin—with Caroline playing hostess. Caroline is allowed to experiment in the kitchen and plan her own parties, with the result that her spaghetti-and-meatball get-togethers are a hot ticket in her young crowd. On gala occasions, Mrs. Onassis will go to great lengths to amuse and please, as on a Christmas Eve when she imported a dozen Hungarian fiddlers to play through dinner. Though Caroline was never spanked as a small child, her mother believes in discipline, and it works out because Caroline is quite reasonable concerning what is expected of her.

Recently, a relative was at the apartment when Caroline came home from school. After a short visit, during which the grown-ups had tea and Caroline drank a soda, Jacqueline said, "Darling, go hit the books." The visitor comments: "Jackie has always been a big worrier. I think it is just a discipline for herself as well as Caroline. I don't think that child needs to hit any books. She is bright enough already. She has Jackie's eye and style and she has Jack's brain. What more could you ask?"

When relatives and intimates talk, it always comes down to the fact that whatever Caroline may really be like, she is, first, last and forever, Caroline Kennedy. Yes, she went to Skorpis last summer before school started and, as always, she enjoyed the pleasure of its private bridle paths and the fun of being with her mother in such a lovely place.

But even on Skorpis she is Caroline Kennedy. This is not to say she is anti-Onassis, however.

A recent English report by Greta Nilson, a parlor maid once employed at 1040 Fifth, has the miffed servant stating that when Onassis came to town, Caroline and John didn't seem particularly glad to see him. "They kept quiet when he was with them in the living room. And they had to have dinner in their own room. When Mr. Onassis left they kissed him politely." Well, one doesn't know exactly what Miss Nilson expected. These are, after all, typically upper-class children who have been taught European manners, to be seen and not always heard, to leave dinnertime to the grownups, to treat elders with respect, to stand when adults come into rooms, and not to toss their emotions around lightly.

Shyness explained

Caroline, half-child, half-woman, has reached a sensitive period of alternating between self-consciousness and self-assurance. These days ■ lot depends on her mood—and whether she is wearing that hated retainer on her teeth. Her Central Park South dentist has completed Caroline's orthodontia and removed her braces, but she is still supposed to wear the retainer at all times. She feels it spoils her smile. This may account for her frequently expressionless public appearances and the constant, rather banal comment that she is "shy." Also, some of that public inscrutability is just to give the press and public a little bit of a hard time, says one Kennedy friend. "It's a game with all of them now—to outwit the onlookers. They are so fed up. Caroline can chill the press with every bit (continued)



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of her mother's aplomb, or turn on the charm if she chooses. Look, this kid has problems and strains on her nerves you never dreamed of!"

It is true. She is quick, smart, observant and perfectly able to read the embarrassing headlines in the *National Enquirer* and the fan magazines—the stories about her stepfather seeing Maria Callas in Paris, her mother flying places in alleged jealous rages, baseless reports of attempted suicides, the divorce rumors. It can't be easy and pleasant for Caroline to act as sophisticated as the grown-ups, no matter how well it is all explained away by a devoted mother who tries warm wit when patience is at an end.

When all is said and done, Caroline remains only marginally the stepdaughter of Aristotle Onassis, for she is totally committed, emotionally and spiritually, to the memory of a dashing father she remembers only too well. This is as it should be, and evidently as Onassis realizes it must be.

Charmingly aloof

Had Ari wanted it another way, it is doubtful he could have swayed the ruthlessly honest, sometimes blunt, fiercely idealistic young Caroline. Ari won John Jr. over—an expensive red two-seat speedboat with the boy's name in white is the latest Onassis "spoiler." But Caroline is charmingly aloof and maturely removed—a loner who reminds people of another self-sufficient, hard-to-get little girl named Jacqueline Bouvier.

The marriage of Jackie and Ari Onassis is a satisfactory and happy one, despite the rumors. This is not movie magazine guesswork. As Jackie's confidante, "Bunny" Mellon, expresses it: "I think scores of people would love to *think* they are not happy, or that the children dislike him, but I know the opposite is true."

Relatives from all sides—Auchinclosses, Kennedys, Bouviers and Onassises—admit that Jackie's remarriage posed a severe problem to the then 10-year-old Caroline, keeper of the Kennedy flame. It was the fourth blow of a very young lifetime, after the assassination, the loss of a much-wanted baby brother, and then the murder of a dear surrogate father, her Uncle Bob.

Jackie was all too aware of the crucial emotions aroused by having a stepfather thrust upon you; it had happened to Jackie herself at 11. Even a kind, generous, understanding man like Hugh Auchincloss presented Jackie and her sister Lee with emotional problems. Then, too, Jackie knew all about the inevitable conflicts and tugs-of-war between in-laws in intermarriages and remarriages. But the very thing that happened at the time Caroline most needed reassurance was just what her mother had dreaded. After the wedding on Skorpis, Caroline's aunt, Jean Smith, made plane reservations to return the children to the U.S. from Athens, but neglected to get seats for their maternal grandmother, Mrs. Auchincloss, and her husband, Mrs. Auchincloss said the children would go back with her, or else. She even complained to Washington reporter Maxine Cheshire, breaking an unwritten family rule never to

give Maxine any information. Jackie could only sigh, not being there to prevent this sort of contretemps.

But she devoted herself more than ever to Caroline—listening, really listening to her, making extra time to be with her, taking her shopping, to school, to the ballet, to the opera, to art classes. At least half the time, Mrs. Onassis personally accompanies Caroline to the dentist. Susan Sheehan recently reported in *The New York Times* that after seeing *Anne of a Thousand Days*, Jackie came back again so Caroline could see the film, causing someone to remark that another mother in her position would have sent a nurse, governess or friend. Mrs. Onassis breakfasts with both children at 7:30 and spends many evenings at home with them, trying to keep them from television and leading them into reading, painting, or homework.

A relative commenting on Caroline's resilience and strength, says, "After all, you should have seen Caroline going through Bobby's death. It was like an instant replay of horror; only the second time, she was really old enough to grasp it. You should have seen her in the nightmare of Bobby's funeral, holding her mother's hand, comforting her again—and on the R.F.K. funeral train.

"So Ari had to be something she didn't want to accept. Only her blind faith and love for her mother got her through it. But Jackie kept Caroline's equilibrium for her

and bolstered it. She knew her daughter wasn't just a small child who could forget and fly into Ari's arms, rough-house with him like John, bury him in the sand at Hyannisport like the younger kids.

"Oh, it's charming when Ari tries, sitting at the record player and lifting the needle while the kids play musical chairs, taking Caroline for her favorite spareribs at Trader Vic's, letting her fly her little pals to Greece on Olympic Airways. Naturally, Caroline responds to him when Jackie wants a special pony for her and he raises his eyebrows, asks the price—as if it mattered—then throws up his hands, laughs and says, 'Oh, is that all? Well, buy the horse's mother and its father, too. Go on, Caroline, get the whole family. This delights Caroline, but she quickly reverts to her unbuyable Kennedy self. She remembers, you see, who she is. Look, I don't really want to say anymore about this. It's a touchy situation."

Several skeptics remarked when this article was in preparation: "What is there to say about a twelve-year-old going on thirteen? What can have happened of interest to a kid?"

The answer is reflected in the joy of Caroline's voluminous and delightful preassassination press clips . . . in the tragedy of those two incredible deaths and funerals. This child has had outpourings of exotic gifts from heads of state and world leaders that must have forever ruined Christmas for her . . . she has talked with kings and prime ministers . . . she has been

beset by photographers, stragglers on the street, autographers who wanted the mere mark child not yet able to write . . . she experienced yachts, jets, helico-ben whisked through customs. Secret Service men in attendance most all her life (with three years to go under law) . . . already has participated with the regality of a royal princess in two highly-weddings (those of Janet Auchincloss and Liza Lloyd) . . . she heard Elizabeth dedicate a plot of Elysian soil to the perpetual memory of her father while her mother wept . . . saw the White House, the Chang and Guard, Argentina, the Greek Ireland, Hawaii and Italy before ten . . . an airplane named for her sides in the Smithsonian . . . her era came from the Lion of Judah, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, a four-foot dollhouse from Madam de Gaulle . . . she once kept a President waiting while she rushed off a port to kiss the puppy of a Spacedog . . . she has sat in the Seasons with Uncle Stash and been introduced to Orson Welles, Imelda Staunton, Jan Sterling and Shirley Temple . . . all at one time . . . she shot the in a kayak with her Uncle Bobby . . . has already been to more christenings and funerals than the average person attends in a lifetime . . . she asked financial head of Lazard Frères to her out with the new math (A. J. Mayer, her mother's financial adviser got six out of the ten problems wrong) . . . she has been skiing at Garmisch, Sun Valley, New England and Moritz . . . she has gone back after *The Nutcracker* ballet to play the stage set . . . sat next to idol Rudolph Nureyev at tea . . . run after foxes and won blue ribbons in horse ring . . . christened the last man-of-war ever to sail the seas realized since she was able to do anything much at all that her mother is the best-known woman in the world . . . Caroline has lived through earthquake in Ravello, a bomb in Massachusetts, and a fashion week by *Women's Wear Daily*.

Normal? Not quite. But perhaps a Kennedy. And she is the daughter of a Kennedy, J.F.K.'s own. Her *Life* flash horoscope predicts a possible great destiny for this Kennedy. Her mother thinks such predictions may be accurate, although she hopes not. Caroline's late grandfather, Joseph P. Kennedy, claimed she was a "genius" and even when she was a tot preferred her company to all others for hours on end.

In her book, *The Kennedy Women*, Pearl S. Buck notes that there have been no leaders among the Bouviers and says that while Jacqueline's children will absorb from her "good to the artistic tendencies, the love of beauty so natural to her . . . it is doubtful if they will become leaders." She thinks Miss Buck has forgotten the quintessential Kennedy lurking in Jackie's home. Given Caroline's natural qualities of leadership, her brother's father's heritage, and her beautiful good looks, anything could happen this age of booming Women's Liberation. "I can't imagine Caroline becoming a very 'social' person," says one of the Bouviers. "I can imagine her becoming the first woman President of the United States."



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THIS MARRIAGE

continued from page 28

buy a house. They took no pride in home ownership and had no talent for it, but in the current mortgage market they couldn't sell. It was still more foolish of them to denounce each other for the unwise investment and allow their property to fall to pieces out of laziness and inertia. Gradually, they quit assessing blame for a past mistake.

"At a joint session we discussed their acute problem of procrastination. Ellie despised housekeeping and Guy despised household maintenance. Both cherished the naive belief that postponing some dreary but necessary task was a satisfactory solution because at some future time (exact hour unspecified) Ellie was bound to feel much more like making the beds, Guy more like mowing the grass.

"I told these two confirmed procrastinators that the ideal hour would never arrive, that quite likely Ellie would never become reconciled to bed-making or Guy fond of lawn-mowing. They then wrote out a list of their most loathsome, but essential domestic tasks, assigned themselves one hour apiece each day to dust, scrub, sweep, mow, etc., and drew their daughters into the new routine. To this day Ellie and Guy dislike household duties, but they have now escaped the nagging, guilty feeling that the chores are piling up.

"The three of us explored the family budget very carefully. It seemed plain that Ellie couldn't afford to quit her

job, and it was doubtful that she'd be able to find another. But circumstances intervened. Her boss was forced out in a personnel upheaval, but promptly with another company. A week later Ellie received her pink slip. Cordially she awaited word from J.B. that he wanted her to join him. It never came. The boss to whom she had been devoted immediately forgot her.

"At the moment Ellie is unemployed. She and Guy have necessarily resorted to the bone. The three girls attend public school, but Ellie has time to tutor them on the side, at PTA meetings, etc., and she enjoys the change of pace. They have been sending Ellen to a psychiatrist, but the child, ten years old on her last birthday, now wets the bed less frequently so her mother believes. Now Ellen washes her own sheets and gives parental reminders. All three girls procrastinate less than Ellie and Guy.

"Ellie is in the market for a job as an executive secretary, but is unwilling to settle for less than she feels worth. At her age and experience, she may be obliged to wait while. She and Guy don't mind being in debt, but for the time in years they are enjoying life and marriage."

Information about marriage counseling services available in your area can be obtained by writing to American Institute of Family Relations, 5287 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90027.

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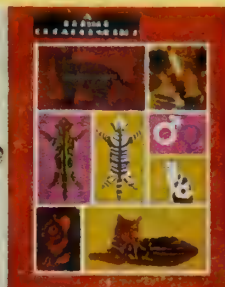
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The Fabulous New SAUNA BELT™ TRIM-JEANS

**UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED TO TAKE A TOTAL OF
FROM 5 TO 9 INCHES OFF YOUR WAIST, TUMMY, HIPS AND
THIGHS IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED**

This new principle is so tremendously effective that users are actually achieving these results—a total of from 5 to 9 inches or more off their waist, tummy, hips and thighs—in just ONE day! Here are some of the remarkable results recorded by a recent control group using this sensational new method:

Miss S.C. lost 1½ inches from her waist, 2 inches from her tummy, 3 inches from her hips, 2 inches from each thigh for a total loss of 10½ inches in just 40 minutes.

Mrs. J.J. lost 1 inch from her waist, 1 inch from her tummy, 2½ inches from her hips, 3 inches from each thigh for a total loss of 10½ inches in just 40 minutes.

Miss G.I. lost 1½ inches from her waist, 3½ inches from her tummy, 1 inch from her hips, 2 inches from each thigh for a total loss of 10 inches in just 40 minutes.

These are the results of just a few of those who were part of the control group. All of the participants in the group achieved substantial inch losses and the very, very exciting thing about all of these inch losses is that they were achieved with just one short session with this amazing method. No wonder we feel justified in offering our unconditional money back guarantee—the most revolutionary guarantee in slenderizing history—that you must lose a total of from 5 to 9 inches from your waist, tummy, hips and thighs in just 3 days or your money will be refunded.

WHAT MAKES SUCH REMARKABLE RESULTS POSSIBLE? Sauna Belt Inc. was the inventor of inflatable slenderizing aids, was the first to offer them to the public and is number one in advancing the latest techniques to provide you with the finest, most sensationally effective slenderizing products you can buy. The New Sauna Belt trim-jeans are a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency. They are made of a unique lightweight, non-porous plastic material. You simply slip them on as you would a regular pair of jeans or shorts, quickly inflate them with the handy pump provided and you are ready for the most astounding experience in rapid slenderizing you have ever known. You will note the remarkably snug and cozy fit, the pleasant feeling of warmth and support from thigh to waist. Only the Sauna Belt trim-jeans have the unique design and engineering features—including the exclusive sauna-lock that permits the constant snug fit and solid support in all four areas—waist, tummy, hips and thighs—without which truly sensational results are not possible. Once you have your trim-jeans on and inflated, you will spend just 8 to 10 minutes performing the very, very effective 'Magic Torso' movements—an exercise program specially designed for the Sauna Belt trim-jeans to produce the ultimate inch loss in the shortest possible time. After completing this brief and delightful program, you will feel pleasantly relaxed and you will simply continue to relax—standing, sitting or lying down, whichever you choose—for another 20 minutes or so while leaving the Sauna Belt trim-jeans on. That is absolutely all there is to it. Now slip the trim-jeans off and see if your waist, your tummy, your hips and your thighs aren't already beginning to feel firmer, tighter and trimmer.

WILL I SEE IMMEDIATE RESULTS WITH THE NEW SAUNA BELT TRIM-JEANS? Many users of this fabulous new method have obtained 'instant reducing'—are inches slimmer, inches trimmer after just one session—as witness the results of the control group reported above. As results can vary with individuals, your total results will depend on your goals, on how many inches you need to lose and on your particular metabolism and body response. The recommended program is to use the trim-jeans a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first receive them and then several times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential for inch loss. After that, for maintenance you can use the trim-jeans about twice a month or as often as you feel the need. Note again the control group results. Users have lost as much as a total of 10½ inches from their waist, tummy, hips and thighs in just one session with this sensational new method. This principle produces really fantastic results. Not everyone will lose as much as 10½ inches in just one session but remember this: Man or woman, no matter what speed or degree of inch loss your particular metabolism allows you, if you do not lose a total of from 5 to 9 inches from your waist, tummy, hips and thighs in just 3 days, you may return the trim-jeans and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

THE SAUNA BELT TRIM-JEANS COME IN 2 STYLES:
1—The full high-rise Sauna Belt trim-jeans (including the exclusive sauna-lock waistband) for total slenderizing effect on the waistline, tummy, hips and thighs. 2—The low-rider Sauna Belt trim-jeans for those who need slimming on their hips and thighs only. The price of the high-rise Sauna Belt trim-jeans is only \$12.95. The price of the low-rider Sauna Belt trim-jeans is only \$9.95 and each carries a FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Here is the ultimate answer for total inch loss—the slenderizer supreme Sauna Belt trim-jeans—which we believe to be the easiest, fastest, the most convenient, comfortable, the most sensationally effective waist, tummy, hip and thigh reducer ever discovered and each pair accompanied by the most revolutionary guarantee in slenderizing history. So if you want sleeker, slimmer, trimmer waist, tummy, hips and thighs and you want them now—send for your Sauna Belt trim-jeans today for the best investment in your appearance you will ever make.

Also Available:

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Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss can vary with individuals but if your waist is not 1 to 3 inches smaller in just 3 days, you may return the belt for a complete refund.

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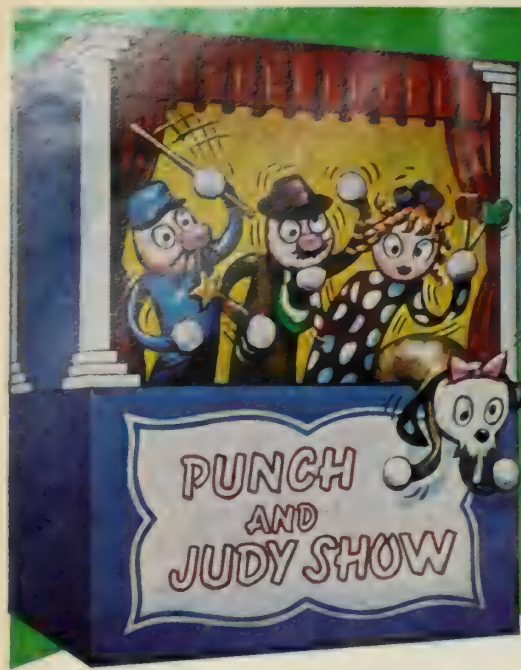
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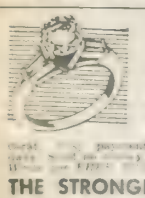
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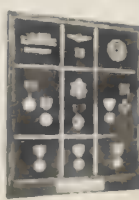
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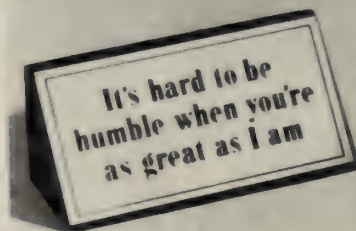
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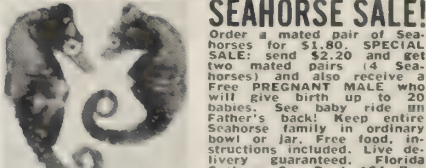
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#9902 Hair Fire Set @ \$9.98 (Add 75¢ pos)

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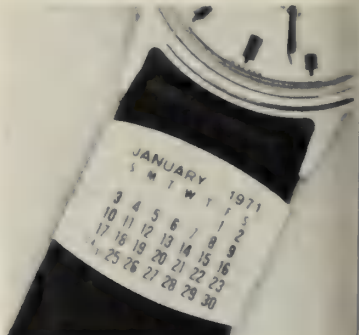
A holiday glow

Christmas ornaments actually glow in the dark to create an intriguing and festive tree or holiday decor. 72 delightful designs seem to float in space when the lights are turned off. Averages over 3 in. in height. A nice way to save electricity and yet tree will be aglow into the wee hours. Set, \$4. Order from Magi-Glo, Dept. EL, 466 North Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90004.



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This tiny monthly calendar attaches to any man's watchband. A glance at his wrist lets him know the date anytime. Calendar is made of Champagne-color metal and fits any watchband. A year's supply (12 calendars) makes a nice extra gift. Set is \$1. Two or more sets are 75¢ each. Add 35¢ postage. Handy Calendar Company, Dept. LHJ-11, Handy Building, Scott City, Kans. 67871.



Mink is marvelous

After you use Emlin Complexion Creme with mink oil, your husband may do a double take when friends say, "You look lovely in mink!" It seems that workers on mink pelts never get "old-looking" hands. Mink oil in this cream works the same on face and throat to help keep skin as youthful-looking as this woman's. 2 oz., \$5. Billie Ann Bender, Rm. LHJ-11, 180 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill. 60601.



THROUGHOUT AMERICA WOMEN ARE REPORTING

Amazing Gains on their Bustlines

by using the

FABULOUS *Mark Eden Developer*

Mrs. Margaret Pearson of Milwaukee, Wisconsin says: "THANKS TO MARK EDEN I HAVE GAINED OVER 3 INCHES ON MY BUSTLINE AND HAVE GONE FROM A 34A TO A FULL 36C IN JUST 8 WEEKS"



Margaret Pearson of Milwaukee, Wisconsin
before her Mark Eden Course.
BUST: 34A



Margaret Pearson after practicing the
Mark Eden Course for 8 weeks.
BUST: 36C

NOW READ WHAT OTHER WOMEN HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THE MARK EDEN DEVELOPER:

MRS. MARGIE DAVIS, MACON, GA.: "I am so pleased with myself and my developer and so is my husband. I went from 32A to a 36B."

DOROTHY MORGAN, PITTSBURGH, PA.: "I'm so thrilled with the results. I went from a 32A to 36B in just 8 weeks. No words can express how thrilled I am with your course."

MRS. JAMES FOSTER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.: "I have been flat chested all my life. I had tried, without success, many creams, lotions, etc. When I started with my Mark Eden Program I only measured 31 inches. I now measure 34½ inches."

MYRALIN COLLINS, GRAND PRAIRIE, TEXAS: "I can hardly believe my own results. I have increased my bust from a 34B to a 36D in just 30 days with the Mark Eden Developer."

WHAT IS THE MARK EDEN METHOD? The Mark Eden Method is a tremendously exciting concept of bustline development. It is not a cream, not an artificial stimulator. It is an exerciser that employs special techniques, safely and effectively—the degree of effectiveness turning upon factors which vary among individuals—with thousands of women throughout America reporting remarkable success in enlarging, shaping and firming their bustlines to their loveliest proportions.

THE MARK EDEN EXCLUSIVE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: Margaret Pearson is just one of many, many women who are reporting gains of from 2 to 4 inches on their bustlines—and while we do not state that every woman will receive results, thousands upon thousands of women are reporting that the Mark Eden Developer has given them the kind of bustline development they have always dreamed of . . . And if the Mark Eden Developer does not produce for you the results which have delighted so many of our customers, this guarantee is your protection: If after using the Mark Eden Bustline Developer and Course for only two weeks, you do not see a significant difference in your bustline development, simply return the developer and course to Mark Eden and your money will be promptly refunded.

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$9.95 COMPLETE! You receive the fabulous Mark Eden Developer . . . You receive a complete course of instructions, fully illustrated by photographs, which shows and tells you exactly how to use this remarkable developer for your maximum results . . . and you receive the Mark Eden MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

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Mark Eden P. O. Box 7843, Dept. LH-2
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Please send me my Mark Eden Developer and Bustline Contouring Course. I understand that this course is complete and that there will be nothing else to buy, and that if I do not see satisfactory results in bustline development within two weeks, I can return everything to Mark Eden and receive my money back.

For the above complete course and Bustline Developer I enclose \$9.95 ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (No C. O. D.'s accepted)

Shipped in plain wrapper.

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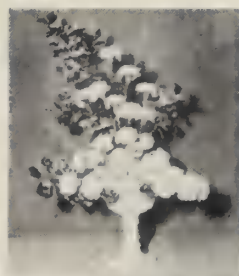
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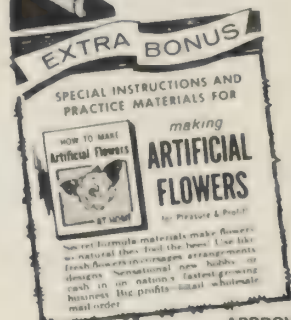
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Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to get you full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, the like); it offers tips on how to save money (they will astound you with their ingenuity); it counsels you on the management of your personal finances (telling not only how to gain maximum return on your investments and savings, but also how to protect your money from the ravages of inflation). In short, Moneysworth is your own personal consumer adviser, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of exchequer—all in one.

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In sum, Moneysworth is a hip, trustworthy financial mentor. It reflects the quintessence of consumer sophistication.

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From the World of Lovers to the World of Beauty
**MAGNIFICENT IMPORTED
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Plays the Award Winning

"RAINDROPS FALLING ON MY HEAD"

From "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid"

Charming Statuettes Capture the Beauty of World Famous Figurines

From the rollicking and often heart warming movie that's become a classic in our time, comes one of the most popular tunes ever written. If you thrilled to the adventures of the two delightful heroes, you'll remember with fond nostalgia this melody as it comes tinkling out of this charming music box. You can almost hear the echoes of the Old West captured by a host of now silent player pianos as the crystal clear notes recreate this happy theme.

Created with an heirloom tone, delicate bisque-finish, here is a collector's treasure that becomes a classic decorating piece wherever it is displayed. Of course it is literally impossible to even remotely capture the soft bisque colorations and workmanship from the small black and white illustration here. Only when you yourself daydream to the delightful melody and see

the consummate beauty of the work will you fully appreciate the charm and appeal it will bring to your home.

**OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED
 THIS SEASON**

We firmly believe that these exquisite music boxes with their old world charm will soon become hard-to-get collectors' items you will treasure forever. Therefore, we urge you to order now while our specially imported supply lasts. Each full color, bisque finish finely glazed ceramic music box is 7" high x 4" wide, and is yours for only \$4.98 on full money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted with the joy and beauty it brings into your home and the pleasure it will give as a gift. But hurry, order now, this offer will not be repeated this season in this magazine.

COLONIAL STUDIOS, DEPT. RD 36
 20 Bank Street, White Plains, New York 10606

Please send me the ceramic music box that plays "Raindrops Falling on My Head" for only \$4.98 on full money back guarantee if I am not absolutely delighted.

(Please add 25¢ for postage and handling.)

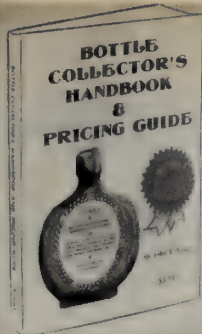
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☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER:** Order two music boxes for only \$8.95. Extra music box makes a perfect gift.



A bottle collector?

Whether you collect them or want to sell yours, "Bottle Collector's Handbook" has over 2,500 new and old bottles listed and priced, where to sell or buy them, and even tells which ones turn purple or amethyst when exposed to the sun. Includes Jim Beams and Avon series. \$3.95 plus 50¢ postage. Order from House of Minnel, Dept. L-11E7, Deerpath Road, Batavia, Ill. 60510.



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Wallet photo fanfare

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GUARANTEED TO START TAKING INCHES OFF YOUR WAIST AND HIPS from the very first time you use it.



TapeMate WAIST SLIMMER

is guaranteed to take inches off your waist line or you get your money back! TapeMate uses your own body heat and muscle resistance to create "hot spots," where inches reduce away quickly.

IT'S THIS EASY. NOTHING TO INFLATE... NOTHING TO PLUG IN... NO COMPLICATED ROUTINE... AND NO BULGES OR LUMPS. There's nothing to adjust when you use TapeMate. Slip it on. Nothing inflatable, no electricity. Just wear this attractive, slimming reducing aid a few minutes a day. Center it over the unwanted inches—at waist, over hips or upper thighs. Zip it up. You'll feel a pleasing sensation, warm and relaxed. It's almost as if you were getting a heat massage.

HERE'S HOW TapeMate WORKS WONDERS WITH YOUR WAIST-LINE. With your instructions, you get a few simple waistline exercises. Do them for a few minutes while you wear your comfortable TapeMate. Or just go about your normal activities like housework, gardening or your favorite sport. Then, for another 20 minutes, relax, watch TV, read or simply rest, while you wear your TapeMate. This incredibly easy routine actually reduces hips and waist.

OVER 35,000 SOLD

Because your body is different from anyone else's, you may reduce faster or slower, but we guarantee that you will lose inches in a few days or you can return TapeMate and get your money back. You keep the tape measure as a free gift.

Start by using TapeMate 3 or 4 days in a row, then 3 times a week until you achieve your desired size. After that, maintain your new figure by using TapeMate a few times a month, or as often as desired.

TapeMate is made of closed cell, nitrogen blown neoprene, with an attractive blue nylon finish. When you put TapeMate on, it looks and feels great. You need never be ashamed to answer the door or strip down in the locker room in your TapeMate. You can even wear it in the office and no one will know, because nothing shows. And when you take TapeMate off, you look great. Each wearing actually slims you down where it's always been difficult to reduce before. And you'll have muscle tone you never thought possible.

She couldn't believe her eyes, or her size!

Miss Catherine Glass: "When my reducing belt came, I couldn't wait to use it. Then I couldn't believe my eyes. No dieting and I could see myself get thinner!"

Pot belly disappears!

Mr. Daniel Gamsin: "Even though I'm pretty well-built, I was always ashamed of my pot belly. The guys used to kid me about it and all. Now, it's just not there. After weeks of using TapeMate, I have a physique anyone would be proud of!"

Got her out of a tight situation!

Mrs. Marion Quirk: "My favorite hip huggers were just too small. I'd given up the idea of ever wearing them again. Then I tried your marvelous belt. My tape measure showed me I lost 3 inches the first week. And I'm back in my hip huggers again."

TapeMate COSTS ONLY \$9.95 AND IS BACKED BY A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. FILL IN THIS COUPON TODAY. WHY WAIT TO START LOSING INCHES OFF YOUR WAIST.



Please send me my TapeMate. I enclose \$9.95 payment. I understand that this product is guaranteed to take inches off my waist. If I am not completely satisfied, within 30 days, I can return the belt for a full refund, and keep the tape measure as a gift.

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(Please give present waist size.)

Mail to: TapeMate P.O. Box 9, Martinsville, N.J. 08836

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If you've got the courage
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JOURNAL

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Only Kindness Hairsetters from Clairol

Because water, mist and steam don't do anything for your hair, Clairol creates:

(1) The never-before vaporizing system of the new **Kindness® Custom Care® Instant Hairsetter and Conditioner**. To condition dry hair deep-down beautiful.

Just pour in the special Kindness Custom Care Conditioner. This rich liquid vaporizes around the warm-hearted Kindness conditioning rollers.

Then, as you set, the gentle controlled warmth of the rollers sends the conditioner penetrating deep down into each strand — where it does the most good.



In five or ten minutes, you get lots more than a set. You get a "heat cap" kind of conditioning that dry, problem hair hungers for. A moisturized beauty you could never get from a hairsetter before.

And the new Kindness Custom Care Setter also works without its conditioner — to give you long-lasting regular sets.

Next step: (just in time for Christmas) Conditioned set.

Give the systems that condition as they curl.

(2) The Kindness spray-and-roll system. To condition hair that won't hold a set — by adding body and extra curl power.

It's simple togetherness: any Kindness Instant Hairsetter and new Kindness Heat-Activated Conditioner. This new conditioner is a protein-rich mist. All you do is just spray and roll. The Kindness rollers warm the conditioner into your hair. In minutes, you get a fuller-bodied, longer-lasting set. It's better than a homemade wet set, better than a steam set. And a whole lot faster than both!



Kindness Instant Hairsetters work best

because all 7 models feature the patented Kindness warm-hearted roller. It holds heat longer at the gentle temperature that's just right for a lasting set.

Two new systems to give you a conditioned set. From Clairol. No one else.

Because nobody who makes hairsetters has spent so much time making hair beautiful.

Kindness® for Christmas

from Clairol, America's best-selling hairsetters

The trick to wearing makeup is to put it on in the light you'll be seen in.



Home, Daylight, Evening or Office light. The new True-to-Light® II from Clairol gives you the best of all four.

You may not realize it, but the light you make up *in* is as important as what you make up *with*.

Which is why Clairol's new True-to-Light II mirror has a light setting for every light you're likely to be seen in. Just turn the dial and you see how you're going to look.

That way, you won't look sallow in home light. Painted in daylight. Washed-out in evening light. Or green in office (or fluorescent) light. Turn the mirror itself (it's on a swivel wheel), and you see how you look up close—it has a magnifying side.

And the entire unit can be locked into place at whatever position you like.



But the most important thing about this or any other lighted makeup mirror is its light.

In this case, the light is supplied via our exclusive new *Broad Spectrum** lamp, which has the truest daylight of any makeup mirror you can get.

And once you've got that, you get the best of everything.

So the real trick, you see, is to use the new True-to-Light® II.

Created by Clairol, the Beauty People.

Get it for Christmas. True-to-Light II

You're either looking at a gimmick. Or a miracle.

Look at the facts.

The hair in this picture is unretouched. Both sides of this girl's hair were washed, set, and combed, precisely the same. The only difference is we used *condition** Beauty Pack Treatment on one half. The beautiful side on your left.

If it looks like a minor miracle—it is. *condition**. From Clairol. Honestly. You'll never know how thick and silky your hair can be until you try it. Beauty Pack Treatment. Or Instant Lotion.

*condition**. *The Beauty Prescription for Troubled Hair*®.



You can see what **condition*** does for dry, brittle hair.



Fisherman's Wharf Jambalaya starts with San Francisco's Rice-A-Roni

In 2 tbsp. butter lightly brown 1 pkg. Chicken Rice-A-Roni. Stir in 2¾ cups hot water, contents of Chicken flavor packet, ¼ tsp. each: black pepper and Tabasco Sauce, 1 tbsp. instant minced onions, ¼ cup each: diced celery and bell pepper. Add 2 cups diced cooked ham (or luncheon meat), 1 can tuna or shrimp. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.

New! Noodle Roni Parmesano

Tenderthin egg noodles complete with a delightful sauce of rare Italian cheeses and herbs. Bravissimo!

DECEMBER 1970

LADIES HOME

JOURNAL

DECEMBER 1970 VOL. LXXXVII, NUMBER 1

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**If you can see what's wrong with this tomato,
your standards are up to ours.**

(High shoulders indicate a large stem end and tough, woody core material.)

The more you know
about tomatoes,
the better for Del Monte.



THE JOURNAL CHEERS

The Aristocats—the full-length animated Disney feature—is happy holiday news for millions of children. It's the story of an elegant cat named Duchess who has three kittens: Toulouse (painter), Berlioz (pianist) and Marie (preener). They loll in Paris in 1910, the pets of an elegant millionairess. She writes them into her will as her sole beneficiaries. When the faithful old butler discovers that he gets the millions *only* if something happens to the cats, he schemes to have something happen to the cats. Luckily a couple of hillbilly

basset hounds hound the butler, and tough Thomas O'Malley Cat comes to their rescue. (O'Malley Cat is hip and he has Phil Harris's voice. Eva Gabor purrs for the Duchess.) *The Aristocats* is not in the same league with *Snow White* or *Pinocchio*, but it's good young fun, and parents will be grateful for that. Two characters who appear briefly—a pair of jabbering high-society geese called the Gabble sisters, with the gabby voices of those *Odd Couple* sisters, Carole Shelley and Monica Evans—may be worth your ticket all by themselves.



The JOURNAL cheers *Great Songs of the Sixties* edited by Milton Okun (Quadrangle Books). This bountiful Christmas gift package is for that teen-ager in your house. Tom Wicker, Chief of the *New York Times* Washington Bureau, has written a special introduction digging into the songs' significance from political and sociological views. This big fat volume has the piano music, the guitar music and the complete lyrics—I mean *complete*—of 83 songs, from "Alice's Restaurant" to "Both Sides Now," from "Eleanor Rigby" to "Sounds of Silence," from "Impossible Dream" to "The Times They Are A-Changin'." It would be hard to think of an important song of the iconoclastic Sixties that is *not* here.

The JOURNAL cheers Albert Finney for his performance in *Scrooge*, the musical version of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. There's a good deal wrong with the movie, but Finney as Ebenezer Scrooge is a wonderful surprise. . . . An extra-special *Christmas Carol* Special is also due this month—but just *once*: Dec. 13 on CBS TV. This full-hour, animated film made in Australia has an authentic 19th-century look. Its makers have striven to be faithful to Dickens' spirits of Christmas past, present and future. Don't let this future present go past.

FUN AND GAMES

The season's urban (and urbane) board game for adults is *Class*. Players chase status by climbing a social ladder—buying stock, giving to charity and stepping over (and on) people in the way. You move up or down according to your life-style: *Your underwear is ironed* (up 6) . . . *Nobody knew you were pregnant* (up 6) . . . *Your name is Judy and you spell it Judi* (down 2). *Class* was created by three housewives, and if enough of you buy it (at \$10), they'll climb their *own* ladder of success. . . . In Chicago, Marshall Field offers little girls a dream Christmas. Napoleon (I am assured) presented his favorite guests with a domed trunk trimmed in leather and studded with brass. A replica of this royal gift, designed for children by Louis Vuitton, has a Madame Alexander doll and three slide-out drawers stacked with old-fashioned doll apparel for \$400. (What recession?) . . . For the child who needs a second car, F.A.O. Schwarz (San Francisco and other cities) offers a half-size 1929 Bentley that tools along at 12 m.p.h. It's an open car that runs on a battery and costs \$1500. (What recession?) . . . Or how about a sterling silver spaghetti strainer (to use when you're serving sterling silver spaghetti)? Cartier has a just the thing for \$250.

HAVE YOURSELF AN ANIMATED CHRISTMAS (AND SEE TV ON THE WAYNE)

The Night the Animals Talked (ABC-TV, Dec. 9) is an animated parable that producer Sheldon Riss has been working on for two years, so let him talk for himself: "We've drawn on the story of the Nativity through the eyes of the animals in the barn. For that single miraculous night, the animals are given the gift of speech. At first they quarrel and even turn away the donkey that is bearing Mary and Joseph to the barn. Then a philosopher-ox says, 'We're not only talking like people, we're *acting* like people.'" The songs are by Jule Styne (*Funny Girl*) and the lyrics by Sammy Cahn (*Three Coins in the Fountain*). It may be the only Christmas program that never mentions Christmas, because it all takes place before there is a Christmas. . . . *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town* (ABC-TV, Dec. 13) is another animated family program, this one with the voices of Fred Astaire, Mickey Rooney and Keenan Wynn. Amid all the cheer of this hang-your-stockings show, who should show up but a grouchy old bürgermeister named Winter Warlock who grumps, "Hang your stockings!" W. W. doesn't even believe in toys. (But I have a suspicion that he gets around to *loving* toys before the windup.)

John Wayne's new movie, *Rio Lobo*, directed by Howard Hawks, gallops into December with George Plimpton, the avid amateur, hanging in there as a villain. Plimpton is famous for *Paper Lion*, in which he tackles pro football. Now he has gone to the movies for an on-screen fling. You'll see his burst of villainy aimed at John Wayne in a Dec. 9 ABC Special, *Plimpton! Shoot Out at Rio Lobo*. See Plimpton in action as he tries to rifle Wayne! See Plimpton interview Howard Hawks! See the Special, then see the film for a one-two treat.



FLICKING THROUGH GIFT BOOKS

The Real Tinsel (Macmillan) ushers you into a movie world of recollections and rare photographs from Hollywood's hand-cranked beginnings to its hey-he heydays. This book is flooded with memories, like Dagmar Godowsky revealing what it was like to kiss Rudolph Valentino ("It was very hard work") . . . If you don't get a copy of *The Movie Stars* by Richard Griffith (Doubleday), you're missing one of the season's pictorial pleasures. An enormous book of text and marvelous photos of every star you ever heard of. The stills will knock you out: Clark Gable without his mustache as an extra in 1925, and George Raft in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit! . . . *Diary of a Century* (Viking) by Jacques Henri Lartigue and edited by Richard Avedon is a treasure with a silver cover. Here are photographs of women raised to art, families adored, strangers observed, celebrities observed—a lustrous mirror of a vanished world. . . . If you enjoy *doing* something while you read, prop up a copy of *A Second Treasury of Knitting Patterns* (Scribners) by Barbara Walker. More than 700 designs to follow, and of all the volumes published this year, no other has better yarns.

20 FILTER
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Unwind.
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for the
two of you
to share.
With a whole
new cigarette.
Rich-new
blend,
rich new
flavor.

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IS THE
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GOOD COCKTAIL CONVERSATION

See Kraft Music Hall,
Wednesday nights, NBC-TV





When Miracle Whip Salad Dressing from Kraft and sparkling Fruit Cocktail from California get together, there's lots to talk about. And enjoy. Miracle Whip's lively copyable flavor, from Kraft's own blend of fresh-ground spices, combines perfectly with colorful, delectable canned Fruit Cocktail to make so many dishes special. ∞ **FRUIT-FILLED LETTUCE:** Re-

outside leaves form a 1-inch shell. Gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Miracle Whip to 8-oz. pkg. softened Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese; mix until well blended. Add 1 can (1 lb., 1 oz.) Fruit Cocktail, drained, and $\frac{1}{3}$ c. chopped nuts; mix lightly. Fill lettuce shell; cover and chill 4 hours or overnight. Slice crosswise or into wedges. 6 servings. ∞ **WHITECAP FRUIT MOLD:** Drain 1 can (1-lb., 14-oz.) Fruit Cocktail, reserving

syrup. Dissolve 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime or strawberry flavored gelatin in 2 c. boiling water; add reserved syrup and enough water to measure $1\frac{3}{4}$ c. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in Fruit Cocktail, pour into 9-in. round or square pan. Chill until firm; unmold. Combine 1 c. heavy cream, whipped, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Miracle Whip and 2 c. Kraft Miniature Marshmallows. Spoon over gelatin. Chill thoroughly. 9 to 12 servings.



AMY VANDERBILT

INFORMAL OPEN HOUSE
My husband and I are having a large informal open house on New Year's Day, but we're finding that this is not an easy party to plan. What hours do you think would be appropriate? How should we indicate that guests may bring children if they wish? Are there any dishes or drinks that are especially appropriate? How can we figure food and liquor?

You may be very informal in your invitation, which might read "Open house (children welcome) between the hours of 2 and 6 P.M. (or possibly 12:30 to 2 P.M., in which case you might specify what you are going to serve, such as milk punch or egg nog, so that guests will not expect a true lunch). These two drinks and sherry flips are usual for such a party, with mixed drinks for those who prefer them. If you decide on the earlier hours, you might serve mild hors d'oeuvres, such as pâté, a cheese mix, stuffed eggs. If your party is later, after people have eaten, you could serve fruit cake and cookies.

Ordinarily for an open house, no R.S.V.P. is expected. You should figure that you will probably get anywhere from 65 percent to 75 percent acceptances. For such big parties you can usually make arrangements with your grocer to take back such perishables as eggs and milk the next day if they can't be used.

TRIMMING THE CHRISTMAS CARDS

We are a retired couple who have traveled a great deal and made a large number of friends. Every year we send at least 300 Christmas cards; this has become an expensive item as well as a chore. We would now like to contribute the money spent for cards and stamps to our favorite charity. We plan to send cards this year and would like to indicate our wish for the future. Shall I enclose a note with our greetings?

The time has come for you to weed out your list drastically but to keep the names of some people with whom you have close ties, but whom you do not see often, on a list to receive either Christmas cards or Christmas notes from you. With most of us, sending Christmas cards may be the only way we can keep in touch with widely scattered friends we don't want to lose through neglect and who don't want to lose us.

Put a little note in your card this year saying something like this: "Our Christmas list of friends has grown so very large over the years, we find, alas, we must omit the very pleasant custom of sending cards beginning next year. We hope to keep in touch with you, perhaps at less busy times of the year, and we hope that you will continue to think of us." I wouldn't in such a note say anything about using the money saved for even such worthy purposes as you describe.

And do get in the habit of sending greeting cards at other times of the year, when they are often even more appreciated.

GUESTS WHO DON'T SHOW
During the holiday season we plan to have an open house as we always do. We were disappointed last year that a number of people who verbally accepted our invitation didn't show up or call their regrets. Doesn't an acceptance obligate people to let us know if later they can't attend?

Certainly these people should have called to say that they were detained, or whatever. If this was impossible, then they should have written you or called you after the party to explain why they didn't get there. And they should have had excellent excuses.

OFFICE CHRISTMAS CARDS
My husband will be sending Christmas cards to the various bosses and associates in his office. Should he sign them with his name, Arthur Brown, or should they be signed "Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown," or "Freda and Arthur Brown"?

If you do not know these people personally, I would prefer that he sign just his own name. If you do know them, the cards could be signed "Freda and Arthur Brown."

CHRISTMAS TIPPING

Should I tip the florist's delivery boy when he delivers holiday flowers?

During the Christmas holidays it is usual to tip delivery boys. Keep a supply of quarters handy. Boys who deliver regularly (from the cleaners, for example) expect a Christmas gift of approximately five dollars if such deliveries have been extensive throughout the year.

CLERGYMAN'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

Our Christmas card to our parishioners will be a picture of ourselves with the greeting on the outside of the folder. Is it correct to have, in small script at the bottom, "Rev. and Mrs. Thomas S. Brown"? Or should it be "The Rev. and Mrs. Thomas S. Brown"? What is the correct signature? Should it be handwritten?

When the names on a card appear first in the more formal form of greeting, rather than at the end of the message, the proper way to do it is this: "The Reverend and Mrs. Thomas S. Brown." Your husband is always "The Reverend"; "Reverend" alone is not a proper form of address.

The use of a photograph on a Christmas card is pleasant and informal. When the names appear at the bottom of a card, they are always in the form of a signature;

therefore, titles are not used. Either sign your cards, "Thomas and Harriet Brown," or have the signature printed at the bottom.

UNACKNOWLEDGED GIFTS
I always mail gifts to the children (ages nine, 10 and 15) of some relatives who live out of town. To this day I have never received an acknowledgment of any gift. If I write or phone, I hear, "Oh yes, so-and-so received your gift. Thanks." I feel that a 15-year-old who hasn't the courtesy to acknowledge a gift, or a parent who can't teach children this courtesy might as well not hear from me. Should I save gifts until I see these people, even though it may be late, so that at least I know they have been received?

It is the mother's job to see that children of this age acknowledge all gifts and do it promptly. These children have not had proper social training. The cure, hard though it may be, is to stop sending them gifts. Parents must teach their children that appreciation is one of the most valuable things in life.

CHRISTMAS HOUSEWARMING

We just moved into a new home and want to have a housewarming. I'd like to have the party at the holidays, but my husband wants to combine it with Christmas entertaining. Would this be proper?

You may entertain with a housewarming during the holidays even before the furnishing is completely finished, if necessary. In fact, these parties, which can be very informal, are often more than others requiring great preparation. On the other hand, if things are too hectic for you, you can have your housewarming later, whenever you are ready. You decide to do it the first way you could write informal invitations on your Christmas cards; you could let informal invitations serve as Christmas greetings, well as notification of change of address, telephone, etc.

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.



Now ready for JOURNAL readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Parties (open house, anniversaries, housewarmings, showers). Also "Let's Write," "Teen Manners," "Office Etiquette," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette" and "Table Manners." Send 50c in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss A. Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Westport, Conn. 06880.

If you want to inspire something lasting, do it with something that lasts.



Tabu.
The lasting fragrance.

Dana

Pond's used to appeal to ladies who wore smart, serviceable vests.

It still does.

Honestly.

Give 'em the vote and they'll wangle our waistcoat.

Even in 1970. Except now the Pond's lady opts for the optimum, moves to the maximum and lets the rest of the vests go. She knows from basic beautifying and you've got a story to tell it better be a straight one. Like ours.

The Skin Basics. Four of them. A quart little jars of good stuff you don't have mortgage your midi to buy.

Skin Basics behave like this:

Oily Skin Treatment: In one little jar, super-mop-up stuff that cleanses and treats oily skin. (You can buy a fancier one, but not a better one.)

Dry Skin Cream: A homogenized brilliant cream that does the renewing, re-you-ing things the expensive creams claim. (You can buy a flashier one, but not a better one.)

Light Moisturizer: Sheer, greaseless protection and prettier to wear under makeup. (You can buy a snootier one, but not a better one.)

Cold Cream Cleanser: It's been rubbing faces since 1907. (You can buy sexier one, but not a better one.)

All of which means if you'd like to turn out prettier in about 7 days, jump into our jerkin and go get yourself some Skin Basics.

There's a lot more to Pond's these days than just cold cream.



Skin Basics by Pond's
the basics you need for beauty!



There's a good chance our douche cleanses and deodorizes better than yours.

We asked 189 women to compare Lysette liquid douche with the one they used. Of those expressing a preference, three to one said Lysette gave a more cleansing feeling. Four to one agreed Lysette deodorized better. And ten to one agreed that liquid Lysette with its measuring cap was easier to prepare.

Dramatic proof? Test it yourself. If you send this ad with your name and address plus 25 cents for postage and handling to Lysette, Dept. S, 225 Summit Avenue, Montvale, New Jersey 07645, we'll send you a trial size of four pre-measured packets.



for confidence

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

THEY EXPERIMENTED WITH DRUGS • BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Too many people with marriage problems tend to take out on the marriage—or on their partner—their hostility toward the world in general. That doesn't help! And they take out on the world in general their hostility toward their own families. That doesn't help, either! It's a foolish form of behavior—in fact, evidence that the person has never really grown up. In this instance, neither Allegra nor Kip had any idea of what was really going on—or what they were really doing. Yet, after they received skilled help, they were intelligent enough to gain insight into the mess they were making of their lives. When they identified the real difficulty, they were able to deal with it. Much of the misery that the younger generation feels, and that it strikes out against blindly and sometimes violently, is the result of just such an ignorant mix-up. Parents certainly need more help in dealing with young people. And young people certainly need more help in dealing with each other. The counselor in this case was T. David Jansen.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.
Founder and President
The American Institute
of Family Relations

ALLEGRA TALKS FIRST

"I'm not together in my head, I'm not together at all," said 21-year-old Allegra, and her blue eyes wandered from a door to a distant window in the counselor's office as though searching for an escape route. Her thick, straight, wheat-colored hair gushed downward like a yellow waterfall, almost touching the tops of her high-laced boots, which she wore with a body stocking and a micro-miniskirt. "My husband Kip isn't together, either. Kip seems to think he is doing great, but he is sadly mistaken. Our marriage is all fouled up because of drugs. In my opinion it's the one big thing wrong with us and our lives.

"Kip and I got married only eighteen months ago, although we had known each other—in the good old Biblical sense—eons and eons. We first went to bed together three years ago, in Pennsylvania, where we met as students. It was love on sight for both of us. Kip is the only man I've ever slept with or want to sleep with.

"Kip took his B.A. in the East, barely skinning through, then went to Berkeley, California, to live with his parents while he studied for his graduate degree. I dropped out of college in my junior year and followed him to California despite the furious opposition of my Moravian kinfolk. I had to follow Kip; I couldn't survive with him a continent away from me. I found a job and rented an apartment near him.

"It was a bad time in my life, those bleak months before Kip

and I finally married. His mother, a sweet, weak, nervous little person intimidated by everybody and everything, was okay to me. Indeed she was understanding and kind. His father, a bully, a braggart and a sadist, did his best to break us up. Every evening I waited for Kip to stop by the apartment for dinner after his classes as he promised to do. I would wait until I couldn't stand it any longer. Then, with my pride in ruins, I would telephone home. Kip's father invariably answered. Sometimes he hung up on me. Kip was dashing around with a worthless bunch of friends, most of whom still haunt our lives. When his father told me Kip was studying and couldn't come to the phone, we both knew it was a lie. Often my roommate and I kept a watch on Kip's house, and frequently we saw him get in his car and race away on his nightly 'rounds.'

"My father-in-law failed to break us up in spite of all his efforts. Kip and I had a small civil wedding. My parents and my two sisters flew in from the East to attend even though we refused to have a church ceremony. I was unbelievably happy when I said, 'I do.' But my happiness vanished like smoke.

"I blame the freaky crowd we run with—the friends Kip acquired during the bad months that preceded our marriage—for most of our troubles. Those people think they know all the answers. They have prevented Kip and me from finding our own answers, the answers we need in order to become worthwhile human beings, a family unit.

"Everybody in our crowd claims to believe in love, but what they really believe in is bed-hopping, free sex, irresponsible sex, uncommon sex, double-up sex, pathological sex. In my opinion they are haters, not lovers. They call themselves activists, anarchists, communists, Maoists, revolutionaries, every kind of label, while at the same time claiming to be individualists. Nearly all are misfits of some sort. They won't work a lick—not even to further the coming revolution against the Establishment. Instead they depend on handouts from home or street-begging for bread and dope. Most spend their days 'spaced out' on marijuana or high on acid (LSD).

"Basically Kip is a beautiful human being, but he is impressionable; he admires and listens to this phoney bunch and has yielded to their leadership. Thanks to their influence, Kip never did get his M.A. and he is hanging on by his fingernails to a low-level, low-paying job. Kip is burning out his brains in daily clouds of marijuana, and he tells people he often hits it up with acid. Actually, I think he stopped taking acid months ago, but I'm

scared that he might move along to hard drugs like heroin the way so many in the crowd have done.

"To a certain extent I'm impressionable, too. It seems like I can't help following Kip, trying to do what he wants. To please Kip I sometimes let his friends influence me. Just last year, rather than have Kip and the gang put me down as chicken, I took four trips on acid. Two of them were bad trips. I went into a convulsive state of panic, a feeling impossible to describe clearly and then experienced horrible sensory hallucinations.

"Someday, if my messed-up marriage can be straightened out, I want a child by Kip, a normal, healthy child. But I heard that LSD can cause chromosome damage. If we ever have a baby, I don't want to take the chance of producing a retarded child or a monster. After my last bad trip, I permanently swore off acid and all other hallucinatory drugs. Kip was disgusted when I told him the reason I was quitting acid. He has always declared that he has no desire to risk conceiving a baby in a corrupt, vomit-mongering, polluted world like ours. When I said I wished Kip would quit acid himself as a price he loved me, he got angry. He was practically dancing in the air with rage. Kip hates me to act like a take-charge woman and try to manipulate him by playing on his sympathy. He refused to give up acid for my sake. In fact, he told me to mind my own damned business and let him manage his life and his chromosomes.

"Kip and I first became involved with the drug scene a few years ago, back in Pennsylvania. Kip was doing poorly with his grades. Someone gave us a number of benzedrine capsules so Kip and I could stay awake and be up for his midsemester exams. Another reason why Kip became interested in the bennies was his cerns sex. Everyone at our school seemed to think that drugs led to great sex. At that time I was 19 and Kip was 20—and he was at all satisfied with me and our sexual relationship. I was very inhibited, I'll admit; I still am, but now our poor sexual relationship is mainly Kip's fault, although I won't admit it.

"Like nearly everybody else in our generation I had problems with my parents while I was growing up. My mother was a hothead and a shrewd, subtle manipulator. I suspect she was a love wife, and she wasn't a winner in motherhood. She put me down with scalding sarcasm and nagged me. For the most part I hated and avoided her.

"I both loved and hated my father, an artist and inventor. My feelings toward him are still ambivalent. When I was 17 years old he came home early one evening. (continued on page 12)

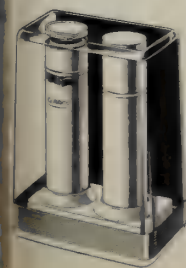
This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

BECAUSE
GIRLS ARE
CURVIER
THAN MEN



The shaver is a slim, compact 5 inches tall. Utterly feminine. Cordless, too. Comes with its own battery so you can shave anywhere.

CLAIROL INVENTS THE CURVIER KINDNESS* UNDERARM SHAVER



Goodbye man-shaped shavers. The Kindness Shaver is *girl-shaped*.

The head is round to fit the curve of your underarm and all the round and curvy parts of your body. Hair just disappears with no nicks or irritation. So goof proof you could use it blindfolded. More good news! The shaver comes with

its own conditioning deodorant in a dry mist. Its rich emollients lubricate underarms and prepare them for shaving. Deodorizes, too (there's no need for a stinging deodorant after). Sure, you can shave without it, but what a nice plus it is! *Gift of the year from Clairol... because women shave where men don't.*



TREAT YOUR UNDERARMS WITH KINDNESS BY CLAIROL

You're not getting older

(A philosophy for every woman over 25)

In this youth-mad world, when a woman's over 25, she's old. Or on the way.

If you're thirty or so — you're finished. (They can't quite believe you still have all your teeth!)

Well we say — rubbish. And we say — don't let the idiots get you down!

Deep inside, you know you're better than you've ever been. Not older. Better. You're warmer. Richer. More compassionate. More composed. Infinitely more interesting. (When someone says hello to you at a party, you're not stuck for an answer anymore, are you?)

You know you wouldn't be 18 again for anything in the world.

And do you know what? There are millions of men who wouldn't want you that way either. For all their wandering looks, most men agree a woman's not much good till she's thirty, anyway.

It's a fact. And you know it. A woman's not an age — she's a person! So what if you'll never look sweet sixteen again. Maybe you'll look better!

One thing we know you can make better is your hair. Not just better than it was yesterday.

Maybe better than it ever was before.

Because there is a hair color so good for your hair it can actually make the feel of it, the texture, the sheen — better than it was. All this while it works its fabulous magic with your natural color.

That hair color is Loving Care® Lotion.

You can use Loving Care to cover gray perfectly (without ever subjecting your hair to a touch of peroxide!)

You can use Loving Care to give a naturally radiant color lift to drab, plain or fading brunette hair (even if you don't have a touch of gray).

But the astonishment is that all the while you're doing good to the color — you're also doing real good to the hair. Making it, in fact, better. Not just better color. Silkier, glossier, fuller-looking — better hair.

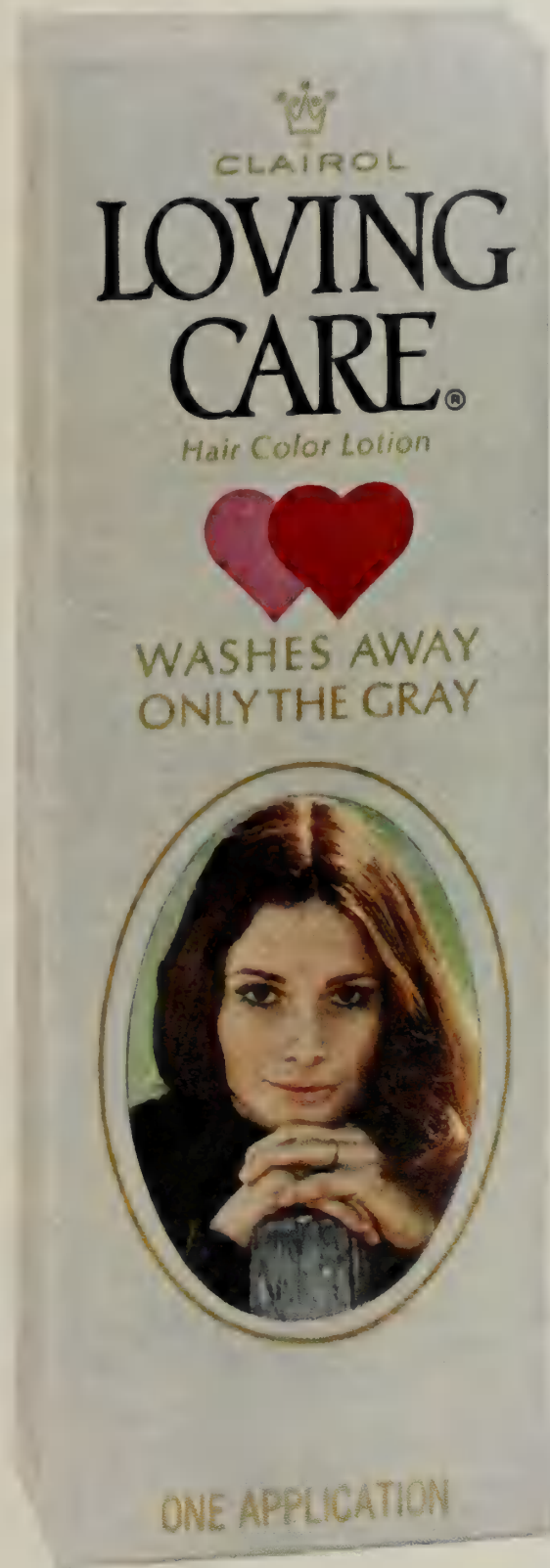
Isn't that beautiful? And you can choose from 13 of nature's prettiest shades.

So why walk around with even those first gray hairs? (That kind of silly sadness you don't need.)

You see, we don't care what they say in the soft drink generation. You're not getting older. You're getting better.

You're not a pretty girl anymore. You're a beautiful woman.

You're getting better!™



Not just better color. Better hair.



She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child

lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$ _____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give _____

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

called the family to dinner and calmly announced that he'd fathered a child out of wedlock and wanted a divorce. Immediately a ghastly fight broke out. Mother had hysterics, my sister Alice threw a tantrum, my sister Mary threw the sugar bowl in his face. I sat frozen in my chair, twisting and twisting my napkin.

"Mother refused to sue for divorce, and for reasons I never learned my father didn't abandon us. However, my parents never again lived with a particle of harmony—and they hadn't been notably harmonious earlier. They screamed at each other and sometimes blows were exchanged, with Mother usually the aggressor.

"Until Kip I seldom dated the same person more than once or twice. Kip seemed very different from all the other men I'd known. He was sweet and gentle, patient. He didn't rush me. In the beginning he was as interested in my mind and my thoughts as he was in my body. He didn't complain of deficiencies in our sexual relationship, although even then we had differing concepts.

"Kip now says I'm not sexy enough to be a good wife to him. He says the clothes I buy for myself make me look like a touring missionary. Some of the clothes he picks out and insists I wear make me look like a hooker.

"Last week when he dragged me over to visit his parents, Kip made me wear a see-through blouse, a birthday gift from him. During the evening, his father trapped me in the pantry and complimented me on my blouse; I actually lost two buttons off it before I got away from him. Later, when I told Kip about his father's roaming hands, he replied that I shouldn't be so puritanical. It was sarcasm, of course. Nevertheless Kip doesn't value my fidelity, I'm quite sure. His cynicism—copied from his gang—is hard to bear. In fact it's intolerable.

"Six months ago I thought I'd cleared the way to separate Kip from his easy sources of pot and his gang—and, incidentally, to separate both of us from his father. I persuaded my father to offer Kip a job in his small-town factory. We drove across the country to Pennsylvania, but the job didn't pan out. We stayed five weeks

and then came back to California. "Ever since we returned to the Coast our marriage has deteriorated steadily. Kip and I have deteriorated too. We don't even go to a movie more or take a walk on Sunday see his parents twice as often as used to, and his father's company good for Kip. His friends are terrible for him and me. Yet they seem always cluttering our apartment they owned us. When they predict won't remain faithful to Kip for that I'll change and be like them day, I shiver inside. It might be I think to myself. I already spaced out on pot too much of time.

"Kip is too spaced out to be about hanging on to his job and ing a living, much as he hates to money from his father. Kip doesn't worry about his health, his wand wits and his shaky nervous system I do. But he does bug me about sexual shortcomings. He says frigid. It isn't true. The fact is my own sex drive has gone askew far as normal sex is concerned—woman sex, I mean—he is way off base. Kip and I haven't made love seven months. Yet he has a wise sex, a need. Nearly every night I lie beside him in our bed he tries to do-it-yourself sex, masturbate. He probably doesn't realize I'm not of it, but I am.

"Kip and I need desperately away from his friends and to achieve some stability if we are to save marriage and ourselves."

KIP'S TURN TO TALK

"My woman is a beautiful being," said 22-year-old Kip, a long, fair hair was cut in a style brought medieval paintings to life. His expensive clothes were fashionable but underplayed, his blue gaze was direct, his voice firm. "I'm tall, philosophically and spirit Allegra looms like a Joan of among the trivial, silly women in my group. Compared to any other woman I've ever known she is a modern woman. Lisa—ancient, wise, creative, an enigma, mated mystery. Unfortunately isn't the whole of my wife.

"Emotionally, Allegra is still a girl. She was a little girl when we met at college, a charming (continued)



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

I don't know what's wrong with me, but I still like getting gifts better than giving them.

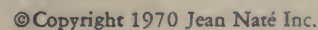
Why is it that very old clothes only look good on very young girls?

The more you thank somebody, the less it sounds like you really mean it.

When I have a cocktail party I'm torn between wanting to show off my fancy things and putting them away so no one breaks them.

I don't care how good a cook you are or how clever the recipe for broiling baking them. I prefer tomatoes, bananas, and grapefruit served raw.

This is the time to pamper somebody.
 Everybody loves that refreshing Jean Naté fragrance.
 Not just the gift to give, it's the gift to get.
 Tingle at the touch of Jean Naté.



Do you know what your douche is doing to you?

Your douche may make you smell nice. But, do you know what it's doing to you, inside?

A homemade vinegar solution can eliminate odor-causing bacteria. But because its sole quality is acidity, it's not always as sensitive as you'd like it to be.

Then, of course, there are the douches you buy in a store.

Some are too gentle. Others are too strong. And, if you aren't careful about dissolving powders, they don't do as good a job as they might be able to do.

And so, with these things in mind, we made a douche without all these disadvantages. We made a douche that would be medically safe all the time. It's called Jeneen.[®]

Like a good douche should be in the first place, Jeneen is gentle, while it helps clean away stubborn odor-causing bacteria. More than that, it gets at elusive odor-causing bacteria other douches might miss.

Which means, when you feel very very clean and very very pretty, after douching with Jeneen, you really are.

Oh, there are other things you'll like about Jeneen too. Jeneen comes pre-measured and is made to mix immediately with water. So you don't have to measure or stir.

It doesn't have a funny smell like vinegar or some of the other douches.

So, after douching with Jeneen, all you're left with is a soft, whispering, unmedicinal scent.

Now that you know what Jeneen does and doesn't do inside of you, try Jeneen.

And be nice, not only on the outside.

To: Mrs. Virginia Drake, R.N., Dept. LR-012
The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y. 13815

Please send me my introductory package of new Jeneen, the first pre-measured liquid douche. I am enclosing 25¢ to cover the cost of mailing and handling.

Name _____
Street _____ City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Jeneen

At drug counters everywhere.

THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

little girl, but far too naive for her age. "In no time Allie and I were slugging it out like two prizefighters. She is ambitious, I'm not. She is bossy, I prefer to live and let live. I miss the marvelous ease and peace I used to find in her presence. The thought of drifting through life is pleasant to me, but drift gets Allie uptight. Planning for the future is her favorite sport. Planning makes me want to run for the nearest exit.

"Allie is jealous; she is extremely suspicious and watchful of my gestures and actions in company. So few things in this rotten world are free that I treasure the right to freedom in distributing my affections; naturally I grant my wife the same freedom. She doesn't want it.

"Allie is possessive as hell. In Pennsylvania, she fenced me in until I could hardly breathe. I had to escape—and the only place I could go was back to my parents in California, which shows how desperate I was. Yet I'm glad Allie followed me, and that we got married, even though our marriage is a disaster area.

"Except for Allie there is little doubt in my mind that out of sheer inertia, lack of guts, maybe, I would still be living with my parents. For me, life with Father is death.

"My father is out to grab status, power and cash, in that order, regardless of who else gets trampled under. Once when I was a kid we moved eleven times in two years, each time to a better house in a fancier neighborhood. With each move, of course, my school and my school friends, if any, were left behind until eventually I got used to being the friendless new boy, the dumbest boy because I was unacquainted with the teacher's methods in every classroom.

"My father got so mad at my long succession of failing marks that his face would turn purple and he would choke up with rage. Mother used to be afraid every time I brought a report card home that he would have a stroke and die. I hoped he would.

"Mother was the one who got sick in our egomaniac-dominated household. Often she couldn't sleep and would walk the floor at night, crying, with me listening in the hall outside her bedroom door, sometimes crying myself. Eventually she would be trundled off for a sanitarium stay. Possibly she was a secret alcoholic, I'm not sure. I do know that Father's rages actually drove her out of her senses and out of the house for lengthy sojourns in the hospital on four or five miserable occasions during my boyhood.

"Much of Father's rage at Mother stemmed from the fact that she couldn't get his name in the Social Register. His rage at me focuses on the fact that he couldn't turn me into a carbon copy of his loathsome self. Even when I was an impressionable kid he couldn't talk me into agreeing that his sneaky real estate deals, his wheeler-dealer frauds and dishonesty, his endless hypocrisies, were worthy of emulation.

"Father's furious objection to Allegra arose at the exact moment he heard she was Moravian, which didn't strike him as flossy enough. And he wasn't favorably impressed by Allie's family when they flew in—tourist-

class—for our City Hall wedding. "I'm in financial debt to my father and as long as you owe that money, he calls the shots and jump—until every penny is paid back. Maybe I shouldn't let Pop get away with such raw blackmail, but I'm Greedy as this may sound, I don't really want to be written out of his will as he often threatens to do. I'm a wimp at the core, I guess.

"Allie's father is a bastard too, but another variety. Allie and her father are to blame for the fact that I owe my father money. About a year ago, Allie got it in her head that we ought to make a change in our lives and scenery.

"Allie didn't mention her real reasons for wanting the change: she was convinced that I was turning into acidhead and she hated my friend so happens I'd just about decided without prodding from her—that been 'turning on' too often, and we cut out acid. In case Allie and I decide to have a child, I want our to start off with genes that haven't been tinkered with by chemicals.

"Well, I acknowledged that a change might be good for us, but I said I needed something definite to count before we leaped. She then came through with her master stroke. She got my father-in-law to offer me a job in his factory and to let us live in an upstairs furnished apartment in a story house he owned.

"Allie and I immediately gave up most of the stuff we owned, and we went to Pennsylvania. My father's prediction of another failure for me.

"What we found in Pennsylvania was the worst deal I've ever had. My father-in-law's factory—one-eighth the size I'd pictured—was in such financial shape that he hadn't paid rent in three months. To cover it, he borrowed \$400 from me, which sure I'll never see again.

"The apartment we had been promised was occupied by another creature of my father-in-law's, and he refused to vacate. So Allie and I had to live in my in-laws' house in the old room with my dog and Allie's father. Allie drove to the factory with her father every morning and did his bidding and credit-stalling, but my never materialized. I stayed in the house and cleaned up after our messes. My mother-in-law also put me on the kitchen detail, dishwashing and vacuuming, to help her with her room and board.

"After five weeks of latrine housemaid duties, I telegraphed to wire me \$200 so I could get out of town. Believe it or not, Allie still argued with me to be patient. Personally I think she has a sex hangup, a kind of subconscious fixation on her father that may explain our problem in the end. And it was plain to me he had a neurotic all-subconscious yen for Allie; he was worse than Pop at patting her on the shoulder or the behind.

"Our arguments about that Oedipal possibility didn't help our marriage or our sexual relationship. Allie got fed up and began to behave like a tyrant. When she starts pushing me around—weird as the comparison is—she strongly reminds me of my father. Allie is a beautiful, feminine woman, but when she makes me feel like Pop I can hardly stand to be near her. (continued on page 18)

**When the water turns
dirty, it's the signal
that your dentures are clean.**

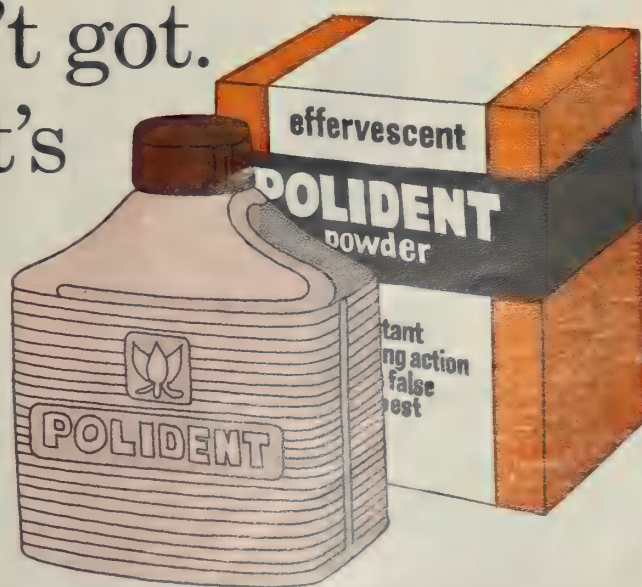
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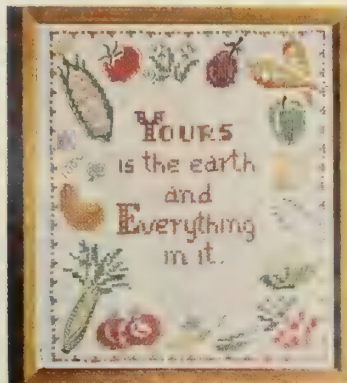


Four Seasons 5-Year Calendar

You will enjoy making this 5-year calendar. The design is stamped on natural linen. Design area is 12 by 18 inches. The easy felt appliqué (which means no raw edges to turn under, saving time) is detailed with bold embroidery of simple stitches in crewel (wool). The amusing motifs represent the four seasons. Kit includes date pads for five years to be slipped into felt pockets at bottom. Frame is also available. By Dorothy Lambert Brightbill



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white linen; design area is 10½ by 11½ inches. Frames are also available, in a pale maple color with an inner edge of gold.

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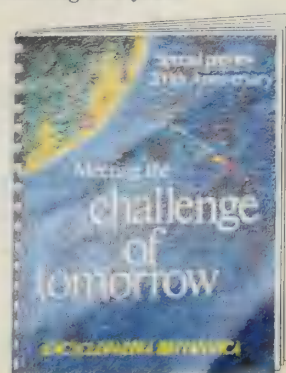
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SPENDING YOUR MONEY

SPENDING YOUR MONEY • BY SYLVIA PORTER

Q: Every Christmas my husband and I vow to cut back on our spending for gifts, but every year our holiday budget seems to skyrocket—not just for gifts but also for all the trimmings and trappings, such as tree decorations, lights, wrapping paper. This year, I'm determined to do something. You have counseled your readers on how to save money on almost everything. Now, how about some rules for saving on Christmas?

A: Here goes:

Make a Christmas gift list and stick to it. Keep impulse buying to "little" things—or ban the practice altogether. Consider making a family pact limiting each member to one gift for each other family member. In buying gifts for children, don't forget for one instant that they couldn't care less about the amount you spend, but only about a gift's appeal to them.

Invest something of yourself in the gifts you give, or find some way to personalize your gifts. For example, give samples of your own handiwork, preserves, fruitcakes, artwork, photography.

Put a lid on your spending for commercial "trimmings and trappings." Try to substitute your own creative flair and ingenuity for ready-made decorations. Before you buy any special ornaments ask yourself whether you *really* need such "extras." And ask yourself whether you *really* enjoy all the frantic spending.

There's an old, true story about a desperately poor family from the Texas dust bowl whose sole Christmas decoration in the great depression in 1933 was a small but exquisite "Christmas tree" that the mother fashioned with a pair of metal shears from a large tin can. It is now in a New York museum.

Q: About the only good thing that happened to my stock portfolio in 1970 is that I received a 5 percent stock dividend on a very large block of stock I own. Do I have to report this as a capital gain or as a dividend?

A: I have more good news for you. A stock dividend is generally not considered income. You need not report the receipt of it on your income tax return.

Q: My husband and I are both self-employed professionals, and of course, we file a joint return. He says that he is now trying to put off as many fees as he can until after New Year's Day because we'll be taxed at a lower rate next year and he is urging me to try to avoid collecting my fees too. Is he right?

A: Your husband presumably is referring to the utterly new, unexpected and tremendous tax break given to upper-income people in business and the pro-

fessions by the 1969 Tax Reform Law. Specifically, the break in new income tax rate ceiling 60 percent on the income earned in 1971 and an even lower ceiling of 50 percent on the income you earn in 1972 and thereafter.

In short, you cannot be taxed at more than 60 percent on fees you earn from your professional services in 1971. The assumption that you are in a higher tax bracket, your husband is following wise tax strategy in trying to push some '70 income into '71. In these weeks before the year ends, consult your tax advisor on what you too might propose to do to defer earnings to 1971, thereby pile up some valuable tax savings.

Q: We have been holding on to a stack of \$50 U.S. Government E Bonds since they were given to us as a wedding gift in January 1941. What are these bonds worth today?

A: As of December 1970, they are worth \$98.22 each.

Q: I have seen many warnings about new stock issues whose prices have been propelled upward by go-go in-and-out speculators (including mutual funds and other big leaguers) only to fall on their faces a couple of weeks later after the little has been lured in to try its luck. How did the new issues actually perform during 1970's big stock market decline?

A: The score for 1970 is not available, but if you lumped together all the shares investors bought of all the 1000-plus private companies that went public in 1969 and priced the shares at the end of that year, would find they had risen (on all) 4.6 percent above their original offering prices. This is in sharp contrast to the overall slump in prices of outstanding blue chips and other stocks during 1969. However, at the end of the year, 650 of the issues were selling below their original offering prices while only 361 showed gains. The overall 4.6 percent rise, in spite of the nearly two-to-one ratio of declines to advances.

Q: We are planning a Christmas trip to Europe and expect to exceed our \$100 each (continued)

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.



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SYLVIA PORTER *continued*

duty-free limit on things we buy abroad and bring back with us. Approximately what amount of duty will we have to pay on such items as wristwatches, binoculars, tape recorders and transistor radios?

A: Duty this year for a \$100 wristwatch varies from \$8 to \$15; for prism binoculars the duty is 24 percent of value; for tape recorders the rate is 8 to 10 percent; and for transistor radios it's 11 percent.

Q: I just don't believe the Government's report that food costs are rising at the rate of only 6 percent a year. My own costs of feeding a family of four have risen at least twice that amount in the past 12 months. How do our statisticians get this figure?

A: By regularly and scientifically "shopping" supermarkets and grocery stores throughout the U.S. And the official market basket put together by the Bureau of Labor Statistics consists of virtually every type of commonly consumed food in this country.

I suspect that the key to the increases in food costs for your own family lies in the ages of your children—and I'd wager that they are teen-agers. I'll even bet they are teen-age boys, the most expensive people to feed.

Here's the Department of Agriculture's tabulation of the costs of feeding children of various ages today:

Age	Cost for 1 week	Cost for 1 month
Under 1 year	\$ 4.50	\$19.50
1-3 years	5.70	24.80
3-6 years	6.90	30.10
6-9 years	8.40	36.50
Girls, 9-12 years	9.60	41.80
Boys, 9-12 years	9.80	42.60
Girls, 12 to 15 years	10.70	46.30
*Boys, 12 to 15 years	11.70	50.90
Girls, 15 to 20 years	10.60	46.00
*Boys, 15 to 20 years	13.10	56.60

* Note the peak cost for teen-age boys.

Q: I am desperate. I'm 18 and have just been accepted at an Ivy League college in January. But I have been totally unsuccessful in getting a low-

cost student loan to supplement a dium-sized scholarship I won. mother, a widow, is disabled—so can't possibly help. Can you suggest anything?

A: You may be eligible for a major nancial assist in the form of social curity benefits now available to unmarried full-time high school, lege or vocational student who is son or daughter of a retired, decea or disabled worker. These benefits r be claimed until age 22. Few peo are aware of it, but social secu benefits are the largest single po college "scholarships" in the na today. The *average* yearly benefit der this program is now about \$1.

Q: My husband, a high school Fre teacher, is impossible when it come gift-giving. He says he has everyt he wants and urges me to buy clo for the children with any money I l set aside for his Christmas pres Any new suggestions of somet original to give such a person?

A: How about an original print, co anywhere from \$5 to \$10 up? If choose well, you will be giving husband not only a decorative gift also a possibly excellent long-term vestment since good prints have faster in value in recent years tha most any other medium. Get a from an established print dealer a wide assortment of prints.

Q: The department store where I just canceled our annual Chris party in order to save money. We been promised a small cash bonu stead. I think this is an awful su tute for a Christmas-spirit occasi look forward to all year.

A: As a matter of fact, you have pointed a significant trend among ployers throughout the country—from the frequently *too* spirited Christmas party and toward either year-end cash bonus your compa substituting, or a gift such as a ha turkey, or a gift certificate at the s or extra time off from work, or a si company contribution to a w charitable cause on behalf of al employees.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

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Editor: John Mack Carter, Bronxville, N. Y.
Managing Editors: John R. Stevens, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lenore Hershey, Riverdale, N. Y.; Richard Kaplan, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.
7. Owner: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately there-

under the names and addresses of stock owning or holding 1 percent or more amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation names and addresses of the individual owner be given. If owned by a partnership or other corporation firm, its name and address, as that of each individual, must be given.)

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None.

9. Extent and nature of circulation	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months*	Actual Number Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing
A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run)	7,329,000	7,339,000
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	884,750	920,000
2. Mail Subscriptions	6,073,412	6,085,984
C. Total Paid Circulation	6,958,162	7,005,984
D. Free Distribution (including samples)		
by Mail, Carrier or Other Means	184,336	145,184
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	7,142,498	7,151,168
F. Office Use, Leftover, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	186,502	187,832
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	7,329,000	7,339,000

I certify that the statements made by me are correct and complete.

Robert L. Brody, Vice P.
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*July, 1969–June, 1970
**June, 1970

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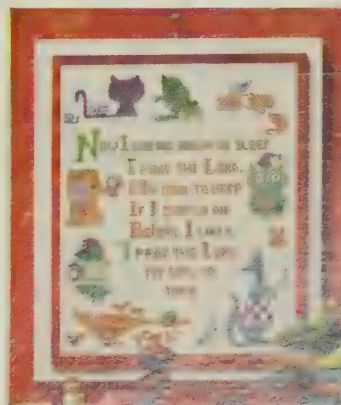

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CROSS-STITCH FOR THE NURSERY



Make a delightful nursery decoration—either one makes a unique baby gift. My child would have fun being measured on the Grow Chart (left). Cross-stitch it boldly; tape measure and pennant keep track of added inches. Design is stamped on white piqué (needs no hemming). Kit includes thread, pennant, tape measure and hanger. Size, 11x36". Cross-stitch the favorite nursery companions shown above for a Birth Record, then print in child's name and necessary data; embroider in outline stitch. Design is stamped on 100 percent linen. Kit includes embroidery thread. Size, 12x14".



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Q: I have a friend who is always giving gifts. She needs no pretense at all to buy people all kinds of things. She is famous among our crowd for her indiscriminant gift-giving. I wonder if there is any special reason for this that is not obvious?

A: People give gifts for many reasons. Gift-giving can be symbolic of love, gratitude, warmth, a real desire to give and to share pleasure and good fortune. Compulsive gift-giving is not an uncommon phenomenon and may be based on a combination of healthy and neurotic factors. The compulsive gift-giver often remains unaware of her motivations in giving. Some of the common explanations (they are usually found in combination) are:

1. Attempting to buy love, friendship and security.
2. Attempting to impress people with one's generosity in order to bolster one's ego. This, too, is really an attempt to allay subconscious feelings of insecurity.
3. Attempting to make people feel indebted so that they will grant future favors requested. Giving is a way of asking for gifts in return.
4. There are people who do not feel entitled to anything unless close relatives or friends are provided for first. Giving gifts is a ritual necessary so that they can feel free to buy things for themselves.
5. Many people give gifts as payment for favors received—real or imagined. These people use gifts to make certain that they are in no way beholden to anyone. These are usually people who have a need for freedom from involvement with others. They really fear sustained emotional closeness.
6. Some people give gifts to friends and to charity as a form of penance to atone for and allay feelings of guilt.
7. There are people who give gifts as a magic ritual to ward off evil and to pay off the gods.

Q: My husband and I are constantly dismayed by the filth we see on the city streets. Why are people such slob? What do you think makes them litter?

A: There are several rather basic reasons why people litter:

- People learn by example. Many who litter in their own community are ultra clean when they visit an area that is well kept. Some people feel that so long as the city is dirty, they'll help keep it that way.
- Lack of self-respect and lack of respect for others often cause people to treat their physical environment with contempt. Repressed anger, especially among people who feel that they are being treated poorly by the community, is another reason for littering.

- Littering may be evidence of a general lack of caring and responsibility. Litterbugs say, in effect, "I don't give a hoot about you."

- Some people have no feeling for, or identification with, their community. In short, they feel like displaced persons who do not "belong." When these people litter, they don't feel that they are dirtying their home because they actually feel homeless.

- Unconsciously, some people actually identify with garbage or litter. Spreading garbage in the street is an unconscious way of decorating the streets with themselves. Like certain dogs who seem to stake out their own private fire hydrant, people use littering as a way of making a particular area seem like home.

- Lastly, some people have an obsessive need to be clean. To protest against their own tyrannical need for cleanliness, they litter.

Q: My 18-year-old son is always picking on and teasing his 13-year-old sister. It doesn't bother her a bit, but it *does* bother me. What makes a brother act that way toward a sister who simply adores him?

A: This is very common behavior among siblings, and there may be many reasons for your son's actions.

It is not uncommon for an older child to feel angry at a younger sibling who he feels is attempting to usurp his favored and exclusive position with his parents. He simply does not want to share his parents' affection with a late-comer. While such anger is often quite overt in young children, it can persist on a relatively unconscious level in older children, and it has been known to continue into adulthood.

Young boys are often embarrassed by the affection they may feel toward their sisters, and this embarrassment may coexist with jealous feelings. The boy may use teasing both to express and to cover up these feelings.

Your son's teasing may not bother your daughter because she views his barbs as attention and is flattered and grateful to be noticed by her older brother. It is important to keep in mind that the family provides the earliest possible opportunity for boys and girls to relate to each other. While the participants may not consciously know it, teasing between brothers and sisters is often practice for approaching and relating to the opposite sex outside the family.

Some boys who are unable to express anger or affection, or both, toward their mothers will feel safer in unconsciously displacing these feelings onto a sister. You say that in teasing his sister your son makes you angry. This could be precisely what he wants. Thus

by teasing his sister he unconsciously accomplishes several things: he expresses attention and affection toward his sister, who responds accordingly, and he discharges hostility by irritating you—who respond accordingly.

Q: My friend had a hysterectomy five years ago and is still talking about it. Why do women (and men, too) go on and on about their operations?

A: Unfortunately, surgery marks the highest, most dramatic point in some people's lives. They were center stage; they had attention, care, empathy, sympathy, pity, etc., and they just don't want to let go of all that. So they hang on by talking about it. For others, their survival seems like a miracle and must be discussed and shared with all. For still others, the enormous anxiety generated by surgery can only be relieved by talking about, and thus reliving, the events. For many women, removal of the uterus is a particularly traumatic event. Sadly, a hysterectomy is often viewed as an attack on a woman's femininity. Sudden cessation of the menstrual cycle through surgery (rather than naturally, through menopause) can result in a loss of self-esteem, which creates great anxiety. To relieve this anxiety, it may be necessary to talk about the operation.

Q: Our five-year-old son listens to his father, but he simply does not obey me—and it is getting worse. Is there any common rule I can apply? For instance, I had to go shopping the other day and my son simply wouldn't go with me. I had to wait until my husband got home.

A: Children are quick to observe what is really going on, what people really feel, and they react accordingly. Your son probably identifies with your husband and may be imitating his attitude and behavior toward you. He may also be imitating your own attitude toward yourself. It may be most valuable if your husband does what he can to establish your authority in the house. If he undermines your authority in any way, his attitude will be conveyed to your son. You, too, must have sufficient self-respect to take responsibility for making decisions. Your child must not be allowed to take on the role of surrogate leader in his father's absence. Also, you must not postpone household decisions until your husband comes home. It is urgent that both you and your husband discuss matters and make every effort to establish you as a prime authority in the family.

Q: I have a friend who goes out with a man, then invariably finds

out that he is either married, has a sexual problem or is a homosexual. Is her constant choice the "wrong" men accidental, or does it mean that my friend has problem of her own?

A: If this has been a consistent pattern it is certainly not "accidental." Your friend may not consciously choose a man with the characteristics you describe, but she is certainly attracted to the and is undoubtedly motivated by unconscious needs. These needs may include one or more of the following:

- Many women like your friend have much unconscious self-contempt. They do not feel that they can "make it" with a man who is wholly eligible, a man who is not defective in one way or another, sexually or socially. The men your friend has chosen to date certainly fit into this category. They are regarded as "safe" because such men can never force her to face up to her own problems.

- Many women like your friend are afraid of any sexual encounter because they have little confidence in their sexual ability, or, for that matter, in their ability in any area. This will cause them to seek out men with whom a sexual encounter is unlikely.

- The vast majority of women like your friend are afraid of any kind of sustained involvement. Despite protests to the contrary, they conscientiously resist a relationship that may bloom into sustained emotional involvement. They may say they want marriage but they really want a hit and run superficial relationship. They see marriage as a trap, a burden, a great loss of freedom. Naturally they will then gravitate toward married men, men with sexual problems—in fact, any man who is safely ineligible for a long-term sustained relationship.

Perhaps one day your friend will realize her life pattern (if she has not already done so) and seek the advice of a competent psychiatrist.



As a regular feature Dr. Rubin will answer questions on your personal marriage, family and emotional problems. The doctor is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York and is the author of *LISA* and *The Thin Book* by Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. His new best seller, *Forever Thin*, offers a psychological approach to permanent weight control. If you have questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.



Her clothes? She's always
wanted an original.

Today's the day. The
designer? Herself.

She knows what she
wants.

Her cigarette? Nothing
short of Viceroy Longs.
She won't settle for less.



Viceroy Longs give you all the taste, all the time.



The Castle of the Snow Queen. Aglow in a midnight sky, the brilliant domes of our Christmas Castle are encrusted with penny candies and lacy cookies. For you and your family to make. Directions, page 35.



Should an 8-year-old worry about cholesterol?

He can't worry about something he doesn't know about. But *you* should.

Cholesterol can start building up in a kid. Up and up until he grows up with a real health risk.

Heart specialists recommend reducing one important risk of coronary disease tomorrow by starting your family on low cholesterol meals today.



Foods low in saturated fats, high in polyunsaturates... to help reduce serum cholesterol. Foods like Fleischmann's® Margarine. It's made from 100% corn oil. And there's no better oil to help lower cholesterol levels.

And no better tasting margarine. Fleischmann's—the corn oil margarine doctors name most... and people like best.

Till now
gourmet salmon
and tuna flavors
only came
in expensive
little cans.



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OFF

Introducing
gourmet salmon
and tuna
flavors
in the big
green cans.

Also available in Meat, Chicken,
Fish and Liver Flavors!

STORE COUPON

M-066



Limit—one coupon per customer

Mr. Grocer: You are authorized as our agent to redeem this coupon for 7¢ on the purchase of any 15½ oz. can of Puss 'n Boots Tuna Flavor or Salmon Flavor Cat Food. We will pay you 7¢ plus 3¢ handling charge for each of these coupons redeemed in accordance with the terms of this offer. To obtain payment send to: Quaker Oats Co., P.O. Box 1275; Clinton, Iowa. Coupons will not be honored and will be void if presented through outside agencies, brokers, or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise, unless specifically authorized by us.

Sales tax must be paid by consumer. Invoices showing purchase of stock to cover coupons presented must be shown on request. Coupon is void if taxed, restricted or prohibited by law. Cash redemption value 1/20 of 1¢. Offer good only in U.S.

7¢
OFF

No, this isn't the same recipe you get in little cans. Our recipe provides a balanced diet. We've added lots of good things* including Vitamin A, Vitamin E and Vitamin B₁ to help your cat enjoy a long and healthy life.

New gourmet Salmon and Tuna flavors in big green cans. Only the price is small!

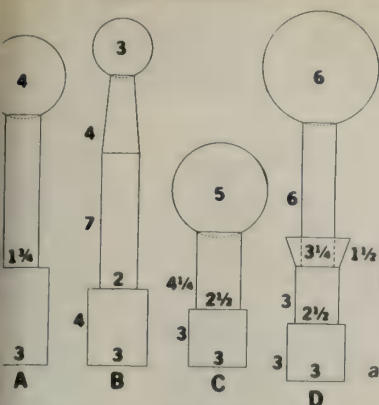
*Ingredients: poultry by-products, chicken parts, ground yellow corn, salmon parts or tuna, etc.

7¢
OFF

M-066

7¢
OFF

HOW TO MAKE



The castle is made of four six-sided towers of varying heights (see diagram a). Towers A and C are made of 2 sections; towers B and D have 3 sections. Each tower is topped with a decorated styrofoam ball and an ice cream cone.

You will need: 2 (30x20-inch) sheets illustration board; 4 styrofoam balls 3, 4, 5, 6 inches in diameter, 1 (18x18x1-inch) sheet styrofoam to set castle on; glue; 1 roll masking tape; a 24-inch ruler; a protractor; 5 cards of gold ball-head pins; 1 wooden pick; artificial snow; 1 recipe Decorators' Frosting Cement; cookies and candies.

DECORATORS' FROSTING CEMENT

Put in a large bowl 7 1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar and 4 egg whites. Cover with damp paper towel, then with plastic wrap. Remove and work with only cup to 1 cup at a time. Keep remainder refrigerated, tightly covered.

COOKIES

Nabisco Social Teas and American Biscuit Select Teas; Nabisco Graham Crack-Sunshine Sugar Honey Graham Crack-Nabisco Cameo Cookies; Nabisco Sugar Wafers; Nabisco Dandy Shortcakes (jelly filled cookies); Nabisco Creme Wafer

Sticks; Educator Continental Cookies; Nabisco Famous Chocolate Wafers; Nabisco Comet Sugar Cones.

CANDIES

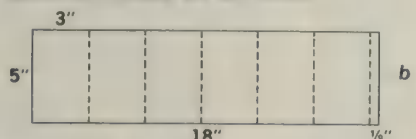
Spice berry candies (Mason Berries); jellied fruit-flavored slices; nonpareils; gumdrops; candy canes; Heide Jujubes; Hershey milk chocolate bar; licorice all-sorts; jellied cherry dots (Mason Cherry Dots); foil-wrapped chocolate kisses (Hershey Milk Chocolate Kisses, 10-oz. pkg.); sandwich chocolate mints (Fanny Farmer's Mint Parfait); red-and-white peppermint candies.

MAKE THE TOWERS

General Instructions

1. Draw the outlines of the pieces on the illustration board as economically as possible. Label each piece.
2. Cut out pieces with a mat knife or single-edged razor blade. With same knife lightly score board on fold lines so pieces will fold.
3. When each piece has been cut out, fold it on fold lines and tape and glue into tower shape.

Sections 1: Bases for all towers



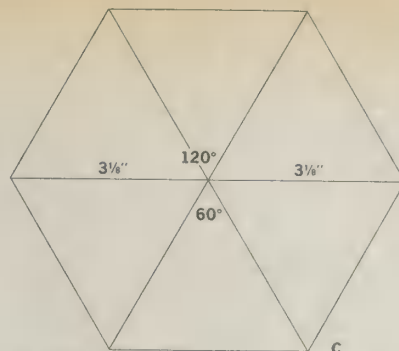
Tower A. Working on right side of illustration board, draw and cut out an 18 1/2 x 4-inch rectangle. Mark off 1/2 inch at one end for tab for gluing. Mark each 18-inch edge every 3 inches. Draw lines joining marks across rectangle; these lines are for folding. (See diagram b.)

Tower B. Make an 18 1/2 x 5-inch rectangle. Mark as above.

Towers C and D. Make two 18 1/2 x 3-inch rectangles. Mark as above.

Tops for Sections 1

You need tops for each section 1. These are hexagons (see diagram c), 3 1/8 inches on each side. On sheet of light cardboard, draw a 6 1/4-inch line. Mark center (3 1/8 inches). Center a protractor on this point and align protractor edge with line. Mark



60° and 120°. Flip the protractor over and mark 60° and 120° on underside of line. Draw lines from center point through degree points. Mark 3 1/8 inches from center on these lines. Join marks. Cut out pattern. Trace around pattern on illustration board.

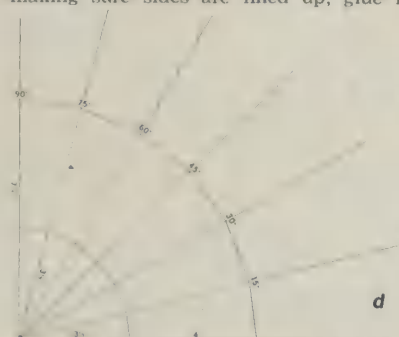
Section 2: All four towers

Tower A. Draw a 11x8-inch rectangle. Mark off 1/2 inch at one end for tab. Mark each 10 1/2-inch edge every 1 3/4 inches. Draw lines joining marks.

Tower B. Draw a 12 1/2 x 7-inch rectangle. Mark off a 1/2-inch tab. Mark the 12-inch edges every 2 inches, and join marks.

Tower C. Draw a 15 1/2 x 4 1/4-inch rectangle. Mark off 1/2-inch tab. Mark the 15-inch edges every 2 1/2 inches, and join marks.

Tower D. Draw a 15 1/2 x 3-inch rectangle. Mark as Tower C. Cut out, fold and glue. Center these sections atop the four bases, making sure sides are lined up; glue in

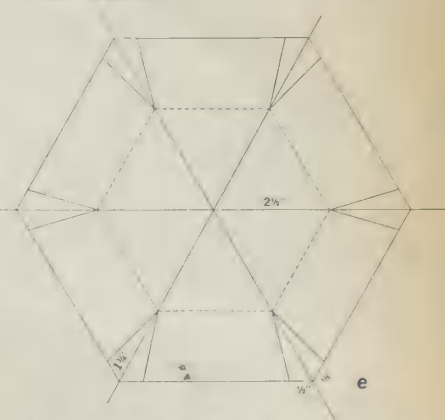


place. Towers A and C are now complete.

Finish Tower B

To cut section 3, a slanted top, see diagram d. Set protractor at corner of illustration board and mark the 90° arc into six even sections of 15° each. Draw lines from corner through these marks, then measure lengths of 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 inches on these lines as shown in diagram. Cut out this 4-inch section and fold along degree lines. Tape and glue atop section 2. This completes tower B.

Finish Tower D



Make a top for section 2. This is unlike tops for sections 1 in that it has an overhanging lip that is the tower's battlement. (See diagram e). Cut out, slash corners and remove corners as indicated, fold up on fold lines and tape securely. Glue to top of section 2. For section 3, or top, cut a 12 1/2 x 6-inch rectangle, mark off 1/2 inch at one end for tab. Mark off the remaining 12-inch edges every 2 inches. Join marks, cut out, fold, glue and glue atop battlement. Tower D is now complete.

DECORATE THE TOWERS

1. Make 1 batch Decorators' Frosting Cement (see above).

2. Set out flat cookies. Face the towers by spreading backs of cookies, with frosting and setting in place. Let dry a few hours or overnight. (continued)

Twinkle® for copper. Twinkle® for silver.

You need both, to give your copper and silver the best shine possible. Twinkle Copper Cleaner is a fast, gentle lemon paste that seems to melt away tarnish and bring up a rich, burnished shine. Twinkle Cream for Silver is a rich blue paste with gentle polishers that baby your silver. Both work in just seconds. Both have their own sponge applicators. And both have tarnish inhibitors so you don't have to clean as often.

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CASTLE continued

3. Finish the towers with decorative cookies and candies, gluing in place with frosting in same way.

4. Refer to diagram 1 at end of instructions to see how towers fit together. Not all sides of tower bases are decorated.

Tower A

Section 1. Make 2 rows of vanilla and chocolate tea cookies, alternating colors, on adjoining 4 sides. (Leave 2 sides undecorated to be glued to towers B and C.) Set a round sugar cookie in center of each decorated side and a spice berry candy in center of each sugar cookie.

Section 2. Decorate 6 sides. Make 1 row of graham crackers then 2 rows each vanilla and chocolate tea cookies, trimming cookies if necessary. Working from bottom up, set a jellied orange slice over graham cracker on each side; then a piece of cameo cookie, a jelly center cookie, a nonpareil and a small gumdrop over other cookies on each side.

Tower B

Section 1. This section cannot be seen from front of finished castle. It is faced on 3 sides only; the other 3 sides are glued to the other 3 towers. Make 1 row chocolate cream wafers, end to end, then 2 rows vanilla tea cookies, upright, on each side. If castle will not be seen from the back, the base needs no decorating.

Section 2. Make 1 round chocolate cream wafers set end to end, trimming each wafer to fit, then 1 round graham crackers; repeat; make 1 more round chocolate cream wafers. Decorate corners and around top of section 1 with candy canes. Set orange jujubes on top row of chocolate cream wafers, and gumdrops on tops of canes.

Section 3. Make 1 round of trimmed jelly center cookies as pictured. Make 1 round chocolate-dipped continental cookies. Place rows of jujubes at corners.

Tower C

Section 1. Face 3 sides with vanilla tea cookies, starting at top. (Leave 3 sides to be glued to other 3 towers.) Cut vanilla tea cookies to fit space remaining at bottom. Center a chocolate tea cookie at bottom, on each side. Set half a chocolate wafer on top of each tea cookie.

Section 2. Make 1 round graham crackers, then 1 round vanilla tea cookies. Place 1 round chocolate cream wafers, end to end, on top of section 1 around base of section 2; put gumdrops at corners. Decorate graham crackers with red and green jellied fruit slices with berry candy trim. Decorate vanilla cookies with jelly center cookies. Set candy cane sections around top.

Tower D

Section 1. Decorate 4 sides. Make 1 round chocolate cream wafers, end to end, then 1 round graham crackers. Center 2 fruit slices on graham crackers and set candy canes at the corners and fruit berry candy on fruit slices.

Section 2. Face the sides with graham crackers, cutting to fit. Decorate with milk chocolate triangles, sandwich chocolate mints, and fruit berry candies. Outline corners with silver dragees. (The chocolate triangles are made from 5x2-inch milk chocolate bars. Cutting lengthwise, cut off 1/3 (4 squares) of each chocolate bar. Cut remaining 2/3 in half crosswise; then cut each half in half again, on the diagonal. When cutting bar, place ridge side down to prevent breaking.)

Battlement. Face with chocolate tea cookies and then fruit slices.

Section 3. Make alternating rows of vanilla and chocolate tea cookies set at an angle. To angle the cookies, cut a triangle from one side, and set it on the opposite side. Mark 3/4 inch from lefthand edge along bottom of cookie. Angle knife between this point and top lefthand corner; cut off. Cut cookies to fill top spaces. Decorate with spice berry candies.

Decorate Domes

The domes are decorated styrofoam balls. **Tower A.** This is a 4-inch ball decorated with licorice all-sorts and jujubes, all held in place with the frosting cement. Leave a space for cone on top.

Tower B. This is a 3-inch ball. Insert round wooden picks through, and 3/4 inch out other side of, jellied cherry dots; then stick picks into ball as pictured. Stick gold ball-head pins in between at random. Leave space on top and bottom for cone.

Tower C. This is a 5-inch ball. Cover with rows of foil-wrapped chocolate kisses, leaving space for cone. Set jujubes at random between kisses. (continued on page 124)



HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR MEN ONLY

You've come a long way, baby—and so have the men. Liberated from the ethic that said only women could try to be attractive, men are now admitting that they, too, are out to please. And more and more of them are looking great with the help of special new products—everything from deodorants and colognes to skin and hair products. The packaging—bold, graphic, strictly for men—makes them a great alternative to ties and handkerchiefs at gift-giving time. Browse through men's toiletries, keeping an eye out for:

- His own special soap: Aramis in six rugged blocks, \$8.50; or Monsieur Rochas in its own black plastic case, set of 3, \$6.
- Something to soothe rough skin after sunning, skiing, showering: Tabac Body Lotion from Europe, 7 3/4 oz. \$6; Jergens for Men, a heavy-duty softening lotion, 8 oz. \$1.29; Numero Uno, a shaker of scented talc, 4 oz. \$2.50; or Fabergé's talc in an aluminum decanter, 2 3/4 oz. \$3.50.
- To relax: Braggi Cooling Foot Spray to soothe, fight infection, 4 1/2 oz. \$4.
- To deodorize: something unusual is Arden's sandalwood-scented cream packed in a special gift jewelry case, \$20.
- For shaving, and after: Robert Denny's After-Shave Skin Conditioner to cool the skin, 3 oz. \$3.50; Grande

Marque from Speidel, an after-shave cologne, part of a new toilette collection done in brushed silver, 4 oz. \$7; Bacchus, a scent for after shave in a sea-green carafe, 4 oz. \$8 from Monsieur Rochas, an after shave lotion in a window-pane bottle, 4 oz. \$5; Max Factor's Pac Set with shaving foam and cologne, \$4.50.

- For fragrance, after shaving or any time, find a subtle masculine scent: Chiaro, a sylvan fragrance, 3 3/4 oz. \$7.50; Black Watch cologne by Prince Matchabelli, a most masculine scent, 6 oz. \$4; Yardley's Classic by B. B. H. in an aerosol container, 2 oz. \$3; Monsieur de Givenchy Eau de Toilette spray in a mock-alligator traveling case, 3 oz. \$10; Monsieur Houbigant Eau de Cologne done in black-and-brown check package, 8 oz. \$10; Max Factor's Regimental Drum Leather Cologne in a replica of a 19th-century drum, 7 oz. \$6; Indian Gold cologne from the St. John's collection in a palm fronds covering, 4 oz. \$8.
- For hair, longer these days and needing attention: the Dry Look spray from Gillette that keeps everything in place, nongreasy, 11 oz. \$1.89; Avon's Cream Hair Dressing condition, 4 oz. 98¢; Thicket for thinning hair—shampoo with conditioner that gives a full look, 8 oz. \$5.50.

Photograph by Tosh Matsun



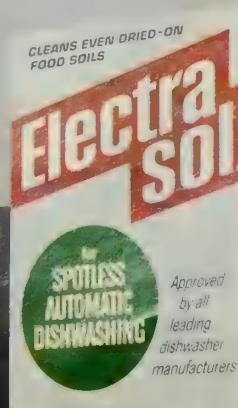
The first dishwasher detergent for dry-hards. Electrasol.

Dry-Hards are tough-to-clean foods—like seafood casseroles, eggs, oatmeal, meat fats—that dry and cake and stick. And stick. And stick. To plates. On forks. Filming glasses. Electrasol, fortified with 20% more active cleaning ingredients than other leading dishwasher detergents, really removes Dry-Hards. Lets your dishwasher give you cleaner, brighter, film-free dishes.

Test proves fortified Electrasol's superiority against Dry-Hards. Casserole dish with Dry-Hard mixture of seafood thermidor that was baked on for 30 minutes at 325°F., came out looking this way when washed in another leading dishwasher detergent.



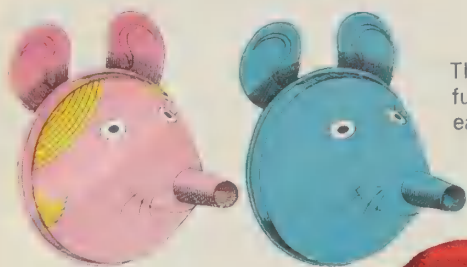
Identical Dry-Hard casserole dish—
but cleaned in Electrasol, fortified with 20% more active cleaning ingredients than other leading brands. Try Electrasol. It removes Dry-Hard soils, prevents them from drying into spots on dishes, glasses and silverware.



CHRISTMAS FROM THE KITCHEN

Here are a whole battery of thoroughly unlikely personages, places and other amusing creations made from the most ordinary kitchen equipment. Fishes that are spoon holders, a perfectly charming castle made from tin cups and cans, a wreath of plastic spoons pretending to be holly. To make these zany decorations you'll need a collection of dispensable objects, glue, paint and a family with a sense of humor.

Wood garden. A painted pot of flowers made with wooden cooking spoons with paper petals and leaves.



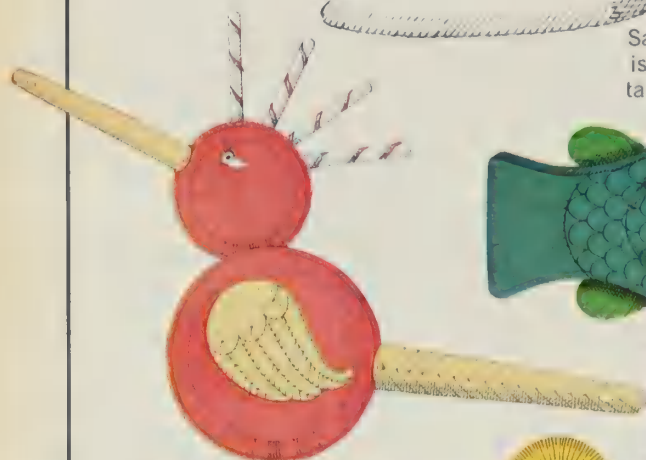
The funnel couple. Cover two funnels, add paper cut-out ears, painted eyes and smiles.



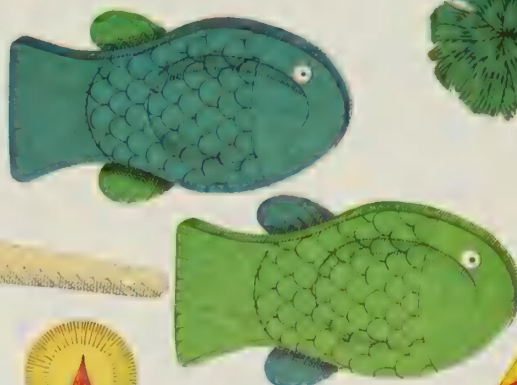
Bright blooms. Plastic flatware wreath mixed with real holly and tied, appropriately, with dish cloth.



Santa's mug. His cap is a child's sock. Add tassel. Paint the face.



A rare bird. Two butter melters with painted wings, straws for crest.



Fish story. Two spoon holders with painted scales and tails.

Candlesticks. Funnels and bottles to stripe with colored tape, decorate with a mosaic of glued beans, paint, fill with tinted water.



Canned castle. Built from foil cups and cans with funnel turrets. Doors and windows are paper cut-outs. Painted details.

Take the body test.



Run your fingers along a lock of hair. Does it feel thick and silken to the touch? Now let go. Does it bounce back into set? Is there a shiny, alive look? If so—you're one of the lucky ones. If not—you need more than just a conditioner, more than just a texturizer—you need

**Ogilvie Texturizer-Plus
for full, shiny body—
no fake feel.**

Texturizer-Plus is the first texturizer that gives glorious body, luxuriant texture and lasting set—with no negative after-effects. No stiffness. No sticky-ness. No dulling film.

This new formulation of special conditioners is all enrichment. With just one application your hair

feels superbly silken and sumptuous. And looks it. Suddenly you've a whole headful of highlighted, easy-to-manage hair.

**Texturizer-Plus recommended
for all hair types.**

After your Ogilvie shampoo, simply apply Texturizer-Plus, comb through and set. It's as easy as that to have glowing new body in abundance. And at last, a set that lasts.

**Ogilvie
Texturizer-Plus**
From the Specialists in Hair Care



BILLY GRAHAM

Jesus and the Liberated Woman

To be free or to be she, that is the question. Into the feminist controversy comes the nation's best-known evangelist. Using the Bible as source, Dr. Graham shows how Jesus elevated the status of women—and makes clear what he thinks woman's role has always been.



For centuries the women of Asia have walked respectfully a few paces behind their husbands—until recently, that is. Some wag has pointed out that in Vietnam they have begun to precede the man. It seems there are unexploded land mines in the area!

The relationship between man and woman has been the subject of debate since our first parents. In recent months it has become an explosive issue, not only in America but in other countries as well, as some women shout for more liberty and freedom.

Scores of volumes have been written in the past few months on what is popularly called "Women's Liberation." The thesis and theme are the same and go something like this: The woman is trapped in a patriarchal, man's world. She has been subjugated and enslaved by men—confined to bearing children, keeping house, sleeping with her husband . . . enhancing his life—to the complete exclusion of her rights and privileges as a person. Words like "imprisoned," "enslaved," "subjugated," and "dominated" are used over and over again by the exponents of the new feminism as they describe modern women's plight.

But, as a woman church leader recently said: "When I think of women who comprise fifty percent of the population in these United States, who have had the franchise for fifty years, who manage households, who hold public office, who have their shingles out as physicians and lawyers, who drive cars, who fly airplanes, who share in their husbands' community property, who were voted by Congress to have 'equal rights with men,' and who have made such great contributions to literature, to art and to the sciences, it is hard for me to get too fired up over the present movement of women's liberation."

On the other hand, feminist writer Betty Friedan, in her book *The Feminine Mystique*, had one dreary chapter entitled "The Problem That Has No Name." In it she described innumerable women who are bored, dissatisfied and unhappy with their lot as mothers and wives.

A 23-year-old mother in blue jeans said: "I ask myself why I am so dissatisfied. I've got my health, fine children, a lovely new home, enough money. My husband has a real future as an electronics engineer. He doesn't have any of these feelings. He says maybe I need

a vacation, let's go to New York for a weekend, but that isn't it. . . . I can't sit down and read a book alone. If the children are napping, I just walk through the house waiting for them to wake up. . . . Then you wake up one morning and there's nothing to look forward to."

In all the expressions recorded, it is obvious that "The Problem That Has No Name" is boredom, and males are as subject to this syndrome as females. Every day I receive letters from both men and women which express a universal emptiness that has nothing to do with one's sex, one's work or one's duties. A man wrote me: "I am what you might call a successful business man. I have a good job, better than average pay, a wonderful wife, and three great children. But when I'm alone I ask myself, 'What's it all about anyway?'"

I believe that many of the frustrations of life are caused by our failure to accept our role, our God-given duty.

Sigmund Freud built a whole psychological thesis upon what he called "male envy," though he phrased it in more vivid terms. Although more advanced psychiatrists have discarded Freud's early theories, the fact is that human beings, male or female, are envious by nature. What husband has not said to his wife: "Baby, have you got it good—no responsibility, just doing the easy, routine things around the house, and free from the ulcer-creating problems of a business and the office!"

Or what wife has not said: "Brother, I wish you had to stay at home just one day with the kids, and go through all the agony I do. What a life you lead, with your secretaries, two-hour lunches, and five coffee breaks every day!"

Boredom with life is a spiritual problem! And, like many of our social problems, it is a result of a failure to comply with spiritual laws laid down in the Old and New Testaments.

I further believe that we moderns have substituted pleasure for discipline, success for duty, and a lot of nonsensical man-made notions for "Thus saith the Lord." I do not believe that our mounting social problems will be resolved until we realistically face the issue of our own disobedience to God's laws and our desperate need for a return to God's plan for our lives.

God has a plan for man—and a plan for woman. He created them: He performed (continued on page 42)

A woman with dark hair, wearing a long white quilted coat and white knit pants, is walking a large brown dog on a leash. They are on a rocky, pebbly shore. In the background, another person is visible standing on the rocks. The overall scene is a winter outdoor setting.

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the first marriage ceremony in the Garden of Eden.

Let's go back to the beginning and see what the Bible says: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it. . . . God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good" (Genesis 1:27-31).

Biological roles

He made them man and woman, and although their anatomical structure was similar, each had a definite role and function. Biologically, Eve was made to be wife and mother, and Adam was to be husband and father.

After the rebellion of Adam and Eve against God and His moral law, God judged them. To Eve He said: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," and to Adam He said: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

The biological assignment was basic and simple: Eve was to be the child-bearer, and Adam was to be the breadwinner. Of course there were peripheral functions for each but these were their fundamental roles, and throughout history there has been very little deviation from the pattern. And when society has tried to merge the sexes into one, and has failed to recognize their basic and important differences, serious consequences have ensued.

Male and female—not contenders for supremacy, but each the complement of the other; both equal, yet each with his own station and role.

We speak of women's liberation, but liberated for what?

It is significant that women of the West, the direction that Christianity took in its growth, have more freedom than any other women in the world.

But is the freedom some women are contending for a freedom to follow a career and abandon wifehood and motherhood? That is the crux of the situation. Millions of women work today, in part-time or full-time jobs. Some must work to support themselves and their children. Others, past childbearing age or without husbands, find in honest, contributory work a sense of purpose. And there are some women, possessed of unusual talents or drives, who can so arrange their lives, even with husbands and children, to work outside the home and still maintain their family responsibilities. For these women who work, there must be respect, and dignity, and equal rewards. But in the larger

perspective, I feel they should not lose sight of the fact that a career alone can never bring total fulfillment.

Man without woman is incomplete, says the Bible: "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him" (Genesis 2:18)—a help suited to his needs. Webster's Third International Dictionary tells us that the word "helpmeet" has been

ly destroyed. took second place to Adam's first loyalty, Eve. Man's biological function was to sire children; his romantic loyalty was to his wife; his vocational function was to till the soil, to earn bread ("in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread").

Eve's biological role was to bear children—"in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children" (Genesis 3:16). Her romantic role was to love her husband—"Thy desire shall be to thy

But to the husbands He said (Paul's letter to the Ephesians) "Husbands, love your wives, even Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it" (5:25). And, in defense of women's liberation, I suggest that a man's love for his wife should include recognition of her as an individual, with her own personality and her own needs, including the need for appreciation, understanding and real respect.

There is a freedom of spirit which is vastly more than liberation. It allows a woman to choose how she arranges her commitments—but it urges her to keep those commitments. Wife, mother, homemaker—this is the appointed destiny of a womanhood. It can be embroidered on and supplemented, but the fabric underneath must be preserved. This is the Judeo-Christian ethic, and with it, women have risen above the status they have in areas of the world where this spirit has not dominated.

A new prestige

It was really Christ who came to create, bring women a new prestige, though the Old Testament is filled with strong feminine figures, such as Rachel, Ruth, Naomi and Esther. There is a traditional Hebrew prayer that says, "Lord, I thank Thee that was never born a woman." (But how Israel today can be thankful for its woman prime minister, Golda Meir!)

It was Christ, a Jew, who communicated with outcast women on a high level, dignifying and uplifting them. His mother, Mary, was first in a long line of a new kind of woman, who worshipped God adoringly, served the church faithfully and who loved her family selflessly. To Christ, women could never be second-class citizens, for He cherished all human beings.

Women were last at the cross and first at the tomb. And at the cross, when many of the disciples had fled, "there stood by the cross Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene" (John 19:25).

It was Mary Magdalene and the "other Mary" who first proclaimed the news of the resurrection (John 21:18). She was a woman who first proclaimed the Gospel to the Jews (Acts 1:1). A woman was first to greet the Christian missionaries in Europe (Acts 16:13). And a woman named Lydia was the first European convert (Acts 16:14).

Women, who have been used and abused by vile men through the centuries, and as much by the modern prophets of pornography as any others, were raised to a new level when He said: "But I say (continue

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used to suggest "feminine tenderness and loyalty." Man, biologically and emotionally strong, needed the seasoning of tenderness that woman alone could provide, and she in turn required man's strength and leadership qualities to complete her, to give her fulfillment.

Each, accordingly, had to abdicate certain rights and privileges to the other. To Adam God said: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh" (Genesis 2:24).

Parental loyalty, though not actual-

husband" (v. 16). Her vocational role was to be second in command—"and he shall rule over thee" (v. 16).

In any group of two or more people there naturally emerges a leader. This does not necessarily mean that the leader is mentally or physically stronger than the others, but simply that qualities of leadership are present. The Lord God decreed that man should be the titular head of the family. The New Testament writers saw this most clearly: "Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything" (Ephesians 5:24).

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unto you. That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart" (Matthew 5:28).

husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, obedient to their husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed," says the Bible (Titus 2:4-5).

And in Ephesians 5:21 we find an interesting admonition to both husband and wife: "Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God," or as another translation explains it, "Adapting to one another." This suggests a loving yielding to each other, adjusting to one another. But, so that the Scriptures do not contradict themselves, Paul then went on to write: "For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head

Contrary to the belief of some, arrangement does not belittle work or demean them. Remember, man is incomplete without woman, and always indebted to her for his well-being. As Ruskin stated it: "Each completes the other. They are not alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each as giving and receiving from the other what the other only can give."

The word "liberation" can be leading. In the final analysis it is no such thing as absolute freedom. Some women contend that men are freer than they, but men cannot abdicate their responsibility to be providers and protectors of their women in small ways as well as great in the world as well as in the home.

Women are free within certain
its, as are men. A hunter may be
to fire a gun, but his freedom does
license him to shoot at will anywhere
and everything he sees. A youth
he licensed to drive a car, but
doesn't mean that he is free to
across people's lawns. A man may
free, but he is restricted by
mores, by laws, and by his own
science.

I believe the women's liberation movement is an echo of our own philosophy of permissiveness. E one, young (continued on page

ALL SET FOR CHRISTMAS
PAGE 64: Tablecloth of Capet pattern 85¢

ton, 14" spun rayon, 51" wide, by Bouss
France". Heritage stoneware in burnt oile
16-pc. starter set for four, by Platze
Shropshire chafing dish, \$105; 13 1/2" sa
\$2.50. Tray, 30" x 50", Tankard, 30" coffee
\$95 and tray, 32" x 50", by Western
silverplate, and 1810 sterling flatware, \$68 a
place setting, are by International.
PAGE 65: Tablecloth of Bosphore cotton
wide, by Boussac of France". Royal Crown D
Royal Crown Dishes, 12" and 14" place setting
Cardel Ltd., 615 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Geor
Scroll chafing dish, \$60, and matching
\$17.50 in silverplate, and Venetian Scroll ste
flatware, \$74.25 = 5-pc. place setting, an
Silverplate Dishes, 12" and 14" place setting
ea. imported by India Neck, 142 E. 42nd
Phalia Falk, 225 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.
PAGE 66: Walls covered with Stael cotton S
de Marly and tablecloth of Palissade c
cup, 6" x 5 1/2" wide, fabric by Boussac
France". Viscose rayon, 42" wide, 142 E.
place setting, from Ginori, 711 Fifth Ave., N
Pointed Antique sterling flatware, \$62.75 a
place setting, and in silverplate, Sulgrave M
candlesticks, 10" high, \$55 ea., coffee urn, 36
\$100, and 12" high, \$100, and 12" high, \$100
bowl, \$24.95; Hampton Court coffee set, \$
ea.; sandwich tray, 10 1/2" x 11.50, and pie
gallery waiter, 16" long, .055, all by Reed &
ton. Crystal decanters, Orleans pattern, \$54.
Chisms, \$45, by Cristallerie Lorraine, and Va
goblets in two sizes, \$8 and \$8.50 ea., by La
& Cie.

PAGE 67: Tablecloth of Courlis cotton, 51" wide, and napkins of Paradou cotton, 59" wide, by Boussac of France*. Red Provincial pot \$13.25 ■ 4-pc. place setting, from Bloomingdale N.Y.C. Epicure peach champagne goblets ea., by Seneca Glass Co. Cutting Boards, 1 \$12.50 ea., by MilNor Teak. Joan of Arc steatite flatware, \$62.50 a 5-pc. place setting, by I

PAGE 68: Tablecloth of Balkis cotton. 51" x 70" and frags and labots of moire printed on 50 wide and 100 wide fabrics by Boussac. Fra Desert plates in Westchester china. \$60 a place setting, and china swans. \$12.95 ea. Lenox Inc. Sterling silver candelabra. 5-bran \$187.50. and 3-branch. \$137.50 ea.; Rhay sterling candlesticks. \$67.50 pr.; Grand Reg sterling flat server. \$26.25, and in silverplated. \$15.95 ea. Everly punch set. 12 oz. bowl and 12 cups. \$225; Vintage punch cup (hot powdered sugar). \$17.50, and 12 1/2" tray. \$11 by International.

PLATE 69: Wallcovering and drapery of Alton, tabcloth of Baba cotton, both 51" and napkins of Padouat cotton, 59" wide, all made by the same weaver. The Baba cotton ware is \$147 a 6-pc. place setting, and in T-24 karat gold electroplate. 11 oz. goblets, \$15.67 Chippendale footed compute. \$10; fluted serving dish, 12 Chippendale tray, and plain tray, \$25 ea. 8" bowl, \$15, and 6" bowl, \$12. A set of four brass lanterns. Carriage horse of rosewood with brass decorations, 3 brass lanterns, large, \$45, and small, \$20 pierced brass boxes, 11½" x 8" x 9½" x 10" a set of three (the largest 14" x 10" x 10"), \$181 ea. metal chains, used to link packages, plain link, \$8.50 ea., and a link set with simulated turquoise or coral be 15 mm. (approx. 54" long) all imported by Nepal and available from Thalia Falk, 22 West 57th St., New York, N.Y.

ALL THAT GLITTERS
PAGE 73: ANNE FOGARTY dress availab
Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores. CONCEP
dress available: Abraham & Strau
Sibley's, all stores. Rochester & Syracuse;
Jimmie's, Miami; Gus Mayer, all stores; G
Talk of the Town Shop, downtown Milwa
Macys, C. C. Wilshire.
PAGE 74: **COLLECTION** dress availab
Macys's, N.Y.C.; Strawbridge & Clothier, P
Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washing
D.C.; Burdine's, Miami; Carson Pirie Sc
Chicago; Kaufmann's, all stores. Southern C
MR. MORT dress availab at Saks Fifth Ave
all stores.

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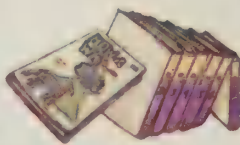
The Power of a Woman at Christmas

Some real ways to give of yourself to help people who need you

Even one loving, giving heart can make a difference. Here, our editors have rounded up some specific ways to add comfort, meaning and perhaps even survival to people in need. Send gifts as directed, prepaid, your return address clearly marked (not to the JOURNAL, please, but to the address given). Finally, let your signature on the petition at the bottom express your concern about American prisoners still in Southeast Asia. The JOURNAL will attempt to present a roll call to the proper people at the strategic time. Merry Christmas!



SEND A LAYETTE. The Church World Service needs layettes for homeless babies all over the world, and particularly in Latin America. Send new or clean, used layette sets (two baby gowns, two shirts, two binders, two receiving blankets), postage prepaid, to Church World Service Clothing Center, New Windsor, Md. 21776.



COMPLETE SETS OF CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIAS. If they're not too old, are welcomed by the Y.M.C.A. of New York, 422 Ninth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001. Pack carefully, prepaid please.



"STAMPS FOR THE WOUNDED" needs used and new domestic and foreign stamps (except common issues) for use in veterans hospitals. Pack for collectors and mail in sturdy boxes to Stamps for the Wounded, c/o Mr. H. Neugass, 2801 New Mexico Ave. N.W., Apt. 1209, Washington, D.C. 20007.

FOR OLDER PEOPLE, Catholic Charities (Aged Unit), 122 East 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10010, welcomes gifts of clothing, pipes, tobacco and cigars.

HOSPITALIZED CHILDREN need amusement and friendliness. If you sew and would like to make a clown hand-puppet for the Children's Hospital of the District of Columbia, write to the Volunteer Director, Children's Hospital, 2125 13th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. Information and patterns will be forthcoming. (And you'll be expected to send your clown back.)



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, especially guitars, are welcomed at Blythedale Children's Hospital, Valhalla, N.Y. 10595. **BLANKETS** and bed linens are needed by the drug addiction center for young people, Odyssey House, 309 E. 6th St., New York, N.Y. 10003.

THREE-YARD DRESS LENGTHS of cotton in bright colors will help women in war-ravaged Nigeria. Send left-overs or new remnants to the American Friends Service Committee, Clothing Warehouse, 23rd and Arch Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103.

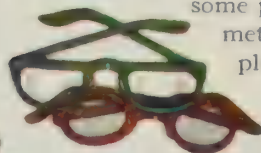


CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, new, or clean-as-new—is needed by the Save the Children Federation for youngsters in the Southern Appalachian Mountain area. Send, prepaid, to the Clothing Director, Save the Children Federation, Independence Lane, Industrial Park, Knoxville, Tenn. 37901.

PROJECT HOPE, which helps patients on land and aboard the mercy ship *S.S. Hope* (it goes around the world giving health care), can use grooming kits: toothbrush, comb, washable bedsocks or scuffs, facial tissue and other niceties. Assemble in box or plastic bag and send, prepaid, to Project Hope Warehouse, 11301 Maryland Ave., Beltsville, Md. 20705.



TOYS, GAMES. Send to St. Labre Indian School, c/o Ashland Freight Lines, Billings, Mont. 59003. Indian children need them.



NEW EYES FOR THE NEEDY. You may have the gift of sight some place out of sight, in your drawer or closet. Send metal eyeglass frames in any condition, unbroken plastic frames with lenses, sunglasses, contact lenses, to New Eyes for the Needy, Short Hills, N.J. 07078. (Thousands have been helped.)

GIVE CLOSER TO HOME, TOO. We can only mention a sampling of the many worthy nonprofit agencies that can use your contributions. If you prefer to start closer to home, contact your local United Fund or Community Chest office. Or call your nearest USO office and invite a serviceman for Christmas dinner (or for a Chanukah feast, if you're Jewish). Your Salvation Army center urgently needs books for its youth programs. Deliver them directly, if possible. And, finally . . .

Sign the petition below and mail to Box 1971, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The JOURNAL will collect the signatures and file a joint plea for the Americans now detained in Southeast Asia. Help our men fare better in 1971!

TO: North Vietnamese Delegation and
Delegation of the Provisional Revolutionary Government
of South Vietnam
Paris Peace Talks
Paris, France

I, the undersigned, am deeply distressed that more than 1500 American citizens who are missing in action and prisoners of war in Southeast Asia have not been accorded the basic, humanitarian protections of the Geneva Conventions.

Regardless of how I personally feel about the war itself, I believe that these men should be *officially identified*; that they should be *permitted regular communication* with their families; that the facilities in which they are detained should be opened to *neutral inspection*, and that the sick and wounded should be *immediately repatriated*.

For many U.S. citizens, no settlement of the war can be effectively negotiated until these strictly humanitarian objectives are attained. I therefore urge you to encourage your government and your allies to take such action as may be necessary to assure the world that these men are being treated in accordance with basic codes of human decency.

Prepared in cooperation with the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia.

Name

Address

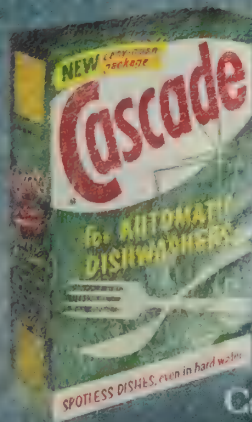


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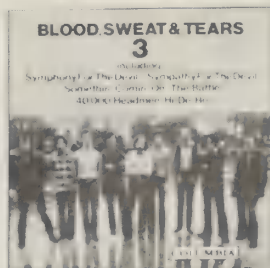
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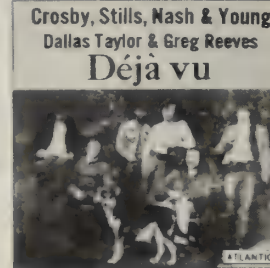
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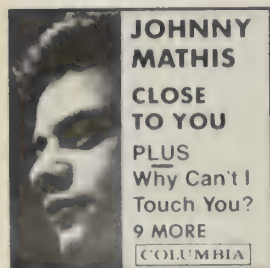
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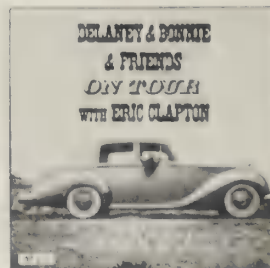
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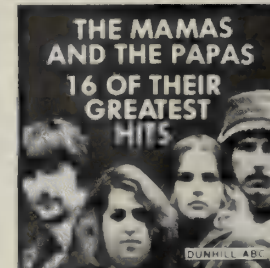
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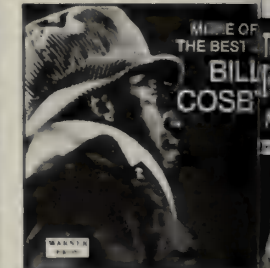
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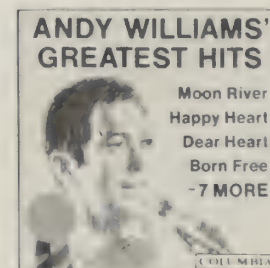
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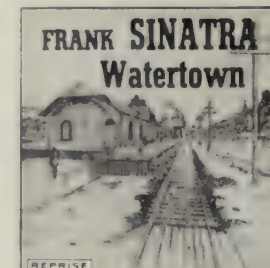
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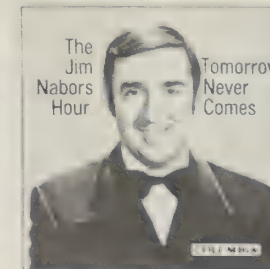
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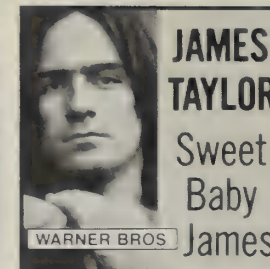
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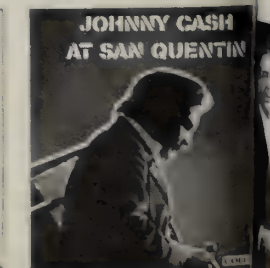
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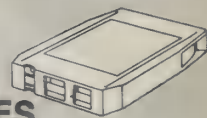
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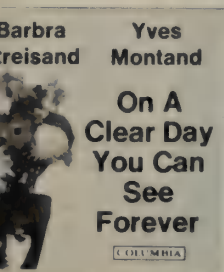
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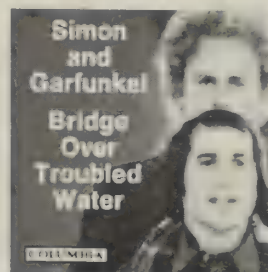
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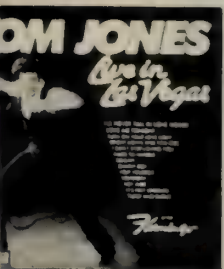
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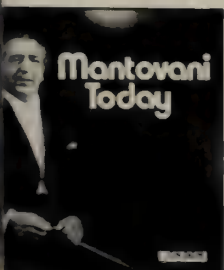
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Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . you pay for your selections only after you have received them. They will be mailed and billed to you at our regular prices: records, \$4.98; cartridges and cassettes, \$6.98; reel-to-reel tapes, \$7.98 . . . plus mailing and handling. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

Fantastic bonus plan. Your only obligation is to buy four selections during the coming year. After doing so, you have no further obligation—and you may cancel membership at any time. If you decide to continue, you will be eligible for our generous bonus plan—which can save you at least 33% on all your future purchases! Mail the coupon today!



**Columbia
House**

Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

SEND NO MONEY—JUST THIS COUPON

COLUMBIA HOUSE, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please accept my membership. I am interested in the following type of recorded entertainment: (check one only)

- ☐ 12" LP Records (M00-5/18)
☐ 8-Track Cartridges (A59-7/4F)
☐ Tape Cassettes (A59-8/7W)
☐ Reel-to-Reel Tapes (475-1/19)

Send me the three selections indicated below, for which I will be billed only \$1.00, plus mailing and handling.

Write in the numbers of your 3 selections

--	--	--

My only membership obligation is to buy as few as four selections during the coming year, under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I may cancel my membership at any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for your generous bonus plan.

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only)

- ☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss
 Please Print First Name Initial Last Name

Address

City

State Zip Code

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

CANADIANS: mail application to USA address. Enrollment plan may differ. Prices slightly higher. Serviced from Canada.

BY DOROTHY LAMBERT BRIGHTBILL

Nature Lover's Embroideries



Here are two creative stitchery kits by one of California's top designers. Diantha Fielding has an unusual feeling for embroidery, making her designs appealing to everyone. Whether it is her sly touch of humor or a fond rapport with nature, her motifs sing a special song to all women who love needlework. The sturdily beautiful, earthy geranium has all of the strength and nostalgia of the living plant. The size (with frame) is 19½ by 14 inches. The handsome moss green and gold handmade frame is also available.

The amusing "Bird in Bush" will be a delight any place you care to hang it. The size (with frame) is 17¼ by 20¼ inches. The crisp "tailored" black and gold handmade frame is a perfect complement and is also available.

The two designs offered are stamped on 100 per-

cent Belgian linen of the finest quality. It is a rich creamy white in color and will mellow softly and attractively with time.

As in all of our kits, easy-to-follow instructions and stitch charts will help you become an accomplished needlewoman. Now is the time to find pleasure and relaxation with creative stitchery.

CREATIVE STITCHERY, Dept. 4242
4500 N. W. 135th Street, Miami, Florida 33054

Please send item(s) checked below:

- 61173 "Bird in Bush"
@ \$ 5.98 each \$ _____
— 61174 Frame for above
@ \$ 9.98 each \$ _____
— 61202 Geranium
@ \$ 5.98 each \$ _____
— 61165 Frame for above
@ \$10.98 each \$ _____
— 61014 New catalog of other kits
@ \$.25 each \$ _____
Sales tax, if applicable \$ _____
Total enclosed \$ _____

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$2. goodwill deposit and will pay postman balance plus all postal charges.

Fill out coupon and enclose check or money order. Florida residents please add sales tax. Allow 4 weeks for handling and mailing. Sorry we are unable to handle Canadian or foreign orders. To avoid delays please indicate your zip code.

Please Print Name _____

Print Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

After 87 years reading and
reviewing the World's
Finest Cook Books—

WE FINALLY DID IT—WE STARTED

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
COOK BOOK CLUB

2 Great
Cook Books
Bound as One
To Give You
DOUBLE Value!

Hawaiian
and
Pacific Foods
A Cook Book of Culinary Customs and Recipes
by Katherine Bazore

The New
California
COOK BOOK
For Casual Living All Over The World
by Genevieve Callaban

AS YOUR
INTRODUCTION...
TAKE THIS SUMPTUOUS
2 Books-In-One Volume

Free

when you agree to accept just four more
books during the next two years

900 Recipes
672 Pages

Every Ladies' Home Journal Reader Knows This Cook Book Club Must Be Something Special!

to prove to you that the Ladies' Home Journal Cook Book Club really is **something special**, we'll give you absolutely **FREE** the marvelous 2-in-1 introductory volume pictured above. Yes, **HAWAIIAN AND PACIFIC FOODS** and the **NEW CALIFORNIA COOK BOOK** are really two magnificent books **bound-as-one**. A \$7.95 value yours **FREE!**

You get every recipe, every word of the original books, in one beautiful volume. Truly a remarkable **DOUBLE VALUE**—bringing you **Exciting New Cookery Adventures!**... new menus and dishes that are **New and Different!**... heavenly **New Taste Sensations** to thrill your family and friends!

Book 1, **HAWAIIAN AND PACIFIC FOODS**, brings you over 400 new and different native Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Portuguese, Samoan and Filipino dishes. You'll read fascinating recipes for Beef Sukiaki, Kiragee with Vegetables, Samoan Banana Poi, Tempura and hundreds more exotic and unforgettable taste delights, including the "fixings" for a sumptuous Hawaiian luau.

Book 2, **NEW CALIFORNIA COOK BOOK**, brings you over 400 mouth watering new and exciting recipes ranging from Fish Kebab to Apple and Pear Crisp — each one delicious and each with that sunny California zest. You get literally hundreds of recipes like Oysters with Macaroni, that use an exciting but simple "new twist" to make an everyday dish simply out-of-this-world. And, because California practically invented outdoor cooking, you're sure to find the greatest-ever collection of delicious recipes for barbecues, beach and patio parties — finger-licking recipes like Mexican Border Casserole, Whisky Baked Beans and many, many more.

Yes, your first **FREE** two-in-one introductory volume will include some 900 recipes! **New Taste Sensations** to treat your family to the joys of unforgettable dining while you are in high praise from your most critical guests.

Why Did We Start the Ladies' Home Journal Cook Book Club?

Over the past 87 years our Ladies' Home Journal food editors have been the trusted advisors to literally millions of

smart housewives. They've given them, through our Food Pages, countless taste-satisfying recipes... money-saving tips on smart food buying... guidance on setting a compliment-winning table! And, of course, our Food Experts have previewed, reviewed and "kitchen tested" just about every important cook book ever published!

Now this staff is at **your** service, to offer you — AT GREAT SAVINGS — cook books that are the most useful — most worth while, most valuable — that are, in fact, truly **indispensable**.

Can we deliver on this promise? You bet! Because we have the most knowledgeable, most dedicated, most expert staff of food editors in the world — as every Journal reader knows.

Across their desks, each month, come hundreds of cook books from leading publishers who know that a good review in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL just about guarantees best-seller status. From these our food editors search out for you the newest, the most wonderful: ... Regional cook books from the Pennsylvania Dutch, New Orleans, Ohio, the Carolinas, California, etc. Books on Old World Cookery — Asian Cookery. Also the finest books on Casserole Cookery — Wine Cookery... on all YOUR favorite kinds of cookery to delight your family and friends.

Mail Coupon for FREE GIFT VOLUME TODAY! Enjoy All the Compliments That Come with Gourmet Cooking!

We'd like to send you the first selection pictured above — absolutely **Free**. Once you see it — try some of the taste-satisfying recipes — thrill to the most enthusiastic compliments ever — you'll agree it's one of the most valuable cook books ever offered.

Thereafter, about every 60 days, our Food Editors will choose another superb cook book and mail it exclusively to Club Members for 10 days' free use and enjoyment — entirely without obligation. You take only those books you want.

Should you decide not to keep any Selection you receive, merely return it and pay nothing. For any Cook Book you choose to keep, you remit only \$3.95 plus a few cents shipping — saving up to 50% of its retail value. (Occasionally a spectacular "find" will be offered at slightly more.)

All we ask (and it's more a privilege than an obligation), is that you accept only four of the valuable Cook Books we ship you for free examination during the next two years. You may return any others.

Supply of this big, costly 672-page Introductory 2-Books-In-One volume is limited. Don't lose out. Mail Gift Coupon or postpaid card for your **FREE** Copy Today!

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Please ship me, **FREE** and postpaid, my big 672-page 2 Books-In-One Introductory Volume. Also enroll me for trial membership in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOK BOOK CLUB.

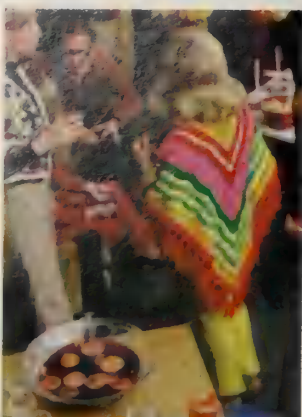
I shall be entitled to receive for Free Trial and Enjoyment a new Cook Book Selection every two months. I may return any book within 10 days and owe nothing for it; or I may keep it and pay low member's price of only \$3.95 plus few pennies shipping. (Occasionally a spectacular "find" will be offered at slightly more.)

I agree to purchase as few as 4 Cook Book Selections during my two year trial membership — and as few as 1 wish or none at all thereafter.

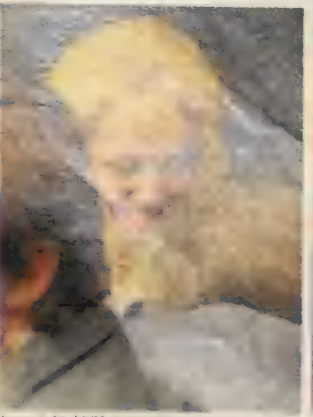
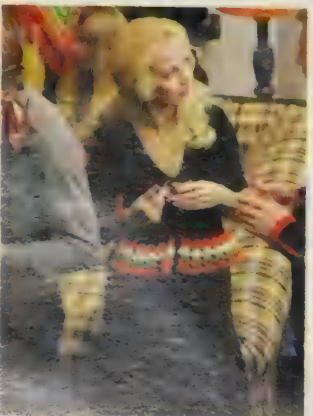
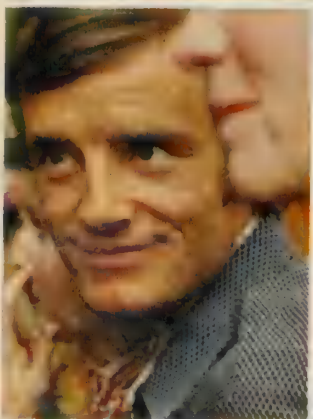
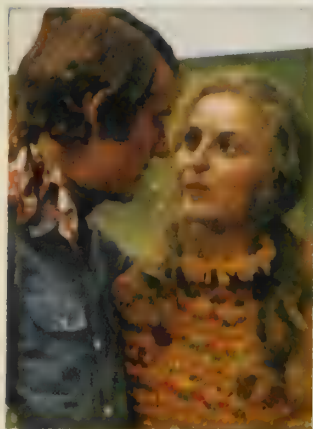
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Mr. _____
Address _____
City & State _____ Zip _____

Sugarbush, Vt., may be a long way from Val d'Isère, but French ski champion Jean-Claude Killy seemed right at home at the JOURNAL's annual ski jaunt. Smashing-looking Killy appeared to approve of the après-ski activities as much as he did the mountains. The party was impromptu—as some of the best parties are. The editors whipped up a fondu from a packaged mix, a hot red wine punch laced with brandy and a platter of Vermont's famous local cheeses. Also a star attraction: the gay crochet fashions shown here.

Le Party Après- Ski



The colorful crochets, for après-ski or at home by the hearth: multi-colored fringed ponchos; lacy skirts and vests; soft, long midis. The pretty, two-piece black midi below with contrasting peasant borders trimming its peplum and skirt hem is for you to make! See page 115 for more information.





"The neighborhood bar,
voting, and cigarettes
are for men only...
just like pants."



You've come a long way, baby.



Virginia Slims.

This is the one cigarette made just for women.
With flavor you'll like. Full, rich Virginia flavor.
Virginia Slims are slimmer than the fat cigarettes
men smoke. Extra long. Light one up.

and if everyone lit just one little candle...



An Amazing Value for only \$2⁹⁸

Ceramic Tea Kettle



**Authentic
Blue Onion
Pattern
with A
Full Quart
Capacity**

The famous antique pattern, derived from the ancient Chinese porcelain, now adorns this lovely ceramic teakettle! The rich, flowing design is captured in the authentic cobalt-blue. Tea will become even more elegant with this 1 qt. wrought-iron handle "antiquity."

MAIL TO DAY NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

GREENLAND STUDIOS, 4160 Greenland Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33054

Please send me _____ A9789 Blue Onion Kettles @ \$2.98 plus 85¢ postage. I understand if not delighted, I may return within 10 days for a complete refund. Enclosed is check or M.O. for \$ _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PET NEWS

PET NEWS

Your children have been begging for a pet for 11 months—ever since Santa left a Great Dane in the neighbors' living room last Christmas. They might settle for a turtle or a gerbil, but what they really want is a Great Dane. You've decided to compromise by buying them a kitten or maybe even a puppy—but something slightly smaller than a Great Dane. To help you, the rest of the family and your new pet through those first days, here are a few suggestions:

THE CHRISTMAS KITTEN

● Be prepared for the invasion. Have on hand *before* Fluffy arrives:

- a litter box, plastic or pasteboard, with sides low enough for a kitten to jump over



- newspapers for lining the box and sand or commercial litter to fill it
- sturdy dishes for food and water
- a small basket or bed for sleeping
- a blanket or towel for lining the bed
- toys, such as a catnip mouse and a hard rubber ball
- the name of a good veterinarian

● Tell the children that Fluffy is probably frightened in his new environment (it's undoubtedly true). Give the kitten plenty of time to explore.

● Watch him closely while he's exploring; keep out of Fluffy's reach ribbons from Christmas packages and anything small enough for him to swallow.

● When he is accustomed to his new surroundings, he'll be ready for affection. Never pick a kitten up by the nape of the neck; instead, place one hand under his chest, the other under his hind legs to support them.

● Feed your new kitten about four times a day, giving him a variety of foods. Kittens eat sparingly, but often. Keep fresh water available. Always feed him in the same place at the same time.

● Housebreaking is easy—just show Fluffy the litter box, then be sure to keep it clean.

● Give your kitten something besides the furniture to scratch: a scratching post or fireplace log.

● If Fluffy is a longhair, brush and comb him daily to prevent hairballs and matting of fur. Start grooming him while still a kitten.

● Certain inoculations are for cats; ask your veterinarian which shots he gives at what ages, then make certain Fluffy doesn't miss any of them. (See page 120 for Christmas gifts for cats and their owners.)

THE CHRISTMAS PUPPY

● Have in the house, before Freckles arrives:

- a box lined with newspaper for him to sleep in
- something soft (a towel or blanket) to put in the box
- sturdy dishes for food and water
- collar and leash
- a few toys made of rawhide or other material that the puppy can't break off and swallow (Avoid toys painted with lead-base paints or other poisonous materials that might chip off)
- a supply of dog food (Dogs do not eat a variety of foods. They do need a balanced diet; remember that an all-vegetarian diet is not balanced)
- the name of a good veterinarian

● Let Freckles explore his new home to his satisfaction. Watch him closely to keep him out of trouble. Try to keep excitement around him to a minimum; he'll be nervous in a strange place.

● Let Freckles, not the children, decide when he wants to play. Explain to the children that a puppy needs a lot of rest in order to be healthy and they must let Freckles rest whenever he wants.

● Show the family how to pick up the puppy—one hand under his chest, the other under his hindquarters—but don't pick him up too often.



● Feed the puppy three times a day; if you feed him before your own meals his hunger may not be so insistent. ● Even if it is Christmas and Freckles looks forlorn, not give him a bite of your key. That could be the beginning of a very bad habit.

● Start teaching Freckles his name by using it whenever you speak to him.

● Begin paper-training the puppy immediately (or start training him outdoors if the weather is *(continued on page 121)*



HAMBURGER

17.9% _____ Protein _____ **19.9%**

27%* max. _____ **Balanced nourishment** _____ **100%***
Vitamins A&D, calcium and phosphorous

21.1% _____ Fat _____ **7%**



KEN-L RATION BURGER

Fresh ground hamburger. It's hard to beat. But Ken-L Ration Burger has more protein than hamburger. More balanced nourishment for your dog. And a lot less fat. Ken-L Ration Burger costs less than hamburger, too. Even less than many canned dog foods. Do dogs like Ken-L Ration Burger better than hamburger? We can't prove it. Because they won't stop eating long enough to give us an answer.



CHRISTMAS TREES BY THE DOZEN turn any corner into a burst of excitement. Start with a tour of unlikely emporia—confectionary, toy, grocery, hardware, drug, notion shops, even your own oven. Bypass the standard splash and choose the unexpected: marzipan fruits that never grew on an evergreen; baby dolls blanketed in strips of flannel; a parade of soldiers; menageries of fuzzy animals. Anchor with invisible wires or ornament hooks and behold a small miracle.



Rock-a-bye Babies



Winged Things



Sweet Treats



Cookie Tree



Bear Tree

Gentlemen:
Mrs. Shirley B. Walters
P.O. Box 6145
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17011



Sears, Roebuck and Company
Chicago, Illinois 60607

"Gentlemen:

In the past I have written a few letters of commendation where praise was warranted.

And I have also sent letters of a critical nature on products which did not meet specified standards.

I would like you to know that I purchased two pair of your Cling-alon panty hose, and I believe they are the best hose I have ever worn in every way.

And I have been wearing the well-known brands.

Cling-alons do s-t-r-e-t-c-h right along

with you. I can testify to this as I am a secretary.

I am up and down filing, etc., and at the end of a day, they are completely wrinkle-free.

They are positively the greatest hose I have ever worn, and I would like you to know how completely satisfied I am with them.

Only wish I would have bought them much sooner.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Shirley B. Walters"

Sears Cling-alon hosiery.
We can't prove they fit better
than anyone else's.
But you can. Every time
you wear them.



Our model is wearing Sears Cling-alon® panty hose.
You can buy Sears Cling-alon panty hose,
stockings and Thi-Top® hosiery only at Sears, Roebuck and Co.
In most larger stores, through the catalog or
by telephone, if you call
Catalog Shopping Service.

Sears

Cling-alon hosiery.
The fit to be tried.

Now, for every woman:
the second deodorant™
you may need whether you
know it or not.



Norforms,[®]
the internal deodorant,
stop feminine odor
where it starts.

Sure, your underarm deodorant protects you. Under your arms.
But what about an even more serious odor problem—internal feminine odor? For that you need Norforms, the *second deodorant*™.

It's every woman's worry...

Germes inside you every day cause *internal* odor—an odor different from the one on the *outer* vaginal area. So even regular bathing or feminine sprays won't solve the problem. They can't get inside to give protection internally where this problem starts. And many doctors say you shouldn't douche daily.

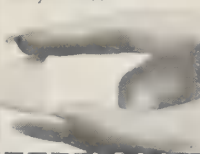
Is there any solution?

Yes. Norforms... the internal deodorant. Just insert! These tiny suppositories spread an antiseptic germ-killing film to stop odor internally where it starts. And they're so safe, you can use Norforms as often as necessary to feel fresh and secure.

Make your second deodorant, Norforms, the internal deodorant.



Norforms are
so small and
easy to use.



FREE new 12-page booklet, "Answers to Questions Women Ask Most Often." Send coupon to: The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. I.H-12, Norwich, New York 13815.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Don't forget to use your zip code.



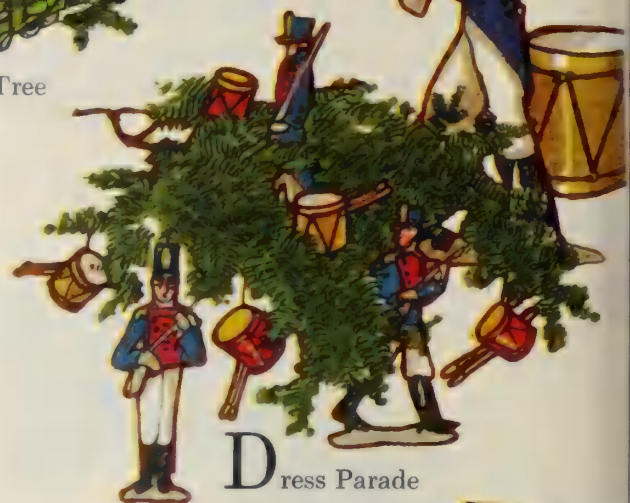
The Norwich Pharmacal Company



Harvest



Wheels Tree



Dress Parade



Nut Tree



Tree Houses

There's a place for you.
Away from dishes, diapers
and "what'll I do now,
Mommy?" Away from
un-ironed shirts and missing
buttons. Away from diets,
guess-who's-coming-to-dinner
and is that a grey-hair?

Away from all that, to this.
A collection of soothing,
softening, slip-away-tiredness,
keep-away-dryness baths...
from the people at Calgon,
who know what being a woman
is all about. Calgon Bouquet,
petal soft and slightly scented.
Calgon Bath Oil Beads
youthful oils create a veil of
moisture. Calgon Bubble Bath,
a lasting fragrant froth of
fluffy clouds. And, new Calgon
Bath Oil Droplets with
the gentle restoring moisture
of soft spring rain.
The Nature Bath Collection.



From Calgon, with love.

Mrs. Barbara Holmberg and daughter Tracy, 6 months.

"I couldn't bear to tell my mother what Tracy did to that beautiful dress. So I took a chance washing it, and Tide did a wonderful job."

Ask Barbara Holmberg about Tide XK. Write to her at:
P.O. Box #100, Lanham, Md. 20801

**Tracy got baby food all over the
handmade dress her grandmother gave
her. But Tide XK cleaned it.
Glad I found it in my new Norge.**



You don't have to worry about the size of your wash load with the Heavy Duty Permanent Press 18. It washes any size between 2 and 18 pounds. With Norge you also get 10 wash cycles that include an automatic soak cycle and cycles for permanent press and hand washables.

Tide has agreed with Washer makers to supply Tide XK samples packed by them and to feature their washers in Tide XK advertising.

The makers of 22 leading washers pack Tide XK in every top-loading automatic.



**WILL
A MIRACLE
CHILD BE
BORN THIS
YEAR?
BY PEARL S.
BUCK**

I wake early these days, for it is only the young who cannot get enough sleep. At my age sleep comes when it wills and never lasts long. Perhaps the human frame resists the last sleep, from which there is no waking. At any rate, though I enjoy sleep when I am weary, I am always glad to wake again—especially on Christmas Day, for at Christmas my thoughts turn to the miracle of birth.

Since last Christmas two such miracles have taken place in our big family. To the merry host of my grandchildren have been added a tiny boy and a tiny girl. They are two of those whom I call children of the future. They are world children: their fathers are of the mixed ancestry we call American, with ancestral roots in Europe and England; their mothers are half-Japanese, half-American. The fathers I know, but who are the grandfathers?

So I lie in my great old four-poster bed, alone in the huge, old-fashioned room whose furniture belonged once to my own American ancestors, thinking of the two babies born since last (continued on page 113)

Christmas keeps happening at all hours of the day and usually it happens around a table—a breakfast table, an hors d'oeuvres table, a supper table. Here are six unusual settings for celebrating, wrapped in our choice of fabrics to create a feast for all the senses. By Nathan Mandlebaum, Director of Interior Design



EARLY AMERICAN for early morning. Open presents around a table covered with a Colonial-style stenciled cloth. On top, Georgian silver and fat red candles provide the gleam. For greens, there's dark chunky pottery and a giant wreath bursting with ripe-tomato pin cushions. The centerpiece is edible—a wicker nest full of eggs.

Photographs by Tosh Matsumoto. International silver.

FOR MIDNIGHT GYPSIES (opposite): A tangle of patterns and perfumes, burnished samovars and hanging brass lanterns make a Middle European peasant feast. Atop a cloth of cotton vines, a heady centerpiece of rich red roses, purple grapes, plump red onions and a mass of eucalyptus leaves heavy with tinsel. In the pot, something hot with lots of paprika.

Onerda silver.







OLD-FASHIONED FORMALITY (opposite): This tea and sherry party, strictly 19th-century London or Paris, has Directoire-printed fabric walls for a backdrop. Huge lacquer red candlesticks bear boxwood spheres trimmed with emerald balls and grapes. On the table, fragile crystal, heavy silver and mounds of grapes mixed with carnations.

Reed & Barton silver.

A PARTY in the provinces. On a ground of calico, a peasant's hearty repast: cheeses and sausage served on thick wooden cutting boards, a harvest of fresh fruit. Rustic wicker holds the wine, an assortment of breads and a field bouquet of poppies, wheat and babies' breath. The lighting comes from tall green candles in slender chandeliers.

International silver.



HAIL, VICTORIA for a day-long open house. An opulent 19th-century alcove is suggested by swags and jabots, which also trim the crewel-like tablecloth. Ochre candles and a pyramid of red roses and yellow echo colors of cloth. The bottles, mulled wine in a large bowl, fruit cake on a silver salver and china swans bearing beauteous strawberries.

Lenox china, 18th-century glass,

A POTENTATE'S PLEASURE. An Oriental sweetmeats table (opposite) is set in a Byzantine niche rich with jewel-toned fabrics. A marigold garland weaves around golden serving pieces laden with fruits and nuts. The chest holds glittery baubles for guests.

Oneida flatware and hollow ware. All fabrics by Boussac of France, Lenox candles, Shiny Brite Christmas ornaments and lights. Other shopping information on page 44.



DON'T LOOK BY DAPHNE

"Don't look now," John said to his wife, "but there are a couple of old girls two tables away who are trying to hypnotize me. Right behind you."

Laura dropped her napkin, then bent to scabble for it, glancing over her left shoulder as she straightened up.

"They're not old girls at all," she said. "They're male twins in drag." Her voice broke, the prelude to uncontrolled laughter. John quickly poured more chianti into her glass.

"You know what it is," he said, "they're criminals doing the sights of Europe, changing sex at each stop. Twin sisters here on Torcello. Twin brothers tomorrow in Venice. Just a matter of switching clothes and wigs."

"Jewel thieves or murderers?" asked Laura.

"Oh, murderers, definitely. But why, I ask myself, are they staring at me?"

Laura took the powder compact from her bag and held it in front of her face, the mirror acting as a reflector.

"I think it's me they're looking at, not you," she said. "Thank heaven I left my pearls with the manager at the hotel." She paused, dabbing her nose with powder. "The thing is, we've got them wrong. They're neither murderers nor thieves. They're a couple of pathetic old retired schoolmistresses on holiday, who've saved up all their lives to visit Venice. They come from some place with a name like Walabanga in Australia. And they're called Tilly and Tiny."

Her voice, for the first time since they had come away, took on the old bubbling quality he loved, and the worried frown between her brows had vanished. *At last, he thought, at last she's beginning to get over it. If I can keep this going, if we can pick up the familiar routine of jokes shared on holiday and at home, then life will become as it was before, the wound will heal, she will forget.*

"You know," said Laura, "that really was a very good lunch. I did enjoy it."

Thank God, he thought, thank God. Then he leaned forward, speaking in a conspirator's whisper. "One of them is going to the ladies' room," he said. "Do you suppose he, or she, is going to change her wig?"

"Don't say anything," Laura murmured. "I'll follow her and find out."

She began to hum under her breath, the signal, to her husband, of content. The ghost was temporarily laid, and all because of the familiar holiday game, abandoned too long, and now, through mere chance, blissfully recaptured.

"Is she on her way?" asked Laura.

"About to pass our table now," he told her.

Seen on her own, the woman was not so remarkable. Tall, angular, aquiline features, with the close-cropped hair that was fashionably called Eton crop, he seemed to remember, in his mother's day. She would be in her middle sixties, he supposed; sports jacket, gray tweed skirt coming to midcalf. Gray stockings and laced black shoes. He had seen the type on golf courses and at dog shows. The general belief that they kept house with a more feminine, fluffy companion was not always true. Frequently they boasted, and adored, a golfing husband. No, the striking point about this particular individual was that there were two of them. Identical

twins; the only difference was that the other one had whiter hair.

"Supposing," murmured Laura, "when I find myself in the *toilette* beside her she starts to strip?"

"Depends on what is revealed," John answered.

Laura rose to her feet. "I simply must not laugh," she said, "and whatever you do, don't look at me when I come back, especially if we come out together." She picked up her bag and strolled away in pursuit of her prey.

John poured the dregs of the chianti into his glass and lit a cigarette. The sun blazed down upon the little garden of the restaurant. The identical twin was sitting back in her chair with her eyes closed. *Thank heaven, he thought, for this moment at any rate, when relaxation is possible, and Laura has been launched upon her harmless game.* The holiday could yet turn into the cure she needed, blotting out the numb despair that had seized her since the child died.

"She'll get over it," the doctor said. "They all get over it, in time. And you have the boy."

"I know," John had said, "but the girl meant everything. She always did, right from the start, I don't know why. I suppose it was the difference in age. A boy of school age, and a tough one at that, is someone in his own right. Not a baby of five. Laura adored her."

"Give her time," repeated the doctor, "give her time. And anyway, you're both young still. There'll be others. Another daughter."

So easy to talk . . . how replace the life of a loved lost child with a dream? He knew Laura too well. Another child, another girl, would have a separate identity, she might even induce hostility because of this very fact. A usurper in the cradle that had been Christine's.

He looked up, over his glass of wine, and the white-haired woman was staring at him again. It was not the casual, idle glance of someone at a nearby table, but something more intent, giving him a sudden feeling of discomfort. Damn the woman! He blew a cloud of cigarette smoke into the air and smiled at her, he hoped offensively. She did not register. The blue eyes continued to hold his, so that finally he was obliged to look away.

Laura, he thought, glancing at his watch, is being a hell of a time. Ten minutes at least. There was a crunch of feet on the gravel. The white-haired twin walked slowly past, alone. She crossed over to her table and stood there a moment, her tall, angular figure interposing itself between John and her sister. She was saying something, but he couldn't catch the words. What was the accent, though—Scottish? Then she bent, offering an arm to the seated twin, and they moved across the garden to the break in the little hedge beyond, the twin who had stared at John leaning on her sister's arm. John, becoming impatient, got up and was about to walk back into the hotel when Laura emerged.

"Well, I must say, you took your time," he began, and then stopped, because of the expression on her face.

"What's the matter, what's happened?" he asked.

He could tell at once there was something wrong. Almost as if she were in a state of shock. She blundered toward the table he had just vacated and sat down. He drew up a chair beside her, taking her hand.

NOW DU MAURIER

Only the author of *Rebecca* could have written with such spine-chilling suspense this story of ghosts and second sight and assassination. A novelette, complete in this issue.

"Darling, what is it? Tell me, are you ill?"

She shook her head. The dazed expression he had noticed at first had given way to one of dawning confidence, almost of exaltation.

"It's quite wonderful," she said slowly, "the most wonderful thing that could possibly be. You see, she isn't dead, she's still with us. That's why they kept staring at us, those two sisters. They could see Christine."

Oh God, he thought. It's what I've been dreading. She's going off her head. What do I do? How do I cope?

"Laura, sweet," he began, forcing a smile, "look, shall we go? I've paid the bill, and we can go and look at the cathedral and then it will be time to take off in that launch again for Venice."

She wasn't listening. "John, love," she said, "I've got to tell you what happened. I followed her as we planned, into the *toilette* place. She was combing her hair and I went into a cubicle, and then came out and washed my hands in the basin. She was at the next basin. Suddenly she turned and said, in a strong Scots accent, 'Don't be unhappy any more. My sister has seen your little girl. She was sitting between you and your husband, laughing.' Darling, I thought I was going to faint. I nearly did. Luckily, there was a chair, and I sat down, and the woman bent over me and patted my head. I'm not sure of her exact words, but she said something about the moment of truth and joy being as sharp as a sword, but not to be afraid, all was well, but the sister's vision had been so strong they knew I had to be told, and that Christine wanted it. Oh John, don't look like that. I swear I'm not making it up, it's all true."

The urgency in her voice made his heart sicken. He had to play along with her, agree, soothe, do anything to bring back some sense of calm.

"Laura, darling, of course I believe you," he said, "I'm upset because you're upset . . ."

"But I'm not upset," she interrupted. "I'm happy—so happy! You know what it's been like all these weeks, at home and everywhere we've been on holiday, though I tried to hide it from you. Now it's lifted, because I know, I just know, that the woman was right. Oh Lord, how awful of me, but I've forgotten their name—she did tell me. She's a retired doctor, they come from Edinburgh, and the one who saw Christine went blind a few years ago. Although she's studied the occult all her life and been very psychic, it's only since going blind that she has really seen things, like a medium. They've had the most wonderful experiences. But to describe Christine as the blind one did to her sister, even down to the little blue-and-white dress with the puff sleeves that she wore at her birthday party, and to say she was smiling happily . . . Oh darling, it's made me so happy I think I'm going to cry."

No hysteria. Nothing wild. She took a tissue from her bag and blew her nose, smiling at him. "I'm all right, you see, you don't have to worry. Neither of us need worry about anything any more. Give me a cigarette."

He took one from his packet and lighted it for her. She sounded normal, herself again. She wasn't trembling. And if this sudden belief was going to keep her happy he couldn't possibly begrudge it. But . . . but . . . he wished, all the same, it hadn't happened. So

the one who had been staring at him was blind. That accounted for the fixed gaze. Which somehow was unpleasant in itself, creepy.

"You didn't arrange to meet them again or anything, did you?" he asked, trying to sound casual.

"No, darling, why should I?" Laura answered. "I mean, there was nothing more they could tell me. The sister had had her wonderful vision, and that was that. Anyway, they're moving on. Funnily enough, it's rather like our original game. They *are* going round the world, the old dears. They couldn't be less like murderers and jewel thieves!"

She stood up and looked about her. "Come on," she said. "Having come to Torcello we must see the cathedral."

They made their way across the open piazza, where the stalls had been set up with scarves and trinkets and postcards, and so along the path to the cathedral. One of the ferryboats had just decanted a crowd of sightseers, many of whom had already found their way into Santa Maria Assunta. Laura asked her husband for the guidebook and started to walk slowly through the cathedral, studying mosaics, columns, panels from left to right, while John, less interested because of his concern at what had just happened, followed close behind, keeping watch for the twin sisters. There was no sign of them. Perhaps they had gone into the church of Santa Fosca close by. A sudden encounter would be embarrassing, quite apart from the effect it might have upon Laura. He could not concentrate. The cold, clear beauty of what he saw left him untouched, and when Laura touched his sleeve, pointing to the mosaic of the Virgin and Child standing above the frieze of the Apostles, he nodded but saw nothing. Turning on sudden impulse, he stared back over the heads of the tourists toward the door.

The twins were standing there, the blind one holding onto her sister's arm, her sightless eyes fixed firmly upon him. An impending sense of doom, of tragedy, came upon him, and he thought, *This is the end, there is no escape, no future.* Then the sisters turned and went out of the cathedral and the sensation vanished, leaving indignation in its wake. How dare those two old fools practice their mediumistic tricks on him? It was fraudulent, unhealthy; this was probably the way they lived, touring the world, making everyone they met uncomfortable. Give them half a chance and they would have got money out of Laura—anything.

He felt her tugging at his sleeve again. "Isn't she beautiful? So happy, so serene."

"Who? What?" he asked.

"The Madonna," she answered. "She has a magic quality. It goes right through to one. Don't you feel it too?"

"I suppose so. I don't know. There are too many people around."

She looked up at him, astonished. "Well, all right, let's get away from them. I want to buy some postcards anyway." Disappointed, she sensed his lack of interest, and began to thread her way through the crowd of tourists to the door.

"Come on," he said abruptly, once they were outside, "there's plenty of time for postcards. Let's explore a bit," and he struck off from the path, which would have taken them back to the center and the drifting crowd of people, to a narrow way across uncultivated ground, beyond which he could see a sort of cutting, or canal. The sight of water, limpid, pale, (continued on page 98)



ALL THAT GLITTERS

is gold—and silver. This holiday season the girls are outshining everything around them. The glow goes from head to toe in a blend of gold and silver that's pure 1970's alchemy. Long, soft dresses are fashioned from airy, almost gauzy synthetic knits, usually touched somewhere — by a belt or border — with a contrasting metallic. Snug little crochet caps, snoods and bandings frame bedazzled faces. Silvery gray and golden cultured pearls add their glimmer, and finally, shiny Cinderella slippers to complete the Christmas illumination. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor and Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor

A Golden Girl's glow: The close-fitting crochet cap with the necessary accompaniment—smooth, barely curled, billowy tresses. Two braids entwined with gold ribbon complete the face framing. The skin that goes with the new metallics is polished all over from little pots of sheer, frothy, sparkling makeup. A gold gleamer highlights the cheekbones, browline. On the lips, a burnt gold lip pomade and a lot of gloss. Makeup by Etherea; cap, Caroline Viccari, Bergdorf Goodman; hairstyle, Alan Lewis, Freelancers.

The peasant treasures — a long, gold knit dirndl dress is gathered at the neck by a drawstring. Full sleeves are elasticized at wrist. In rayon and nylon metallic jersey by Anne Fogarty, \$70. The laced-up silver belt is by Elegant. Shoes, Donald Brooks for Palizzio. The scooped-neckline silver dress is covered with a flurry of gold and white dots. The ankle-length skirt ends gypsy-style with a flounce at the hem. In Trevira and Lurex knit by Jack Bodi for Concept VII, \$80. The silver slippers by Charles Jourdan.





Demure little midi metallics are done in fluid ribbed knits. The long-sleeved empire dress is a gold-and-silver blend, its soft dirndl skirt accented at the waist by a rhinestone-buckled gold belt. In rayon and Mylar. The Collection of R&K Originals, \$46. Charles Jourdan Shoes. The puffed sleeve, two-tone knit has an almost childlike quality. Contrasting borders in geometric design. By Stan Herman for Mr. Mort, \$80. D'Antonio pumps. Opposite: Center-parted Alice in Wonderland hair is crowned with a triple ring of gold banding by Lee Menichetti. Golden highlights on cheekbones and encircling eyes create a shining fragile look. Hair by Alexander of Kenneth; makeup, Etherea.



GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN EAST

More dazzling holiday glitter—sew it yourself for a song.

The influence of the East shines through in an exotic assemblage of tunics, caftans and pants cut from glittery cloths of brocade and lamé for a thousand and one dazzling holiday nights. Opulent trims, gold and bejeweled, drape around sleeves and skirt edgings. Everything is done from the simplest of patterns in fabrics that are surprisingly inexpensive, from \$5 to \$8 a yard. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor

Photograph by Neal Barr. Hair styles by Alexander of the Kennern Salon. Backviews on page 115.

The shimmer of gold and silver, blended together in a sheer brocade for a fragile Eastern princess. The empire-waisted pattern is Simplicity's #9248. The all-important jeweled trim by Sol Kahaner, G. Hirsch fabric, Napier earrings.



A tunic and pants in a flowered gold metallic, extravagant bordered with wide gold trim. Simplicity #9156. Printscent fabric. Franken trim. The gold belt by Givenchy, Evelyn Schless shoes.

Royal purple and gold
brocade for a long, sleeveless coat that
slips over a turtleneck dress in
gold ottoman. The coat, Simplicity #9126,
in Gottschalk fabric with Sol Kahaner
jeweled frog closing. Dress, Simplicity #8977
in G. Hirsch fabric. Mademoiselle shoes.

A long, languid caftan
in a rich gold and yellow brocade
closed at the neck by a jeweled frog.
Simplicity #9101. (Note: We
lengthened sleeve.)
Gottschalk fabric, Wright's trim,
Franken frog, Alexis Kirk earrings.







THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A VINEGAR BOTTLE

BY RUMER GODDEN

This is a version of an old folktale that used to be told to my mother by her nurse. My mother told it to me, I told it to my children, and now they tell it to their children, so that in our family alone it is four generations old. The "vinegar bottle" of the story was probably an old oast house of the kind used for drying hops.

—Rumer Godden

Once upon a time there was an old woman who lived in a vinegar bottle.

There was a round room downstairs and a round room up, but that was smaller and had a pointed roof; the windows were small and the front door narrow—it was the only door. The corkscrew staircase came up in the middle of the bedroom floor. The vinegar bottle was not exactly comfortable but the old woman did not mind. "There's no place like home," she said.

In the sitting room downstairs she had a table and chair and a dresser set out with her bits of china. She had made a rag rug to go in front of the fire, and by it was her high-backed wooden rocking chair. Upstairs, for her bed she had made a patchwork quilt "from pieces of all the dresses I have ever had since I was seven." A wooden box that stood upright made a place to put her candlestick, and there were some pegs on which to hang her clothes.

Outside, on the bottle wall, a tin bath hung from a nail—the old woman had a bath every Saturday night; there was a pail for carrying water, a dustpan and a broom, and a

(continued on page 115)

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Illustration by Gervasio Gallardo.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL HANDBOOK OF HOLIDAY CUISINE

Christmas may come just once a year, but with it comes a whole calendar's worth of entertaining—a hectic state that can overwhelm even the most creative hostess. To the rescue comes the *JOURNAL's Handbook of Holiday Cuisine*, a party package of holiday menus and recipes collected by our own food editor, Margaret Happel. To help you do your party planning are 12 midwinter menus and some 200 recipes ranging from Bourbon Pâté to Beef Wellington and Baked Alaska. And if the recipes are appropriately elegant, they're also unexpectedly practical. Desserts like the Icy Lemons and the Maple Riz Royale photographed here can be made in advance and removed from the freezer or refrigerator at the last minute. Most of the hot dishes, such as the peasant-style French Cassoulet in the Holiday Open House menu (see page 93), will stay hot without suffering on a buffet table. Read, relax and enjoy the party.



JOURNAL
COOKBOOK OF
THE MONTH:
NO. 57 IN A
SERIES

From "Ladies' Home Journal Handbook of Holiday Cuisine," by
Margaret Happel and Elsa Harrington, © 1970 by Downe Publishing,
Incorporated, New York. Photograph by Lynn St. John.



Crêpes—those slim, elegant pancakes so favored by the French—are surely among the most sophisticated of culinary pleasures. At once spectacular and spectacularly simple to make, they're also highly versatile, since they can be served as a first course, main course or light dessert in a wide variety of

delicious ways. And as if this weren't enough, crêpes (rhymes with steps) can be made one or two weeks in advance, then frozen (solid, please)—to be whisked out for spur-of-the-moment Christmas gatherings. There's nothing usual about our festive recipes, as you can see from the star performer

here. A creation known as Gâteau de Crêpes à la Normande, it's made by layering crêpes with a light apple filling, swirling the sides with deep meringue and topping it all with sliced apples and almonds brushed lightly with apricot preserves. The top is flamed at serving time with Calvados, a type

of apple brandy. Our other recipes include crêpes with a delicate seafood sauce, a poultry filling (an admirable way to use every last morsel of holiday turkey) and a grapefruit variation on crêpes suzettes (which ordinarily call for orange flavoring). Recipes on page 90. By Margaret Happel, Food Editor

The Christmas Crêpe





CHRISTMAS BREADS AND PUDDINGS

Something to bring to Grandmother's house, my dear! Something rich, dark and sweet, all bundled up in a tantalizing basket. It's a traditional Christmas bread or moist fruity pudding to give to friends, relatives or yourself for Christmas. And if we talk about breads and puddings all in the same breath, it's because you can make them in just that way. The batters we've collected yield either—or both. Bake it, you get bread; steam it, you get pudding. From the ten recipes listed on page 86 and photographed here, you'll find a total of 20 tempting ways to celebrate Christmas, ranging from a light Greek Fruit Pudding to an unusual American Pumpkin Bread. And by the way, if it's a pudding you've decided to make, start soon. It will grow more mellow when stored for a while before consuming.

*Left to right, atop tree stump:
Spiced Anadama Bread,
Fig Square, Chocolate Bread,
Greek Fruit Pudding*

*Left to right, below stump:
Mincemeat Stollen, our Favorite
Fruitcake, Orange Marmalade
Pudding, Date Ginger
Pudding, Carrot Raisin Pudding,
Pumpkin Bread*





Fifty years ago you could buy Campbell's Tomato Soup for about 5¢ a 7-oz. serving.



BREADS AND PUDDINGS

continued from page 84

Here are some special instructions for steaming only: Use large, deep kettle, 8- to 10-quart, with trivet and tight-fitting lid. Pour water to depth of 2 inches into kettle; bring to boil. Grease pudding mold or bowl well; fill no more than $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Cover with waxed paper, then with tight-fitting lid, or three thicknesses of foil tied tightly with twine.

Place filled, covered mold on trivet in kettle; add boiling water to $\frac{1}{2}$ mold depth. Place lid on kettle. Do not allow water to fall below $\frac{1}{4}$ of mold depth or to stop boiling.

For gift-giving: When baked or steamed breads have cooled completely, wrap tightly in plastic wrap or waxed paper, then in heavy-duty foil. Freeze until day before needed. Let thaw. Decorate with confectioners' sugar or glaze. Wrap in plastic wrap; place in baskets or boxes and gift wrap.

Cream glaze for breads: Mix 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar with 3 tablespoons heavy cream and 1 tablespoon white rum until smooth. Drizzle over bread. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, crystallized ginger or candied cherries if you wish. Let glaze dry before wrapping.

Sauces for breads: When breads are served hot as puddings, use your favorite ice cream, custard, foamy, lemon or hard sauce.

MINCEMEAT STOLLEN (pictured as a bread)

Turn out 1 (28-oz.) jar mincemeat into sieve; let drain. Sprinkle yeast from 1

(13 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz.) pkg. hot roll mix over $\frac{3}{4}$ cup warm (not hot) water. Stir until dissolved. In large bowl, combine flour mixture from hot roll mix and 2 teaspoons lemon rind. Stir in dissolved yeast and 1 beaten egg. Beat 2 or 3 minutes. Cover with damp towel; set in warm place (85°) free from drafts. Let dough rise 45 minutes or until doubled.

To bake: Turn out dough onto lightly floured surface. Knead 1 or 2 minutes, then place on cookie sheet. Shape into a 14x12-inch rectangle. Spread the drained mincemeat lengthwise down center of dough, making a 4-inch-wide band. Slit the dough, from filling to edge on each side, spacing slits 1 inch apart. Fold strips of dough at an angle across filling, alternating from side to side. Cover with waxed paper and towel; let rise in warm place about 40 minutes or until double in bulk. Preheat oven to 375°. Bake bread 30 minutes or until golden. Remove to wire rack to cool. Serves 6 to 8.

To steam: Start kettle for steaming. Punch down dough after it has doubled. With wooden spoon, work the drained mincemeat evenly through the dough. Place in a well-greased 5-cup mold. Cover top with buttered waxed paper, then foil. Tie tightly. (Dough does not need to rise a second time.) Steam 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Cool in mold on rack 10 minutes. Turn out of mold. Serves 6 to 8.

GLAZED DATE GINGERBREAD (pictured as Date-Ginger Pudding)

Preheat oven to 350° or start kettle for steaming. Chop 1 (8-oz.) pkg. pitted dates. Set aside 2 tablespoons for sprinkling over glaze. In bowl with electric

mixer, prepare 1 (14.5-oz.) pkg. gingerbread mix with 1 cup warm water according to pkg. directions. Add dates and beat 1 minute.

To bake: Pour batter into well-greased 1-quart saddle mold. Bake at 350° for 1 hour or until cake tester comes out clean. Cool in pan on rack 5 minutes. Turn out. Serves 8 to 10.

To steam: Pour batter into well-greased 1-quart saddle mold or pudding bowl. Cover with buttered waxed paper, then foil. Tie tightly. Steam 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Cool in pan on rack 5 minutes. Serves 6.

OUR FAVORITE FRUIT CAKE (pictured as a cake)

2 cups mixed chopped candied fruits	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine
2 cups coarsely chopped walnuts	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
2 cups dark raisins	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour	3 eggs
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ground allspice	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet sherry or apple juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon	1 tsp. almond extract
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. baking soda	

Preheat oven to 275°. Lightly oil a 9-inch spring-form pan. Line bottom and side of pan with a single layer of brown paper. Lightly oil paper. Or start kettle for steaming.

Combine 2 cups each mixed chopped candied fruits, coarsely chopped walnuts and dark raisins in a bowl. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted all-purpose flour over and toss well. Sift remaining 1 cup sifted flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons ground allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda.

In large bowl, with electric mixer, beat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine until soft. Gradually beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed; then beat until

light and fluffy. Add 3 eggs, one at a time, beating after each, until mixture is again light and fluffy.

With wooden spoon, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet sherry, 1 teaspoon almond extract and flour mixture just until streaks of flour appear. Mix in fruit and nut mixture until evenly combined.

To bake: Pour batter into lined pan. Bake at 275° for 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until cake tester inserted in center shows wet batter. Cool cake in pan on rack 1 hour. Remove from pan; completely cool in paper. Store 1-4 weeks.

To store cake: Leave cake in paper. Wrap in plastic wrap, then in foil. Refrigerate or store in a tightly covered container in a cool place. Serves 24.

To steam: Pour batter into well-greased 8-cup tube pudding mold. Cover with buttered waxed paper. Then cover with lid or three thicknesses of foil. Tie tightly. Steam 3 hours. Remove from mold and store 1-4 weeks. Reheat in mold in simmering water for 30 minutes. Serves 12 to 14.

To decorate cake: Remove almond paste in a piece from 1 (8-oz.) can. Cut in half top to bottom. Lay each half on flat side; slice into 16 half-moon pieces. Press pieces against sides of cake and around top edge. Quarter candied cherries; place between almond paste. Wrap in plastic wrap.

CORRECTION, PLEASE: In the November JOURNAL, nutritionist Fredrick J. Stare, M.D., wrote that it was against the law "to add more nutrient breakfast cereals." Dr. Stare had in mind another cereal product—bread. It is not illegal to add nutrients to breakfast cereals, although the intent of recent hearings of the Food and Drug Administration has been to make such additions illegal. Dr. Stare and the JOURNAL regret this error.

Today you can buy Campbell's Tomato Soup for about 5¢ a 7-oz. serving. That's progress.



Back in 1920 Campbell's Tomato was America's best-selling soup. At 5¢ or less a 7-ounce serving, it was an excellent buy. We made it then as we do today. With the best sun-ripened tomatoes rushed from the fields before the bloom is off the taste, seasoned with just the right blend of flavorings and a dash of real creamery butter. But we were determined to make the best even better. And to do that we had to improve the tomato. So over the years we've helped to develop a firmer, healthier, more flavorful tomato—while volume economies have helped us to hold down costs. Today the Campbell's Tomato Soup that you buy for about 5¢ a 7-ounce serving is a better bargain than it was a half-century ago. We think you'll agree, that's progress.

Sit right down and get your Campbell's worth.

ROTTEN RAISIN BREAD (pictured as Carrot Raisin Pudding)

Ingredients:
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. salt
1 cup grated carrots
1 cup golden raisins
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs
1 cup milk
1/4 cup melted butter or margarine

Directions:
Preheat oven to 350° or start kettle for steaming. Sift together 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon baking soda, cinnamon and salt. In a bowl, combine 1 cup each grated carrot and golden raisins, and 1/2 cup chopped walnuts; toss to mix, then add 1 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed. In large bowl, beat 2 eggs until fluffy. Beat in 1 cup milk and 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine. Stir in flour mixture, then flour mixture. **To bake:** Pour into a well-greased 8-cup pan. Bake at 350° for 1 hour or until cake tester comes out clean. Let cool in pan on rack 5 minutes. Turn out and cool completely. Serves 16. **To steam:** Pour batter into a well-greased 2-quart tube mold. Plug center firmly with foil. Cover top with waxed paper, then foil. Tie tightly. Steam 3 hours. Let cool in mold on rack 5 minutes. Turn out of pan. Serves 8 to 10.

ORANGE MARMALADE TEA LOAF (pictured as a bread)

Ingredients:
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1/4 cup sugar
2 tsp. baking powder
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
2 eggs
1 (8-oz.) can pumpkin
2 1/4 cups dark brown sugar, firmly packed
3/4 cup salad oil
1 cup chopped pitted prunes

Directions:
Preheat oven to 350° or start kettle for steaming. Sift together into a bowl 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1/4 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon soda. Beat 2 eggs until blended. Stir in 1 1/2 cups orange marmalade, 1 (8-oz.) can-

ton plain yogurt and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Add egg mixture to dry ingredients; mix until just blended and no dry flour appears.

To bake: Pour into a well-greased 2-quart tube mold. Bake at 350° for 1 hour or until cake tester comes out clean. Let cool in pan on rack 5 minutes. Cool completely. Serves 16 to 20. **To steam:** Pour batter into a well-greased 2-quart tubeless mold. Cover top with buttered waxed paper, then foil. Tie tightly. Steam 2 hours. Let cool in mold on wire rack 5 minutes. Turn out of mold. Serves 8 to 10.

Ingredients:
1 (8-oz.) pkg. dried apricots
1 1/4 cups butter-milk
1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. mace
1/2 tsp. baking soda
1 cup unsifted whole wheat flour
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup sliced blanched almonds
1/2 cup golden raisins
1/4 cup chopped candied citron
1/4 cup chopped candied orange peel
2 Tb. chopped candied lemon peel

GREEK FRUIT BREAD (pictured as a pudding)

Directions:
Preheat oven to 350° or start kettle for steaming. Cut 1 (8-oz.) pkg. dried apricots in 1/4-inch pieces. Combine with 1 1/4 cups buttermilk. Let stand half an hour. Sift together 1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon mace and 1/2 teaspoon baking soda. Stir in 1 cup unsifted whole wheat flour. In large bowl with electric mixer or wooden spoon, beat 1/4 cup butter or margarine until soft. Beat in 1/2 cup sugar until light and fluffy. Add 2 eggs, one at a time, beating after each until mixture is again light and fluffy.

Directions:
At low speed, mix in flour mixture alternately with buttermilk and apricots. With wooden spoon, mix in 1/2 cup sliced blanched almonds, 1/2 cup golden raisins, 1/4 cup each chopped candied citron and chopped candied orange peel, and 2 tablespoons chopped candied lemon peel. **To bake:** Pour batter into a well-greased 2-quart mold. Bake at 350° for 1 hour, or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Cool bread in pan on wire rack 5 minutes. Turn out of pan. Serves 12 to 16. **To steam:** Pour batter into 2 well-greased 1-lb. coffee cans. Cover top with buttered waxed paper, then foil. Tie tightly. Steam 2 1/2 hours. Let cool in cans on rack 5 minutes. Turn out of cans. Serves 12.

Ingredients:
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. salt
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup dark molasses
1/4 cup water
1/2 cup yellow cornmeal
1/4 cup sugar
2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 (1/4-oz.) pkg. active dry yeast
1/4 cup warm water

Directions:
Sift together 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, allspice and salt. Set aside. Heat 1/2 cup milk in small saucepan just until bubbles form around edge. Heat 1/2 cup dark molasses and 1/4 cup water to a boil. Pour into a large bowl; add hot milk. Slowly pour in 1/2 cup cornmeal, stirring constantly. Stir in 1/4 cup sugar, then 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until melted. Set aside to cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle 1 (1/4-oz.) pkg. active dry yeast (continued)

Directions:
Sift together 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, allspice and salt. Set aside. Heat 1/2 cup milk in small saucepan just until bubbles form around edge. Heat 1/2 cup dark molasses and 1/4 cup water to a boil. Pour into a large bowl; add hot milk. Slowly pour in 1/2 cup cornmeal, stirring constantly. Stir in 1/4 cup sugar, then 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until melted. Set aside to cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle 1 (1/4-oz.) pkg. active dry yeast (continued)

Directions:
Sift together 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, allspice and salt. Set aside. Heat 1/2 cup milk in small saucepan just until bubbles form around edge. Heat 1/2 cup dark molasses and 1/4 cup water to a boil. Pour into a large bowl; add hot milk. Slowly pour in 1/2 cup cornmeal, stirring constantly. Stir in 1/4 cup sugar, then 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until melted. Set aside to cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle 1 (1/4-oz.) pkg. active dry yeast (continued)

SPICED ANADAMA BREAD (pictured as a bread)

Directions:
Sift together 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, allspice and salt. Set aside. Heat 1/2 cup milk in small saucepan just until bubbles form around edge. Heat 1/2 cup dark molasses and 1/4 cup water to a boil. Pour into a large bowl; add hot milk. Slowly pour in 1/2 cup cornmeal, stirring constantly. Stir in 1/4 cup sugar, then 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until melted. Set aside to cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle 1 (1/4-oz.) pkg. active dry yeast (continued)

Directions:
Sift together 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, allspice and salt. Set aside. Heat 1/2 cup milk in small saucepan just until bubbles form around edge. Heat 1/2 cup dark molasses and 1/4 cup water to a boil. Pour into a large bowl; add hot milk. Slowly pour in 1/2 cup cornmeal, stirring constantly. Stir in 1/4 cup sugar, then 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until melted. Set aside to cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle 1 (1/4-oz.) pkg. active dry yeast (continued)

over ¼ cup warm (not hot) water: stir until dissolved. Stir into lukewarm cornmeal mixture. Beat in flour mixture, a small amount at a time, until dough is smooth. Cover bowl with damp towel; set in warm place (85°) free from drafts. Let dough rise about 1 hour or until double in bulk. Turn out dough onto lightly floured surface; knead 2 minutes until smooth and satiny.

To steam: Start kettle for steaming. Place dough in well-greased 2-quart mold. Cover top with buttered waxed paper, then foil. Tie tightly. (Dough does not need to rise a second time.)

Preheat oven to 400° or start the kettle for steaming. Chop 1 (12-oz.)

Mix 2 cups buttermilk biscuit mix with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice and remaining 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and chopped figs. With a fork, mix in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water to make a smooth dough.

To steam: Add fig mixture to dough mix until well blended. Pour in 2-quart mold. Cover with butter waxed paper, then foil. Tie tight. Steam 3 hours. Cool in pan on rack 15 minutes. Turn out. Serves 6 to 8.

1 (13¾-oz.) pkg. hot roll mix	½ cup unsweete cocoa
½ cup warm water	½ cup chopped crystallized gin
1 egg	½ cup chopped walnuts
1 cup sugar	2 (1-oz.) squares semi-sweet cho late, grated
½ cup cold mashed potatoes	
1 tsp. vanilla	

To steam: Start kettle for steam. Turn out dough on lightly floured surface, knead 1 or 2 minutes. Pinch pieces and shape into 1¼-inch balls. Roll balls in ginger-chocolate mix to coat well. Then place in 2-quart mold. Cover with lid or waxed paper then foil. Tie tightly. Steam 3 hours. Cool in mold on rack 10 minutes. Turn out. Serves 8 to 10.

Division of Kraftco Corporation



Also try Parkay's famous flavor in these forms: Whipped. Diet. Regular Stick.

Do you believe in mermaids? A lot of people do.



Just ask any mermaid
you happen to see
What's the best tuna?
"It's Chicken of the Sea."





Magic Cookie Bars

Crunchy and delicious treat, made quick 'n easy, right in the baking pan.

- 1½ cups KELLOGG'S® CORN FLAKE CRUMBS
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- ½ cup (1 stick) regular margarine or butter, melted
- 1 cup coarsely chopped DIAMOND WALNUTS
- 1 cup (6-oz. pkg.) semi-sweet chocolate morsels
- 1½ cups (3½-oz. can) flaked coconut
- 1 can BORDEN EAGLE BRAND® SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

1. Measure Corn Flake Crumbs, sugar and margarine into 13 x 9 x 2-inch baking pan; mix thoroughly. With back of tablespoon press mixture evenly and firmly in bottom of pan to form crust.
2. Sprinkle Walnuts evenly over crust. Scatter chocolate morsels over Walnuts. Sprinkle coconut evenly over chocolate morsels. Pour Sweetened Condensed Milk

(Sweetened Condensed Milk must be used) evenly over coconut.

3. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 25 minutes or until lightly browned around edges. Cool. Cut into bars.

YIELD: 54 Magic Cookie Bars, 2 x 1 inches



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CHRISTMAS CREPE

continued from page 82

CLASSIC CREPES

In a large bowl with rotary beater or wire whisk, beat 2 eggs with 1½ cups milk until well blended. Beat in ½ cup sifted all-purpose flour, 2 teaspoons sugar and dash of salt until batter is smooth. Refrigerate 2 or more hours. *To bake:* Use a 6- or 7-inch crêpe pan or heavy skillet. Heat pan until a little water sizzles when dropped on it. Brush pan lightly with salad oil.

Pour about 3 tablespoons crêpe batter into pan; quickly tip pan so batter covers bottom evenly. Cook 1 or 2 minutes or until underside is lightly browned. With spatula, turn crêpe over and lightly brown other side about ½ minute. Remove crêpe and keep warm.

Repeat with remaining batter, brushing pan with oil as needed, and stacking crêpes as baked. Makes 12 crêpes. *To make crêpes a day ahead:* Stack crêpes as they are baked with a square of waxed paper between each. Wrap stack in foil. Refrigerate.

To freeze crêpes: Stack crêpes as above. Wrap stack in double thickness heavy-duty foil. Label, date and freeze. Let thaw before using.

Ed. Note: All fillings also can be made ahead and refrigerated. Made-ahead crêpes and fillings require a little longer final baking time to make piping hot.

GATEAU DE CREPES A LA NORMANDE (pictured)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 2 lbs. tart apples | Meringue: |
| 2 Tb. butter or margarine | 2 egg whites (at room temperature 1 hour) |
| 1 cup sugar | ¼ tsp. cream of tartar |
| ¼ cup calvados or apple jack | ¼ cup superfine sugar |
| 24 crêpes | ½ cup calvados or apple jack |
| 1½ cup toasted slivered almonds | |
| 1 sweet apple | |
| 2 Tb. strained apricot preserves | |

Peel, core and coarsely chop 2 lbs. tart apples. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in heavy saucepan with tight fitting lid. Add apples, toss to coat with butter or margarine. Cook, covered, over low heat, stirring occasionally, 30 minutes until apples are soft. Stir in 1 cup sugar and ¼ cup calvados. Cook, uncovered, stirring frequently, over medium heat, 5 minutes. This is about 3 cups apple mixture.

Spread about 2 tablespoons apple mixture on 1 crêpe, sprinkle with 1 tablespoon toasted slivered almonds. Place on lightly buttered oven-proof platter or shallow dish. Repeat with remaining crêpes, stacking them as spread. Peel 1 sweet apple. Cut in eighths and remove core. Arrange apple pieces, overlapping in a ring on top of crêpes. Brush apple slices with 2 tablespoons strained apricot preserves. (Dessert may be made to this step 2 or 3 hours ahead and refrigerated. Make and bake meringue before serving.)

Make meringue: Preheat oven to 400°. With electric mixer or rotary beater, beat 2 egg whites with ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar until foamy. Beat in ¼ cup superfine sugar, a tablespoon at a time, until meringue stands in stiff, glossy peaks. Swirl meringue around sides of stacked crêpes.

Bake at 400° for 6 to 8 minutes or until tips of meringue are lightly golden. Take to table and flame.

To Flame: Heat ½ cup calvados or apple jack in small saucepan or ladle. Ignite with a match. Pour, while flaming, over top of the gâteau only. Cut into wedges to serve. Serves 8.

CREPES NOEL

- Filled Crêpes:**
 1½ cups mincemeat with brandy
 ½ cup chopped walnuts
 2 Tbs. orange-flavored liqueur
 2 tsp. grated orange rind
 12 crêpes

- Sauce:**
 2 oranges
 ½ cup orange marmalade
 ¼ cup orange-flavored liqueur
 ½ tsp. grated orange rind

Preheat oven to 400°.

Make filled crêpes: Combine 1½ cups mincemeat with brandy, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons orange-flavored liqueur and 2 teaspoons grated orange rind. Mix together well. Spoon about 2½ tablespoons mixture in center of each of 12 crêpes. Fold each crêpe in half, then fold in half again, forming a triangle. Arrange, slightly overlapping in single layer, in buttered baking dish.

Make sauce: Peel and section 2 oranges. Mix together ½ cup orange marmalade with ¼ cup orange-flavored liqueur and ½ teaspoon grated orange rind. Combine with orange sections then spoon mixture over crêpes.

Bake at 400° for 15 minutes or until mincemeat filling is hot. Serve plain or with vanilla ice cream. Serves 6.



CREPES FRANGIPANE

Frangipane Cream:

- ½ cup sugar
- ⅓ cup flour
- ⅓ tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- ¼ cup orange-flavored liqueur
- 4 egg yolks
- ½ tsp. vanilla extract
- 1 (2¾-oz.) pkg. almond macaroons, day old or toasted

Other Ingredients:

- 2 bananas
- 2 Tbs. lemon juice
- 12 crêpes
- 2 Tbs. butter or margarine
- 1 (1-oz.) square semi-sweet chocolate, grated
- 2 Tbs. sugar

Make frangipane cream: In top of double boiler, combine ½ cup sugar, ⅓ cup flour and ⅓ teaspoon salt. Gradually stir in 1 cup milk and ¼ cup orange-flavored liqueur until smooth. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Cover cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Beat 4 egg yolks with a wire whisk or fork. Stir about ½ cup hot flour mixture into egg yolks until well blended; then return to remaining mixture in top of double boiler. Cook, stirring constantly 2 minutes longer. Stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Pour into a bowl; cool to room temperature. Cover and refrigerate until very well chilled. Crush 1 (2¾-oz.) pkg. day old or toasted almond macaroons (½ cup). Stir into cream mixture before filling crêpes.

Fill and bake crêpes: Peel and slice 2 bananas. Toss with 2 tablespoons lemon juice to keep from browning.

Spread 12 crêpes with Frangipane Cream (about 1½ tablespoons each). Place banana slices on filling, dividing evenly. Roll up crêpes. Place seam side down in shallow oven-proof dish.

Brush tops of crêpes with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Combine 1 (1-oz.) square semi-sweet chocolate, grated, with 1 tablespoon sugar. Sprinkle over crêpes. Cover dish with foil.

Bake at 400° for 15 minutes until chocolate melts. Serves 6. (continued)



So far this year, 179 Ladies' Home Journal recipes have called for fresh lemon. How come?

Page through any magazine. You'll find fresh lemon again and again.

Even though there's more to fine cooking than meets the eye, a great hostess never forgets the eye.

The look of a dish is as important as the taste.

That's why people who really know food keep calling for fresh Sunkist lemon.

It has one of the world's great natural flavors. Beautiful color. And a fresh, tantalizing aroma.

It's wet and bright and vivid. It

makes any dish as stunning to look at as it is fine to eat.

And that's important. As Ladies' Home Journal knows.

Remember the fresh Sunkist lemon. Like the experts do. It shows you care.



Remember the fresh lemon. It shows you care.



On June 24, our home economist Marge Johnston baked 23 Betty Crocker cakes. Then she cut a thin slice out of every one. She did this to prove to the world that all Betty Crocker cakes are so moist and rich bodied, you can slice them this thin without crumbling. Atta girl, Marge.

CRÊPES WITH WHITE WINE SAUCE *entrée crêpe of uncommon elegance and simplicity.*

Filling:
 2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms or 1 (4-oz.) can sliced mushrooms, drained
 1 cup chopped green onions
 2 cups diced onion
 2 cups butter or margarine
 2 cups heavy cream
 12 crêpes

White Wine Sauce:
 3 Tbs. butter or margarine
 3 Tbs. flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1 (8-oz.) bottle clam juice
 1/2 cup dry white wine
 2 egg yolks
 1/2 cup heavy cream
 12 crêpes

Make lobster filling: Sauté 1 cup sliced mushrooms, 1/2 cup chopped green onions and 1/4 cup diced onion in 1/4 cup butter or margarine 5 minutes or until onion is soft. Add lobster meat; set aside.

Make white wine sauce: In saucepan, melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper until smooth and well blended. Cook 1 or 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in 1/2 cup clam juice, and 1/2 cup white wine. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens and comes to a boil. Boil 1 minute.

With a fork, beat 2 egg yolks with 1/2 cup heavy cream. Stir in about 1/2 cup sauce until well mixed. Then stir into remaining sauce in saucepan, cooking, stirring constantly, 2 minutes longer. Remove from heat.

Mix 1 cup hot sauce into reserved lobster mixture. Set remaining aside. Preheat oven to 400°. Spoon about 2 tablespoons lobster filling in a band over center third of each crêpe. Fold one side over filling; then fold other side over top. Place, folded side up, in single layer in lightly buttered shallow 2-quart oven-proof serving dish. Pour remaining sauce. Bake at 400° for 15 minutes, or until sauce is bubbling around edge. Serves 6.

Note: For cooked lobster meat you may use cooked frozen lobster tails, or canned or canned lobster.

CRÊPES AU JAMBON

Filling:
 2 cups sliced mushrooms
 1 can (8-oz.) mushrooms, drained
 1 cup chopped green onions
 2 cups butter or margarine
 2 cups heavy cream
 12 crêpes

Madeira Sauce:
 2 cloves garlic, crushed
 3 Tbs. butter or margarine
 2 Tbs. flour
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 2 (10 3/4-oz.) cans condensed beef broth
 1/4 cup Madeira or sherry
 1/4 cup chopped parsley

Make ham filling: Sauté 2 cups sliced mushrooms and 1/4 cup chopped onion in 1/4 cup butter or margarine 5 minutes or until mushrooms are tender. Add 2 cups diced cooked ham, 2 tablespoons Madeira or sherry and 1/2 cup onion dried thyme leaves. Cook, stirring constantly, 2 or 3 minutes or until liquid is evaporated. Remove from pan; set aside.

Make Madeira sauce: In same pan, sauté 2 cloves garlic, crushed, in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour and 1/2 teaspoon pepper until smooth and well blended. Cook 1 or 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in 2 (10 3/4-oz.) cans condensed beef broth, undiluted, and 1/4 cup Madeira. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens and comes to a boil. Stir in 1/4 cup chopped parsley.

Cook 1 minute. Mix 1 cup hot sauce into reserved ham mixture. Set remaining sauce aside.

Preheat oven to 400°. Spoon about 2 1/2 tablespoons ham filling in a band over center third of each crêpe. Fold one side over filling; then fold other side over top. Place, folded side up, in single layer in lightly buttered shallow 2-quart oven-proof serving dish. Top with remaining sauce.

Bake at 400° for 15 minutes or until sauce is bubbling around edge. Serves 6.

CRÊPES RATATOUILLE

This vegetable mélange has always been a great favorite of ours. The crêpes make a pleasant variation.

Ratatouille:
 1 (1-lb.) eggplant
 3 1/2 tsp. salt
 2 green peppers
 2 tomatoes
 2 medium zucchini
 2 Tbs. olive oil or salad oil
 2 Tbs. butter or margarine
 2 onions, sliced

2 cloves garlic, crushed
 1 tsp. pepper
 1 Tbs. dried basil leaves
 1 tsp. dried rosemary leaves
 1 tsp. dried marjoram leaves
 12 crêpes
 2 Tbs. butter or margarine

Make ratatouille: Cut 1 (1-lb.) unpeeled eggplant into 1/2-inch slices. Sprinkle with 1 1/2 teaspoons of the salt. Place on paper towel-lined tray or jelly roll pan. Cover slices with more paper towels and several weights (16-oz. cans of vegetables make good weights). Let press for about 1/2 hour.

Halve 2 green peppers; remove and discard seeds and pulp. Slice lengthwise into 1/4-inch strips. Halve 2 tomatoes; discard seeds and dice remaining pulp. Slice 2 medium zucchini in 1/4-inch slices. Cut the salted, pressed eggplant into 1/2-inch dice.

In large skillet, heat 2 tablespoons each olive oil and butter or margarine. Sauté 2 onions, sliced, and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 5 minutes or until tender and lightly golden. Add green pepper strips and sauté 1 or 2 minutes. Add chopped tomato, zucchini and eggplant and mix with sauté. Sprinkle remaining salt and 1 teaspoon pepper over ingredients in skillet.

Crumble 1 tablespoon dried basil leaves, 1 teaspoon each dried rosemary leaves, and dried marjoram leaves over all. Toss all ingredients until well mixed. Cook, uncovered, over low heat, stirring occasionally, 20 minutes or until vegetables are tender and heated through.

Preheat oven to 400°. Spoon about 2 tablespoons ratatouille filling in a band over center third of each crêpe. Fold one side of crêpe over filling and then fold other side over top. Place crêpes with folded side up in single layer in lightly buttered shallow 2-quart baking dish.

Brush tops of crêpes with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine then spoon over the remaining ratatouille filling.

Place baking dish in oven and bake crêpes at 400° for 15 minutes or until heated through. Serves 6.

HOLIDAY CUISINE

continued from page 80

Here is a modified version of the menu for a Holiday Open House as given in the book. The desserts—the "stars" of the menu—are pictured.

CRABMEAT QUICHE

BABY BURGERS ON MINI-BISCUITS
GUACAMOLE WITH WINTER VEGETABLES
CASSOULET

VERMONT BEEF BRISKET

ARTICHOKE, SHRIMP AND RICE SALAD
MAPLE RIZ ROYALE ☐ **ICY LEMONS**
HOT MULLED CIDER ☐ **CRANBERRY NOG**

CRABMEAT QUICHE

2 (7 1/2-oz.) cans crabmeat (2 cups)
 2 cups coarsely grated Swiss cheese (1/2 lb.)
 1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix

6 eggs
 3 cups light cream
 1/2 cup dry sherry
 1 Tbs. salt
 1 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 tsp. pepper

Drain crabmeat from 2 (7 1/2-oz.) cans, discarding any cartilage. Flake crabmeat and toss lightly with 2 cups coarsely grated Swiss cheese. Set aside.

Prepare 1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix and roll out on a lightly-floured surface to an 18x12-inch rectangle. Fit into a 15 1/2x10 1/2x1-inch jelly roll pan. Spoon combined crabmeat and cheese into crust. Combine 6 eggs, 3 cups light cream, 1/2 cup dry sherry, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg and 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Beat well. Pour over

crabmeat in pie crust and bake 15 minutes at 425°. Reduce heat to 325° and bake 20 to 30 minutes more or until knife inserted in center of custard comes out clean. Serve warm, cut in 1x2-inch rectangles. Makes 150 pieces.

Note: This may be prepared in advance in two steps. First, the crabmeat and cheese may be spooned into the pie crust, then well-covered and refrigerated. Second, the custard mixture may be prepared, covered and refrigerated. Remove both from refrigerator about 30 minutes before baking. Beat custard mixture well, pour over crabmeat and bake as above. If any quiche is left over, reheat, covered with foil, 10 to 15 minutes at 325°. You may use 2 cups cooked, fresh crabmeat or 2 cups frozen crabmeat, defrosted, instead of the canned.

CASSOULET

2 cups dried white beans
 2 qts. water
 6 slices bacon
 2 cups chopped onion
 2 garlic cloves, crushed
 3 bay leaves
 1 Tbs. salt
 1 tsp. thyme
 1 tsp. pepper

4 garlic cloves, crushed
 3 lbs. lamb, cut in 1 1/2-inch cubes
 2 cups dry white wine
 1 (10 1/2-oz.) can condensed beef bouillon
 1 (6-oz.) can tomato paste
 1 (6-oz.) can water
 3/4 cup chopped parsley
 2 tsp. thyme
 1 tsp. rosemary

In a large saucepan, (continued)

One-Dish Wonder #9: Pantry raid that pays off in 20 minutes.



Start with handy-dandy Mac 'n Cheese, add a little something and you've got instant super supper.



Speedy Meaty Macaroni

1 cup cubed cooked ham or luncheon meat
 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
 1 can (15 ounces) Franco-American® Macaroni & Cheese
 1/2 cup cooked asparagus cuts

In saucepan, brown meat in butter. Add remaining ingredients. Heat; stir now and then. 2 to 3 servings. Double the recipe to serve 4 to 6.

Another top-of-stove Casserole from



BRACH'S

is Maraschino Cherries

Plump, juicy, bright red maraschino cherries cordialled in crema inside a thick shell of Brach's real chocolate. Each taste complements the other.



Brach's is the good word on candy!

E. J. Brach & Sons

until syrupy. Next, whip 1 cup of the heavy cream until stiff, or prepare 1 of the (2½-oz.) pkgs. whipped topping mix according to directions.

Add 1 cup mixed candied fruit, ½ cup each chopped pistachios and maple blended syrup and 3 cups cooked rice to syrupy custard mixture. Mix well, then fold in whipped cream or whipped topping mix. Pour into a lightly-oiled 6-cup mold and chill until thoroughly set—at least 3 hours.

To serve: Dip mold into hot water no more than 20 seconds and invert custard onto chilled serving platter. Return to refrigerator. Whip remaining 1 cup heavy cream, or prepare remaining 1 (2½-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix. Place 3 puffs whipped cream on top of mold and pipe remaining whipped cream in rosettes around base. Tuck a pecan half between each rosette. Serves 10 to 12.

ICY LEMONS (pictured)

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 6 large lemons | ½ tsp. vanilla extract |
| 1 qt. lemon sherbet | Chocolate curls |
| ½ cup heavy cream | |
| 2 Tb. confectioners' sugar | |

Wash 6 large lemons and dry well. With a very sharp knife, cut off ⅓ of each lemon lengthwise. Scoop out pulp and discard. Scoop some of 1 qt. lemon sherbet into each lemon shell. Place in freezer.

Just before serving, whip ½ cup heavy cream with 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Press through pastry tube (or metal pastry syringe) to form a rosette on each lemon. Decorate with curls made by gently pulling a vegetable scraper across side of 1-oz. squares semi-sweet chocolate. Serves 6.

If this month's cookbook, *Handbook of Holiday Cuisine*, is not available in your local bookstore, you can order it from the JOURNAL. Send \$4.95, plus 25¢ for postage to:

Ladies' Home Journal
Department CBM
641 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Note: Whipped topping mix, prepared according to directions, may be used instead of the heavy cream, omitting sugar and vanilla extract called above. You may also substitute orange and 1 quart orange sherbet in the recipe.

HOT MULLED CIDER

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| 6 cups apple cider | 1 tsp. nutmeg |
| ½ cup light brown sugar | ½ tsp. ginger |
| 1 (2-inch) piece stick cinnamon | 12 whole cloves |
| | 2 oranges, sliced |
| | 2 lemons, sliced |

In a large saucepan, combine 6 cups apple cider, ½ cup light brown sugar, 1 (2-inch) piece stick cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg and ½ teaspoon ginger. Push 12 whole cloves into rinds of oranges, sliced, and 2 lemons, sliced, using 2 cloves per slice. Bring mixture to a boil, stirring only to dissolve sugar. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 5 minutes. Makes 6 cups.

Note: If apple cider is not available, apple juice may be substituted.

CRANBERRY NOG

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 2 cups (1 pt.) cranberry juice, well chilled | 2 cups light cream, well chilled |
| | 1 cup honey |

Combine 2 cups each cranberry juice and light cream, both well chilled, with 1 cup honey, beating well. Chill and serve over ice. Makes 5 cups.

CUISINE continued

combine 2 cups dried white beans and 2 qts. water. Boil 5 minutes; remove from heat and let stand 1 hour. Add 6 slices bacon cut in 1½-inch pieces, 2 cups chopped onion, 2 garlic cloves, crushed, 3 bay leaves, 1 tablespoon salt and 1 teaspoon each thyme and pepper. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer 1½ hours, stirring once or twice, until beans are tender. Drain and discard liquid.

Meanwhile, in a large, heavy pot or Dutch oven, heat ¼ cup olive oil (or cooking oil) and sauté 2 cups chopped onion and 4 garlic cloves, crushed, until onion is transparent. Push onion and garlic to one side of pot and add 3 lbs. lamb, cut in 1½-inch cubes, and brown on all sides. Add 2 cups dry white wine, 1 (10½-oz.) can condensed beef bouillon, 1 (6-oz.) can each tomato paste and water, ½ cup chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons thyme and 1 teaspoon rosemary. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer 1 hour.

Drain, reserving broth. In the bottom of a large, heat-proof casserole or Dutch oven, place ⅓ of the drained beans. Top beans with half the drained meat. Repeat layers, ending with beans on top. Pour reserved lamb broth over all. Bring once again to a boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer 1 hour more. To serve, sprinkle with remaining ½ cup chopped parsley. Serves 6 to 8.

VERMONT BEEF BRISKET

Happy on any buffet, for any time, since it's delicious both hot and cold. Easy to slice, too.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 (4-lb.) piece beef brisket | 1 Tb. salt |
| 1 Tb. instant meat tenderizer | 1 tsp. pepper |
| 2 cups water | 2 cups soft bread crumbs |
| 2 cups coarsely chopped onion | ¼ cup prepared mustard |
| 1 cup chopped celery leaves | ¼ cup maple blended syrup |
| 1 bay leaf | ¼ tsp. ground cloves |

Moisten 1 (4-lb.) piece beef brisket on both sides with water and sprinkle each side with half the 1 tablespoon instant meat tenderizer. Pierce meat all over with sharp-tined fork. Place meat in a heavy skillet or Dutch oven and add 2 cups each water and coarsely chopped onion, 1 cup chopped celery leaves, 1 bay leaf, 1 tablespoon salt and 1 teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer 2 hours until meat is tender. Combine 2 cups soft bread crumbs, ¼ cup each prepared mustard and maple blended syrup, and ¼ teaspoon ground cloves.

Remove meat from Dutch oven and drain well. Spread top with crumb mixture and broil 6 inches from heat 5 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Serves 6 to 8.

MAPLE RIZ ROYALE (pictured)

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1 env. unflavored gelatine | 1 cup mixed candied fruit |
| 2 Tb. cold water | ½ cup chopped pistachios |
| 1 (3-oz.) pkg. egg custard mix | ½ cup maple blended syrup |
| 2 cups heavy cream | 3 cups cooked rice |
| or 2 (2½-oz.) pkgs. whipped topping mix | Pecans |

Soften 1 env. unflavored gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water and set aside. Prepare 1 (3-oz.) pkg. egg custard mix according to directions and remove from heat. Stir in softened gelatin to dissolve. Press plastic wrap or waxed paper on surface of custard and chill

BRACH'S

is Bingmont Cherries, too

Deep-red cherries with tangy bing-type flavor. Cordialled in creamy fondant, centered in thick real chocolate. Simply delicious.



Brach's is the good word on candy

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Frozen Prepared Foods

Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-Day Menus

December is the month of the most gala—as well as some of the hastiest—meals of the year! Here are 31 recipes and menus from all over, combining tradition with the newest in convenience ideas.

1. Portugal's Independence Day often features Christmas Bread. Use coffee cake recipe on a package of biscuit mix. Add extra egg, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 cup dark raisins, 2 tablespoons caraway seeds. Half fill loaf pan. Bake 35 minutes at 400°.

Green Soup (potato soup plus spinach)
Scalloped Tomatoes with Shrimp
Sautéed Mushrooms □ Green Beans
Portuguese Sweet Christmas Bread

2. Wilmot, Ill., is celebrating World Community Day with Haystack Hash. Mix 2 cups chopped cooked lean meat with 2 cups diced cooked potatoes, ½ cup sautéed chopped onion, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon each thyme and salt, pepper to taste. Bake covered in pie pan (400°) 25 minutes.

Haystack Hash
Asparagus (can or frozen) □ Carrots
Heated Apple Cake (frozen or bake shop)

3. A jar of borscht for a December supper: To a quart jar add ¼ cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sliced green onion, 2 envelopes gelatin heated till dissolved in ½ cup water. Mix, pour into 4 molds. Set in freezer 15 minutes or until jelled.

Assorted Cold Meats
Borscht Salad on Iceberg Lettuce
Mustard Mayonnaise
Cheese Blintzes □ Blueberry Jam
Nuts □ Apples □ Pears

4. At long last, America gets Danish Elephant Malt Liquor by Carlsberg. Serve to complete a traditional Danish festive menu.

Smoked Salmon □ Danish Pumpernickel
Pork Chops with Prunes
Red Cabbage □ Braised Celery
Almond Rice Pudding
Danish Malt Liquor

5. For Sinterklas Day in the Netherlands, new Franco-American Brown Gravy with Onions makes the traditional spiced beef. Heat one can with 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon cloves, 3 peppercorns. Serve with 4 individual broiled steaks.

Herring Tidbits □ Spiced Beefsteak
Jacket Potatoes □ Endive Salad
Lemon Pudding (mix) □ Ladyfingers

6. Sounds simple, tastes magnifique . . . Albert Stockli's Swiss Pear and Potato Salad from his new book, *Splendid Fare*. Combine 4 cups each peeled and sliced ripe, firm pears and sliced cooked potatoes. Toss with ½ cup hot chicken broth, 2 tablespoons peanut oil, 1 tablespoon each prepared mustard and wine vinegar, and ¾ teaspoon each salt and pepper. Sprinkle with Parmesan. Serve warm.

Veal Cutlets □ Artichoke Hearts (frozen)
Pan-fried Onions □ Bacon Gravy
Swiss Pear and Potato Salad
Chocolate Mousse (frozen)

7. Just in time for Delaware Day, new Quaker Instant White Hominy Grits.

Ham Steaks □ Instant Hominy Grits
Mustard Greens □ Sliced Beet Salad
Peaches in Crumb Crust
Vanilla Pudding Topping (mix)

8. America's Christmas Heritage by Ruth Cole Kainen brings from New Mexico Capirotada, which sounds strange, tastes divine. Caramelize 1 cup sugar. Add one cup water, 2 teaspoons butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Let caramel dissolve. In a deep casserole, arrange 6 slices decrusted toasted bread in two layers. Sprinkle grated Muenster cheese and raisins between. Pour over syrup. Bake (350°) about 25 minutes.

Guacamole □ Vegetable Relishes
Enchiladas □ Chile con Carne (can)
Capirotada

9. Works like a dream; no skillet to clean. Wrap cheese sandwiches in regular aluminum foil. Press with hot iron 1 minute each side!

Scotch Broth □ Cheese Sandwiches
Cucumber Salad □ Relishes
Pineapple Ambrosia

10. New filling for green peppers. Parboil; stuff with cooked spaghetti mixed with S & W's Spaghetti Sauce with Meat or Marinara.

Stuffed Green Peppers □ Meatballs
Three-Bean Salad □ Italian Dressing
Pecan Ice Cream □ Honey Cake

11. Ecstatic! Betty Crocker's Fudge Brownie Mix Supreme baked double thick, cut in strips and sprinkled with Cheri Suisse (new Swiss Chocolate Cherry Liqueur).

Broiled Lamb Chops with Mint Sauce
Baby Peas (can) □ Creamed Potatoes
Green Salad with Tomato
Cheri Suisse Brownies

12. Discovered at the Festival of the Black Virgin of Guadalupe, this soup: 2 (8-oz.) cans tomato-onion sauce, 2 (10-oz.) cans condensed beef bouillon and water, 1 pkg. frozen chopped spinach, ¼ lb. elbow macaroni, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cook 15 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar, 12 sliced pimiento-stuffed olives. Heat. Serves 6.

Guadalupe Soup
Chicken Fricassee (can) with
Chili Seasoning
Yellow Rice □ Tomato-Avocado Salad
Flan (caramel custard mix)

13. Lovely Swedish girls with lighted crowns greet dawn singing "Sankta Lucia," proffering trays of saffron-flavored buns. For Lucia breakfast . . . Compote of Dried Fruits □ Saffron Buns
Scrambled Eggs □ Frizzled Ham
Hot Black Coffee

14. Scandinavian-Americans in West Lafayette, Ind. honor their sweetheart, Jennie Lind, with a Kiss Pyramid made of tiny meringues set in canned frosting.

Turkey Pies □ Crockets of Pork and Beans
Relish Trays □ Cole Slaw
Mince and Pumpkin Pies (frozen)
Jennie Lind Kiss Pyramid

15. Cook takes a breather. Serve Jenö's new Deluxe Frozen Pizza with Sausages and a huge salad tossed with Good Seasons Thick and Creamy Thousand Island dressing (new, too).

Minestrone (can) □ Sausage Pizza
Salad of Mixed Vegetables
Thousand Island Dressing (pkg.)
Tangerine Sections

16. Wilderness Pecan Pie Filling, back on the market. Not only for pies and tarts! Add a little rum; use as a filling and topping for spice cake.

Sardine Salad □ Ragout of Beef (frozen)
Tiny Dumplings □ Broccoli (frozen)
Pecan Spice Cake

17. Soup for a party? This one, yes! Use 1½ cans water, ½ can white wine to dilute 2 cans condensed split pea with ham soup.

Party Soup □ Crusty Rolls
Stuffed Game Hens □ Broiled Tomatoes
Romaine Lettuce Salad
Sliced Bananas and Oranges Flambé

18. From Bulgaria comes Gwen's Stuffed Pimientos. Drain two cans (10) whole pimientos. Highly season 1½ cups dry cottage or farmer's cheese. Stuff pimientos; brush with melted garlic butter. Broil 6 minutes.

Bulgarian Stuffed Pimientos
Braised Lamb Shanks □ Carrots □ Beans
Spiced Plums □ Shortbread

19. At the Williamsburg Yule Fest, we found this 1801 pilaf recipe. Melt ¼ cup butter, add ¼ cup each unsalted pine and pistachio nuts. Sauté 4 minutes; add ½ teaspoon mace, 2 cups cold cooked rice. Heat well.

Oyster Stew
Sliced Turkey in Giblet Gravy (frozen)
Williamsburg Pilaf □ Brussels Sprouts
Fruit Cake □ Hard Sauce

20. Always welcome: something new for brunch—Sunshine's Orange Hawaiian Punch. Served on rocks in tall glasses. Garnish with cranberries.

Christmasy Brunch Punch
Baked Eggs □ Country Sausage Cakes
Watercress Bouquets □ Coffee

21. For Forefathers' Day in New England, deep-dish cranberry pie. Make apple pie but use half cranberries.

Savory Codfish Cakes □ Parsley Sauce
Beef Brisket □ Carrots □ Cabbage
Deep-Dish Cranberry Pie

22. Winter begins. Last mad shopping days! Resort to Sloppy Joe Hero sandwiches, using Kraft's new seasoning mix.

Hot Chicken Broth with Chopped Parsley
Sloppy Joe Hero Sandwiches
Fruited Gelatin □ Vanilla Ice Cream

23. First night of Chanukah Festival. A traditional delicacy is latkes—potato pancakes—your own, a mix, or frozen.

Schav (Sorrel Soup—jar)
Rotisserie Chicken □ Latkes
Sweet-and-Sour Red Cabbage
Strudel (frozen)

24. Americans may not be partial to the traditional carp of Austria's

Christmas Eve, but they'll love Sacher Torte—even if made quickly by cutting frozen chocolate cake into 3 layers, spreading apricot jam between.

Carp (or other fish) □ Lemon Garnish
Mushrooms and Onions in Sour Cream
Potato Salad □ Beet Salad
Quick Sacher Torte

25. Says Beatrice Vaughn in the *Old Cook's Almanac*, "At our house Christmas dinner would be incomplete without onion custard"—a savory egg custard, full of chopped onions.

Hot Tomato Juice □ Vegetable Relishes
Turkey □ Cornbread or Herb Stuffing
Onion Custard □ Green Beans
Mincemeat Pie □ Egg Nog Ice Cream

26. Today's the day for Boxing Cake—basically hot coffee cake brushed with light cream and sprinkled with brown sugar. Bake 5 minutes longer. Serve sliced and buttered.

Cream of Celery Soup with Tiny Pretzels
Sliced Ham Platter □ Succotash
Green Salad Vinaigrette
Burgundy Peaches □ Boxing Cake

27. For Sunday night supper, make oyster fritters. Drain 1 (8-oz.) can oysters; chop. Reserve liquid. Add to 1 cup buckwheat pancake mix made according to directions. Fry by tablespoonfuls. Makes 24.

Oyster Fritters
Cocktail Sauce (bottled)
Chef's Salad □ Pumpkin Tarts

28. Sweet thought . . . Christmas Week is reason enough for eating candies! For a snack have . . .

Assorted Sandwiches
Christmas Week Candies
Coffee/Tea/Milk

29. For Old Hickory's (Andrew Jackson's) Birthday, a modern Old Hickory Nut Soup. Add ½ cup cracked hickory or hazel nuts to cream of chicken soup. Dilute and heat as always.

Hickory Nut Soup
Buckwheat Pancakes □ Canadian Bacon
Celery and Carrot Sticks
Frozen Raspberries in Sherry (optional)

30. On Rizal Day, Filipinos display lanterns of bamboo and paper, often star-shaped—also serve star-shaped cookies. Classic menu:

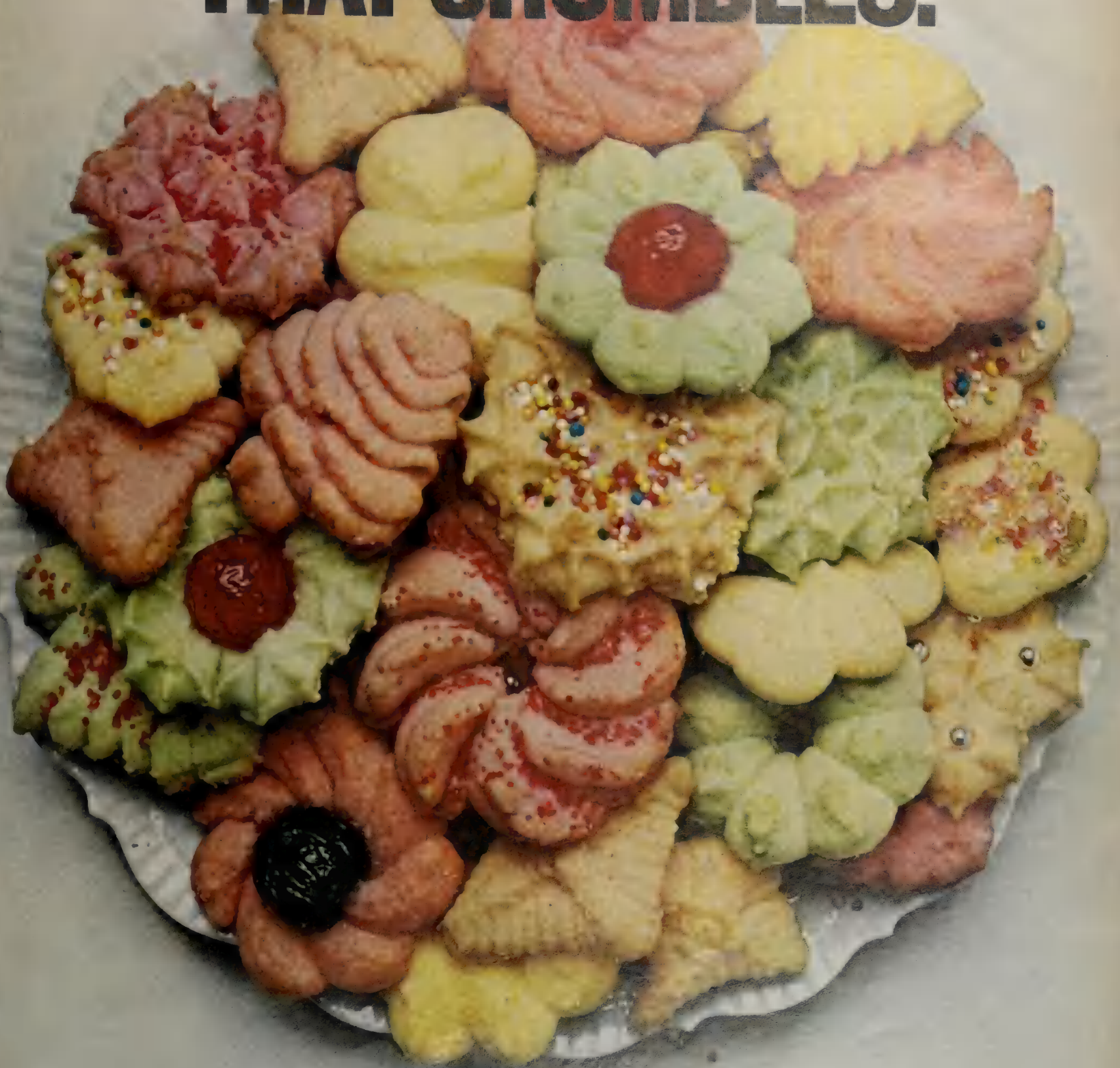
Boned, Stuffed Chicken Legs on Rice
Broiled Fruit Salad
Coconut Pudding (mix)
Star Cookies (mix)

31. Where do you find that lucky suckling piglet for New Year's Eve? Don't try—make a mock. Sculpt a head from bread, toast until gilded in oven, skewer to ready-baked ham. Like the Balinese, make a tail of tiny orchids, real or fake, and a necklace of preserved kumquats and green grapes.

Mock Balinese Piglet
Black-eyed Peas (frozen) and Rice
Collard Greens (frozen)
Lemon Sherbet in Lemon Cups
Holiday Fruit Cake

HOW TO MAKE JELL-O® THAT CRUMBLES.

BRAND GELATIN



Jell-O Brand Gelatin cookies. They crumble in your mouth, not in your hands. They're fruity cookies. They're Jell-O on the inside. They're Jell-O on the outside. They come in every holiday color. They

come in 15 fruity flavors. They're easy to make. The recipe is on the right. The Jell-O is in the cupboard. To help remind you to make fruity cookies tomorrow, put a Jell-O out tonight.

Fruity Cookie Recipe

4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. double-acting baking powder
1-1/2 cups butter
1 cup sugar
1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O Gelatin,
any flavor
1 egg
1 tsp. vanilla

Additional Jell-O Gelatin

Sift flour with baking powder.
Cream butter. Gradually add sugar

and gelatin, cream well after each addition. Add egg and vanilla; beat well. Gradually add flour mixture, mixing after each addition until smooth. Force dough through cookie press onto ungreased baking sheets. Sprinkle with gelatin. Decorate as desired. Bake at 400° about 13 or 14 minutes, or until golden brown at edges. Store in loosely covered container. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.



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DON'T LOOK NOW

continued from page 71

was a soothing contrast to the fierce sun above their heads.

"I don't think this leads anywhere much," said Laura. "It's a bit muddy, too—one can't sit. Besides, there are more things the guidebook says we ought to see."

"Oh, forget the book," he said impatiently, and put his arms round her. "It's the wrong time of day for sight-seeing. Look, there's a rat swimming the other side." He picked up a stone and threw it in the water, and the animal sank, or somehow disappeared, and nothing was left but bubbles.

"Don't," said Laura. "It's cruel, poor thing," and then, "Do you think Christine is sitting here beside us?"

What was there to say? Would it be like this forever? "I expect so," he said slowly, "if you feel she is."

The point was that Christine, before the onset of the fatal meningitis, would have been running along the bank excitedly, throwing off her shoes, wanting to paddle in the water.

"The woman said she was looking so happy, sitting beside us, smiling," said Laura. She got up, brushing her dress, her mood changed to restlessness. "Come on, let's go back," she said.

He followed her with a sinking heart. He knew she did not really want to buy postcards or see what remained to be seen; she wanted to go in search of the women again. When they came to the open place by the stalls, the crowd of tourists had thinned; only a few stragglers were left, and the sisters were not among them. They must have joined

the main body, who had come to Torcello by the ferry service. A wave of relief seized him.

"Look, there's a mass of postcards at the second stall," he said quickly, "and some eye-catching head scarves. Let me buy you a head scarf."

"Darling, I've so many!" she protested. "Don't waste your lire."

"It isn't a waste. I'm in a buying mood. What about a basket? You know we never have enough baskets. Or some lace. How about lace?"

She allowed herself, laughing, to be dragged to the stall, where he rumpled through the goods spread out before them and chatted with the amiable woman who was selling her wares, his ferociously bad Italian making her smile. He wanted to give the body of tourists time to walk to the landing stage and catch the ferry service so that the twin sisters would be out of sight and out of their life.

The launch from the Cipriani that had brought them from Venice was waiting by the landing stage. The passengers who had arrived with them were already assembled. They stepped down into the launch, and the boat chugged away down the canal and into the lagoon.

He put his arm around her, holding her close, and this time she responded, smiling up at him.

"It's been a lovely day," she said. "I shall never forget it, never. You know, darling, now at last I can begin to enjoy our holiday."

He wanted to shout with relief. It's going to be all right, he decided; let her believe what she likes, it doesn't mat-

ter, it makes her happy. The beauty of Venice rose before them, sharply outlined against the glowing sky, and he began to discuss the evening to come, where they would dine—not the restaurant they usually went to, but somewhere different, somewhere new.

"Yes, but it must be cheap," she said, falling in with his mood, "because we've already spent so much today."

Their hotel by the Grand Canal had a welcoming, comforting air. The clerk smiled as he handed over their key. The bedroom was familiar, like home, with Laura's things arranged neatly on the dressing table, but it also had the little festive atmosphere that only a holiday bedroom brings. This is ours for the moment, but no more. While we are in it, we bring it life. When we have gone it no longer exists, it fades into anonymity. He turned on both taps in the bathroom, the water gushing into the bath, the steam rising. *Now*, he thought afterward, *now at last is the moment to make love*, and he went back into the bedroom, and she understood, and opened her arms and smiled. Such blessed relief after all those weeks of restraint!

"The thing is," she said later, fixing her earrings before the looking glass. "I'm not really terribly hungry. Shall we just be dull and eat in the dining room here?"

"God, no!" he exclaimed. "With all those rather dreary couples at the other tables? I'm ravenous. And I want to get rather sloshed."

"Not bright lights and music, surely?" she asked.

"No, no . . . some small, dark, intimate cave, rather sinister, full of

lovers with other people's wives. "H'm," sniffed Laura. "we all know what *that* means. You'll spot some Italian lovely of sixteen and smirk at her through dinner, while I'm so high and dry with a beastly moon broad back."

They went out laughing into warm, soft night, and the magic about them everywhere. "Let's walk," he said, "let's walk and work up our appetite for our gigantic meal," inevitably they found themselves the Molo and the lapping gondolas dancing upon the water, the lights everywhere blending with the darkness. There were other couples strolling the same sake of aimless enjoyment and the inevitable sailors in gesticulating, and dark-eyed girls whispering, clicking on high heels.

"The trouble is," said Laura, "walking in Venice becomes compulsive, you start. Just over the next bridge you say, and then the next one beckons. Let's turn back. I know there's a restaurant somewhere near the church San Zaccaria. There's a little alley leading to it."

"Tell you what," said John. "I'll go down here by the Arsenal, and that bridge at the end and head we'll come upon San Zaccaria from the other side. We did it the other night, remember?"

"Yes, but it was daylight then, may lose our way, it's not very well lit."

"Don't fuss. I have an instinct for these things."

They turned down the Fondamenta dell'Arsenale and crossed the bridge short of the Arsenal itself.

Package deal to



You don't need tickets. Never mind packing. Just get yourself a package of Lipton Onion Soup Mix. Suddenly, an everyday dinner turns into a South-of-the-Border spectacular. And it's no trouble at all.

Lipton knows how to mix just the right amount of fresh-tasting onion with just the right blend of seasonings.

The result: Lipton Onion Soup Mix. Find out what it can do to tacoburgers and guacamole and quesadillas. In Acapulco, they have a word for it. ¡Pácatelas!*

*Wow

TACOBURGERS

1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
2 pounds ground beef
½ cup chopped green pepper

1 firm tomato, chopped
1 teaspoon chili powder
16 tortillas or frankfurter
Shredded lettuce

In large bowl, combine Lipton Onion Soup Mix with meat, green pepper, tomato, and chili powder; shape into 16 oval burgers. Grill or broil until done.

Wrap in tortillas which have been pan fried to soften, or frankfurter rolls. Top with lettuce. Makes 16 tacoburgers.



ACAPULCO QUESADILLAS

12 small round sandwich bread
½ cup Lipton Onion Butter*
1½ cups shredded ham
6 slices shredded turkey or chicken
1 green pepper rings
¼ cup shredded cheddar cheese
½ cup shredded tomato
2 cherry tomatoes

Pan fry tortillas to soften or toast sandwich bread; spread Lipton Onion Butter* on one side of each tortilla.

Place a slice of ham, turkey, and a green pepper ring on each of 6 tortillas; top with another tortilla, spread side down. Sprinkle with cheese and broil until cheese is melted; then top with lettuce and a tomato. Makes 6 quesadillas.

7 Lipton Onion Butter:

Thoroughly blend 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix with ½ pound margarine. Makes 7 cups.



past the church of San Martino. There were two canals ahead, one arcing right, the other left, with narrow streets beside them. John hesitated. Which one was it they had walked side the day before?

"You see," protested Laura, "we all be lost, just as I said."

"Nonsense," replied John firmly. "It's the lefthand one, I remember the le bridge."

The canal was narrow, the houses either side seemed to close in upon and in the daytime, with the sun's reflection on the water and the windows of the houses open, bedding upon balconies, a canary singing in a cage, there had been an impression of warmth, of secluded shelter. Now, illuminated in darkness, the windows of the houses shuttered, the water dank, the scene appeared altogether different, neglected, poor, and the long, narrow streets moored to the slippery steps of arched entrances looked like coffins.

"I swear I don't remember this place," said Laura, pausing, and holding onto the rail. "and I don't like the look of that alleyway beyond."

"There's a lamp halfway up," John told her. "I know exactly where we are, not far from the Greek quarter."

They crossed the bridge, and were about to plunge into the alleyway, when they heard the cry. It came, surely from one of the houses on the opposite side, but which one it was impossible to say. With the shutters closed, none of them seemed dead.

What was it? whispered Laura.

"Some drunk or other," said John briefly. "Come on."

Less like a drunk than someone be-

ing strangled and the choking cry suppressed as the grip held firm.

"We ought to call the police," said Laura.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," said John. Where did she think she was—Piccadilly?

Well, I'm off, it's sinister," she replied, and began to hurry away up the twisting alleyway. John hesitated, his eye caught by a small figure that suddenly crept from a cellar entrance below one of the opposite houses, and then jumped into a narrow boat below. It was a child, a little girl—she couldn't have been more than five or six—wearing a short coat over her minute skirt, a pixie hood covering her head. There were four boats moored, line upon line, and she proceeded to jump from one to the other with surprising agility, intent, it would seem, upon escape. Once her foot slipped and he caught his breath, then she recovered, and hopped on to the furthest boat. Bending, she tugged at the rope, which had the effect of swinging the boat's stern across the canal, almost touching the opposite side and another cellar entrance. The child jumped onto the cellar steps, and vanished into the house, the boat swinging back into midcanal behind her. The whole episode could not have taken more than four minutes. Then he heard the quick patter of feet. Laura had returned. She had seen none of it, for which he felt unspeakably thankful. The sight of a child, a little girl, in what must have been near danger, her fear that the scene he had just witnessed was in some way a sequel to the alarming cry, might have had

a disastrous effect on her nerves.

"What are you doing?" she called. "I daren't go on without you. The alley branches in two directions."

"Sorry," he told her. "I'm coming."

He took her arm and they walked briskly along the alley, John with an apparent confidence he did not possess.

"There were no more cries, were there?" she asked.

"No," he said. "No, nothing."

The alley led to a deserted campo behind a church, not a church he knew, and he led the way across, along another street and over a further bridge.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I think we take this righthand turning. It will lead us into the Greek quarter: the church of San Georgio is somewhere over there."

The place was like a maze. They might circle round and round forever, and then find themselves back again, near the bridge where they had heard the cry. Doggedly he led her on, and then surprisingly, with relief, he saw people walking in the lighted street ahead, there was a spire of a church, the surroundings became familiar.

"There, I told you," he said. "That's San Zaccaria, we've found it all right. Your restaurant can't be far away."

And anyway, there would be other restaurants, somewhere to eat. At least here was the cheering glitter of lights, of movement, the atmosphere of tourism. The letters "Restaurant," in blue lights, shone like a beacon.

"Is this your place?" he asked.

"God knows," she said. "Who cares? Let's feed there anyway."

And so into the sudden blast of heated air and hum of voices, the smell of

pasta, wine, waiters, jostling customers, laughter. "For two? This way, please." Why, he thought, was one's British nationality always so obvious? A cramped little table and an enormous menu scribbled in an indecipherable mauve ballpoint, with the waiter expecting the order forthwith.

"Two very large Camparis, with soda," John said. "Then we'll study the menu."

He was not going to be rushed. He handed the bill of fare to Laura and looked about him. Mostly Italians—that meant the food would be good. Then he saw them. At the opposite side of the room the twin sisters. They were just sitting down, shedding their coats. John was seized with the irrational thought that this was no coincidence. The sisters had noticed them both, in the street outside, and had followed them in. Why, in the name of hell, should they have picked on this particular spot, in the whole of Venice, unless . . . unless Laura herself, at Torcello, had suggested a further encounter, or the sister had suggested it to her? A small restaurant near the church of San Zaccaria, we go there sometimes for dinner. It was Laura, before the walk, who had mentioned San Zaccaria . . .

She was still intent upon the menu, she had not seen the sisters, but any moment now she would raise her head and look across the room. If only the drinks would come! If only the waiter would bring the drinks, it would give Laura something to do.

"You know, I was thinking," he said quickly, "we really ought (*continued*)

Acapulco



1 envelope Lipton California Dip
1 medium avocado, mashed
1 medium tomato, peeled, seeded and chopped
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon garlic powder

In medium bowl, blend Lipton California Dip* with avocado, tomato, green pepper, lemon juice, and garlic powder; chill. Makes about 2 1/2 cups.

*Lipton California Dip: Blend 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix with 1 pint dairy sour cream.

to go to the garage tomorrow and get the car, and do that drive to Padua. We could lunch in Padua, see the cathedral and touch St. Anthony's tomb and look at the Giotto frescoes, and return by way of those various villas along the Brenta that the guidebook cracks up."

It was no use, though. She was looking up, across the restaurant, and she gave a little gasp of surprise.

"Look," she said, "how extraordinary!"

"What?" he said sharply.

"Why, there they are. My wonderful old twins. They've seen us, what's more. They're staring this way." She waved her hand, radiant, delighted. The sister she had spoken to at Torcello bowed and smiled.

False old bitch, he thought. *I know they followed us.*

"Oh, darling, I must go and speak to them," she said impulsively, "just to tell them how happy I've been all day, thanks to them."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," he said. "Look, here are the drinks. And we haven't ordered yet. Surely you can wait until we've eaten?"

"I won't be a moment," she said, "and anyway I want scampi, nothing first. I told you I wasn't hungry."

She got up and, brushing past the waiter with the drinks, crossed the room. She might have been greeting the loved friends of years. He watched her bend over the table, shake them both by the hand, draw up a chair and sit down, talking, smiling.

All right, thought John savagely, *then I will get sloshed,* and he proceeded to down his Campari and soda and ordered another, while he pointed out something quite unintelligible on the menu as his choice, but remembered scampi for Laura. "And a bottle of Soave," he added, "with ice."

The evening was ruined anyway. What was to have been a happy celebration would now be heavy-laden with spiritualistic visions, poor little dead Christine sharing the table with them. The bitter taste of his Campari suited his mood of sudden self-pity. All the while, he watched the group at the table in the opposite corner. Laura listening while the more active sister held forth and the blind one sat silent, her eyes turned in his direction.

She's phoney, he thought, *she's not blind at all. They're both of them frauds, and they could be males in drag after all, just as we pretended at Torcello, and they're after Laura.*

He began his second Campari and soda. The two drinks, taken on an empty stomach, had an instant effect. Vision became blurred. And still Laura went on sitting at the other table, and the active sister talked. The waiter appeared with Laura's scampi and John's

own order, something totally unrecognizable, heaped with a livid sauce.

"The signora does not come?" enquired the waiter, and John shook his head grimly, pointing across the room.

"Tell the signora," he said carefully, "her scampi will get cold."

He stared down at the offering placed before him, and prodded it delicately with a fork. The pallid sauce dissolved, revealing two enormous slices of what appeared to be boiled pork, bedecked

with garlic. He forked a portion to his mouth and chewed, and yes, it was pork, steamy, rich, the spicy sauce having turned it curiously sweet. He laid down his fork, pushing the plate away, and became aware of Laura, returning across the room and sitting beside him. She did not say anything, which was just as well, he thought, because he was too near nausea to answer. It wasn't just the drink, but reaction from the whole nightmare day. She

began to eat her scampi, still not talking. She did not seem to notice he was not eating. The waiter, hovering at his elbow, anxious, seemed aware that John's choice was somehow an error and discreetly removed the plate. "Bring me a green salad," murmured John, and even then Laura did not register surprise, or, as she might have done in more normal circumstances, accuse him of having had too much to drink. Finally, when she had finished

her scampi, she spoke.

"Darling," she said, "I know you won't believe it, and it's rather frightening in a way, but after they left the restaurant in Torcello the blind sister had another vision. She said Christine was trying to tell her that we should be in danger if we stayed in Venice. Christine wanted us to go away as soon as possible."

So that's it, he thought. *They think they can run on lives for us. This is to be our problem from henceforth. Do we eat? Do we get up? Do we go to bed? We must get in touch with the twins. They will direct us.*

"Well?" she said. "What don't you say something?"

"Because," he answered, "you are perfectly right, I don't believe it. Quite frankly, I judge your old sisters to be a couple of freaks. They're unbalanced, and I'm sorry if this hurts you, but the fact is they've found a sucker in you."

"You're being unfair," said Laura. "They are genuine. I just know it. They were completely sincere about what they said."

"All right, Gracie. They're sincere. But that doesn't make them well-balanced. Honestly, darling, you meet that old girl for five minutes in a ladies' room and she tells you she sees Christine sitting beside us... we anyone with a gift for telepathy could read your unconscious mind in an instant... and then, pleased with her success, she flings a further mood of ecstasy at us, wants to boot us out of Venice. Well, I'm sorry, but hell with it."

Anger had sobered him; it would not put Laura to shame he would go to the table and tell the old fool where they got off.

"I knew you would take it like this," said Laura unhappily. "I told them you would. They said not to worry. As long as we leave Venice tomorrow everything will come all right."

"Oh, for God's sake," said John, poured himself a glass of wine.

"After all," Laura went on, "we have really seen the cream of Venice. I don't mind going on somewhere else. And we stayed—I know it sounds silly, but I should keep thinking of darling Christine being unhappy and trying to get us to go."

"Right," said John with ominous calm, "that settles it. Go (*continued*)"



All we're doing here is reminding you of a universally known truth: turkey is juicier, moister, tenderer, plumper when cooked tightly covered with Alcoa® Wrap aluminum foil. (Uncover 15 to 20 minutes before done so it'll brown.)

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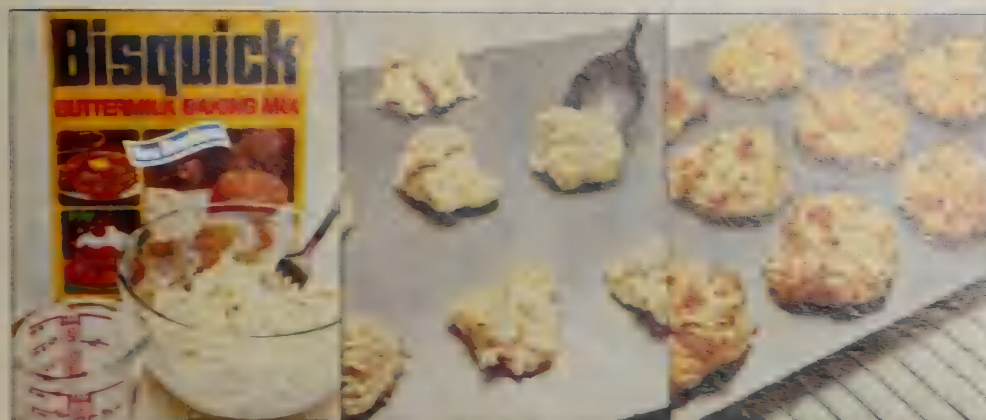
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Spoon

Bake

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*Do a holiday Rath Ham
all decked out in fruit cocktail*

DON'T LOOK NOW *continued*

we will. I suggest we tell the hotel we're leaving in the morning, first thing. Have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, dear," sighed Laura. "don't take it like that. Look, why not come over and meet them, and then they can explain about the vision to you? Perhaps you would take it seriously then. Especially as you are the one it most concerns. Christine is more worried over you than me. And the extraordinary thing is that the blind sister says you're psychic and don't know it. You are somehow in rapport with the unknown, and I'm not."

"Well, that's final," said John. "I'm psychic, am I? Fine. My psychic intuition tells me to get out of this restaurant now, at once, and we can decide what we do about leaving Venice when we are back at the hotel."

He signaled to the waiter for the bill and they waited for it, not speaking to each other, Laura unhappy, fiddling with her bag, while John, glancing furtively at the twins' table, noticed that they were tucking into plates piled high with spaghetti, in very unpsychic fashion. The bill disposed of. John pushed back his chair.

"Right. Are you ready?" he asked. "I'm going to say goodbye to them first," said Laura, her mouth set sulkily, reminding him instantly of their poor lost child.

"Just as you like," he replied, and walked ahead of her, out of the restaurant without a backward glance.

The soft humidity of the evening had turned to rain. The strolling tourists had melted away. One or two people hurried by under umbrellas. *This is what the inhabitants who live here see, he thought. This is the true life. Empty streets by night, and the dark stillness of a stagnant canal beneath shuttered houses. The rest is a bright lacade put on for show, glittering by sunlight.*

Laura joined him. They walked away together in silence and, emerging presently behind the ducal palace, came out into the Piazza San Marco. The rain was heavy now, and they sought shelter with the few remaining stragglers under the colonnades. The orchestras had packed up for the evening. The tables were bare. Chairs had been turned upside down.

Their heels made a ringing sound on the pavement and the rain splashed from the gutterings above. A fine ending to an evening that had started with brave hope, with innocence. When they came to their hotel, John turned to the desk to ask the night porter for their room key. The man handed him a telegram at the same time. John stared at it a moment. Laura was already in the elevator. He opened the envelope and read the message. It was from the headmaster of Johnnie's preparatory school.

JOHNNIE UNDER OBSERVATION SUSPECTED APPENDICITIS IN CITY HOSPITAL HERE. NO CAUSE FOR ALARM BUT SURGEON THOUGHT WISE ADVISE YOU.

CHARLES HILL

He walked slowly toward the elevator and gave Laura the telegram. "Not a fully good news," he said. He pressed the elevator button as she read the telegram. They got out at the second floor. "Well, this decides it, doesn't it?" she said. "Here is the proof. We have to leave Venice because we're going home. It's Johnnie who's in danger, not us. This is what Christine was trying to tell the twins."

The first thing John did the following morning was to put in a phone call to the headmaster at the preparatory school. Then he gave notice of his departure to the reception manager and they packed while they waited for the call to be completed. John knew the arrival of the telegram had nothing to do with the sisters' foreboding danger, but it was pointless to argue about it. Laura was convinced otherwise, but she knew it was best to keep her feelings to herself. During breakfast they discussed ways and means of getting home. It should be possible, get themselves, and the car, onto a train that ran from Milan through Calais, since it was early in the season. In any event, the headmaster had said there was no urgency.

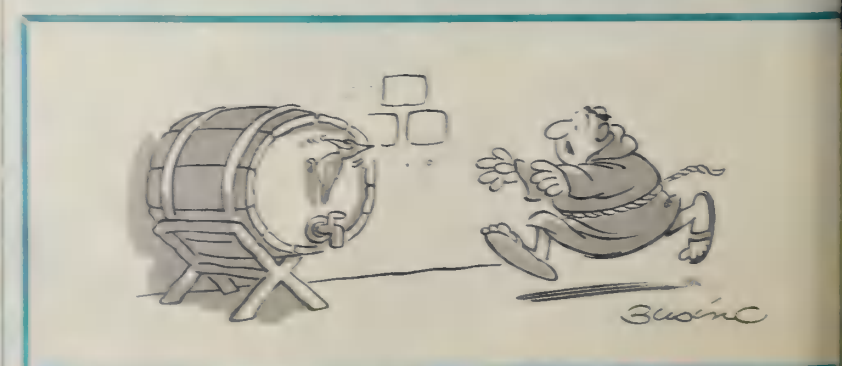
The call from England came while John was in the bathroom. Laura answered it. He came into the bedroom a few minutes later. She was still unpacking, but he could tell from the expression in her eyes that she was anxious. "It's Mrs. Hill," she said. "Mr. Hill is in class. She says that Johnnie is having a restless night at the hospital, and the surgeon may have to operate. They've taken X-rays and the appendix is in a tricky position. It's not awfully straightforward."

"Here, give it to me," he said. The slightly guarded voice of the headmaster's wife came down the receiver. "I'm so sorry this may spoil your plans," she said, "but both Charles and I felt you ought to be told, and you might feel rather easier if you were on the spot. Johnnie is very plucky, but of course he has some fever. It isn't unusual, the surgeon says, in these circumstances. He's going to decide about operating this evening."

"Yes, of course, we quite understand," said John.

"Please do tell your wife not to worry too much," she went on. "The hospital is excellent, a very nice staff. They have every confidence in the surgeon."

"Yes," said John, "yes," and then he broke off because Laura was making gestures beside him. (*continued*)





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Poppy
Cannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus



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The PEOPLE PLEASERS FROM NABISCO

DON'T LOOK NOW *continued*

"If we can't get the car on the train, I can fly," she said. "Then at least one of us would be there this evening."

He nodded agreement. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Hill," he said, "we'll manage to get back all right. Yes, I'm sure Johnnie is in good hands. Thank your husband for us. Goodbye."

He replaced the receiver and looked round him at the tumbled beds, suitcases on the floor, strewn tissue paper. Baskets, maps, books, coats, everything they had brought with them in the car. The telephone rang again. It was the hall porter to say he had succeeded in reserving a sleeper for them, and a place for the car, the following night.

"Look," said Laura, who had seized the telephone, "could you book one seat on the midday plane from Venice to London today, for me? It's imperative one of us gets home this evening. My husband could follow with the car tomorrow."

"Here, hang on," interrupted John. "Let's not panic. Surely twenty-four hours wouldn't make all that much difference?"

Anxiety had drained the color from her face. "It mightn't to you, but it does to me. I've lost one child, I'm not going to lose another."

"All right, darling, all right. . . ." Better for it to be as she wished. Of course, they could both go by air, and then when all was well, and Johnnie better, he could come back to get the car. Rather a sweat, though, and a hell of an expense. Bad enough Laura going by air and himself with the car on the train from Milan.

"We could, if you like, both fly," he began tentatively, explaining the sudden idea, but she would have none of it.

"That really *would* be absurd," she said impatiently. "As long as I'm there this evening, and you follow by train, it's all that matters. Besides, we shall need the car, going back and forth to the hospital. And our luggage. We couldn't just leave it here."

No, he saw her point. A silly idea. It was only, well, he was as worried about Johnnie as she was, though he wasn't going to say so.

"I'm going downstairs to stand over the porter," said Laura. "They always make more effort if one is actually on the spot. Everything I want tonight is packed. I shall only need my overnight case. You can bring everything else in the car." She hadn't been out of the bedroom five minutes before the telephone rang. It was Laura. "Darling," she said, "the porter has got me on a charter flight that leaves Venice in less than an hour. A special motor launch takes the party direct from San Marco, in about ten minutes. Some passenger had canceled. I shall be at Gatwick in less than four hours."

"I'll be down right away," he said.

He joined her by the reception desk. She no longer looked anxious and drawn, but full of purpose. She was on her way. He kept wishing they were going together. He couldn't bear to stay on in Venice after she had gone, and the thought of driving to Milan, spending a dreary night in a hotel there alone, the endless, dragging day that would follow, and the long hours in the train the next night, filled him with depression, quite apart from the anxiety

about Johnnie. They walked along to the San Marco landing stage, the Molo bright and glittering after the rain.

"I'll ring you tonight from Milan," he told her. "The Hills will give you a bed, I suppose. That must be your charter party."

The passengers descending from the landing stage down into the waiting launch were carrying hand luggage with Union Jack tags. They were mostly middle-aged, with what appeared to be two Methodist ministers in charge. One of them advanced toward Laura, holding out his hand. "You must be the lady joining us for the homeward flight," he said. "Welcome aboard, and to the Union of Fellowship. Sorry we hadn't a seat for hubby too."

Laura turned swiftly and kissed John, a tremor at the corner of her mouth betraying inward laughter. "Do you think they'll break into hymns?" she whispered. "Take care of yourself, hubby. Call me tonight."

The pilot sounded a little toot upon his horn, and in a moment Laura had climbed down the steps into the launch and was standing among the crowd of passengers, waving her hand, her scarlet coat a gay patch of color among the more sober suiting of her companions. The launch tooted again and moved away from the landing stage, and he stood there watching it, a sense of immense loss filling his heart. Then he turned and walked away, back to the hotel, the bright day all about him desolate, unseen.

There was nothing, he thought, as he looked about the hotel bedroom, so melancholy as a recently vacated room.

Laura's suitcases on the bed, a second coat she had left behind. Traces of powder on the dressing table. A tissue with a lipstick smear thrown in the wastepaper basket.

John decided to have an early lunch on the hotel terrace, and then have the porter carry the baggage to one of the ferries that steamed direct between San Marco and the Porta Roma, where the car was garaged. The fiasco meal of the night before had left him empty, and he was ready for the hors d'oeuvres when they came.

She's airborne now, John thought she's on her way, and he tried to picture Laura seated between the Methodist ministers, telling them, no doubt, about Johnnie ill in hospital, and heaven knows what else besides. Well the twin sisters anyway could rest in psychic peace. Their wishes would have been fulfilled.

Lunch over, he went to the reception desk, and, escorted by a porter who had piled his baggage onto a hand truck, he made his way once more to the landing stage of San Marco. As he stepped onto the steam ferry, his luggage heaped beside him, a crowd of jostling people all about him, he had one momentary pang to be leaving Venice. When, if ever, he wondered would they come again? Next year? In three years?

The water glittered in the sunshine

Why is it, no matter what I plan to wear for traveling, the day I leave the weather's never right for it?

—Poor Woman's Almanac

buildings shone, tourists in dark glasses
traded up and down the rapidly re-
ceding Molo. Already the terrace of
their hotel was out of sight as the ferry
turned its way up the Grand Canal.
Many impressions to seize and hold.
Familiar loved facades, balconies, win-
dows, water lapping the cellar steps of
decaying palaces, the little red house
where d'Annunzio had lived with its
garden—our house, Laura called it,
intending it was theirs.

Another ferry passed, heading down-
stream. It was filled with passengers,
and for a brief foolish moment he
wished he could change places, be-
longing to the happy tourists bound for
Venice and all he had left behind him.
Then he saw her, Laura, in her scarlet
coat, the twin sisters by her side, the
olive sister with her hand on Laura's
arm, talking earnestly, and Laura her-
self, her hair blowing in the wind, ges-
turing, on her face a look of distress.
He started, astounded, too astonished
to shout, to wave, and anyway they
could never have heard or seen him, for
his own ferry had already passed and
was heading in the opposite direction.
What the hell had happened? There
must have been a holdup with the
charter flight and it had never taken
off, but in that case why had Laura not
telephoned him at the hotel? And what
were those damned sisters doing? Had
he run into them at the airport? Was
it coincidence? And why did she look
so anxious? He could think of no ex-
planation. Perhaps the flight had been
canceled. Laura, of course, would go
straight to the hotel, expecting to find
him there, intending, doubtless, to drive
him after all to Milan and take

the train the following night. What a
blasted mix-up! The only thing to do
was to telephone the hotel as soon as
his ferry reached the Piazza di Roma
and tell her to wait, he would return
and fetch her. As for the damned inter-
fering sisters, they could go hang.

The usual stampede ensued when the
ferry arrived at the landing stage. He
had to find a porter to collect his bag-
gage, and then wait while he discovered
a telephone. The fiddling with change,
the hunt for the number, delayed him
still more. He succeeded at last in get-
ting through, and luckily the reception
clerk he knew was still at the desk.

"Look, there's been some frightful
muddle," he began, and explained how
Laura was even now on her way back
to the hotel—he had seen her with two
friends on one of the ferry services.
Would the reception clerk explain and
tell her to wait? He would be back by
the next available service to collect her.
"In any event, detain her," he said. "I'll
be as quick as I can."

Thank heaven Laura hadn't turned
up before he had put through his call,
or they would have told her he was
on his way to Milan. The porter was
still waiting with the baggage, and it
seemed simplest to walk with him to the
garage, hand everything over to the
manager and ask him to keep it for an
hour, when he would be returning with
his wife to pick up the car. Then he
went back to wait for the next ferry to
Venice. The minutes dragged, and he
kept wondering what had gone wrong
at the airport and why Laura hadn't
telephoned. No use conjecturing. She
would tell him the whole story at the

hotel. One thing was certain. He would
not allow them to be saddled with the
sisters or to become involved with their
affairs. He could imagine Laura saying
that they also had missed a flight, and
could they have a lift to Milan?

Finally the ferry chugged alongside
the landing stage and he stepped
aboard. What an anticlimax, thrashing
back past the familiar sights to which
he had bidden a nostalgic farewell such
a short while ago!

He came to the hotel, and pushed
his way through the swinging door, ex-
pecting to see Laura, and possibly the
sisters, waiting in the lounge. She was
not there. He went to the desk. The
reception clerk he had spoken to on the
telephone was standing there, talking
to the manager.

"Has my wife arrived?" John asked.
"No, sir, not yet."

"What an extraordinary thing! Are
you sure?"

"Absolutely certain, sir. I have been
here ever since you telephoned me at
a quarter to two. I have not left the
desk."

"I just don't understand it. She was
on one of the vaporettos passing by the
Accademia. She would have landed at
San Marco about five minutes later and
come on here."

The clerk seemed nonplussed. "I
don't know what to say. The signora
was with friends, did you say?"

"Yes. Well, acquaintances. Two
ladies we had met at Torcello yester-
day. I was astonished to see her with
them on the vaporetto, and of course
I assumed that the flight had been can-
celed, and she had somehow met up
with them at the airport and decided

*As children get older it seems to
me they're easier to understand,
but harder to get along with.*

—Poor Woman's Almanac

to return here with them, to catch me
before I left."

"Perhaps the signora went with her
friends to their hotel instead. Do you
know where they are staying?"

"No," said John. "I haven't the
slightest idea. What's more I don't
even know their names. They were
sisters, twins, in fact. But, anyway,
why go to their hotel and not here?"

The swinging door opened, but it
wasn't Laura. Two people staying in
the hotel entered.

The manager broke into the con-
versation. "Let me telephone the air-
port and check on the flight. Then at
least we will get somewhere."

"Yes, do that," said John. "We may
as well know what happened there."

He lit a cigarette and began to pace
up and down the entrance hall. What
a mix-up! And how unlike Laura, who
knew he would be setting off for Milan
directly after lunch; indeed, for all she
knew he might have gone before. But
surely, in that case, she would have
telephoned at once, on arrival at the
airport, had take-off been canceled?
The manager was ages telephoning.
Finally he replaced the receiver.

"It is more mysterious than ever,
sir," he said. "The charter flight was
not delayed; it took off on schedule
with a full complement of passengers.
As far as they could tell me, there was
no hitch. The signora (continued)

...PLEASE ALL THE PEOPLE



must have changed her mind." His smile was more apologetic than ever.

"Changed her mind," John repeated. "But why on earth should she do that? She was so anxious to be home tonight."

The manager shrugged. "You know how ladies can be, sir," he said. "Your wife may have thought that after all she would prefer to take the train to Milan with you. I do assure you, though, that the charter party was most respectable, and it was a Caravelle airplane, perfectly safe."

"Yes, yes," said John impatiently. "I don't blame your arrangements in the slightest. I just can't understand what induced her to change her mind, unless it was meeting with these two ladies."

The manager could not think of anything to say. The reception clerk was equally concerned. "Is it possible," he ventured, "that you made a mistake, and it was not the signora that you saw on the vaporetto?"

"Oh, no," replied John. "It was my wife, I assure you. She was wearing her red coat, she was hatless, just as she left here. I saw her as plainly as I can see you. I would swear to it in a court of law."

"It is unfortunate," said the manager, "that we do not know the name of the two ladies, or the hotel where they were staying. You say you met these ladies at Torcello yesterday?"

"Yes . . . but only briefly. They weren't staying there. At least, I am certain they were not. We saw them at dinner in Venice later, as it happens."

"Excuse me . . ." Guests were arriving with luggage to check in, the clerk was obliged to attend to them. John turned in desperation to the manager. "Do you think it would be any good telephoning the hotel in Torcello in case the people there knew the name of the ladies, or where they were staying in Venice?"

"We can try," replied the manager. "It is a small hope, but we can try."

John resumed his anxious pacing, all the while watching the swinging door, hoping, praying, that he would catch sight of the red coat and Laura would enter. Once again there followed what seemed an interminable telephone conversation between the manager and someone at the hotel in Torcello.

"Tell them two sisters," said John, "two elderly ladies dressed in gray, both exactly alike. One lady was blind," he added. The manager nodded. He was obviously giving a detailed description. Yet when he hung up he shook his head. "The manager at Torcello says he remembers the two ladies well," he told John, "but they were only there for lunch. He never learned their names."

"Well, that's that. There's nothing to do now but wait."

John lit his third cigarette and went out onto the terrace, to resume his pacing there. He stared out across the canal, searching the heads of the people on passing steamers, motorboats, even drifting gondolas. The minutes ticked by on his watch, and there was no sign of Laura. A terrible foreboding nagged at him that somehow this was prearranged, that Laura had never intend-

What was she doing? Four o'clock, half-past four, the sun no longer dappling the water. He went back to the reception desk.

"I just can't hang around," he said. "Even if she does turn up, we shall never make Milan this evening. I might see her walking with these ladies, in the Piazza San Marco, anywhere. If she arrives while I'm out, will you explain to her?"

The clerk was full of concern. "In-

was no sign of them. He joined the crowd of shoppers in the Merceria, knowing that it was useless, they wouldn't be here. Why should Laura have deliberately missed her flight to return to Venice for souvenirs?

The only thing left was to try to track down the sisters. Their hotel could be anywhere among the hundreds of hotels and pensions scattered through Venice, or even across the other side at the Zattere, or further again on the Giudecca. These last possibilities seemed remote. More likely, they were staying in a small hotel or pension somewhere near San Zaccaria handy to the restaurant where they had dined last night. The blind one would surely not go far afield in the evening.

He turned back and walked quickly away from the brightly lighted shopping district toward the narrower, more cramped quarter where they had dined last evening. He found the restaurant without difficulty, but they were not yet open for dinner, and the waiter preparing tables was not the one who had served them. John asked to see the *patrone*, and the waiter disappeared to the back regions, returning after a moment with the disheveled proprietor in shirtsleeves.

"I had dinner here last night," John explained. "There were two ladies sitting at that table there in the corner." He pointed to it.

"You wish to book that table for this evening?" asked the proprietor.

"No," said John. "No, there were two ladies there last night, two sisters, *du sorelle*, twins, *gemelle*. What was the right word for twins? "Do you remember Two ladies, *sorelle*, *vecchie* . . ."

"Ah," said the man, "*si, signore, la povera signorina*." He put his hands to his eyes to feign blindness. "Yes, I remember."

"Do you know the names?" asked John. "Where they were staying? I am very anxious to trace them."

The proprietor spread out his hands in a gesture of regret. "I am ver' sorry, *signore*, I do not know the names of the signorine, they have been here once, per-

haps twice, for dinner, they do not say where they were staying. Perhaps if you come again tonight they might be here? Would you like to book that table?"

"Thank you, no. If the signorine should come . . ." He paused. "Possibly I may return later. I am not sure."

The proprietor bowed, and walked with him to the entrance. "In Venice the whole world meets," he said smiling. "It is possible the signorine will find his friends tonight. *Arrivederci, signore*."

Friends? John walked out into the street. More likely kidnappers. Ar-



And making the crispest, freshest, noisiest pickles has always been the rule at Heinz.

Poppy
Gannon's
Meal-a-day
Menus

Happiness is chopped sweet pickles in your egg salad. Try it.

ed to catch the plane, that last night in the restaurant she had made an assignation with the sisters. *Oh God*, he thought, *that's impossible, I'm going paranoiac*. . . . Yet why, why? No, more likely the encounter at the airport was fortuitous, and for some incredible reason they had persuaded Laura not to board the plane, even prevented her from doing so, trotting out one of their psychic visions, that the plane would crash, that she must return with them to Venice. And Laura, in her sensitive state, swallowed it all without question.

But granted all these possibilities, why had she not come to the hotel?

deed, yes," he said. "It is very worrying for you, sir. Would it perhaps be prudent if we booked you in here, at least for tonight?"

John gestured, helplessly. "Perhaps, yes, I don't know. Maybe . . ."

He went out of the swinging door and began to walk toward the Piazza San Marco. He looked into every shop up and down the colonnades, crossed the piazza a dozen times, threaded his way between the tables in front of Florian's, in front of Quadri's, knowing that Laura's red coat and the twin sisters could easily be spotted, even among this milling crowd, but there

OH LITTLE TOWN

By Don Manker

*Trees are glowing softly in the dawn
Behind the windows of the sleeping town,
And, pale against the new day coming on,
A few late, loitering stars stay
looking down.*

*Oh little town you sleep so quietly
While stars of wonder pale. Do you
not know
Of some who slept and some who still
may be
Asleep while kings and wise men come
and go?*

*All those who wake and breathe this
Christmas air—
For all the little towns of earth . . .
Oh, say a prayer.*

ety had turned to panic. Something had gone terribly wrong. Those women had got hold of Laura, played upon her suggestibility, induced her to go with them, either to their hotel or elsewhere. Should he find the Consulate? Where was it? What would he say when he got there? He began walking without purpose, finding himself, as they had done the night before, in streets he did not know, and suddenly came upon a tall building with the word *Questura* above it. *This is it*, he thought. *I'm going inside.* There were a number of police in uniform coming and going, and he asked if there was anyone who spoke English. The man pointed to a flight of stairs and John went up, entering a door on the right where he saw that another couple were sitting, waiting, and with relief he recognized them as fellow countrymen, tourists, in some sort of predicament.

"Come and sit down," said the man. "We've waited half an hour. What a country! They wouldn't leave us like this at home."

John found a chair beside them. "What's your trouble?" he asked.

"My wife had her handbag pinched in one of those shops in the Merceria," said the man. "She simply put it down one moment to look at something, and the next moment it had gone. I say it was a sneak thief, she insists it was the girl behind the counter. But who's to say? What have you lost?"

"Suitcase stolen," John lied rapidly. "Had some important papers in it."

How could he say he had lost his wife? He couldn't even begin . . .

The man nodded in sympathy. "These Italians are all alike. The trouble is, the police aren't going to bother with our troubles much, not with this murderer at large. They're all out looking for him."

"Murderer? What murderer?" asked John.

"You've not heard about it?" The man stared at John in surprise. "It's been in all the papers, on the radio, and even in the English papers too. A grisly business. One woman found with her throat slit last week—a tourist too—and some old chap discovered with the same sort of knife wound this morning. They seem to think it's a maniac because there doesn't seem to be any motive at all."

"My wife and I never bother with the newspapers when we're on holiday," said John.

JOLLY! GOOD.

Dole Pineapple and Cottage Cheese with Cranberry Sauce

Stand pineapple slice in cottage cheese at a slight angle. Spoon on cranberry sauce. What a decorative, delicious, holiday salad!

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Carnival
Merry-
Merry*

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The door of the inner room opened, and a senior police officer asked John's companion and his wife to pass through. John stubbed out his cigarette and lighted another. A strange feeling of unreality possessed him. What was he doing here, what was the use of it? Laura was no longer in Venice but had disappeared, perhaps forever, with those diabolical sisters. She would never be traced. And just as the two of them had amused themselves by mak-

ing up a fantastic story about the twins, when they first spotted them in Torcello, so, with nightmare logic, the fiction would have basis in fact; the women were in reality men, disguised criminals, who lured unsuspecting persons to some appalling fate. They might even be the murderers for whom the police sought. Who would ever suspect two respectable elderly women?

This, he thought, is really the start of paranoia. This is the way people

go off their heads. He glanced at his watch. It was half-past six. Better give up this futile quest in police headquarters, and keep to the single link to sanity remaining. Return to the hotel, put a call through to the prep school in England, and ask about Johnnie. He had not thought about poor Johnnie since sighting Laura on the vaporetto.

Too late, though. The inner door opened, the tourist couple were ushered out.

(continued)



The first time it kind of scared me.
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Va-rice-ity

Get ready for compliments. Send 25¢ for the booklet "Rice 'n Easy" to Rice Council of America.

DON'T LOOK NOW *continued*

"Usual clap-trap," said the husband *sotto voce* to John. "They'll do what they can. Not much hope. So many foreigners in Venice, all of 'em thieves! The locals all above reproach. Well, I wish you better luck."

He nodded, his wife smiled and bowed, and they had gone.

John followed the police officer into the inner room.

Formalities began. Name, address, passport. Length of stay in Venice, and so on. Then the questions, and John, the sweat beginning to appear on his forehead, launched into his interminable story. The first encounter with the sisters, the meeting at the restaurant, Laura's state of suggestibility because of the death of their child, the telegram about Johnnie, the decision to take the chartered flight, her departure, and her sudden inexplicable return. When he had finished he felt exhausted.

His interrogator spoke excellent English with a strong Italian accent.

"You say," he began, "that your wife was suffering the aftereffects of shock. This had been noticeable during your stay here in Venice?"

"Well, yes," John replied, "she had really been quite ill. The holiday didn't seem to be doing her much good. It was only when she met these two women at Torcello yesterday that her mood changed. The strain seemed to have gone. This belief that our little girl was watching over her had restored her to what appeared normality."

"It would be natural," said the police officer, "in the circumstances. But no doubt the telegram last night was a further shock to you both?"

"Indeed, yes. That was the reason we decided to return home."

"No argument between you? No difference of opinion?"

"None. We were in complete agreement. My one regret was that I could not go with my wife on this charter flight."

The police officer nodded. "It could well be that your wife had a sudden attack of amnesia and meeting the two ladies served as a link. Perhaps she clung to them for support. You have described them with great accuracy, and I think they should not be too diffi-

cult to trace. Meanwhile, I suggest that you return to your hotel. We will get in touch with you as soon as we have news."

At least, John thought, they believed his story. They did not consider him a crank who had made the whole thing up and was merely wasting their time.

"You appreciate," he said, "I am extremely anxious. These women may have some criminal design upon my wife. One has heard of such things . . .

The police officer smiled for the first time. "Please don't concern yourself," he said. "I am sure there will be some satisfactory explanation."

All very well, thought John, *but if heaven's name, what?*

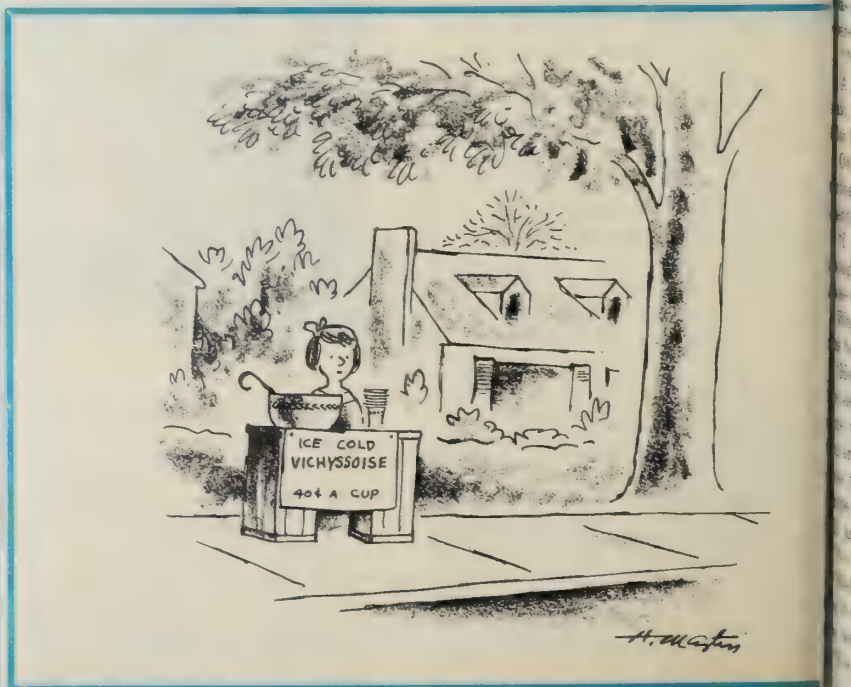
"I'm sorry," he said, "to have taken up so much of your time. Especially as I gather the police have their hands full hunting down a murderer." No harm in letting the fellow know that there might be some connection between Laura's disappearance and this other hideous affair.

"Ah, that," said the police officer rising to his feet. "We hope to have the murderer under lock and key very soon."

His tone of confidence was reassuring. Murderers, missing wives, lost handbags were all under control. They shook hands, and John was ushered out of the door and so downstairs. Perhaps he thought, as he walked slowly back to the hotel, the fellow was right. Laura had suffered a sudden attack of amnesia, and the sisters happened to be at the airport and had brought her back to Venice, to their own hotel, because Laura couldn't remember where she and John had been staying. Anyway, he could do nothing more. All he wanted to do right now was to have a stiff whiskey, and put through a call to Johnnie's school.

The page took him up in the elevator to a modest room on the fourth floor, the rear of the hotel. A smell of cooking wafted up from a courtyard.

"Ask them to send me up a double whiskey, will you," he said to the boy "and a ginger ale." When he was alone he flung off his shoes, hung his coat over the back of a chair and threw himself down on the bed. He reached for the telephone, and asked the operator to put through the call to England.



Presently there was a tap at the door. It was the waiter with his drink. He gulped it down without the ginger ale, and in a few moments felt a sense of calm. The telephone rang, and now, he thought, bracing himself for ultimate disaster, the final shock, Johnnie probably dying, or already dead.

He heard the voice of Mrs. Hill at the other end of the line.

"Hullo?" she said. "Oh, I am so glad you rang. All is well. Johnnie has had his operation, and it was completely successful. Johnnie is going to be all right. He will have a peaceful night."

"Thank God," he answered.

"I know," she said, "we are all so relieved. Now I'll get off the line and you can speak to your wife."

John sat up on the bed, stunned. What the hell did she mean? Then he heard Laura's voice, cool and clear.

"Darling? Darling, are you there?"

He could not answer. He felt the hand holding the receiver go clammy cold with sweat.

"I'm here," he whispered.

"It's not a very good line," she said, "but never mind. As Mrs. Hill told you, all is well. Such a nice surgeon, and a very sweet nurse on Johnnie's floor, and I really am happy about the way it's turned out. I came straight down here after landing at Gatwick. The flight was O.K., by the way, but such a funny crowd, it'll make you hysterical when I tell you about them. I went to the hospital, and Johnnie was coming round. Very dopey, of course, but so pleased to see me. And the Hills are being wonderful. I've got their spare room, and it's only a short taxi drive into the town and the hospital. I shall go to bed as soon as we've had dinner, because I'm a bit fagged, what with the anxiety. How was the drive to Milan? And where are you staying?"

John did not recognize the voice that answered as his own. It was the automatic response of some computer.

"I'm not in Milan," he said. "I'm still in Venice."

"Still in Venice? What on earth for? Wouldn't the car start?"

"I can't explain," he said. "There was a stupid sort of mix-up . . ."

He felt suddenly so exhausted that he nearly dropped the receiver, and, shame upon shame, he could feel tears trickling behind his eyes.

"What sort of mix-up?" Her voice was suspicious, almost hostile. "You weren't in a crash?"

"No . . . no . . . nothing like that."

A moment's silence, and then she said, "Your voice sounds very slurred. Don't tell me you got sloshed."

Oh God . . . if she only knew! He was probably going to pass out any moment, but not from the whiskey.

"I thought," he said slowly, "I thought I saw you, in a vaporetto, with those two sisters."

What was the point of going on? It was hopeless trying to explain.

"How could you have seen me with the sisters?" she said. "You knew I'd be to the airport. Really, darling, you are an idiot. You seem to have got those two poor old dears on the brain. Hope you didn't say anything to Mrs. Hill just now."

"No."

"Well, what are you going to do? You'll catch the train at Milan tomorrow, won't you?"

"Yes, of course," he told her.

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"I still don't understand what kept you in Venice," she said. "It all sounds a bit odd to me. However . . . thank God Johnnie is going to be all right and I'm here."

"Yes," he said, "yes."

He could hear the distant sound of a gong from the headmaster's hall.

"You had better go," he said. "My regards to the Hills, and my love to Johnnie."

"Well, take care of yourself, darling,

and for goodness sake don't miss the train tomorrow, and drive carefully."

The telephone clicked and she had gone. He poured the remaining drop of whiskey into his empty glass, and sousing it with ginger ale drank it down at a gulp. He got up and, crossing the room, threw open the shutters and leaned out of the window. He felt light-headed. His sense of relief, enormous, overwhelming, was somehow tempered with a curious feeling of unreality, al-

most as though the voice speaking from England had not been Laura's after all but a fake, and she was still in Venice, hidden in some furtive pension with the two sisters.

The point was, he *had* seen all three of them on the vaporetto. It was not another woman in a red coat. The women *had* been there, with Laura. So what was the explanation? That he was going off his head? Or something more sinister? The (continued)

sisters, possessing psychic powers of formidable strength, had seen him as their two ferries had passed, and in some unexplicable fashion had made him believe Laura was with them. But why, and to what end? It didn't make sense. The only explanation was that the whole episode had been an hallucination—in which case he needed psychoanalysis.

And what did he do now? Go downstairs and tell the management he had just spoken to his wife, who had arrived in England safe and sound? He put on his shoes and glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes to eight. If he had a quick drink at the bar it would be easier to face the manager and admit what had happened. Then, perhaps, they would get in touch with the police. Profuse apologies all round for putting everyone to enormous trouble.

Luckily the bar was full and there wasn't a face he knew. He downed his whiskey and glanced over his shoulder to the reception hall. The desk was momentarily unattended. He could see the manager's back framed in the doorway of an inner-room, talking to someone within. On impulse, coward-like, he crossed the hall and went out to the street. He would have some dinner, then go back and face them.

He went to the nearby restaurant where he and Laura had dined once or twice. Nothing mattered any more, because she was safe. The nightmare lay behind him. He could enjoy his dinner, and think of Laura sitting down with the Hills to a dull, quiet evening, early to bed. Johnnie was safe, too. No more worries, only the awkward explanations to the manager at the hotel.

He felt pleasantly anonymous sitting in the little restaurant, ordering *vitello allo Marsala* and half a bottle of Merlot. He took his time, enjoying his food but eating in a kind of haze, a sense of unreality still with him.

At last he saw by the clock on the wall that it was nearly half-past nine. No use delaying matters any further. He drank his coffee, lighted a cigarette and paid his bill. After all, he thought, as he walked back to the hotel, the manager would be greatly relieved to know that all was well.

When he pushed through the swinging door, the first thing he noticed was a man in police uniform talking to the manager at the desk. The reception clerk was there too. They all turned as John approached the desk, and the

manager's face lighted up with relief. "Eccolo!" he exclaimed. "I was certain the signora would not be far away. Things are moving, signore. The two ladies have been traced, and they very kindly agreed to accompany the police to the Questura. If you will go there at once, this *agente di polizia* will escort you."

John flushed. "I have given everyone a lot of trouble," he said. "I meant to tell you before going out to dinner, but

nary mistake on my part which I still don't understand," he said. "Obviously, I did not see either my wife or the two ladies. I really am extremely sorry."

More rapid conversation in Italian. John noticed the clerk watching him with a curious expression in his eyes. The manager was obviously apologizing on John's behalf to the policeman, who looked annoyed and gave tongue to this effect, his voice increasing in volume. The whole business had un-

I'll never get over how quickly we get over things.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

John felt more and more uncomfortable. Laura must never learn any of this. She would be outraged. He wondered if there were some penalty for giving the police misleading information involving a third party. His error began, in retrospect, to take on criminal proportions.

He crossed the Piazza San Marco, now thronged with after-dinner strollers and spectators at the cafés, and three orchestras going full blast in harmonious rivalry while his companion kept discreet two paces to his left and never uttered a word.

They arrived at the police station and mounted the stairs to the same inner room where he had been before. The officer who now sat behind the desk was a small, low-faced man with a somber expression. The two sisters, obviously upset, were seated on chairs nearby. John's escort went at once to the police officer, speaking in rapid Italian, while John himself, after a moment's hesitation, advanced toward the two sisters.

"There has been a terrible mistake," he said. "I don't know how to apologize to you both. It's all my fault, mine entirely, the police are not to blame."

The active sister made though to rise, her mouth twitching nervously, but restrained her.

"We don't understand," she said, the Scotch inflection strong. "We said good night to your wife last night at dinner, and we have not seen her since. The police came to our pension more than an hour ago and told us your wife was missing, and you had filed a complaint against us. My sister is not very strong. She is considerably disturbed."

"A mistake. A frightful mistake," he repeated.

He turned toward the desk. The police officer was addressing him, his English inferior to that of the previous interrogator. He repeated John's earlier statement to the desk in front of him, and

tapped it impatiently with a pen. "So?" he queried. "This document all lies? You not speak the truth?"

"I believed it to be true at the time," said John. "I could have sworn in court of law that I saw my wife with these two ladies on a vaporetto in the Grand Canal this afternoon. Now I realize I was mistaken."

"We have not been near the Grand Canal all day," protested the sisters. "not even on foot. We made a few purchases in the Merceria this morning and remained indoors all afternoon. My sister was a little unwell. I told the police officer this a de-



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you were not at the desk. The fact is that I have contacted my wife. She did make the flight to London after all, and I spoke to her on the telephone. It was all a great mistake."

The manager looked bewildered. "The signora is in London?" he repeated. He broke off, and exchanged a rapid conversation in Italian with the policeman. "It seems that the ladies maintain they did not go out for the day, except for a little shopping in the morning," he said, turning back to John. "Then who was it the signora saw on the vaporetto?"

John shook his head. "An extraordi-

doubtfully given enormous trouble to many people, not least the two unfortunate sisters.

"Look," said John, interrupting the flow, "will you tell the *agente* I will go with him to headquarters and apologize in person both to the police officer and to the ladies?"

The manager looked relieved. "If the signora would take the trouble," he said. "Naturally, the ladies were much distressed when a policeman interrogated them at their hotel, and they offered to accompany him to the Questura only because they were so distressed about the signora."

How come the mail trucks go so fast, when the mail goes so slow?

—Poor Woman's Almanac

times, and the people at the pension would corroborate our story. He refused to listen."

"And the signora?" rapped the police officer angrily. "What happen to the signora?"

"The signora, my wife, is safe in England," explained John patiently. "I talked to her on the telephone just after seven. She did join the chartered flight from the airport, and is now staying with friends."

"Then who you see on the vaporetto in the red coat?" asked the furious police officer. "And if not these signorine here, then what signorine?"

"My eyes deceived me," said John, aware that his English was likewise becoming strained. "I think I see my wife and these ladies but no, it was not so. My wife in airplane, these ladies in pension all the time."

It was like talking stage Chinese. In a moment he would be bowing and putting his hands in his sleeves.

The police officer raised his eyes to heaven and thumped the table. "So all this work for nothing," he said. "Hotels and pensions searched for the signorine and a missing signora inglese, when here we have plenty, plenty other things to do. You make a mistake. You have perhaps too much *vino* at *mezzo giorno* and you see hundred signore in red coats in hundred vaporetti." He stood up, rumpling the papers on the desk. "And you, signorine," he said, "you wish to make complaint against this person?" He was addressing the active sister.

"Oh no," she said, "no, indeed. I

quite see it was all a mistake. Our only wish is to return to our pension."

The police officer grunted. Then he pointed at John. "You very lucky man," he said. "These signorine could file complaint against you—very serious matter."

"I'm sure," began John, "I'll do anything in my power . . ."

"Please don't think of it," exclaimed the sister, horrified. "We would not hear of such a thing." It was her turn to apologize to the police officer. "I hope we need not take up any more of your valuable time," she said.

He waved a hand of dismissal and spoke in Italian to the underling. "This man walk with you to the pension," he said. "*Buona sera, signorine*," and, ignoring John, he sat down at his desk.

"I'll come with you," said John. "I want to explain what happened."

They trooped down the stairs and out of the building, the blind sister leaning on her twin's arm. She turned her sightless eyes to John.

"You saw us," she said, "and your wife, too. But not today. You saw us in the future."

Her voice was softer than her sister's, slower. She seemed to have some slight impediment in her speech.

"I don't think I follow," replied John, bewildered.

He turned to the active sister and she shook her head at him, frowning, and put her finger on her lips.

"Come along, dear," she said to her twin. "You know you're very tired, and I want to get you home." Then, *sotto voce* to John, "She's psychic. Your wife told you, I believe, but I don't



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want her to go into trance here in the street."

God forbid, thought John, and the little procession began to move slowly along the street, away from police headquarters, a canal to the left of them. Progress was slow, because of the blind sister, and there were two bridges to cross over two canals. John was completely lost after the first turning, but it couldn't have mattered less. Their police escort was with them, and anyway, the sisters knew where they were going.

"I must explain," said John softly. "My wife would never forgive me if I didn't," and as they walked he went over the whole inexplicable story once again, beginning with the telegram received the night before and the conversation with Mrs. Hill, the decision to return to England the following day, Laura by air, and John himself by car and train. It no longer sounded as dramatic as it had done when he had made his statement to the police officer, when, possibly because of his conviction that something was uncanny, the description of the two vaporettos passing one another in the middle of the Grand Canal had held a sinister quality, suggesting abduction on the part of the sisters, the pair of them holding a bewildered Laura captive. Now that neither of the women had any further menace for him he spoke more naturally, yet with great sincerity, feeling for the first time that they were somehow in sympathy with him and would understand.

"You see," he explained, in a final endeavor to make amends for hav-

ing gone to the police, "I truly believed I had seen you with Laura, and I thought . . ." he hesitated, because this had been the police officer's suggestion and not his, "I thought that perhaps Laura had some sudden loss of memory, had met you at the airport, and you had brought her back to Venice to wherever you were staying."

They had crossed a large campo and were approaching a house at one end of it, with a sign "*Pensione*" above the door. Their escort paused at the entrance.

"Is this it?" asked John.
"Yes," said the sister. "I know it is nothing much from the outside, but it is clean and comfortable, and was recommended by friends." She turned to the escort. "*Grazie*," she said to him. "*grazie tanto*." (continued)

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DON'T LOOK NOW *continued*

The man nodded briefly, wished them "*Buona notte*," and disappeared across the campo.

"Will you come in?" asked the sister. "I am sure we can find you some coffee, or perhaps you prefer tea?"

"No, really," John thanked her. "I must get back to the hotel. I'm making an early start in the morning. I just want to make quite sure you do understand what happened, and that you forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," she replied. "It is one of the many examples of second sight that my sister and I have experienced time and time again, and I should very much like to record it for our files, if you permit it."

"Well, as to that, of course," he told her, "but I myself find it hard to understand. It has never happened to me before."

"Not consciously, perhaps," she said, "but so many things happen to us of which we are not aware. My sister felt you had psychic understanding. She told your wife. She also told your wife, last night in the restaurant, that you were to experience trouble, danger, that you should leave Venice. Well, don't you believe now that the telegram was proof of this? Your son was ill, possibly dangerously ill, and so it was necessary for you to return home immediately. Heaven be praised your wife flew home to be by his side."

"Yes, indeed," said John, "but why should I see her on the vaporetto with you and your sister when she was actually on her way to England?"

"Thought transference, perhaps," she answered. "Your wife may have been thinking about us. We gave her our address, should you wish to get in touch with us. We shall be here another ten days. And she knows that we would pass on any message that my sister might have from your little one in the spirit world."

"Yes," said John awkwardly, "yes, I see. It's very good of you." He had a sudden rather unkind picture of the two sisters putting on headphones in their bedroom, listening for a coded message from poor Christine.

"Well, I must be off," he said. "Good-night, and apologies, once again, for all that has happened this evening." He shook hands with the first sister, then turned to her blind twin. "I hope," he said, "that you are not too tired."

The sightless eyes were disconcerting. She held his hand fast and would not let it go. "The child," she said, speaking in an odd, staccato voice, "the child . . . I can see the child . . ." and then, to his dismay, a bead of froth appeared at the corner of her mouth, her head jerked back, and she half-

collapsed in her sister's stronger arm. "We must get her inside," said the sister hurriedly. "She's not ill. It's the beginning of a trance state."

Between them they helped the twin who had gone rigid, into the house, and sat her down on the nearest chair, the sister supporting her. A woman came running from some inner room. There was a strong smell of spaghetti from the back regions. "Don't worry," said the sister, "the signorina and I can manage. I think you had better go. Sometimes she is sick after the turns."

"I'm most frightfully sorry . . ." John began, but the sister had already turned her back, and with the signorina was bending over her twin, from whose peculiar choking sounds were proceeding. He was obviously in the way, and after a final gesture of courtesy, "Is there anything I can do?" which received no reply, he turned on his heel and began walking across the square.

What a finale to the evening! And all his fault. Poor old girls, first dragged to police headquarters and put through an interrogation, and then a psychiatric on top of it all. More likely epilepsies. Not much of a life for the active sisters, but she seemed to take it in her stride.

Meanwhile, where the devil was he? The campo, with the inevitable church at one end, was quite deserted. He could not remember which way the church had come from police headquarters; there had seemed to be so many turnings. Wait a minute, the church itself had a familiar appearance. He drew nearer to it, looking for the name which was sometimes on notices at the entrance. San Giovanni in Bragora. That rang a bell. Surely it was only a stone's throw from the Riva degli Schiavoni and the open wide waters of the San Marco lagoon, with all the bright lights of civilization and the strolling tourists? He remembered taking a small turning from the Schiavoni and the church had arrived at the church. Wasn't that the alleyway ahead? He plunged along it, but halfway down he hesitated. It didn't seem right, although it was familiar for some unknown reason.

Then he realized that it was not the alley they had taken the morning they visited the church, but the one they had walked along the previous evening, only he was approaching it from the opposite direction. Yes, that was in which case it would be quicker to go on and cross the little bridge over the narrow canal, and he would find the Arsenal on his left and the street leading down to the Riva degli Schiavoni on his right.

He had almost reached the end of the alley, and the bridge was in sight when he saw (*continued on page 11*)

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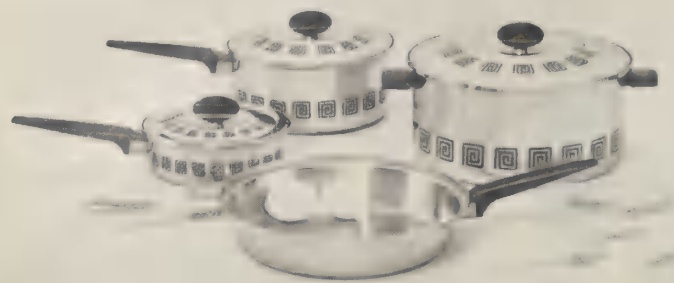
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or isn't it?
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butcher
knows
for sure.*



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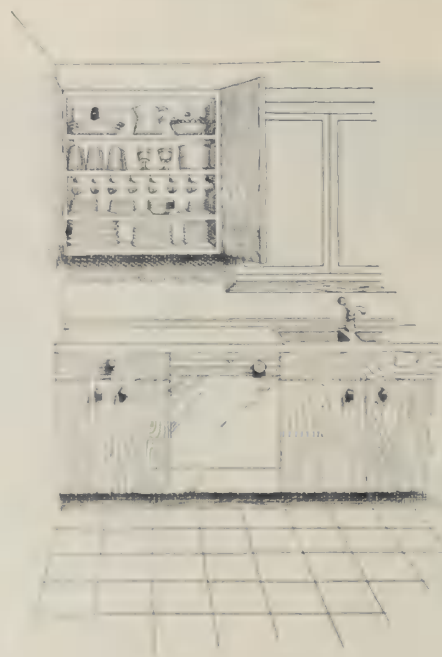


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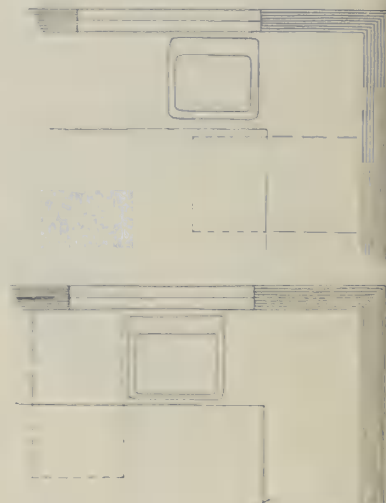
DISHWASHER CENTERS

Wonderfully helpful, those built-in dishwashers; but their convenience is greatly increased when they are planned into clean-up centers. The dishwasher belongs beside a sink and close to storage for tableware. Below, clues to handy installations. By Elizabeth Goetsch, Home Management Department



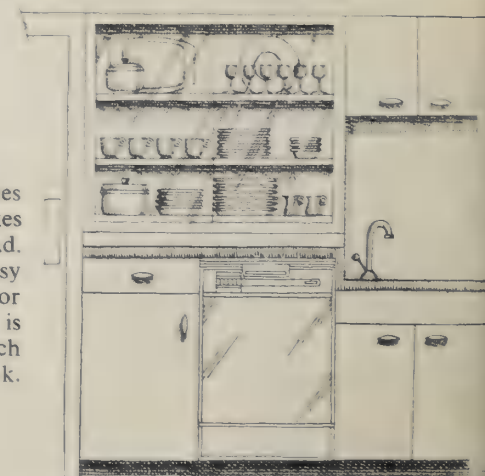
Upper cabinet for glassware and dishes, lower for silver and servers make it comfortable to unload the machine here. Good idea, since unloading a dishwasher can be a tiresome finale.

Below: When installing dishwashers consider space needed to open them. Avoid location where door will strike pulled-out racks.



Above: Corner location, top, means sink is boxed in, counter is inaccessible when dishwasher racks are pulled out. Location away from corner more comfortable.

Dishwasher raised four inches above standard height makes it more comfortable to load. Shelves to counter level are easy to reach (use sliding door fronts). Sink that shows here is a "second" unit, which relieves congestion at main sink.

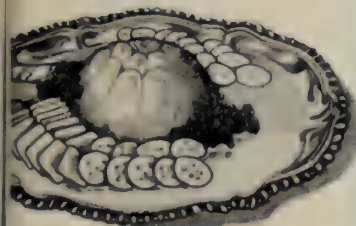


THE TRAY— FROM SOUP TO NUTS

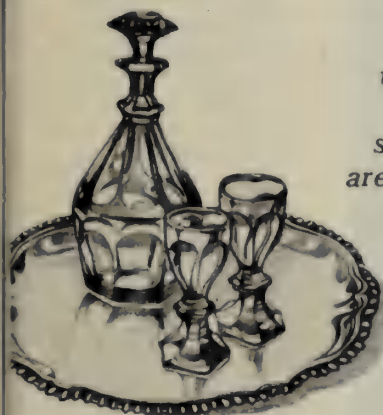
Use a silver tray not only for its beauty but for the innumerable ways in which it serves. Here we present a 13-
"Staffordshire" salver in six acts, from soup to nuts.
Alice Kastberg, Decorating Department



The tray, teamed with a 9-in. Paul Revere bowl, serves either hot or cold soup, or with a quick change of ladle, eggnog or punch.



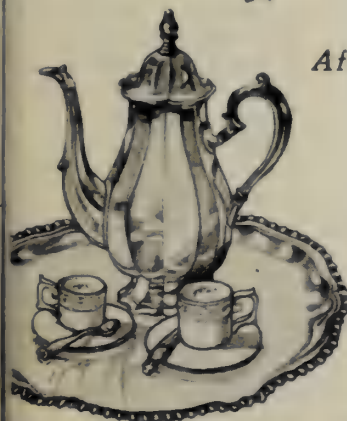
At the cocktail party, the tray supports a mound of pâté—or perhaps a liptauer cheese spread—surrounded with bread and crackers.



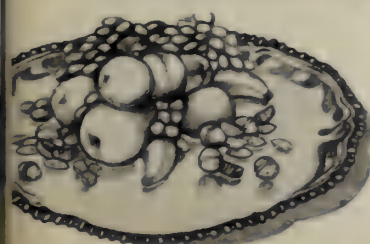
In a well-known role, the tray serves a pre-dinner aperitif. Decanter and sherry glasses in this sketch are Baccarat "Harcourt" crystal.



When you serve your most elaborate dessert, the tray plays it up handsomely and adds richness to its delectable appearance.



After dinner our tray serves coffee with the help of another member of the cast, a "Silver Flutes" pot. Tea is served at matinees.



To ring down the curtain, the tray holds fruits and nuts (perhaps served with the after-dessert Port), signaling the end of a meal.

Drawings by Julia Noonan. Webster Wilcox silverplate holloware by International.

New.

You're looking at our new Mushroom & Onions rice mix. A gourmet rice mix that's crammed with delicious ingredients, fragrant herbs and spices. It includes Buffy long grain rice, button mushrooms, onions, bell peppers, vegetables, sweet whey and flavorings. It makes a better meal a better meal. And it's quick 'n easy to make in one pot. (MJB's new Mushroom & Onions is one of our four new rice mixes. Enjoy Mushroom & Sour Cream, White & Wild and Brown & Wild too.) Serve MJB's new gourmet rice mixes. And enjoy the applause.



WINE, WOMEN AND SO ON

New Nuances in Holiday Drinks

Now comes the season of wassail, Swedish glogg, eggnog, the fire tong bowl of the Teutonic nations, and Tom and Jerry crowned with whipped egg white.

Within the past few years, traditional Christmas drinks have become somewhat less popular in this country, perhaps because of the waning appeal of the mixed drink. This season, however, you will probably notice a nostalgic return . . . but with a difference. Ancient patterns may remain the same, but the drinks will be dryer. This is the fashion of the moment. Probably you will also observe a diminution of aromatics. Even more obvious is the new custom of serving just one or two portions of a Christmas drink and having on hand for the rest of the party a selection of straight liquors and mixers. Welcome relief from the too, too exotic! Holiday headaches are far less prevalent when Christmas quaffs are no more than a gesture.

Another new quirk: Christmas drinks are often served, with or without the usual holiday confections, as the finale of festive seasonal buffets. This makes sound gastronomic sense, because most Yuletide quaffs are generally rich, sweet and highly seasoned, much better suited to the end rather than to the beginning of the party.

The Wassail Swinger

The Christmas drink most celebrated by the English poets is a spiced ale that Robert Herrick 500 years ago called a Swinger.

" . . . the Bowle full

With gentle lamb's wool,
Add sugar, nutmeg and
ginger,

With store of ale, too."

The original wassail was served not from a bowl, but from a large drinking cup passed around amongst the guests. Many carried their own wooden wassail bowls through the streets while singing Christmas carols—going a-wassailing, they called it. The drink included roasted crabapples or apples known as lamb's wool. morsels of toast—considered extremely lucky—generally crowned the drink.

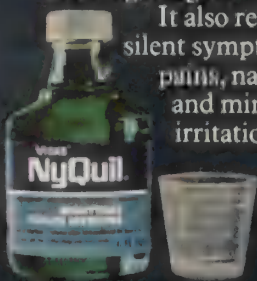
An authentic Elizabethan Swinger went like this: In an enamel kettle, heat to boiling 1 quart pale ale, 1 teaspoon crumbled cinnamon stick, 1 whole piece of dried ginger broken in 5 or 6 bits or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 2 cups dry sherry, the juice and finely pared rind of 1 large lemon and 2 tablespoons sugar. Stir all this over heat until the sugar dissolves. Cover and steep over gentle heat about 20 minutes. Do not allow to boil. Pour into heated mugs or a heated punch bowl. Add 2 slices oven-dried toast cut

into small pieces, or break zwieback into about 4 pieces. At the very last, add the fluffy insides of four baked apples, sieved, the traditional lamb's wool. Garnish the Swinger with a dozen small, preserved spiced crabapples heated in their own syrup and drained.

What to do if your husband's cold is keeping you up.

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The Young Swinger

An extremely useful version of the above recipe is made by using 6 cups of cider or apple juice instead of ale and sherry.

Tom and Jerry

The original version of this drink is said to have come from England. Excellent to serve as a dessert with fruitcake or Christmas cookies, it is convenient because the ingredients can be prepared ahead of time and put together festively and dramatically at the last moment.

To serve 6 to 8, beat the yolks of six

eggs with 2 tablespoons maple or granulated sugar until thick or pale yellow. An electric blender is perfect for this operation. After the yolks have taken on the hue of full-blown daffodils, mix in 2 teaspoons ground allspice and ¾ cup light or dark rum. Beat 6 egg whites until stiff, but not dry looking. At serving time, combine the egg yolk and white mixtures. Put about ¼ cup into each heated mug. Add to each portion 1 tablespoon brandy, fill the mug

orange peel (none of the bitter white part), 2 thin slices of fresh lemon, 1 cup lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice. Heat, but do not allow to boil. Pour into a heavy, heated bowl. Place a pair of fire tongs (wiped clean of ash) across the top of the bowl. On the fire tongs arrange ½ pound of sugar lump sprinkled with about 4 tablespoons rum or brandy. Slightly warm an additional ¾ cup rum or brandy. Set match to the warm liquor and pour it, blazing, over the sugar lumps, which will immediately ignite into tongues of blue flame. As soon as the sugar is melted and the flames have subsided, dip the fire tongs into the punch and stir. Serve in punch cups or small mugs.

Swedish Glogg

Somewhat similar to Fire Tong Bowl is the famous Swedish Glogg. Some Swedish delicatessens sell bottle glogg and also packets of spices and dried fruits to be used for the preparation of the drink. Our version, however, can be made in any small American town without a Swedish colony or access to Swedish ingredients.

The only item that might be difficult to find is whole cardamom seeds. They can be omitted or they can probably be ordered by your grocer, delicatessen or through the catalogues of department stores or food shops that make a specialty of fancy spices.

Recipes for the drink vary enormously; this version happens to have been found by a Swedish relative. To make three dozen servings, place three bottles Burgundy wine in an enamel pan, add 8 slices orange, each studded with 4 cloves, sprinkle with a dozen whole cardamom seeds. Add 1 cup each unblanched almonds and seedless raisins, 2 sticks cinnamon broken into quarters, half a dozen small, dried prunes, and dried sliced or quartered apples. Steep over a pilot light at least 10 minutes. Meanwhile warm 3 bottles aquavit vodka or brandy, but do not allow to get too hot. Place warm wine, spices, etc., in a punch bowl or lined copper kettle. Cover with a grate, like a cake cooler. Pile about 16 lumps of sugar on the grate.

ignite slightly warm aquavit or brandy and pour over the sugar. Let the flames sizzle and disappear. Serve hot.

Moment Eggnog

There are a hundred thousand ways of making eggnog! But without a doubt, this one is the swiftest, aside from resorting to an eggnog mix. Dump 1 pint vanilla ice cream in a bowl; add two cups rye or bourbon whiskey, 1 cup each golden rum and milk. With a rotary beater, whip until nog is foaming, serve in small punch cups with a sprinkle of grated nutmeg. Serves 6.

—POPPY CANNON

Fire Tong Bowl

Charming theater! To serve 12 to 15, combine half a gallon of dry red table wine—any good American jug wine is ideal so long as it is not too sweet. Mix the wine with ¾ cup granulated sugar, 8 cloves, a 3-inch strip of very thin

JOURNAL ABOUT HOME

Betty Wadsworth, Home Equipment Editor



The merry Christmas push is on; the pace gets faster. Now's the time when I take short cuts that let me combine fun with holiday "musts." By using the freezer to its fullest—doubling up on casserole, soup and dessert making, stocking extra frozen prepared foods—I build up a collection against inner times wedged between shopping and caroling. With the toss of a salad, steaming coffee and a lighted candle, dinner is served.



Mobile society we are—even more so at holiday time. Going places or expecting guests to come your way, there's always the problem of limited space. Two recent items should be happy answers. Plastic chairs that can be pulled out of a drawer are inflated with a vacuum hose and after the party's over are folded flat as a newspaper for storing. We like the high-gloss patent finish of The Bubble (from Reese/Fein) in bold black and white zebra stripes, or yellow or red solids. . . . For the youngest set (infant to three years), a triple-duty carrier, car seat and high chair. Baby Mac, locks in reclining, feeding or upright positions and is approved by the Accident Prevention Committee of the American Academy of Pediatrics.



Everything should be spic, span and sparkling for the holidays, and in my book nothing brightens a room so much as shining windows, lights and mirrors. Recently I tackled the lack-luster dining room chandelier—dusting the prisms gently, sponging with alcohol followed by a soapy water rinse, and polishing with a lint-free cloth. Time-consuming yes (there is no "easier" way, really), but the glistening result was well worth it. . . . Speaking of glow, it's a good time to remember to be sure to place candles out of reach of children and pets and away from the traffic flow between rooms. Brushing by lighted candles is hazardous. And since there are always more electric cords to trip over at this season, try to keep them behind furniture or under rugs. . . . Have you ever thought of giving the Christmas tree a gentle going over with vacuum brush, in the garage or on the porch perhaps, before it trails loosened needles through the house? The Eureka people gave me this needle-lifting tip, and it also works to freshen the artificial trees you've stored away.



Gourmet cooks or not, seems we're all kitchen-minded at holiday time. Never a better time to be liberated by dishwasher-sink and be without fuss or muss. For an almost instant "re-do," KitchenAid's 48-inch combo is it. Replaces old sink cabinets, usually fits right over old plumbing. There are deluxe and custom models, topped in stainless steel, porcelain or laminates. . . . Classic cookware with a difference is on our Santa list as well as that for gourmet friends. Elegantly simple Coussance de France cast-iron cookware has a black matte, vitreous enamel finish that keeps foods from sticking,

washes like china, can't rust. Some pieces reproduce 16th-century ware from the Coussance foundry, which has been in business since 1553. Somehow just using these would make us feel related to French kings. For those who take their egg-beating seriously, or just love beautiful utensils, we'd choose Revere's round-bottomed, solid-copper bowls with stainless steel interiors (for safety). Sure to be a heart-warming gift is Mirro's poppy-red 2½-quart teakettle with a safety lock on the lid and a special finish inside that makes it easy to remove mineral coatings.



The age of Aquarius abounds in games of fate and fortune. We are intrigued by two new ones this year, fascinated as we are by "reading the stars." In "Touch," a Parker game by Maxine Fiel, palmistry authority, each person works up his own hand profile, everybody joins in as the hand is interpreted by the analysis book. Included is a conversation-making History of Palmistry. . . . "Aquarius 2000" is an impressive game on a handsome plastic-topped turntable that plots the stars as they actually were at the hour of birth for anyone born in our hemisphere since 1906. Game or guide, this home astrology computer is fascinating. Used solitaire, it "reads" in infinite detail your life as it is, or will be. For a crowd, the party games include Famous People, Compatibility, Guess My Portrait. When several of us "discovered" ourselves, we agreed the results were more true than not. (By Renwal.)



Talk of games reminds me of the joyful play-in last fall at Hallmark Gallery in New York that was a real demonstration of good will. Hundreds of people dropped in from Fifth Avenue each day to watch, play or learn games of today and yesterday. Families and strangers joined in the fun with out-size setups that were colorful decoration in themselves. I saw great-grandmothers playing with brick-size dominoes; youngsters hopscotching on a color-blocked floor, complying with the "Shoes Off, Please" sign; businessmen concentrating on three-dimensional tic-tac-toe. People enjoying themselves and each other. . . . Touch and smell—a new concept in preschool children's books from Golden Press, called "The Sweet Smells of Christmas." Believe it or not, there are pictures with areas that children rub to produce the fragrance of apple pie, a pine tree, or a gingerbread man, for instance. Of course I had to try each one—and you will, too, if your child will let you.



Christmas is such a family participation time, so full of traditions carried over from the past, we like to hear of families young and old who start new traditions from time to time. One couple we know gives each of their children a very special tree ornament each year. By the time they're ready for their own firesides, each will have a start on a tree-trimming collection, plus the happy memories conjured up. And to you all, a merry Merry! **END**



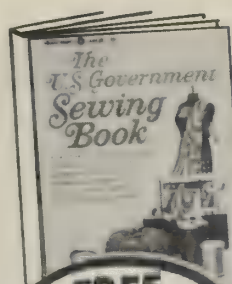
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THE CHRISTMAS ORANGE

From The JOURNAL Kitchens

The orange—a prize to find in the toe of a Christmas stocking, a prize to find in holiday desserts.

SUNSHINE SAUCE

Grate rind of 1 orange to make 2 teaspoons rind. Set aside. Peel and section 2 or 3 oranges, holding over a bowl

to catch juice. Cut enough sections in half to measure $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Drain off juice, adding more to make 1 cup.

In small saucepan, mix together well 2 tablespoons each sugar and cornstarch and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt. Gradually stir in the 1 cup orange juice, keeping mixture smooth.

Cook over medium heat until sauce thickens and just comes to a boil. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat, stir in 2 tablespoons chopped crystallized ginger; pour into a bowl. Cool 10 minutes.

Stir in the orange pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnut pieces and the reserved orange rind.

Serve warm over ice cream.

ORANGE CREAM PARFAIT

Peel 6 oranges. Section into a bowl, squeezing membranes for all juice.

Drain off juice, save $\frac{1}{4}$ cup for later.

In a small saucepan, combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each orange juice and butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 teaspoons grated orange rind. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until butter or margarine is melted and small bubbles appear around edge.

Beat 3 eggs until light and thick. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the hot orange mixture, 1 tablespoon at a time. Gradually add remaining hot orange mixture, beating constantly. Return to saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and coats a metal spoon. Remove from heat. Cover; cool and refrigerate until well chilled.

Just before serving, beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream until stiff. Fold into curd mixture. Making 2 or 3 alternating layers with drained orange section spoon into 6 parfait glasses. Serves 6. *Note:* To make this recipe a delicious summer dessert, layer orange cream with fresh raspberries in place of orange sections.

SNOW-CAPPED ORANGES

Peel 6 oranges. Section into a bowl, squeezing membrane for all juice. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange liqueur and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract. Let stand 1 hour to blend flavors.

Beat 2 egg whites with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt until foamy. Beat in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup superfine sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, until meringue forms stiff peaks when beater is raised.

Divide orange sections and liqueur evenly among 6 sherbet glasses or dessert dishes. Top each with meringue and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon grated semisweet chocolate. Serves 6.

ORANGE MOLD WITH ALMOND SAUCE

Orange Mold:	Almond Sauce:
1 (3-oz.) pkg. orange-flavored gelatin	2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 cup boiling water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 cup bitter lemon carbonated beverage	2 eggs
1 cup orange sections	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. almond extract
	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. vanilla extract
	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. nutmeg
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced almonds

In bowl, dissolve 1 (3-oz.) pkg. orange flavored gelatin in 1 cup boiling water, stirring until dissolved. Stir in 1 cup bitter lemon carbonated beverage. Refrigerate until consistency of unbeaten egg white.

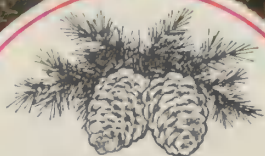
Fold in 1 cup orange sections. Pour into a 3-cup mold. Refrigerate 4 hours or until firm.

Make almond sauce: In medium bowl, beat 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until creamy. Gradually beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Then beat in 2 eggs, one at a time until mixture is thick and light.

In small saucepan, beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk until small bubbles form around edge. Gradually stir into egg mixture. Then return all to saucepan. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla extract and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon nutmeg. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and coats a metal spoon.

Remove from heat. Pour into a bowl. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced almonds. Cover and refrigerate until well chilled.

Unmold gelatin: Loosen around edge. Quickly dip mold in warm water; invert on chilled serving platter. Shake to release gelatin. Remove mold. Pour some Almond Sauce over gelatin. Pass remaining. Serves 6.



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Cheese Cones

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- 1 (3-ounce) package cream cheese, softened
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon garlic powder

Combine all ingredients. Chill. Shape on serving board to resemble pine cone. Garnish with nuts. Serve with fruit and crackers. Makes $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups.



CHEDDAR CHEESE SPREAD

- 1 cups finely shredded Cheddar cheese (1 pound)
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons horseradish
- Dash Tabasco
- Salt
- Pepper

Combine all ingredients. Chill. Shape on serving board to resemble pine cone. Garnish with nuts. Serve with fruit and crackers. Makes 2 cups.

BRING OUT THE BEST FOODS AND BRING OUT THE BEST

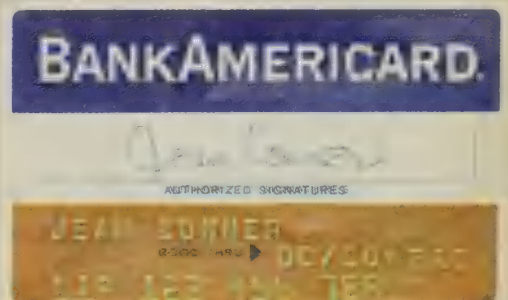


The way it really is.

Why does everyone think of Santa Claus as a man? When everyone knows it's really a woman who does most of the buying and most of the giving at Christmas. Along with most of the decorating, and cooking, and entertaining. Anyone who has to play that many roles needs all the help she can get. We'd like to do our bit.

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doubly sure you get a receipt for every gift you buy—one at the time of purchase, and the one we mail you with your statement. And since our card is honored by every variety of merchant, you needn't restrict your shopping to a few stores where you have charge accounts. We hope that with a BankAmericard your shopping will be a little more pleasant and a little more convenient. Because we'd like to see Santa Claus have a Merry Christmas too.



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Thoughts While Standing (Alone) Under The Mistletoe



BY MARY PARRISH

Since girls do not have a particularly easy time of it in this nineteen hundred and seventieth year of Our Lord, what with trying to get a foothold on the sidewalk in the population explosion (much less the Ladder of Success), they sometimes can't find a dollar to hoard, and go on laundering the blouse, pressing the skirt, typing the letters, filing the memos, running the errands, buying the groceries, cooking the dinner, washing the dishes, going to bed, getting up, catching the bus and punching the clock.

So at Christmas, I do not think it would be amiss if a few people paused and took stock of the situation. For instance, the leaders of our nation might put their minds to the little matter of inflation, so that what is euphemistically entitled Take-Home Pay, no matter how you've kept on slaving, doesn't look like something the elephant stepped on; whereas the Boss might just consider extending himself to issue one small word of praise, if not a raise, and I could guarantee that there would certainly be no onus on a bonus.

As for the manufacturers of the nylon stocking, which are continually shocking you by being made out of some kind of foam which disintegrates before you get home, they could bend their great brains and get a stocking made that lasts at least until the bill is paid.

There is also, alas, the landlord, who not only will not do anything about the plumbing, but fixes you with that fishy eye and that benumbing inquiry about WHO drove the nail in the wall or get a spot on the carpet, however small, not to mention those bus drivers of fiendish cunning who move right off the minute they see you running, or the propellers of cabs who are so genuinely snooty, the minute they see a girl hailing them they go off duty.

Oh, there are a number of men who could go around mending their fences, such as the one who calls you for a date at eight after you are already undressed and resigned and you know everybody in town has previously declined, or the one who manages to forget to recall to phone at all, or even your father, who keeps asking you in various tenses, when you are going to come to your senses?

Well, now it is Christmas and everybody is going around casting pearls of wisdom about goodwill to men. I would like to hear something about goodwill to girls—for my part, I would like a date at a discothèque, a little sable for my neck, a day at the races, a ticket to Far Places, a small foreign car, some Beluga caviar and something less ephemeral, like an emerald, a night at the opera, and to be a lepidoptera for a change, but if all that is out of range, just send me a go at something strong and masculine under the mistletoe!

BEAUTY SIGNALS

Stocking Stuffers

No one is ever too old or too young to enjoy Christmas stockings hung by the fire at holiday time. Imaginative, inexpensive items abound to use as stocking stuffers for him and for her—and to use as beauty aids year round.

Tracking down stocking items for him is a cinch, with all the new men's toiletries to choose from. For instance: a Great Hunk of Soap by Bill Blass—its moisture emollients soften skin, and the overall effect is a good scrub down. 5 oz., \$5.

English Leather has a man's shampoo with the familiar fragrance of rich herbs and leather. It's packaged in a "portable" plastic bottle with a rope to hang onto shower spigot. Shampoo on a Rope, 8 oz., \$1.50.

To splash on after the shower, introduce him to a new fragrance from Avon. Öland is a strictly Scandinavian scent in a handsome stainless steel and wood design. 6 oz., \$5.

And for her, Avon includes a convenient roll-on perfume in the Bird of Paradise Collection. The fragrance is sweet, and the roll-on fits handily into a pocketbook or evening bag. .33 oz., \$3.

Angel Face is newly packaged with a new line of Medicated Skin Basics for girls who need makeup that's as medicinal as it is cosmetic. The pressed powder "blots" up excess oils that accumulate during the day and leaves the skin looking naturally unmadeup. Bronze, Tawny and Natural shades in a thin, mirrored compact. \$1.25.

Complexion problems have a friend in Unscented Neutrogena Hypoallergenic Soap. Fragrance-free, the soap is pure enough to insure against irritation to supersensitive skin types. 3.45 ozs., \$1.

Hair takes ■ beating from weather, over-coloring, elastic bands and constant curling. Healthy, shiny hair means extra-special attention to shampooing. Alberto Culver's Born Free Protein Shampoo coddles damaged hair back to health with extra protein. More shine, more body. 3.5 oz., 79¢.

The easiest way to keep hair tied down is with a barrette. To keep hair in place—day and evening—with a minimum of effort, Goody has a collection of Fashion Accent barrettes in colors of gold, silver and tortoise-shell, starting at \$1.

Winter's upon us and chapped lips are a common problem. Take preventive measures with a lip balm like Alo Lip Shield, a swivel-up stick that keeps lips moist on the slopes or in a steam-heated room. \$1.25.

Bonne Bell means ski-country cosmetics for the outdoor life. A face protector for men and women, Weatherproof, comes in a tin. Protects against sun- and windburn 50¢.

Love's Bathing Foam from the Eau de Love Collection helps keep your skin

summer silky in the winter months. The foam bursts into bubbles that tint the bath water blue and leaves a lingering fragrance. 6 oz., \$3.

If you are plagued by chipping, peeling fingernails, try stroking on a coat of rrp Nail Conditioner before applying polish. The conditioner acts as a protective barrier between nails and water, bobby pins and telephone dials. ½ oz., \$3.

Nail colors in new, subtle shades from Cutex: Gentle Pink, Beige and Peach. 33 oz., 59¢. While nails are growing, keep them shaped into a perfect oval with Cutex emory boards. Tuck one in pocketbook or desk drawer for last-minute touchups. Package of 6, 29¢.

Lip colorings have changed and so have their containers. Avon's new Petti-Pink Lipstick collection is packaged in a nostalgic turn-of-the-century petit-

point design. Try an earthy lip color this winter—one named Sheerling Berry. \$2 each.

Under Wear for the eyes is Max Factor's latest eye color. Two color-coordinated powdered shadows help you achieve the new wrap-around shadings—one to wear over the lid and one to wear under the lower lashes. In smoky colors of Misty Blue, Taupe, Green and Plum. \$2.50. —KITTY BLAKE

PARENTS HAVE RIGHTS, TOO!

If you make too many sacrifices for your child, chances are you'll do both of you more harm than good. Here is a revolutionary new approach to raising your child — one based on common sense, with CONSIDERATION FOR YOUR NEEDS as well as his.

HOW TO PARENT signals a revolution in child raising. It marries common sense and child psychology to create a complete and practical guide for parents, one that will help you develop your child's emotional and mental well-being. Written by Dr. Fitzhugh Dodson, eminent psychologist, educator and parent, HOW TO PARENT is not a confusing, hodge-podge of psychological "mumbo-jumbo." Instead it offers sane, sensible advice to parents of infants to preschoolers. It tells you how to handle 1001 day-to-day child-raising problems and questions—without giving up your rights as a parent! It challenges the permissive era of Dr. Spock, and marks the beginning of a new era in child raising—one that restores joy to parenthood by returning to good old-fashioned common sense.

A Common Sense Guide Every Responsible Parent Should Read

Many books and articles have been written on "how to become a lawyer, accountant, engineer" and the thousands of other careers and professions. Yet, until now, there has never been a single, authoritative source that covers the most demanding and universal task in the world... being a parent. HOW TO PARENT is exactly that. It is not a medical encyclopedia, nor does it pretend to be. HOW TO PARENT focuses on the raising of children... on your role in developing your child's psychological, emotional and educational needs. Unlike other books that cover various areas of child development, HOW TO PARENT is the first book to deal completely with both the intellectual and emotional development of your child. It helps you understand your child better. It guides you



Art Linkletter on "Life With Linkletter" NBC-TV Says...

"Dr. Dodson finally brings us to common sense and the rights of parents, in one of the best books I have ever read."

"What he has to say is of the utmost importance... Most any parent will welcome the very real help in the art of parenting which this book provides."

—Dr. Louise Bates Ames
Gesell Institute of Child Development

"... a wealth of wisdom revealing family insight and offering practical solutions to universal problems of discipline, TV watching and violence is revealed in these 400 pages... There is not a dull word in the book."

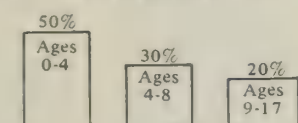
—The Los Angeles Times

in developing your child's own concept of himself. And it does so with recognition for your needs as an adult and parent. It challenges the permissive theories of Dr. Spock and other theories that have failed as evidenced by newspaper headlines. It tells you in plain, common-sense terms how to help mold and develop your child through the proper mixture of love, understanding and discipline. HOW TO PARENT is preventative medicine. It tells you what to do in the first important years to prevent trouble or behavior problems in later years. HOW TO PARENT is must reading for every responsible parent.

The Most Important Years of Your Child's Development

From the moment your child is born until he reaches age five he is in his most critical years. He develops attitudes and habit patterns which become part of him for the rest of his life. This is why it is so vital for you to establish a solid relationship with him at this early age—so vital to help guide his growth and development. As seen in the chart below, your child attains over 50% of his intelligence by age five. It is during this period that you must provide the most stimulating intellectual environment for your child. HOW TO PARENT shows you how.

Ages Of Intelligence



Entertaining as Well ■ Educational—Easy to Read and Understand

You'll find HOW TO PARENT easy to read and simple to understand. Dr. Dodson writes in a casual, straightforward manner, without any confusing, psychological jargon.

12 "Thou Shalt Not's," Plus A Baker's Dozen For Parents

Other unique sections of HOW TO PARENT include two jam-packed chapters on discipline, with seven recommended rules on what and what not to do; nine important lessons science has learned from years of research in reinforcement psychology; plus twelve important "Thou Shalt Not's" for parents. For good measure, Dr. Dodson adds, as a final aid for any struggling parent, a concluding chapter containing a lively Baker's Dozen Guideline for raising children.

Unique Appendices—More Vital Information

One of the most unique and valuable sections of HOW TO PARENT is a five-part, 92-page

Appendix which will save you enough money in one year to pay for the book ten times over. You'll learn:

- 1) how to buy the proper toys for different ages—saves wasting money on inappropriate toys for each stage of your child's development.
- 2) how to get 26 free or inexpensive toys and play materials.
- 3) what books you should buy for preschoolers to read.
- 4) what phonograph records you should buy for preschoolers.
- 5) what the recommended books are on special questions or problems, such as how to teach a two-year-old to swim; how to recognize a gifted child; even how to explain a death in the family.

A Special Note to New or Expectant Mothers

If you're expecting, or are a new mother for the first time, HOW TO PARENT is like "having a child before you have a first child." It eases any fears you may have about the unknown. It tells you what to expect of your child, year by year, during the critical first five years. It covers in great detail the four stages of childhood—infancy, toddlerhood, "first adolescence," the preschool stage—in an easy-to-follow, step-by-step fashion.

Enjoy

HOW TO PARENT In Your Home For 10 Days — Entirely At Our Risk

As a reader of this magazine, you may treat yourself to the treasures of HOW TO PARENT for 10 days—at our risk. See for yourself what a valuable reference and guide this book is for raising your child. You must be delighted, or you may return HOW TO PARENT to us. Your money will be cheerfully refunded—no questions asked. Just fill out and mail the coupon along with your check or money order for only \$6.95 (plus 75¢ for shipping and handling). Do it today! If coupon is missing, send your name and address, plus remittance, to:

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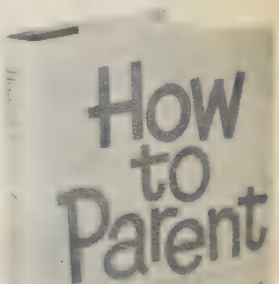
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P.S. Makes a wonderful gift item for any new mother.



Answers These Questions About Your Child

- Should you ignore your baby's crying at bedtime?
- Is it bad for children to see violence on TV?
- Should you teach a preschool child to read?
- Should children be inhibited?
- Does a working mother jeopardize her child's security?
- How do babies become optimists or pessimists?
- Can babies sense unhappiness in the home?
- How do you explain a death in the family?
- How can you teach your child to think?
- What are the best ways to develop your child's imagination?
- How do you handle temper tantrums?
- Is it all right to spank your child?



About the Author
Fitzhugh Dodson, Ph.D.

Dr. Dodson doesn't hide behind his Ph.D. or his professional psychological theories, but speaks as a parent of three children. He draws from his own parental experiences as well as from his more than 20 years of professional experience as both a psychologist and an educator. A member of Phi Beta Kappa, Dr. Dodson has his A. B. cum laude from John Hopkins University, his B.D. magna cum laude from Yale University, and his Ph.D. from the University of Southern California. He is the founder of the nationally famous La Primera Preschool in Torrance, California.

You buy
two kinds of
coffee.



Ever think
of two kinds
of flour?

One coffee's for a potful, a second is for a cupful. There is a second flour, too. Gold Medal Wondra. Wondra's different. It pours like salt, mixes instantly with liquids to make lump-free sauce and gravies as no regular flour can. Make Wondra your second flour. Then try it in other bakings. Special recipe are on the sack. You may need only one flour after all.



Wondra.
Your second
flour.

A Doctor's Checklist: How to Tell if You'll Succeed on a Diet

By Walter E. O'Donnell, M.D.

One of the most formidable obstacles that a physician faces in selling the idea of a diet to a patient is the question of whether a diet is likely to be a success or not. After some weeks or months of arduous self-denial and self-discipline, will the patient have a new figure to show for her trouble or just the same old pear-shaped silhouette plus an accumulation of frustrations, anxieties and guilt complexes?

Obviously there are no hard and fast rules. Some of my greatest successes have come from among the most unlikely candidates. Nevertheless there are some clues that help to distinguish in advance the good from the poor losers. Here are some of the questions I ask myself when confronted by a patient who says she wants to lose weight.

1. Why is she here? Does she have just a sore throat checked and then toss off a "Oh, yes, by the way, what are you going to do about my weight?" Or did she give the matter some thought beforehand and make a special trip to my office to seek help?

If the subject of her obesity comes up as a sort of postscript or afterthought it may mean that she simply wants to get as much out of that single visit to the doctor as possible. Or maybe the conversation lagged and she popped this in as a filler. None of these reasons suggest strong motivation or commitment, essential ingredients in any weight-loss program.

2. How does she look? The woman who appears slovenly, who insists on wearing clothes of a type, style and size wholly inappropriate to her bulk and whose whole appearance suggests inertia and defeat is obviously not a good candidate for weight loss. Once again motivation is crucial and, except for clear and present danger to health, there is nothing that motivates a woman better than pride in her appearance. A trim, stylish figure that will take the latest fashions and that might reawaken her husband's romantic instincts is after all what every would-be loser is after.

3. How does she put the question to me? Does she say, "What can I do?" indicating a clear understanding of where the ultimate responsibility lies? Or does she say, "What can you do about my weight?" indicating the reverse? The chubby housewife who regards her weight as my problem has got the wrong end of the telescope to her eye. She imagines herself as the passive recipient of drugs, diets and spasms of outrage from the physician who is manipulating her and her life. This never works. The patient must take the active role. The physician can only sit on the sidelines like coach on the bench and hope that what he said in the clubhouse sank in.

4. How much overweight does she admit to? It may seem paradoxical, but I find that the woman who weighs 215 pounds and who sets as her goal something like 175 pounds (instead of a realistic good weight of 130 pounds) is much more likely to fail. Setting her goal at this inflated figure is actually a half-denial of her problem, which hardly augurs well for the future.

5. Why does she think she is fat? A patient who marches in and announces that she is fat because she eats too much is much more likely to lose than the one who confesses complete mystification as to why she should have an extra ounce. Sometimes her bafflement is real and genuine. More often, however, she is throwing up a smoke screen of talk about lack of exercise, a naturally heavy frame and big bones, sluggish metabolism, and assorted fanciful theories to shift the blame away from herself. Obviously if she does not consider herself to blame for being fat, she can hardly be expected to take the lead in reversing the process.

6. What is her family history of obesity? If she has an overweight mother and father, and brothers and sisters who are likewise, her chances of losing weight diminish. If, in addition, her husband is overweight and so are her children, her likelihood of success is almost nil. This is not because obesity is inherited; rather, it signifies the patient's whole environment and overall attitude toward food, which through the years can become a deeply ingrained part of a person's character.

7. What is the life history of her obesity? If the patient has had to go to the end of the dress rack in the store ever since grammar school or high school, the chances of weight reduction are poor. If, on the other hand, she weighed only 100 pounds when her husband carried her over the threshold a dozen years ago and now, four babies later, he can't lift her, there is a reasonable chance for success.

8. What about previous weight reduction programs? Has she ever been successful at losing weight? If so, how much did she lose, how long did it take, how did she do it, and how long did the weight stay off? Most important of all, why does she think she had a relapse? The history of one successful program, involving 50 to 60 pounds, lasting for a significant period of time is much more promising than eight or ten brief experiences in which 15 or 20 pounds at the most were lost and rapidly put back on.

9. What do her family and friends think about her losing weight? No matter how well motivated the patient is, a constant barrage of comments direct-

ed toward talking her out of her diet will weaken the willpower of almost anyone. The person who loses 25 pounds through monumental self-discipline and self-denial may wonder if it's worth it when she is greeted by a pained look and "Oh, I liked you the way you were" or "Don't you think you're overdoing this diet business?" Our would-be dieter may lose sight of the fact that these are the self-serving comments of an overweight friend who subconsciously interprets her friend's success as a reproach to herself for her own past failures.

10. What is her emotional status? If the patient is fat primarily because of her unsettled emotional state, obviously attempts at weight reduction without treating the underlying problem will serve only to aggravate things. Obesity in many people is a badge of neurosis, a symptom of underlying emotional difficulties. Such people do not make good candidates for weight reduction.

11. What are her eating habits? If the patient eats little or nothing all day and then gorges herself at night and refuses to change this pattern, her chances for success are poor. Or does the patient nibble all day long? Perhaps she just eats three huge regular meals. Or else she may be a "binge-eater" who goes on a food and drink spree every once in a while. Inquiring into the patient's eating habits may tip me off as to what kind of loser she will be.

12. What about her past experience with other pills and habits? The patient who has given evidence of strong willpower by stopping her two-pack-a-day cigarette smoking is likely to be successful with weight loss, which, after all, hinges primarily on willpower.

13. What is her reaction to my explanation? If she quarrels with or resists my explanations about obesity and diets and "fights" me all the way, I know that weight loss is not for her. And if she goes out of the office weakly saying "I'll try" instead of firmly vowing to come back ten pounds lighter, I also have my doubts.

None of these questions by itself is necessarily decisive, but the answers to them help me to spot the successful weight losers in advance.

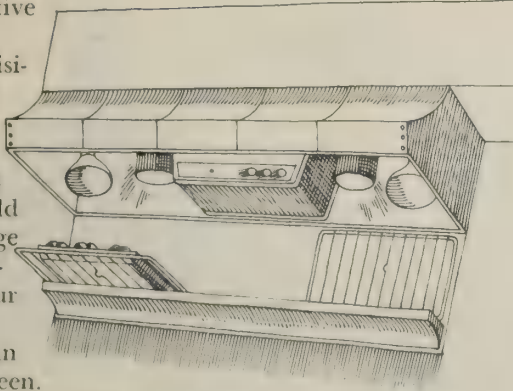
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Food Warmers=Hot Meals Anytime

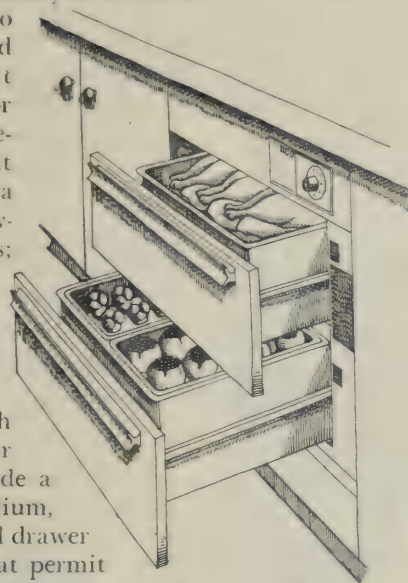
Meals at all hours are such everyday happenings in busy households that modern keep-hot devices are fast becoming kitchen "musts." Put an end to lukewarm meals with one of these built-ins, made to hold a bowl of soup or a whole meal hot and attractive—even for several hours. By Betty Wadsworth, Home Equipment Editor

Triple-duty hood is effective space-saver that ventilates range, keeps food hot and visible. This heat-and-see hood has two infrared lamps for food heating, two regular lamps for light. Wire racks at each end of the hood fold down to hold dishes in range of heat lamps. Wall-mounted, 120-v. hood comes in four lengths—30, 36, 42 and 48 inches—with enamel finish in copper, white or avocado-green. Also in golden tone or stainless steel. "Keep-Hot Hood" by Thermador.

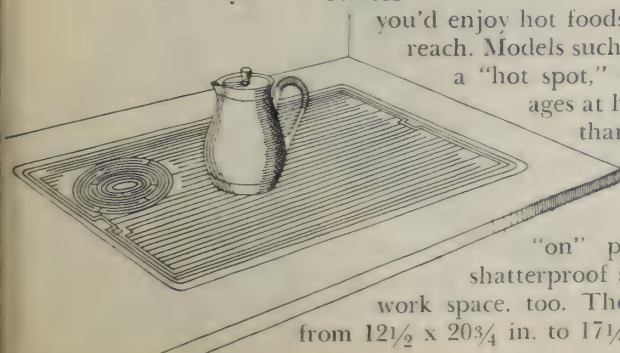


Space-saving and slim, this food warmer installs easily under a wall cabinet or shelf. Its infrared tube keeps foods piping hot without drying; it can also be used to defrost foods on counter below. For best results, counter should be stainless steel or ceramic tile (or have inserts of these materials below the warmer). There should be at least 16 to 18 in. between warmer lamp and counter. The walnut-pattern-on-steel case is 3 in. high, 6 in. deep, 22 in. long, and includes a light hat can be used with or without the heat lamp. Cory.

Meals for the whole family—even poultry and roasts—keep hot and fresh for hours in the two generous-size drawers of this hot-food server. What's more, controls pinpoint temperature to 190° and can be set for moist, medium or dry-crisp heat, depending on the foods "holding" (but not for more than one type heat at a time per drawer). Even when full, drawers roll smoothly on nylon rollers; drawer liners remove for easy clean-up. This unit may be installed in any 24-in. base cabinet. Trim in style, it fits readily into kitchen color schemes—comes in stainless steel, antique copper-tone or white enamel, or with "primed fronts" for finishing in your own color. Available accessories include a set of five steel pans (2 large, 2 medium, 1 small), which fit into one drawer, and drawer divider racks (2 for each drawer) that permit double-decking of casseroles or pies. Toastmaster.



Hot tray in a counter is a convenience for any room where you'd enjoy hot foods or drinks at arm's reach. Models such as this one include a "hot spot," which holds beverages at higher temperatures than provided by rest of surface. Other models have wall switch with red "on" pilot light. Strong, shatterproof surface makes good work space, too. The seven sizes range from 12½ x 20¾ in. to 17¼ x 29¼ in. Salton.



COUNTRY GARDEN Seven Stainless Steel Pieces Alive with Enchanting Spring Colors

You'll love the way this Country Garden Set by Ekco looks and blends with your kitchen decor. Here are the six most used kitchen tools and a special stainless steel rack to hang them up where all can see how pretty your kitchen is. All of sturdy Ekco stainless steel construction that lasts and lasts (a 15-year guarantee comes with the set). The easy-to-grip handles are of sturdy melamine, so all the pieces are dishwasher safe. Can't you just see Country Garden in your very own kitchen? Available at most stores where fine housewares are sold.

FREE—Your booklet on how to choose, use and care for fine kitchen tools. Write Ekco, Dept. J312 Franklin Park, Illinois 60131.

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Good. I'm sending you one dollar.
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30th Annual National Bible Week, November 22-29, 1970. An Interfaith effort.

The Cup

Someone has finally invented something better for menstrual protection than merely a new improved napkin or tampon. It's called Tassaway®

Remember the flurry the tampon caused when it first came out to replace the napkin?

Now, get ready for an idea that will replace both the napkin and the tampon.

It's a whole new way of *menstrual protection*.

We call it the Tassaway method. But the thousands of women who have used it have already started referring to it as the Cup.

And we predict it will change your way of handling your periods as nothing before has.

You can tell by looking at it: this is not just a "new improved" napkin or tampon.

Women call it the Cup because that's just what it is. A soft, pliable, flushable little plastic cup that fits inside your body to *collect* menstrual flow (rather than absorbing it the way everything else has tried to do before).

We tested the Cup in five cities. And the girls flipped over it. These are just a few of their comments:

"I no longer look forward to that time of month as a problem to be suffered through. Now I have the comfort, protection and security I

needed and didn't think possible."

"One Tassaway lasts so much longer than the others."

"Once you get the 'feel' of it you can't go wrong."

"How wonderful to have something that does not smell, leak, bulge, chafe, or slip out!"

"I have wondered for a long time why a product like Tassaway wasn't invented."

"I was so impressed by your product that I have recommended it to several of my friends."

"Wonderful for water skiing and swimming even if you've never been able to wear a tampon."

What has the Cup got, to get that kind of reaction? Let's start with security. Once the Cup is inside your body, body warmth causes it to conform completely to the contour of your vaginal wall. So it can't slip. And won't spill. Even if the cup is full, the space between the cup opening and your uterus keeps the menses safe until you change Cups.

More security: you don't have to change as often as you would a napkin or tampon. For most girls, one Tassaway equals three or four tampons. Even on your heaviest days.

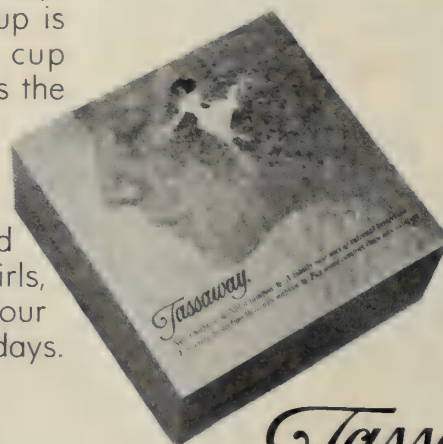


How come there's no odor? Very simple. Odor is caused by oxidation. The Cup keeps air out, so there's no oxidation. No problem.

How do I know when it's time for a change, and what do I do about it?

At first, you'll probably be changing more often than you have to. (Force of old habits, left over from napkin and tampon days.) But, by your second or third period with the Cup, you'll probably be changing Cups only once or twice a day. And it's so easy. You simply pull the little plastic tab and flush it. Then insert another Cup. There's no string to collect germs, so you don't have to change every time you go to the ladies' room. Or bathe. Or swim.

Use the Tassaway "Cup" during your next period. Once you try it, you'll realize that every solution to your monthly problem up to now has been a compromise. Buy a box before you need it. Tassaway is available at all leading supermarket, drug and discount stores.



Tassaway®

Tassette, Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif.



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Mink is it. Anytime. Anywhere.
Because it's warm and lightweight.
Because it's durable and hard-wearing.
Because it's Saga Mink -
and life's too short and winter too long
to go without it.

Mink is Saga.

The finest mink from Scandinavia
where winters are six months long.

Scandinavian Mink Assn.

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Everybody's been trying to come up with a wig that's as good as your own hair.

But now we've got a wig that's better than your own hair. Abbott Tresses.

Famous designers like Adolfo and Halston exclusively style and cut Abbott Tresses before you buy them.

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All you do is brush them and wear them. (You can brush them into a variety of terrific styles.)

And Abbott Tresses look (and feel) so natural, even you can't tell you're wearing a wig.

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A wig that's easier and faster to style than any other.

An exclusive pre-cut that doesn't have to be cut in a store.

A special fiber with an exclusive finish that looks and feels as natural as your own hair.



The "Mindy" Wig. Available at fine department and specialty stores and salons. ©Abbott Tresses. From \$30.

"What Can I Do?"

When a friend is bereaved, you can help her in many ways. By Catherine Lanham Miller

The phone call was for me. "Jim died this morning . . . thought you'd want to get in touch with Angela."

Angela. My good friend. Of course I wanted to do something. But she's lost her husband. What do you say, what do you do?

Here, you must trust your own good taste. Just how *truly* close is this friend? If the situation were reversed, would you want her with you? Are there hordes of relatives who will descend, or is she fairly alone? Is the family so prominent in the community that the traffic around her home will become a problem? If so, your absence may be the most thoughtful offering you can make.

No, you're a special friend and you go. When you get there, what will you do? In my case, it wasn't hard to decide, for Angela, in her state of shock, needed a domestic organizer. Some of my chores included a mad dash to a department store for sheets; her supplies were low, and lots of out-of-town guests were coming. Also white shirts for two boys who needed them for the funeral. Making up eight guest beds. Answering the phone, taking flowers at the door, handling and recording the flood of food that people kept leaving at the back door. Taking inventory of the refrigerator and marketing for the bread-and-milk-type necessities that people keep running out of, even in time of tragedy. Doing laundry: with four children, the washer and dryer can't rest. Helping my dazed friend choose suitable clothes to wear to the funeral. Rushing the dress to a one-hour cleaner. Rushing it back, doing a new hem, repressing. Polishing her shoes, finding a hat, handbag, clean gloves. Setting up a buffet table for family and relatives, and a refreshment center to provide a pick-up after an exhausting day.

These are things you'd do in your own home, so it isn't difficult if you're free to leave your family and devote whole days to it. But maybe your friend doesn't need this. In those crucial pre-funeral hours, what *else* can you do?

If she has no close family, and no minister or other family advisor, you may be able to help her cope with burial arrangements, which always involve a few shockingly harsh decisions. Or you, perhaps with your husband, can help her sort out her immediate financial affairs . . . often a real problem, especially when death comes unexpectedly. The family lawyer should handle all this, but not all of us have family lawyers. If you see she's worrying about money, make a list of something like this:

- 1) Condition of checking account? In whose name? Is it temporarily frozen at death of depositor?
- 2) Is there a will? Where? Is there an executor?
- 3) Safety deposit box? Where's the key?
- 4) Savings accounts, bonds, insurance policies, other sources of ready

your friend's shoulders. (See below for list of tasks.)

Perhaps you aren't quite close enough to her to assume these intimate responsibilities. Or you can't drop everything and devote yourself full time. But you want to help. Here are some possibilities.

Make long distance phone calls; send wires to distant relatives who should be notified. Do this at your house, to avoid tying up her phone.

have been forced to neglect lately. Perhaps the lawn needs mowing. Round up your husband or neighborhood youngsters. Depending on the season you may instead seek leaf-rakers or snow-shovelers.

Head up a cleaning squad. Things may have gotten out of hand here too. When she's out, call in a few helpers with vacuum cleaners and other tools from home. A clean house always makes a woman feel a little better.

The Fresh Ones. Two new sauces from Lipton.

You'll never catch cream sauces this fresh coming from a can. With new Lipton Cream of Onion Mix and Cream of Mushroom Mix, you don't add the water till you're ready for the sauce. That's why they come out so fresh even your best friend can't tell you didn't make them from scratch.

Pot Roast with Mushroom Gravy

- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 3- to 3½ -pound chuck roast
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 envelope (2½ oz.) Lipton Cream of Mushroom
- 1½ cups hot water

1. In Dutch oven or heavy saucepan, melt shortening and brown meat on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. 2. In small bowl, combine Lipton Cream of Mushroom and water, stirring until smooth. Pour over meat and simmer covered, stirring occasionally, 2½ hours or until tender. Makes 4 to 6 servings.



cash? 5) Was he a veteran? Is she entitled to a pension? Did he belong to a fraternal order or lodge that might offer widow's benefits? If your friend is like many women I know, her husband has always handled these matters. She finds them incomprehensible, and is totally unprepared to act in her own behalf at this time. You can at least find out what she must do, and gently help her do it.

Another big job for a close friend with lots of tact: the delegating of tasks to other friends who want to help. If you see there is no system and no boss, offer to handle it. It takes a big load off

Meet planes, trains, buses.

Put up out-of-towners in your guest room.

Take her children, or visiting relatives' children, for lunch, the night, the weekend, a week.

Sit with family pets.

Be responsible for answering the door and phone at her home. Get others to help you, make a chart, assign definite hours. (In some communities, most of the visiting activity centers around the funeral home.) Make sure you handle notes and messages with meticulous care.

Tidy up her garden, which she may

Be responsible for her kitchen. This is almost a round-the-clock job, so if you become general, make sure you have some trustworthy soldiers under your command. Three meals a day, with the cleanup. Marketing, usually counting on several extra people for each meal. Plus the logistics of handling the food sent in by well-meaning neighbors—to make sure the molded salad is kept cold, that the lemon meringue pie is not frozen, that the apple pie is. You'll want to record each gift of food in a notebook (scraps of paper get lost) for later acknowledgment. Keep handy: a roll of adhesive tape, scissors, water, terproof pen. On bottom of each dish, put strip of adhesive with donor's name. As container is emptied, see that it's washed and returned.

Be responsible for floral offerings. Funeral flowers, sometimes come in such numbers that they can get out of hand unless carefully documented. Good procedure: before removing card, jot down on reverse side brief description: i.e., "spray red carn." When she writes, she'll be able to say "Thank you for the lovely red carnations. . . ." Also involved in this job: disposal of flowers after funeral. Often families want to share them with sick friends or people in hospital wards.

If you can't go. Naturally you've thought of: sending your own food specialty (something that will freeze for later use; one family I know got 23 dishes of scalloped potatoes), a whole meal (something easily warmed up, please), a telegram, a mass card, a note, funeral flowers (or money to a favorite charity if it's "no flowers, please"), flowers to

her at home, a floral arrangement to a hospital ward (with a card "in memory of"). Even more lasting, and a lovely idea: dedicate a library book.

Don't forget her after the funeral. Endless thank-you notes must be written: organize lists, look up addresses, stamp and mail envelopes for her. You can also notify faraway friends and help with the heartbreaking disposal of clothing and personal effects.

Let your friend know you're thinking of her. Sometimes she'll need to be alone, but when companionship seems in order, you can be the best friend of all by just being there.

END

MIRACLE CHILD

ntinued from page 63

Christmas to the young mothers, my adopted daughters, who came from far-off countries and now live under my roof. I think of the miracle of these babies—the miracle of birth.

Yes, we celebrate again this Christmas the miracle of birth. My mind goes back hundreds of years, five centuries before the birth of the miracle child named Jesus. I think of an earlier child, the one whom we call Confucius. He, too, did not know his grandfather, for he did not know his father. Today he might be called an illegitimate child. The neighbors would scoff. Was his father a god? Who ever heard of such a story? Yet in Asia it is an old story. Whenever a child is "mysteriously conceived," the mother declares the father was a god.

"I was down by the river alone," a young girl declares, and even today it happens. "While I was there a river god came up out of the water," she declares, "and he told me I would have a son. Behold the Child!"

The mother of Confucius would never tell him the name of his father. Whoever he was, god or man, his name was too high to mention, his seed too valuable to neglect. She devoted herself to her child. She taught him virtue and self-discipline; she searched for and found the wisest of teachers. She never doubted or let him doubt that he was the son of a god-like man whose very name she would not speak. When he died Confucius buried her at the foot of the Five Fathers. But years later an old woman told him his father's name and where he was buried. Then Confucius removed his mother's body from its grave and placed it near the great man who was his father.

Golden Rule

Confucius was the predecessor of that other miracle child, Jesus Christ. I say this in all reverence, for I cannot otherwise explain the similarities between their teachings, exemplified, in only one instance among many, by the Golden Rule.

Jesus said, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Confucius had already said, five centuries earlier, "Do not do unto others what you would not have them do unto you."

Can this be accident? I think not. Somewhere in his youth, in the lost years after he was 12 and before he came back, resolute and ready, to face his human destiny, it is said that Jesus lived in the state of Nepal, where there was a great university of scholars from all the then-known parts of the world. And, it is said, it was there that Jesus learned the wisdom of Confucius. Great men of the East had already foretold the birth of Jesus, and they had followed a guiding star until they found Him, the Miracle Child.

Now, lying here in my bed as the faint rose rays of dawn begin to lighten the dark sky. I think of a third miracle child, who now lives in India: the young Dalai Lama of Tibet, driven from his kingdom as Confucius was

driven into exile long ago, and as Jesus was driven to the Cross. The world destroys those who are miraculously born, the unexplainable ones, who because they cannot be otherwise explained are called the sons of gods. The Dalai Lama is one of these. When he enters the room I feel his presence. Yet, like all great men, he is easy to be with, simple in his profound wisdom, beautiful to see. He is all men and talks on equal terms with all men. I am

reminded of those words in the New Testament, "and the common people heard Him gladly."

I once spent a day with the young Dalai Lama, and he answered my questions as to the miracle of his own birth. He believes beyond doubt that he is the reincarnation of the old Dalai Lama who preceded him, and he told me how the reincarnation was discovered by wise men of the East, seeking him, as the one whose miraculous birth

had been foretold, in a peasant household on the borders of China. Yes, there was even a guiding star that hung in the sky over the peasant home.

I listened as I might have listened centuries ago, not questioning whether I believed or did not believe. These births occur, that I know. How they occur, of what father, of what mother, scarcely matters. The Child is the miracle. Of course, in a sense every child is a miracle, every child (continued)



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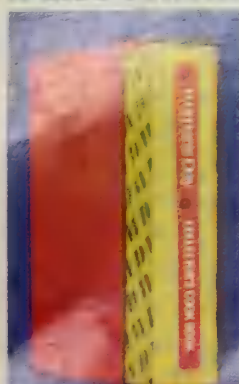
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Nobody tells you not to take any wooden nickels anymore, do they?
—Poor Woman's Almanac

divine, but as Christmas approaches I think of the inexplicable births, those whose genes in an unknown and unpredictable combination produce the few who lead the human race onward toward its bright destiny, which it has not yet fulfilled. And yet we kill these few. Why? Perhaps we are frightened by the heights they proclaim in what they do and say and are; we resist their guiding strength, we refuse their wisdom, we even deny their greatness, as Jesus was denied. We surround them with scorn and will not rest until we put an end to them.

Then they are born again. Through the miracle of birth, of some simple mother, some unknown father, they are born again—and under their leadership the human race takes another step. Reluctant, rebellious, halting, we take another step ahead.

But what if the miracle child is never born? This is the fear that haunts me now, the question I can never answer. In one sense, Confucius should not have been born. Fatherless, homeless, his mother alone and working to support him—what social worker could approve such a birth? And Jesus—even his mother's own people laughed at the idea of the Virgin Birth. And, later, they said, "He calls himself the Son of God!" Their laughter echoes across the centuries. Why should this family produce a God-King? Were Joseph and Mary better than anyone else in the village? There was no apparent reason why these children should be born. Yet how much poorer the human race would have been!

Today we hear yet another cry against birth, the same cry in modern form. "Don't have that third child!"

Overpopulation . . . danger . . . starvation . . . this small, too-crowded planet—all this would be enough to terrify, except that science, contemplating disaster, will, I am sure, be able to prevent such fearful possibilities. Yet there is a danger even science cannot prevent. It is the danger that the birth of a miracle child could be stopped. We never know which one will be that child, the one who leads the human race to higher heights, even though he be killed by those who fear the heights.

Don't have the third child? That is your decision to make. But what if the third child is the one we need more than all the rest? Birth is still a miracle. If we prevent the miracle, we may prevent the Child, the One, Him whom we seek beneath the guiding star.

The sun rises above the horizon. The day begins. Light pours into my room. But the question is not answered.

"What Child is this?"

It may be, it could always be, the Third Child—couldn't it?

END

LIBERATED WOMAN

continued from page 44

and old, male and female, seems bent upon abandoning any moral, Biblical and traditional guidelines. Many women are obviously saying: "Why can't we get in on the act?"

I am not against freedom for women. But I believe that the Bible teaches that women have a role, that it is a noble role, a God-given role, and they

to compete against men in football. They may want to work, to assume more community responsibilities, but they want to do these things as women, not as competitive juggernauts pitted against "male chauvinists."

Most of those women to whom I have talked would even like to see the return of the age of chivalry, when a man opened the car door for a woman, or seated her at a table. The average woman wants to be a woman—and the

bruised" (Luke 4:18). Women were longer chattels; they were persons with rights and dignity. They enjoyed a new status. The apostle Paul said tenderly: "I commend unto you Phoebe our sister, which is a servant of the church. . . . That ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she hath been the succourer of many, and of myself also" (Romans 16:1-2).

Nowhere in the New Testament is it hinted that women abdicated their roles of wife, mother and homemaker. Whatever else they did, their main job was the womanly assignment of wife and mother. "Teach the young women to be keepers at home, to love their husbands, to love their children" (Titus 2:4-5).

Pride of motherhood

Perhaps modern woman, caught up in a competitive secular ethic, has lost the pride of motherhood. Many of them have tried to show their responsibility to people like Dr. Spock and other child-raising specialists. Textbooks, child-care centers and child psychologists will never take the place of a loving, understanding, sensitive mother. Men who have made an impact on the world have had good, faithful, attentive mothers.

Women have a tremendous potential within the Biblically prescribed vocation. As queens in the home they wield the powerful scepters of faith, trust, loyalty and justice and impart them to their husbands and children. As Samuel Johnson once said: "Nature has given women so much power that the law has wisely given them very little."

But all that has changed today. Women have gained power at the ballot box, power in education, power in most of the arts and professions. In many religious denominations, women today are assuming more authority and responsibility in church affairs, even in the ministry. But I believe that as much good as some of this power has created, women cannot abdicate the greatest power of all—the power of shaping the world through the influence of a Godly

home. This is the core, the base, the essence, and we are losing sight of it.

The first man and woman ran into trouble when they wilfully broke their partnership with their creator, God. What they thought would be freedom turned out to be bondage.

No man can be a complete man apart from a partnership with God, and no woman can be a complete woman outside of a partnership with God. In other words, God frees us to be what we are created to be—each with separate identity and purpose, but both sexes one with God. That is true liberation.

END

Create a friendship house of Christmas magic ideas

With "Scotch" Brand Magic Transparent Tape your Christmas cards become a focal point of any holiday decorating scheme. A thoughtful way to thank friends for their greetings.

1. Tape Christmas cards to your Christmas tree, mirror, mantel or door frame. (Don't use tape on wallpaper or painted walls.)
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3. Cut lengths of tape. Attach card or two to sticky side of strip. Sprinkle tape with glitter; attach ornament to lower end.



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will be happiest, most creative—and freest—when they assume and accept that role. The same goes for men. Their chief roles are father and breadwinner, according to the Bible, and it has ever been so in history. They are equipped psychically, spiritually, as well as biologically, for their roles. After talking with hundreds of American women I am convinced that the overwhelming majority want to remain feminine—and to be what they were meant to be. They don't want to fight in the trenches; they don't want to be drafted into the army as soldiers; they don't want to go into men's restrooms; they don't want

average man wants her to be a woman.

I read of certain women who burned symbols of their "bondage," such as undergarments, trinkets and other feminine things. Along with these they burned a Bible, saying that the Bible taught the subjugation of women.

True, the old Hebraic concept was that of patriarchy, but it was a patriarchy of respect and reverence for women, nevertheless. The New Testament clearly teaches monogamy, and it brought in a new regime, and a new freedom, for women.

In Jesus' first sermon He said: "I am come to set at liberty them that are

NEGAR BOTTLE

Continued from page 79

all black kettle that sang to itself the hob all day long. "What more n a body want?" asked the old man. The vinegar bottle stood by itself on e edge of a wide lake, with a path at led to the shore; the old woman d edged the path with shells. Though she was poor, she was most rticular and kept the vin- ar bottle tidy and speck- isly clean; the doorstep is whitened, the windows one and there was always pencil of smoke coming up om the chimney—"I like a od fire," said the old wom- . She spent a deal of her ne picking up sticks and iftwood from the lake ore or cutting turves for r peat stack. There was one to help her be- use she lived quite alone. Alone? Not a bit of it. aven't I Malt?" said the d woman. Malt was her cat.

he old woman did not ive much to eat. Every onday she went to the llage and bought a little a, three ounces of sugar d a pound bag of flour. hen she got home she aked two loaves. "They st the week," she said. hen the butcher's van me round, she bought pieces and trimmings," left- ver meat; she cooked them r Malt but kept the drip- ings to spread on her toast. n Tuesdays and Fridays e walked to the farm and ad her pannikin filled with ilk—most of that went to Malt as well. Now and again e farmer's wife gave her couple of eggs and the rmer let her pick up the otatoes left in the field— e old woman called them "taters." In autumn she icked blackberries and ade blackberry jelly with e sugar she had saved and ften she found windfall ap- les in the grass. "A little ore would be good," said e old woman. "But taking all in all, it's enough for e likes of me."

Malt was twice as fat as e old woman.

One Saturday morning in arly summer, the old wom- n was hungry; whether she ad cut the slices thicker, or the loaf as smaller she did not know, but here were only two crusts left to last until Monday. Her blackberry jelly was finished, it was not the season for apples; she must keep the milk for Malt—"except a drop for my tea"—and here was just a handful of potatoes.

The worst kind of day to have is one where there are a million things you should do, but nothing you want to do.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

"One for dinner, one for supper. You must make do with that," she told herself and went about her work as cheerfully as she could. When the village clock struck noon she made up the fire, swept the hearth with a turkey wing, put on a clean apron and sat down in her rocking chair because she felt a little weak.

The rocking chair was hard but it rested her old bones. It had once had a red cushion, but Malt found the

cushion comfortable and it was now on the other side of the hearth with Malt curled up on it, his paws tucked in and his eyes shut as he purred.

As it was such a fine morning, the old woman had left the door ajar so that, as she sat, she could look across the lake where a fishing boat was coming in; she watched the boat approach as she rocked. It was peaceable by the fire. Rock—purr—purr—rock. Then she stopped rocking. "Dust!" said the old

woman. "Dust on my clean floor." Malt opened an eye but did not stir. The sun, shining on the clean stone flags, showed a sprinkling of dust where the wind had blown it from the path; it was only a sprinkling but the old woman fetched her broom and began to sweep, sweeping every speck of dust toward the door. The fishing boat was coming in to land. Suddenly the old woman stopped again. Something in the dust was glinting silver in the sun; it was something small and round. A button? The old woman bent and picked it up. It was not a button but a silver sixpence. "Lordy! Well, I never did!" said the old woman.

Malt opened the other eye.

Sixpence! A whole silver sixpence! The old woman was so excited she forgot to put away her broom but stood in the doorway looking at the sixpence in her hand.

The fishermen had grounded their boat and were unloading their net and rods and a big bucket that seemed heavy. "Full o' fish," said the old woman, and then, "I know what I'll do. I'll buy me a fish for my dinner. It's years and years since I had a bit of fish. Fish and a tater. What a feast!"

As soon as he heard the word "fish" Malt jumped up. He had not tasted it for a long time, either. He decided to accompany the old woman down to the shore.

"Can't buy much of a fish for that," said the fisherman when the old woman offered her sixpence. "Fish is very, very scarce."

"And very, very dear."

"Oh well. You can have this little 'un," and one of the men took the money and tossed a small fish into the old woman's hand.

Malt tried to stand on his hind legs to look.

The little fish lay in the old woman's hand; it was still alive, its mouth opening and shutting while its tail twitched.

"'Tis small for certain," said the old woman. "Still, the middle'll be enough for me, the head and tail for Malt." Malt set up a meowing and rubbed himself against her skirt. He was hungry too.

The fish gasped in the hurtful air. Its gills lifted up and down; they were lined with scarlet while the rest of it was silver; its eyes seemed to be looking at the lake.

"I'll cook it in milk with herbs." The old woman said it slowly as she looked at the (continued)

You can't tell anyone anything . . . and if you doubt that, try to remember the last time you took anyone's word for something.

—Poor Woman's Almanac

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9248 9156 9101

see pages 76 and 77

8977 9126



All yardage for size 10 without nap.

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LE PARTY APRÈS-SKI see page 54

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dying little fish. "Eat it with 'taters."

The fish's gills pumped up and down as it gasped; its tail gave a helpless twitch.

"With 'taters," but the old woman knew she could not bear it any more. She ran to the water's edge and threw the little fish plop back into the lake.

Malt gave a meow of anguish and the fishermen stared.

"Whatever did you do that for?"

"Gone and thrown away your dinner."

"I know," said the old woman.

"Daft," and one of the fishermen tapped his forehead.

"Off her crumpet," said the other one and laughed. They picked up their gear and their catch and set off to the village still laughing.

Malt stalked away to sulk behind the peat stack.

The old woman was left alone on the lake shore. She felt old and silly—and hungry.

She had turned to go back to her vinegar bottle when a sound made her stop. There were ripples in the lake; then the water went bubble bubble and up came the little fish.

"Old woman . . ."

Now it was the old woman who gasped; her knees nearly gave way and for a moment the lake shore seemed to turn round and round, but the little fish spoke quite calmly.

"Old woman."

"Yes—sir." She did not know if one can call a fish "sir" but then she had not known that anywhere in the world there was a fish that talked.

"You are a dear, kind old woman, and as unselfish as you are kind."

"Thank you . . . sir."

"You should say 'sire' not 'sir,'" said the fish. "Or 'Highness.' You may not know it but I am the ruler of this lake. I look like a fish but I am a prince."

"Lordy! Lordy!" said the old woman.

"Not a lord, a prince," and now she thought she could see a band of gold around his head—or was it that she was dazzled by the light? "But no matter," said the fish.

"You saved my life so you may call me 'little fish,' and anything you want, I shall grant you."

"Thank you kindly, sir, prince, highness," stammered the old woman. "Thank you, I'm sure, but I don't want anything."

"Well, if you do, you have only to

come to the lake shore and call. 'Little fish, Little fish,' and I shall come," and the fish sank back into the water leaving only rings of ripples where it had been.

The old woman made a deep curtsy.

Back in the vinegar bottle the old woman had to sit down in her chair; her knees had really given way and she felt all of a shiver and shake. A fish that talked! A fish who was a prince! "Must have been dreaming. It couldn't

was shaking so much, it sounded like "Little fish" but the water went bubble bubble and up came the little fish.

The old woman curtsied. "Excuse me for bothering you, I'm sure but . . . but, there is one thing I very much need." She was twisting her apron into a knot. "You see there's but two crusts left and hardly any 'taters and I must keep the milk and meat for Malt—that's my cat—so . . . Oh, little fish, sir,

two bread rolls keeping warm in white napkin; a little pat of butter, a little wedge of cheese and a small brown jug of ale. On the floor Malt's cushion was a bowl of meat, saucer of milk and a catnip mouse.

"Lordy! Lordy! Lordy!" said the old woman. "Glory be!"

Malt was already gobbling but, before she touched a morsel, the old woman felt she had to go back to the lake and say "thank you." She did not call "Little fish," but simply "Thank you kindly," across the lake and curtsied again.

Never in all their lives had she and Malt tasted such a dinner—and the old woman did not even have to wash up.

After they had eaten, the old woman felt too comfortable to move and fell asleep, one each side of the fire. When they woke up the table was cleared and there was a note in rippling writing, "Another one tomorrow."

A storm blew up on the lake that night. The vinegar bottle was sturdy and the old woman had slept through a hundred such storms, but that night she lay awake listening to the wind and rain—perhaps she had eaten too much dinner. The roof was blowing off, she thought; the wind will lift the thatch, and when the wind buffeted the walls, "Lord, we shall blow right over," she said. Malt was not worried; he was sound asleep under the patchwork quilt at the foot of the bed but the old woman lay and quaked. Suddenly she sat up. "Lordy!" she said aloud. "Why didn't I think of that afore?"

She would have gone down to the lake as soon as it was daylight but though it was polite to wait until the little fish had finished his breakfast—if fishes have breakfast. Even so, it was still early when she stood at the water's edge and called.

"Little fish. Little fish."

The water went bubble bubble and up came the little fish.

"If you please," and the old woman curtsied. "If you please, little fish, I'm tired of living in the vinegar bottle. It's not all that comfortable and I'm getting elderly. Would it be too much trouble to let me have a cottage—a very little cottage?" pleaded the old woman. "But if it had proper rooms and I didn't have to carry water . . . a bit of garden perhaps, perhaps a garden gate—if it's not any trouble. If there was a rose or two . . . a little cottage."

Clever words like "guesstimate" bother me. After all, the word "estimate" means you're guessing to start with.

—Poor Woman's Almanac



be." But it was. There was a smell of fish on her hand and one tiny silver fish scale. "It was," she said over and over again as she rocked. "It was." Then her glance fell on Malt's empty cushion. She stopped rocking and sat quite still.

"Of all the silly old bodies!" she said. "The men were right. I'm daft. I was that flabbergasted, I suppose." She stood up and looked toward the lake, half afraid. "Go on, you silly old goose," the old woman told herself. Next minute she was standing on the lake shore.

"Little fish. Little fish." Her voice

highness, do you think you could give us—Malt and me—a good hot dinner?"

"Go home and you will find one," said the little fish.

When the old woman reached home, what a sight met her eyes—and what a smell! Malt had smelt it too and had come running from the peat stack.

Her table was covered with a damask cloth and set with plates, dishes, silver and glass. She stole closer to look. There was a covered bowl of soup, a plate of hot roast beef "with Yorkshire pudding, roast 'taters, greens and gravy," she whispered. There was an apple tart for one, with fresh cream;

trouble to let me have a cottage—a very little cottage?" pleaded the old woman. "But if it had proper rooms and I didn't have to carry water . . . a bit of garden perhaps, perhaps a garden gate—if it's not any trouble. If there was a rose or two . . . a little cottage."

If restaurants have to have those fake green plants, they ought to at least dust them once in a while.
—Poor Woman's Almanac

At a hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner, would it be okay to ask for a doggie bag?

—Poor Woman's Almanac

"Go home and you will find one," said the little fish.

She turned round; then she rubbed her eyes because she could not believe what they saw. "Eh! I didn't know it would be *that* quick!"

Where the vinegar bottle had been was a cottage with white walls and a pretty tiled roof. The windows had leaded panes and were hung with muslin curtains. There was a front door with a brass knocker and red roses climbing the walls.

Half afraid, the old woman opened the gate—there was a wicket gate—and saw a patch of garden, small but filled with flowers. "Pansies, lilies, pinks, all sorts. It can't be mine, it can't," whispered the old woman, but, though the beautiful new gate now came across the path, there were her old shells on the path edges and there was Malt coming down the path to meet her. Malt did not know if he was on his head or his paws.

When she opened the door into a sitting room, her rocking chair was one side of the fire, Malt's cushion on the other, the rag rug between them. In the little dining room were her table and chair, the dresser with her bits of china. In the kitchen the black kettle was singing on a new stove; the broom and dustpan in a corner. The tin bath had disappeared; it was no longer needed; upstairs was a bathroom that had, "Hot water!" whispered the old woman. Her hand shook as she turned on the taps—she had never had a tap before. Next door was a bedroom, a proper bedroom for her bed, the box for the candlestick, her useful pegs. There was a little spare bedroom in the attic.

"Lordy! Lordy! Lordy!" said the old woman and when she came downstairs she was shaking so much that again she had to sit down. Malt sat beside the fireplace with his tail round his paws and made noises under his breath as if he were saying, "Where is my vinegar bottle?"

The sun came in at the door, bringing the scent of roses and the old woman had tears in her eyes. "God bless the little fish," she said. Presently she went through the rooms again, came and sat down, then went through them yet again. The tears had dried and, "Looks terrible bare," said the old woman.

Her things, which had suited the vinegar bottle, looked battered and mean in the cottage. "Even the rocker's terrible old and the rug's that faded."

In a cottage like this a candlestick should not be kept on a box, clothes hung on pegs. "A cupboard, a new bed," said the old woman, "and down here a grandfather clock"—she had never needed a clock, she listened for the church clock chimes—"A sofa; chairs for visitors"—she had never had a visitor. "Malt should have a basket"—he had never had a basket—"Wonder if I durst ask?" said the old woman. "No, I dursn't," but in a few moments

she was calling, "Little fish. Little fish."

The water went bubble bubble bubble and up came the little fish.

"The cottage is so pretty, the roses and all. I don't know how to thank you, but . . ." The little fish was just disappearing in his rings of ripples, when he heard the 'but' and stopped.

"I ought to have mentioned it afore"—the old woman was apologetic—"but I meant furnished cottage. My old fur-

I don't know why I always feel better leaving lights on in the house when I'm out—probably all they'd do is keep a burglar from tripping over things in the dark!

—Poor Woman's Almanac

niture isn't fitting—so please, dear little fish . . ."

"Go home and you will find some," said the little fish.

A grandfather clock was ticking against the wall. There was a blue sofa and two blue chairs. The rag rug had gone; in its place lay a carpet scattered with roses. "To match the ones outside," whispered the old woman. A wicker basket with a soft blue cushion was ready for Malt and an elegant table stood in the window.

The dining room was elegant too with new chairs and a mahogany table. "Soon it will be set with a good, hot dinner. Was there ever such a lucky old woman as I?" The kitchen had shining new pots and pans; the kettle was new; fresh geraniums flowered in clay pots on the window sill.

Upstairs was a four-poster bed with blue and white chintz curtains; the box was gone and the candlestick; there was a table with a shaded light. "And a real dressing table and stool and a cupboard," marveled the old woman. In the cupboard her "other" dress hung—she had only two. As the cupboard door swung open it had a long mirror and, for the first time in her life, the old woman saw herself from head to toe. "Lordy," said the old woman. "Is that really me?"

She stared at herself, stared and stared. Her clothes that had looked quite right in the vinegar bottle seemed, "Terrible shabby. You're a proper old ragbag," the old woman told the old woman in the mirror. She came downstairs and sat in one of the new blue chairs by the fire. She tried to rock but of course it was not a rocking chair.

Malt would not get into his new basket; he sat on the rug and fixed the old woman with his big eyes. He was plainly asking her, "Where is my old cushion?" but she was too preoccupied to take notice. "Proper old ragbag," said the old woman slowly.

Then she got up and went down to the lake.

"Little fish. Little fish."

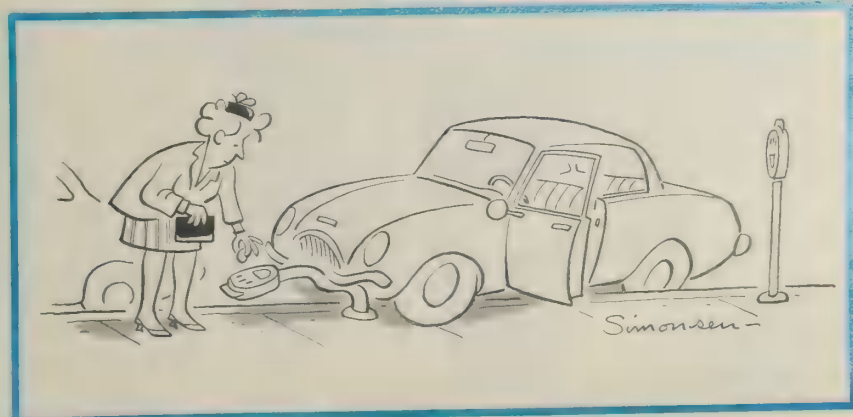
The water went bubble bubble bubble and up came the little fish.

"A ragbag, that's what I look," the old woman had to burst it out almost before the fish had his head out of the water. "A proper old ragbag. I can't live in that lovely cottage with its lovely furniture

(continued)

It's a powerful little sucker.

Presenting 9 pounds of pure cleaning power. The new Hoover Swingette. It's not much bigger than a lunch box, but it has as much power as full-size vacuums. It gives you all the suction you'll ever need for any cleaning job. All the tools, too. Upholstery brush. Rug-and-floor nozzle. Crevice tool. Dusting brush. Telescoping wand. A tough, flexible hose. The Hoover Swingette vacuum cleaner carries easily. Cleans anything. Makes your closets seem bigger, too.



dressed like this. Little fish. little fish, I must, I must have some new clothes.”
The little fish said, “Look.”
At first the old woman did not know where to look. She looked behind her, on each side and up at the sky. Then she looked down and. “Lordy!” she said.
She was wearing a new blue dress sprigged with flowers and a new pink apron. On her feet were buckled shoes and she had warm white stockings; as she bent to gaze at them—those shining buckles—she caught a glimpse of a scarlet petticoat. Nor was that all. When she got back to the cottage, she found other clothes in the cupboards—dresses were hanging up. “Mercy me! I’ll never wear all those,” said the old woman. A warm red cloak with a hood hung on a peg, with a beautiful new shawl. Folded on shelves were underclothes, nightgowns, more stockings; there was even a pile of handkerchiefs scented with lavender. “Nothing forgotten or amiss,” whispered the old woman.

Malt came and sniffed her and his whiskers went stiff. “You don’t look like my old woman. You don’t smell like my old woman,” he seemed to say. He edged away and would not rub himself against her skirts.
How careful the old woman was when she ate her dinner that day; as the note had promised it appeared on the table at noon: tomato soup and sausages—“I had forgotten how tasty they are.” For “afters” as she called them, there was ice cream. “Can’t remember when I last tasted that.” It was all so good but not a drop nor a spot must be spilt on her new dress, and she scolded Malt and boxed his ears when his whiskers dribbled milk on the floor. “I can’t help my whiskers. They always dribble,” Malt might have said, but the old woman scolded. “Drat the cat! I’ll have to wipe the milk up and might dirty my new apron.” That brought a thought: the cottage must be cleaned—the old woman never let a day pass without cleaning—“And a cottage takes a deal more keeping than a vinegar bottle,” said the old woman. “Carry out the ashes from the fire, bring in peat and wood, dust, sweep, polish, scrub. How can I scrub in my new clothes? ’Twould be a sin and a shame,” the old woman said to Malt. Malt did not answer. He was sulking but she did not notice. She had made up her mind and the next moment was hurrying down to the lake.

“Little fish. Little fish.”
He looked as if he might say “You again!” but before he could speak the old woman had begun. “You couldn’t really expect it.” She sounded out of temper and the fish’s fins rose in surprise. “Expect me to do housework in these fine new clothes. As I said to Malt, ’twould be a sin and a shame. You ought to have thought of it yourself, little fish. You said I should have everything I want. Well, I want a maid.”

“Go home and you will find one,” said the little fish. His voice was quiet after the old woman’s, quiet—and a shade tired.

The maid’s name was Amelia; in a cap and apron and a neat black dress she was waiting at the cottage door when the old woman came up from the lake. “Would you like a cup of tea, Ma’am?”

No one had called the old woman “Ma’am” before and she was so flustered that she said, “Yes,” though she had only just finished her dinner—too much dinner, thought the old woman. She had indigestion.

After her tea she could not settle down in the blue chair; for one thing it would not rock—“and I am used to the rocking”—for another Amelia was busy about the house and, *We’re used to being alone. Malt and me*, thought the old woman. Malt could not settle either. Where was their peaceable rock—purr—purr—rock? Amelia came in and out with her duster and her questions. “She fidgets me,” and the old woman went upstairs. She decided to change her clothes. “Well, I have nothing else to do.”

She had put on a gray silk dress with a rustling white petticoat when, through the open window, she heard the sound of bells. “If ’tisn’t Sunday! That’s for afternoon service,” and she thought she would go to church and show off her new clothes to the village.

“I am going to church, Amelia.”
“Yes, Ma’am,” said Amelia.
“Take care of Malt. I shall soon be back.”
“Yes, Ma’am.” Then Amelia said, “You’re never going to walk there in those shoes.” The old woman had been going to walk—she always walked to the village—but the new buckled shoes were thin compared to her old clogs, and they pinched her corns compared to her old slippers. “Are you going to walk?”
“No, indeed,” said the old woman and marched down to the lake.

“Little fish. Little fish.”
The water went bubble bubble bubble and up came the little fish.

“I have a maid now, little fish, and can leave the house when I choose. With these new clothes it’s a waste to stay at home so I am going to church.” The old woman did not know it but she spoke in a hoity-toity voice. The fish said nothing but looked at the old woman a little sadly. “Kindly order me a conveyance”—she did not know herself how she found such a grand word—“a conveyance, my good fish.”

“Go home and you will find one,” said the patient little fish.
A tub cart and pony stood at the cottage gate. The tub cart was smart, dark green with scarlet wheels; there was a whip in a wicker holder, a red-and-green checked rug to put over the old woman’s knees, and the reins and harness were scarlet. The pony was dapple gray. Amelia was stroking its mane and giving it lumps of sugar. “Oh, Ma’am, isn’t it the prettiest little pony in the whole wide world?” said Amelia. It was, but the old woman did not seem to think so; she looked at it, sniffed in disdain and turned straight back to the lake.

“Little fish. Little fish.”
The water went bubble bubble bubble and up came the little fish.
“You didn’t understand.” The old woman sounded almost as if she were scolding. “When I said a conveyance, of course I meant a car. “Who,” she asked with scorn, “who goes about in a pony cart these days? Of course I meant a car.”
“Go home and you will find one,” said the little fish, and he went back into the water with a sharp flop.

The pony and trap had gone; in their place was a small red car, its seats covered in good black leather; it had a red steering wheel and seemed just right for an old woman to drive but, “That stupid fish!” cried the old woman. “I didn’t mean a car like that,” and again she turned straight back to the lake.

“Little fish. Little fish.” She stamped her foot.
The water went bubble bubble bubble and up came the little fish.
“You are making fun of me,” said the furious old woman. “What can I do with a niminy car like that? You know quite well that I can’t drive. I meant a car with a chauffeur of course, a great big shining car like the Queen’s. How else, in my silk dress, can I go to church? A car with a chauffeur if you please, and at once or I’ll be late.”

The little fish did not say, “Go home and you will find one,” but stood up out of the water on his silver tail. “You used to curtsy to me,” said the little fish. “Yesterday you came and said ‘thank you’ before you touched a morsel of the dinner I sent you. That was yesterday, only yesterday, but now! You are a greedy ungrateful old woman,” said the little fish. “Go back to your vinegar bottle.”
And before the first ripple had spread its ring, the gray silk dress was gone, and the old woman was back in her shabby old dress, her faded print apron and slippers. The cottage, the furniture, the clothes, Amelia and the car had vanished; back in its old place was the vinegar bottle.

Malt was meowing on the path, his fur on end. Then he ran purring toward his old home.
It was a miserable old woman who crept down to the lake that evening; she stood on the shore and called, “Little fish. Little fish.”
She did not think he would come but presently the water went bubble bubble bubble and up came the little fish.

“What do you want?”
“To say I’m sorry.” The old woman wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron. “Forgive me for troubling you but I’m that sorry and ashamed—not sorry because of the cottage and the other beautiful things—sorry to have been so rude and so ungrateful. You’re quite right, little fish. I’m a greedy, grabbing old woman and I didn’t know it. I don’t know what got into me and that’s the truth. I’m sorry and please forgive me, and thank you kindly, and goodbye, little fish.”

She curtsied and turned to go but the little fish called, “Old woman.”
“Old woman, I’m glad,” said the little fish. “I thought this was to be a sad story and it isn’t at all. You are still the generous, kind old woman I thought you. And now I shall make the cottage and furniture, your clothes and the maid, and the pony and cart or the car—which-ever you like—come back,” but the old woman shook her head.

“Thank you kindly, little fish, but no. Malt and me, we’re best in our vinegar bottle. We’re used to it, you see. I missed my rocker and Malt missed his cushion, and I like to be busy. Thank you but we’ll stay as we are, except . . .” she stopped. “Except?” asked the little fish gently.

“If ’twouldn’t be greedy, do you think, now and then, you could send us a good hot dinner? Not too often, and please don’t clear it away. Why, one of those dinners would keep Malt and me for a week. I’ll wash it up,” said the old woman.
The old woman still lives in the vinegar bottle. As she sits rocking, she often thinks of the little fish who talked and wore a golden circle on his silver head. And every Sunday, as the village clock strikes noon, a hot dinner appears on her table, another by the cushion for Malt.

Malt is now three times as fat as the old woman. **END**

The nothing side.

The Endust side.

The dirty side wins.

As you can see, we sprayed one side of this dust cloth with Endust. It picked up six times more dust and dirt.

Endust. Turns any mop or cloth into a "dust magnet."

Endust

picks up 6 times more dust

the child. It was the same little girl with the pixie hood who had leapt between the tethered boats the preceding night and vanished up the cellar steps of one of the houses. This time she was running from the direction of the church on the other side, making for the bridge. She was running as if her life depended on it, and in a moment he saw why. A man was in pursuit, who, when she glanced backward, still running, flattened himself against a wall, believing himself unobserved. The child came on, scampering across the bridge, and John, fearful of alarming her further, backed into an open doorway that led into a small court.

He remembered the drunken yell of the night before that had come from one of the houses near where the man was hiding now. *This is it*, he thought, *the fellow's after her again*, and with a flash of intuition he connected the two events, the child's terror then and now, and the murders reported in the newspapers, supposedly the work of some madman. It could be coincidence, a child running from a drunken relative, and yet, and yet. . . . His heart began thumping in his chest, instinct warning him to run himself, now, at once, back along the alley the way he had come, but what about the child? What was going to happen to the child?

Then he heard her running steps. She hurtled through the open doorway into the court in which he stood, not seeing him, making for the rear of the house that flanked it, where steps led presumably to a back entrance. She was sobbing as she ran, not the ordinary cry of a frightened child but a panic-stricken intake of breath of a helpless being in despair. Were there parents in the house who would protect her, whom he could warn? He hesitated a moment, then followed her down the steps and through the door at the bottom, which had burst open as she hurled herself against it.

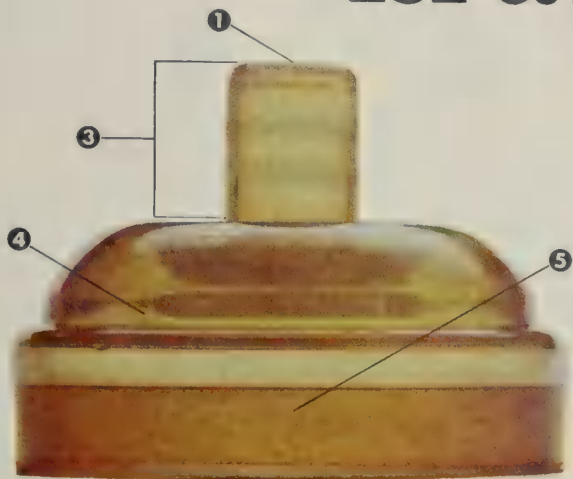
"It's all right," he called. "I won't let him hurt you, it's all right," cursing his lack of Italian, but possibly an English voice might reassure her. But it was no use. She ran sobbing up another flight of stairs, which were spiral, twisting, leading to the floor above, and already it was too late for him to retreat. He could hear sounds of the pursuer in the courtyard behind, someone shouting in Italian, a dog barking. *This is it*, he thought, *we're in it together, the child and I. Unless we can bolt some inner door above he'll get us both*.

He ran up the stairs after the child, who had darted into a room leading off a small landing, and followed her inside and slammed the door, and, merciful heaven, there was a bolt, which he rammed into its socket. The child was crouching by the open window. If he shouted for help, someone would surely hear, someone would surely come before the man in pursuit threw himself against the door and it gave, because there was no one but themselves, no parents, the room was bare except for a mattress on an old bed, and a heap of rags in one corner.

"It's all right," he panted. "I won't let him hurt you, it's all right," and held out his hand, trying to smile.

The child struggled to her feet and

How to measure your baby for a nipple.



LEFT NIPPLE

We don't mean to kid you, it's not easy to tell whether a baby is happy with a nipple or not. Because all he can do if he's unhappy is cry. And you're never sure if that means he's hungry, tired, or announcing a new tooth.

So to help you make it a little easier, we'll take you on a guided tour of a nipple, using our 48 years of experience as the guide.

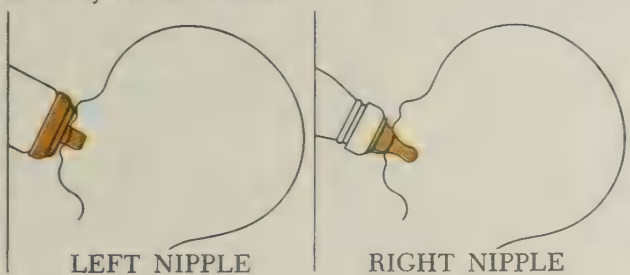
First of all, you should know that what you're really measuring is the nipple's ability to deliver milk. Without interruption. And without air.

In order to do that, a nipple must have the right-sized hole 1 and be designed to help the baby suck naturally.

Now the Left Nipple above is made of thinner rubber and it has a very small hole 1 in order to prevent it from leaking. But it's hard to get milk from a very small hole. The Right Nipple is made of thicker firmer-feeling rubber, so naturally the hole 1 can be larger and the milk flows freer. And authorities say that a firm, free-flowing nipple helps the baby's mouth form properly.

Now about the natural sucking action. If you've ever observed a mother breast-feeding, you'll notice that she uses her fingers to keep her breast away from the baby's nose. And to make her nipple go into his mouth as far as possible.

Well, the nipple on the left is wide like a breast 4, but unfortunately mother's fingers aren't built-in to keep the baby's nose away. And allow the nipple to go into the baby's mouth further.



LEFT NIPPLE

RIGHT NIPPLE

stood before him, the pixie hood falling from her head onto the floor. He stared at her, incredulity turning to horror, to fear. It was not a child at all but a little, thick-set woman dwarf, about three feet high, with a great square adult head too big for her body, gray locks hanging shoulder-length, and she wasn't sobbing any more, she was grinning at him, nodding.

Then he heard the footsteps on the landing outside and the hammering on

the door, and a barking dog, and several voices shouting. "Open up! Police!" The creature fumbled in her sleeve, drawing a knife, and as she threw it at him with hideous strength, piercing his throat, he stumbled and fell. And he saw the vaporetto with Laura and the two sisters steaming down the Grand Canal, not today, not tomorrow, but the day after that, and he knew why they were together and for what sad purpose they had come.

The creature was gibbering in its corner. The hammering and the voices and barking dog grew fainter, and *Oh, God*, he thought, *what a silly way to die* . . .

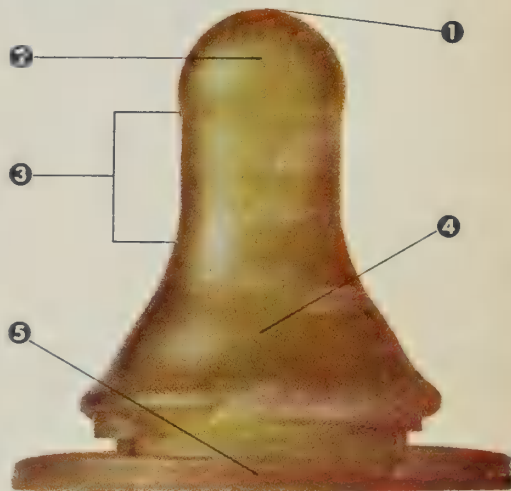
END

Holding your breath when a bus goes by is not the solution to the air pollution problem in the city.
—Poor Woman's Almanac

The Evenflo Nipple on the right doesn't get in the baby's way 4 because it is only wide enough to spread his lips to the natural sucking position. And the stem 3 is long enough, and firm enough, to keep him in the natural sucking position. And part of the base 5 is made of thin rubber so he can suck the nipple in and out naturally.

Of course, unless the nipple is properly designed he could get air with his milk. And cry a lot. Well, the Right Nipple has a patented Sure Seal® on the base 5, to help prevent air swallowing. It also has features to keep the milk flowing freely. And to adjust the flow to the needs of your baby. And when your baby decides to take a short break, that ball shape on the top 2 gives him something to hold on to while he's resting.

Of course, at Evenflo we make everything you need to nurse your baby: disposable nursers, disposable bottles, plastic bottles you can boil, glass bottles and so on. Products to help you nurse your baby any way you like. But what they all have in common is the Right Nipple. Evenflo.



RIGHT NIPPLE

Obviously, this brief tour won't make you a nipple expert. But if it helps you make a wiser decision, we'll be happy. We'll also be happy to have your baby measure our nipple.

evenflo®

Relied upon by more young mothers than all other brands combined.

QUESTOR

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PET NEWS

continued from page 56

warm enough). Never hit a puppy if he misses the paper; he won't understand. In general, when you train your puppy, use praise if he does something right, and a stern "No!" if he misbehaves—and be consistent in your reactions to whatever he does.

● If the puppy whimpers the first nights, put something soothing—a bottle of warm water or a ticking clock—in his bed, but don't run to him every time you hear his plaintive cry.

● Puppies chew. Keep anything that could be harmful or that he might swallow out of reach. Let him chew his toys but not your old shoes. He can't tell your old shoes from your new ones.

● Know which inoculations Freckles has already had and which ones he needs in the next few months. See that he gets them.

New pet books for Christmas

● "Kittens born in May are sometimes said to be unlucky. If a cat leaves a house when there is illness and cannot be encouraged to return, the sick person is not expected to recover." Mythical, and often factual, morsels such as these are the rule in Christine Metcalf's new book, *Cats* (Grosset & Dunlap, \$3.95).

Under such subtitles as "Cats and Superstitions, Literature and the Weather," Miss Metcalf brings together the elements of the feline mystique. More practical are her chapters, "The Law and Protection of Cats" and "Breeds of Cats." The latter includes the most complete treatment we've seen of American shorthairs, replete with illustrations.

Because of its large type and delightful watercolor illustrations, the book is excellent fare for youngsters.

● A noted European authority on canines, Dr. Erich Schneider-Leyer, offers *Dogs of the World* (Arco, \$12.50) to connoisseurs. The book, perhaps of most immediate interest to breeders, exhibitors and judges of dogs, traces the evolution of the dog, describing over 400 breeds from all over the world.

Dogs of the World also includes more than 200 illustrations of specific breeds and a complete canine anatomy lesson. Listings of the breeds recognized by the American and British Kennel Clubs and a glossary of technical terms complete this exhaustive study.

● *The New Dog Encyclopedia* (Stackpole Books, \$19.95 through Dec. 31, \$24.95 thereafter) is the new revision of Henry P. Davis' *Modern Dog Encyclopedia*. Encyclopedia is right. This 736-page epic must include everything you ever wanted to know about dogs. New sections include "The Dog as an Aid to the Blind," "The Dog as a Soldier" and "The New Knowledge of Dog Behavior."

Pictorially interesting sections are "Dogs of the Presidents" and "Dogs of the Movies and T.V." The illustrations in these sections are among some 600 in the book. Even if he isn't "Lassie," there's bound to be something special about your dog in these pages.

Christmas gifts for dogs and cats

● For the holiday festivities, Dog Togs, Inc., presents Belgian brocade dog coats with furlike collar trim (\$19.98). The elegant wraps are available in soft pink and cream shades with

a variety of attractive self-patterns.

● If he's lonely when left behind, consider the Pup-Poose, a shoulder carrying bag for puppies and small dogs. (Berry Manufacturing Corp., \$4.95) Trimmed in black-and-white "snake skin," the tote is available in burnt orange or white orlon pile, or in beige suede.

● To get away from it all, any kitten will relish the solitude offered by the Kitty Kabin, a sturdy cardboard retreat. Its 18x18x15-inch frame assembles in seconds and features wall-to-wall carpeting (Rosenel International Corp., under \$5).

● Would you want a hamburger without catsup? According to Sergeant's dogs like condiments, too. They suggest Flavor Maker (98¢), a flavor enhancer that gives a rich, meaty flavor to your dog's supper. Especially good for poor eaters.

● To help your cat keep track of important engagements, *Cat Fancy Magazine* provides a 1971 engagement calendar. Full-color photographs of the residents of kitten kingdom flank monthly calendars that provide ample space for notations. On heavy paper with spiral binding, \$1.95 plus 35¢ postage. Greenland Studios, 3944 Greenland Building, Miami, Fla. 33054.

● The latest way to cure Rover's bad breath is really a game. Breath Sweet dog toys, made of resilient, indestructible rubber, are treated with Curodex 264, a special breath sweetener. The toys are available in sizes appropriate for small and large dogs. For small and toy dogs, prices range from 75¢ for the "tea biscuit" to \$1.50 for the "petite tug." For medium or large dogs, a 4 1/2-inch bone costs \$1.00; the large "tug-of-war," \$2.50 (Creative Pet toys).

● Stocking stuffers. . . Geisler Pet Products introduces pet Puffs (29¢ for 1 oz.). The crispy treats are even said to be nutritional. Puss Puffs are fish flavored. Dogs get three choices of Pup Puffs—ham, chocolate or chicken.

● Imagine your pet's chagrin when his friends whisper of his tattletale gray coat, his faded blond fur. To save him from embarrassment, Mr. Groom Products, Inc., suggests shampoo-in color. Shades include apricot, silver, black and white. In 12-oz. plastic bottles, \$1.99. For a tangle-free comb out, there's Tangle Remover from Pet Chemicals, Inc., \$1.98 for 14 oz.

● Trim your pooch's tree with Teenie Wienies (Superior Pet Products, 79¢), a bright orange string of hot dogs that squeak.

● Now you can buy collars designed especially for big dogs. They range from 18 to 26 inches and are available in several different designs. Their stone trim, which includes aurora borealis, is hand-set (Poodle Town Accessories, under \$10).

● Pampered pets might select bracelet collars for Christmas. Harper Leather Goods has decorated them with a variety of stones set on gold mesh or links (\$5.95). The neckwear is backed with fabric for fastening.

● A great gift for kitty—and even greater for you—is Alfa-Pet's Chlor-O-Fill Cat Litter. The natural chlorophyll is supposed to prevent odor in the litter box, and because the litter is lightweight, a three-pound bag (about 75¢) is equivalent in volume to 10 pounds of clay litter. Seven-pound bags cost \$1.39.

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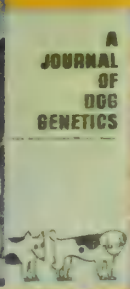
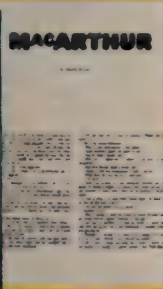
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THIS MARRIAGE

continued from page 18

"Fortunately, I have learned how to satisfy my sex needs without Allie or any other woman. I wish she and I could live together harmoniously, that we could stop arguing and fighting and make love successfully the way we used to. But I don't think that will happen so long as she is bitchy and domineering, so long as she tries to deprive me of the relaxation of pot and to shut me off from my gang—the only friends I've ever known."

THE COUNSELOR TALKS

"Allegra and Kip were a mixed-up, interesting pair of youngsters," the counselor said. "Some of their self-interpretation showed insight, but some widely missed the mark."

Spurred by a typical youthful flair for drama, they spoke and thought in exaggeration and hyperbole. They fancied that their major marital troubles were drugs, sex and Kip's unappealing friends. In reality their major problems were old-fashioned problems that are common in young marriages: 1) lack of clear communication; 2) ignorance of the role each expected a husband and a wife to play, compounded by lack of a specific goal; and 3) in-law problems.

"Kip's dark suspicion that Allie was subconsciously in love with her father was baseless. In fact, she resented and mistrusted her father. It is quite true, however, that her father had a powerful influence in shaping her adult personality. Allie's father had been willing to abandon his family for another woman. Hence Allie feared that Kip—the only man she had ever cared for—might prove faithless and abandon her to loneliness and despair. He had run away from her once, all the way from Pennsylvania to California, and now a pack of worthless friends were attempting to snatch him away again."

"Allie needed to understand the hidden, harmful influence of her father on her character and get rid of it, in order to mature and become her own woman. As soon as she understood her inner compulsions, she accomplished the feat without undue difficulty."

"Kip also needed to understand himself vis-à-vis his father. There was no reason for Kip to conceal or feel ashamed of his interest in an inheritance. After all, his father had apparently sold himself to Kip on the sole basis of his value in hard cash. And Kip had overlooked an important aspect of the situation. Because he was an only child, it was unlikely that his father—whom I doubted was quite as bad as he was painted—would disinherit him. It was unnecessary and foolish for Kip and Allegra to demean themselves by visiting his parents more often than either wished, and by acting like hangers-on. And I told them so."

"Kip and Allegra then visited his parents less frequently, with the result that Kip's father behaved more politely and the visits became more agreeable for all. Also on my advice, Kip stopped flagellating himself and denouncing Allegra for the loan he had made to her father on their ill-starred jaunt to Pennsylvania. Eventually he agreed to kiss the loan goodbye and stopped taunting Allie about her father's shortcomings."

"There was a mean, vengeful streak

in Kip, of which he was unaware. By withholding sex, he was paying Allie off for what he considered her attempt to bully and dominate him. By masturbating while his wife lay in bed beside him, he was demonstrating the justice of the penalty he was meting out to Allie—or so he subconsciously believed."

"With the revelation of his motive Kip gave up this cruel, vengeful practice. Almost simultaneously Allie came to understand that her efforts to boss and manipulate Kip, which were reminiscent of her mother's handling of an unsuccessful marriage, had virtually destroyed her husband's sexual interest in her. Allie didn't want to resemble her mother; she didn't want her behavior to remind Kip of his domineering father. She wanted Kip to love her as she loved him. She held her tongue, mended her ways, and their sexual relationship was resumed on a basis satisfactory to both."

"Another important matter emerged in our joint sessions: the fact that, like most young people, both Allie and Kip wanted a baby some day. They also wanted a stable home, a pleasant circle of friends."

"It became crystal clear to both Kip and Allie that excessive use of drugs and the steady company of Kip's gang were unlikely to assist them to fulfill their real goals. They decided to sweat off all drugs except a moderate amount of marijuana for weekend relaxation."

"When Allie and Kip swore off drugs they also swore off dependence on Kip's friends. When the 'friends' refused to stop gathering in their apartment, Allie and Kip moved. They both changed jobs, and they now live in a distant suburb of San Francisco among a new circle of congenial friends who are more concerned with gardening the Little League and PTA meetings than with the dubious virtues of drugs."

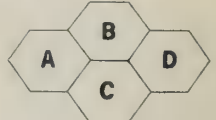
"I haven't seen Kip and Allegra for two years, but last week I received a birth announcement from them. Allie had scribbled across the back of the card, exultantly: 'Kip and I finally took the gamble and, as you see, we won. He's a boy, beautiful and perfect in every respect, named for himself and not for either of his grandfathers. At last Kip and I have gotten it all together!'"

END

CASTLE continued from page 36

Tower D. This is a 6-inch ball. Set ball in place on tower. Place 2 toothpicks in a sandwich chocolate mint and secure to dome at angle where dome and tower meet. Repeat around dome. Place jujubes on ends of picks. Starting above this round and working to top, cover dome with round red-and-white peppermint candies, leaving space for cone. Set a jujube in center of each candy.

FINISH CASTLE



Coat bottom edge of tower B and set back of center on styrofoam base. Glue tower C to front of tower B and to base, then glue towers A and D to left and right sides. (see diagram f.) When firmly set, place domes on towers. Finish domes with sugar ice cream cones and a candy of your choice held by a gold ball-head pin. Set castle in place where it is to be displayed. Sprinkle artificial snow around bottom.

END

"Dear Sirs: I have had an opportunity to use Sauna Shorts primarily for the purpose of evaluating its worth in view of the many inquiries that have been made to me relating to your product. This Sauna Shorts' Inches-Off Program is based on sound scientific principles. It's sensible and it works—a rare combination! I plan to recommend it to all my patients who want to take off inches. Yours very truly, **Anita Sharpe**, Registered Physiotherapist, Los Angeles, Calif. ■ "Gentlemen: I feel I simply must write to tell you how happy I am with the results of your Sauna Shorts. I lost 5 inches in the very first week—2 inches from my waist and 3 inches from my hips. You can believe me when I say I'll make sure they don't come back! I wear my Sauna Shorts once a week now to keep my great new shape. My friends keep telling me how great I look and they, too, are interested in purchasing your Sauna Shorts. Sincerely, **Mrs. Ina Ann Debs**, Chicago, Illinois ■ Dear Sirs: Thanks to Sauna Shorts and an easy to follow exercise plan, I've lost 2 inches from my waist and 2 inches from my hips. **Barbara McArdle**, Inglewood, Calif.



Anita Sharpe

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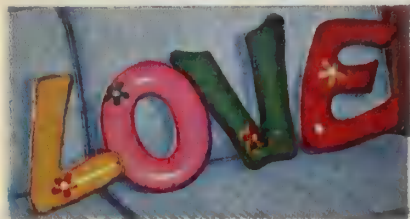
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LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR

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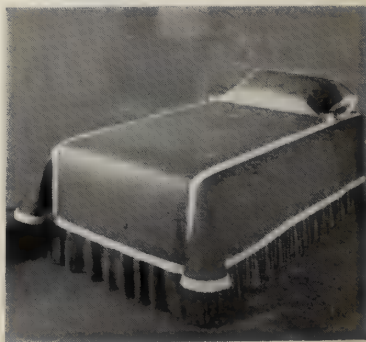
Spanish cruet set

Add dash to your dining table with this handsome wrought iron cruet ensemble topped with amber glassware. The twin cradle stand in scroll design is enhanced with a flat black finish. Stands 8 in. high and 9 in. wide. Cruet Ensemble is pretty enough to serve as a decoration when not in use. \$5.98. Colonial Studios, Dept. AGE-5, 20 Bank St., White Plains, N.Y. 10606.



A beauty for the bed

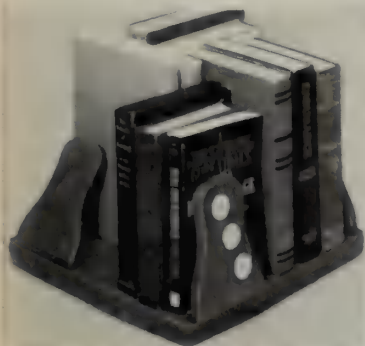
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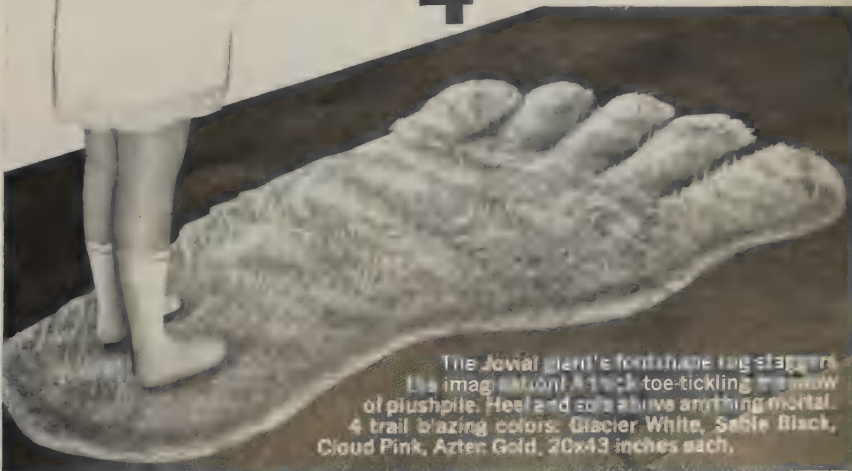
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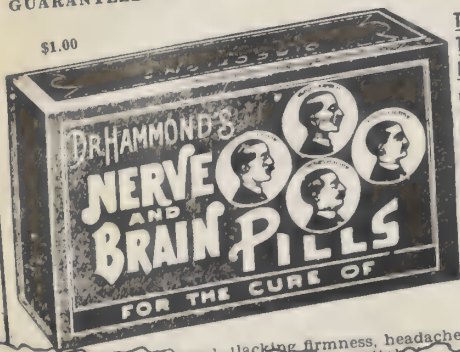
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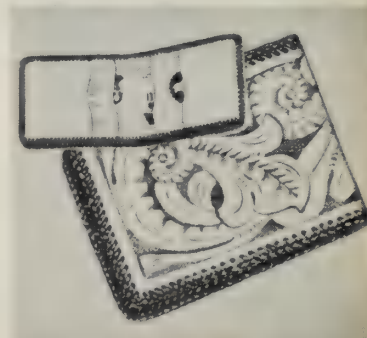
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Today's fashions lean toward the long look for a lithe, slender silhouette. *Isometrics—The Static Way to Physical Fitness*, shows you how 6 seconds a day can get you in shape. Simple exercises tighten and restore firmness to the skin and eliminate undesired flabbiness. "Reaches" all of you. Book is \$1.70 plus 30¢ postage. Bond Book, Dept. A26712, 43 W. 61st St., New York, N.Y. 10023.



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Actually, it is impossible to recapture all its grace and charm from the black and white picture here. You must see the heavy embossing, the intricate filigree work richly detailed in shimmering, antique silver-like metal and overlaid on red velvet plush. The combination is incredibly beautiful. And inside is a crystal window so that you can actually see the precious works of the tiny synchronized movement. It's fascinating to watch the winding drum tinkle out the crisp, bell-like melody. Perfectly scaled, as an exact collection's miniature, it makes a superb decorating piece on your mantel, sideboard or table. An inspiring decoration, a magnificent gift.

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\$14.98 ppd

Afghan kits of this type sell for up to \$18.00 or more in fine stores.

It's easy... it's fun! Using an incredibly simple loom that pops off your daisies one right after the other you'll complete your entire afghan — 48" x 62" — in just a few delightful days



FREE

Daisy loom that pops off flowers also can be used to create ponchos, sweaters, evening blouses, baby sets, placemats and much more.



EASY TO FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS... NO COMPLICATED LESSONS

Yes, even if you're only a beginner you can create this superb daisy afghan in less than a week. And it's so easy... An incredibly simple loom is the secret. You simply wind the yarn on, the little loom pops off the finished daisies, then you crochet them together using a simple chain stitch. You actually see your afghan grow before your very eyes... a magnificent work fully 4' x 5', each with daisy in snowy white petals, lemon yellow centers and ringed with avocado green. And the work is delightfully intriguing and creative... a pastime so rewarding you'll find yourself sinking into hours of contemplative relaxation as you loom away your pretty flowers. So be the first to bring this newest decorating sensation into your home... order now while this special lasts.

HURRY ORDER TODAY! SUPPLIES ARE GOING FAST AT OUR EXCLUSIVE PRICE

Because these marvelous afghans are becoming a decorating rage, we urge you to order now while our special supply lasts.

We'll send you the complete kit including enough pure mothproof virgin wool to complete a full sized 48" x 62" afghan. Complete, easy-to-follow instructions **PLUS THE FREE LOOM.** During this special offer we'll send you the complete kit for just \$14.98 on full money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted.

(The magic loom is yours to keep whether you decide to keep the rest of the kit or not.) But hurry, this offer may not be repeated this season in Ladies Home Journal.

COLONIAL STUDIOS, DEPT. AD-55

20 Bank Street, White Plains, New York 10606

Please send me the Daisy Afghan Kit including mothproofed virgin wool, easy to follow instructions **AND THE FREE LOOM** for the amazing low price of only \$14.98 postpaid on full money back guarantee if I am not absolutely delighted.

Enclosed is \$..... (Print Clearly)

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER!** Order two kits for just \$28.00. An extra kit makes a superb gift.

BRING THE UNIVERSAL JOY OF CHILDHOOD INTO YOUR HOME
MAGNIFICENT PORTRAITS OF CHILDHOOD
In Full Color for Your Home or Office



GARY

By James Ingwersen



GRETCHEN

Beautiful Original Oil Paintings

YOURS AS LARGE FULL COLOR ART REPRODUCTIONS BOTH FOR ONLY \$1.00

Rarely has the universal appeal of childhood been captured so completely as in these magnificent paintings by James Ingwersen. Whether you're father, mother, grandparent or fond godparent you're sure to see a vision of a child you love—and glimpses of your own forgotten past—in these two absolutely beautiful masterpieces. Under the sensitive brush of the artist the feeling and wonder of a child's world spring marvelously to life. Rarely have we seen such a complete portrait of this world done so simply and directly. As reminders of joys past and as a classic decorating combination we invite you to bring this beauty into your home or office while this special offers lasts.

OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED THIS SEASON

Because portraits of this type are so unusual, we urge you to take advantage of this offer now while our supply lasts. Each full color print is reproduced on luxurious art stock and is a full 11" x 14". Both are yours for only \$1 on full money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted with the beauty and joy they bring to your home. But hurry, order now, this offer will not be repeated this season.

COLONIAL STUDIOS, DEPT. GG-38

20 Bank Street, White Plains, New York 10606

Please send me the Portraits of Gary & Gretchen, 11" x 14" each in full color for only \$1 plus 10¢ postage and handling on full money back guarantee if I am not absolutely delighted.

Enclosed is \$..... (Print Clearly)

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER!** Order 3 sets of prints \$2.00 (You save \$1.30). Extra sets make beautiful gifts.

Magnificent Hammered Iron Enameled Roses



Imagine the delicate beauty and craftsmanship of hammered iron combined with the age old art of enameling... it's a marriage of unlimited decorating possibilities! We've commissioned skilled artisans to work out designs of roses in hammered iron, fashion delicate metal leaves (so real they seem to grow!) and then wind them on to stems in an intricately patterned wall plaque. Then, as a final touch of beauty they've lightly fixed enameled colorings of dusky red, soft rose and musky yellows to create a wall piece of fantastic beauty. The effect is incredible, but it is impossible to capture this beauty in the small black and white illustration here. Only when you actually see these plaques in your home can you fully appreciate their appeal and charm.

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED! ORDER NOW!

We urge you to order your Climbing Roses Wall Plaque now, while our specially imported supply lasts. Hammered iron plaques of this type sell for \$9.00 to \$20.00; however, because of our special order we can offer them to you for the amazing low price of only \$2.98 on full money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted. Each Rose Plaque is a sweeping 17" x 8".

SPECIAL OFFER:

Order a beautiful matching pair of plaques for only \$3.98 and get a superb decorating combination that covers over two square feet of wall space, but hurry, this offer will not be repeated this season in Ladies Home Journal.

COLONIAL STUDIOS, DEPT. ER-22

20 Bank Street, White Plains, New York 10606

Please send me the Climbing Roses hammered iron enameled wall plaque for just \$2.98 on full money back guarantee if I am not absolutely delighted. (Please add 25¢ postage and handling, with each order.)

Enclosed is \$..... (Print Clearly)

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER:** Order two plaques for just \$3.98 on full money back guarantee.

Hand Worked
Into Incredibly
Beautiful
Climbing Roses
Wall Plaques



Armstrong presents the magnificent floor

**Let your imagination run wild.
Create a dramatic Excelon® Tile floor
and install it yourself for less than \$60.**

This is decorating in the Seventies. Each room becomes a canvas on which to express your creativity. Anything goes. Nothing is taboo. Start with an exciting, new Armstrong Excelon Tile floor.

You can probably do the whole job from start to finish over a weekend. Your only cost is for the tile and adhesive. And that comes to



